

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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