

Same Old Song

Gruff Rhys

Coughing blood on an American tour
Left me bewildered, concerned for my future
The doctor told me we licked our pity
The consequences of all that gluttony

Always traveling to the next on the line
With no concern for the vessel that will sink them

Same old, same old, same old song
Same old, same old, same old road to travel on
But the time is now and when day will begun
So let's sing the same old song

A weeping wound when you're serving food
Won't win you many tips
But sing a song of love gone wrong
And the accolades and zip their shot guns

Always heading to the next on the line
With no concern for the vessel that will not stand

Same old, same old, same old song
Same old, same old, same old road to travel on
But the time is now and when day will begun
So let's sing the same old song

Somewhere there's reason
Somewhere there's pain
Somewhere there's progress
Like the car crunch, the sun it is always

Same old, same old, same old song
Same old, same old, same old road to travel on
But the time is now and when day will begun
So let's sing the same old song
Oh, let's sing the same old song