

# Same Old You

Jon Bryant

I'm checking in  
To get a pulse for who I am  
And the shape I'm in  
I'm driving east in my Sedan  
Counting the days I've been out on my own  
Freeway lines blend in with dial tones

You swear I changed  
You can't relax, our photographs don't look the same  
But it's hard to laugh when every joke feels out of place  
So we just stop and stare  
Wondering how the hell'd we end up here

And now I see  
I can't bend into the shape you need

Cause I'm the same old me  
And you're the same old you  
It took a couple try's to realize no matter what  
There's nothing we could really do  
Cause I'm the same old me

It's been three weeks  
Coping with self help books and bottle therapy  
And Visine only hides so much when I smoke weed  
I don't go out these days  
Cause everybody has something to say

And I think we both know  
We'd be better off if we let go

Cause I'm the same old me  
And you're the same old you  
Took a couple tries to realize no matter what  
There's nothing we could really do  
Oh, I'm the midnight oil  
And you're the ocean deep  
There's nothing left to prove  
We couldn't make the mountains move  
Cause I'm the same old me  
And you're the same old you

I dropped a few things off last night  
I'd stick around but I hate small talk and loose ends  
And long goodbyes

Ya I'm the same old me  
And you're the same old you  
It took a couple tries to realize no matter what  
There's nothing we could really do  
So let the curtains fall (ahh)  
And let the credits roll (ahh)  
I hope you win more than you lose (ahh)  
Take in the million dollar views  
And know there's nothing I would change (ahh)  
So stay the same old you  
And to yourself be true

Oh, stay the same old you