

Just Like Me

Brendan Benson

A balloon to your lips
And held between your fingertips
But soon it slips your grip and whips
Around the room, spitting its fumes
Just like me, ain't it just like me?

An' hate, so filled with hate
So bad, some days I can't see straight
So sad, sometimes I can't relate
I'm high and I'm low, and baby, you know
It's just like me, ain't it just like me?

So help me break this trend
'Cause here I go again
Help me find my way back
I'm not making any contact
And everything turns black
And I get slack

All I have got to say
Ain't it just like me?
Ain't it just like me?

White, bright white
You're fading almost out of sight
All is calm and all is bright
But I don't feel right
I don't feel right
Ain't that just like me?

So help me break this trend
'Cause here I go again
Help me find my way back
Not making any contact

Ain't it just like me?
Ain't that just like me?
Ain't it just like me?
Ain't that just like me?