

Habits

GRAHAM

Storm's rollin' in, couple hundred miles out (No)
I see it comin', would've thought that it would be here by now
(Oh-oh)
When the going gets easy, I get uneasy
And I start believin' that you don't need me

And back to my defaults
But tell me, is it really my fault?

Blame it on my habits, habits (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)
This heart's grown callous, callous (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)
Who I was was not who you thought
What were the odds you knew all of my flaws?
Blame it on my habits, habits (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)

I can see how it seems I'm just makin' excuses (Oh)
That's the only way I know how to cover the bruises (Oh-oh)

And back to my defaults
But tell me, is it really my fault?

Blame it on my habits, habits (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)
This heart's grown callous, callous (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)
Who I was was not who you thought
What were the odds you knew all of my flaws?
Blame it on my habits, habits (Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh)