

Bad Habit

Your Smith

We drove until we beat the sun
From home to L.A
I think we loved each other most
When we were runnin' away

We sat down at a bar to think
You said it could be worse
You tore the labels from your drink
We might as well get home first

I got a bad habit
Of smoking too much
Of drinking onstage
I got a bad habit
Of living rich
On minimum wage
I got a bad habit
But loving you
Is the worst one

You said don't you ever, ever, ever change
As long as you live
You were always good at sayin' things like that
Without much to give

I could see my door to leave
But then you asked me to dance
So I swayed along to Carole King
With my hands in your hands

I got a bad habit
Of smoking too much
Of drinking onstage
I got a bad habit
Of living rich
On minimum wage
Of needing to go
But choosing to stay
Of putting it off
'Til another day
I got a bad habit
But loving you
Is the worst one
Is the worst one

Spent so long together
We lost sight of each other
We watched our time get carried away
Refused to read the warnings
And now I spend my mornings
Wondering why I needed to stay

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