

# Habit

## Poor Rich Ones

For all these years you have been my lover  
For all these years you have been my friend  
The only solid part of my mind  
My life line  
Has turned to thin air  
Like the drag that I just took and breathed out from my cigarette  
And the smoke just disappeared way quicker then I can forget  
And the ashes crumbling  
I'm left with nothing  
And I can't see you at all

You can close a door and take everything we had  
But just don't take my sanity with you  
You can take it all and not even the bad  
But just don't take my sanity with you  
You could take it off of me and leave no net for the fall  
NO  
You just took it all  
Now I can't have it  
I've lost my habit

I'm craving you my lover  
I'm missing my best friend

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