

## **K. D. Lang**

### **"My Old Addiction"**

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My old addiction  
Changed the wiring in my brain  
So that when it turns the switches  
Then I am not the same

So like the flowers towards the sun I will follow  
Stretch myself out thin  
There's a part of me that's already buried  
Sends me out into this wind

My old addiction  
Is a flood upon the land  
This tiny lifeboat can keep me dry  
But my weight is all that it can stand

So when I try to lean just a little  
Just a splash to cool my face  
Ahh that trickle turns out fickle  
Fills my boat up five miles deep

My old addiction  
Makes me crave only what is best  
Like these, just this morning song birds  
Craving upward from the nest

These tiny birds outside my window  
Take my hand to be their Mom  
These open mouths would trust and swallow  
Anything that comes along

Like my old addiction  
Now the other side of day  
Spring time of my life's time  
Turns the other way

If a swan can have a song  
I think I know that tune  
But the page is only scrawled and I am gone this  
afternoon  
Page is only scrawled and I am gone this afternoon

