

Tom T. Hall

"Old Habits Die Hard"

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Old habits die hard
Old habits like loving you
Like spending my days and nights
In missing you

Hours that were yours echo like empty rooms
Strange faces and your place can't keep away the
gloom
Old habits die hard now that you're gone

Old habits die hard
Old habits like being true
Like counting the hours
Till I could be with you

Things we used to share I now keep alone
I waste my nights here by the telephone
Old habits die hard, now that you're gone

Hours that were yours echo like empty rooms
Strange faces and your place can't keep away the
gloom
Old habits die hard now that you're gone

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