

Same Ol' Story

Flatfoot 56

It's the same old story, I was young I was naive
And I was dumb, my pops said stand
But then I ran
Into the trap of Satan's plan

And the dog that spread those lies
And with those lies I ran
Just like the water reflects the face
So the heart reflects the man

I was a wreck doped up and drugged
Against my chains I would have tugged
But then He saved me made me his son
Just like the father I was running from
On that hill upon a tree hung a man who died for me
As he hung there about to die I saw the water pour from his side
He said "my son, your sins are vast
But they are gone, thrown to the past
Walk with me now boy, through fields of green
In this pool of water your face I've seen"

Now it's the same great story I was young I was naive and I was
dumb
But then He saved me, called me His one
And to the Father I became a son