

Not the Same

Ben Folds

You took a trip and climbed a tree
At Robert Sledge's party
And there you stayed 'till morning came
And you were not the same after that

You gave your life to Jesus Christ
And after all your friends went home
You came down, you looked around
And you were not the same after that

(Ahhh ahhh)
You were not the same after that
(Ahhh ahhh)
You were not the same after that

You see 'em drop like flies from the bright sunny skies
They come knocking at your door with this look in their eyes
You've got one good trick and you're hanging on you're hanging
on...
To it

You took the word and made it heard
And eased the people's pain and for that
You were idolised, immortalised
And you were not the same after that

Walking tall, you'd bought it all
And you were not the same after that
Till someone died on the waterslide
And you were not the same after that

You see 'em drop like flies from the bright sunny skies
They come knocking at your door with this look in their eyes
You've got one good trick and you're hanging on you're hanging
on to it

(ooh ooh ooh ooh)
(YOU WERE NOT THE SAME!)

You see 'em drop like flies from the bright sunny skies
They come knocking at your door with this look in their eyes
You've got one good trick and you're hanging on you're hanging
on:

You're hanging on:
You're hanging on: