

# The Same Thing

Cass McCombs

Like a ring gone down the drain  
Our love in sunlight, at evening, pain  
Like vermin Roman sewers bring  
Pain and love, oh yeah, are the same thing  
Are the same thing,

In my opinion, we are the red birth mark  
From the old storybook, "Equal light, equal dark"  
Now let's flip a coin to see now who's yin and who is yang  
It defies opinion whether they're the same thang

Nothing in common; our blood, thicker than broth  
We're cut from different sides of the same cloth  
Our love in sunlight, our pain at evening  
Have nothing in common, yet they're both the same thing

The same street, the same address  
The same white hair, the same black dress  
The same sameness from opposites cling  
Pain and love, oh yeah, are the same thing  
Are the same thing,

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In my opinion, a line is never crossed  
Until now, my inner feelings were always lost  
Through spirit or season, does the human voice sing?  
Death and opinion they are the same thing

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