Habit

Jump, Little Children

Scene one, curtain upSee the couple, coffee shop

Beatniks beating out beebop

Rainy day, skies are gray

But the couple feeling gayBoy is laughing at her joke

Girl, embarrassed, takes a smoke

She should quit, yes, she knows

She's happy as she blowsDown the cafe, through the bar

Pass the hippies and the jars

Of the bean that they drink

Everyday, every weekThey should quit, coffee's bad

Makes you crazy, fucking mad

But they say in defense

With a pause for suspense"It's the stuff of the Gods

Sexy smart, hot rods

Roller coaster, hurricanes

Super-sonic jet planes"They should quit, yes, they know

But where the hell would they go?

They're like me, in a bind

Don't you see, love ain't blind? I could make a habit out of youScene two, same play

Same people, different day

In a car with no top

No speed limits, no copsGirl is driving, she's the queen

In control of this machine

She is talking much too loud

Excited by the soundThey are screaming, buzzing hard

Open road, super car

What they need is some speed

105 is the keyLife is short, so they say

Carpe diem, seize the day

Unlike me, in a bind

I don't get it, love ain't blindI could make a habit out of you

I could make a habit out of youScene three, city streetsBuying shit, selling too

Need a fix or some food?

Or some sex? There's a whore

Looking beautiful but boredLike to drink? There's a bar

Need a lift? Take my car

A stop for every whim

Your heart's desire lets you inIn this city, in this scene

At this party you are queen

You're addicted to the lights
To the sounds, to the sightsTo the pleasure, to the pain
The hot nights, the cold rain
To the smoke, to the drink
To the buzz, don't thinkTo danger, to the fear
To the speed, it's fifth gear
All the time, night or day

There is no choice, that's just the wayYeah, you should quit, yes, you know
Where the hell would you go?

You're like me, in a bind

Now you see, love ain't blindI could make a habit out of you

I could make a habit out of you

I could make a habit out of you

I could make a habit out of you

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