

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