

Everything's The Same

Billy Strings

I'm goin' to Florida
I'm goin' to Maine
No matter where I roam, everything's the same
I can sketch out a plan
Change my name
No matter where I roam, everything's the same

I've been a lock-pick
I've been a thief
I'll lie to your face and make you believe
I'll tear through town like a hurricane
No matter where I roam, everything's the same

I killed a rounder
I killed a priest
I stole the gold right out of their teeth
I've sold my soul for fortune and fame
No matter where I roam, everything's the same

I'll drink your whiskey
I'll drink your beer
By this time tomorrow, I'll be anywhere but here
Burn down your orchard and dance in the flame
No matter where I roam, everything's the same

It's always "goodbye"
It's always "farewell"
The day I slow down be a cold day in hell
I'm on the run; it's a crying shame
No matter where I roam, everything's the same

Well, I'm on the run; it's a crying shame
No matter where I roam, everything's the same