

Old Habits Die Hard

Eric Burdon

Well, I was born in troubled times
Yeah, yeah, I've wasted my youth
Moving so fast
I missed middle age
But I found out the truth

When it comes to trouble
I got me a good head start

Nothing's changed I'm still the same
Old habits die hard

I turn on the TV and I see myself
Getting hassled by the man
But nothing bugs me, I keep on trying
One day the world will understand

They got a file on me over at Scotland Yard

Nothing's changed I'm still the same

Old habits die hard

No matter where we are

We can always find each other
I can see you coming from a mile away

My international brother

Orphans always find each other, yeah

I bought a brass pipe in Hebron
Climbed Masada at dawn
Ancient rituals are an art

Just open up your eyes

I'm not hard to find
I always leave a calling card
They know me as Mr. Anarchy
Old habits die hard
Old habits die hard
Old habits die hard