

# Things We Quit

Kane Brown

Don't know why I'm here again  
These kind of places do me in  
All the habits I thought I kicked  
But there's nothing like a Friday night  
A little smoke getting in my eyes  
Neon-blue and Marlboro-red

I'm strong enough to give it up  
Until it hits my lips  
There's that flame again  
That was always lit  
Why we gotta miss  
The things we quit

Well, I gave up drinking yesterday  
At six o'clock, again at eight  
And two or three more times before dawn  
As far as that old wagon goes  
Someone needs to pave the road  
It's hard as hell to stay on

I'm strong enough to give it up  
Until it hits my lips  
And there's that flame again  
That was always lit  
Why we gotta miss  
The things we quit

Nothing like a little lonesome  
To get you jonesin'  
For a little strong something  
To get you through the night

Thought our "on again" was "off again"  
'Til the second she came walking in  
Oughta have a warning label on that dress  
With her eyes kryptonite-green  
No matter what she's asking me  
The answer is always "yes"

I'm strong enough to give it up  
Until it hits my lips  
There's that flame again  
That was always lit  
Why we gotta miss  
The things we quit