

Sparrow And The Workshop

"Old Habits"

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Wrecking ball, you're at it again
each time I fall straight into your path
effortless swing and I'm down and I reach
for old habits again.

You are the coward with your mighty pen
and each word rattling in your hand
and sharp pain's shooting down my arms again
a heart attack is pulling me in.

Tell me a lie and cover my skin
faced with the dogs who bite for their bread
Shelter me now as I'm down and I reach
for old habits again

You are the coward with your mighty pen
and each word rattling in your hand
and sharp pain's shooting down my arms again
a heart attack is pulling me in.

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