

# Same Love

Macklemore & Ryan Lewis

When I was in the third grade I thought that I was gay,  
'Cause I could draw, my uncle was, and I kept my room straight.  
I told my mom, tears rushing down my face  
She's like "Ben you've loved girls since before pre-k, trippin'."  
Yeah, I guess she had a point, didn't she?  
Bunch of stereotypes all in my head.  
I remember doing the math like, "Yeah, I'm good at little league."  
A preconceived idea of what it all meant  
For those that liked the same sex  
Had the characteristics  
The right wing conservatives think it's a decision  
And you can be cured with some treatment and religion  
Man-made rewiring of a predisposition  
Playing God, aw nah here we go  
America the brave still fears what we don't know  
And "God loves all his children" is somehow forgotten  
But we paraphrase a book written thirty-five-hundred years ago  
I don't know

And I can't change  
Even if I tried  
Even if I wanted to  
And I can't change  
Even if I tried  
Even if I wanted to  
My love  
My love  
My love  
She keeps me warm  
She keeps me warm  
She keeps me warm  
She keeps me warm

If I was gay, I would think hip-hop hates me  
Have you read the YouTube comments lately?  
"Man, that's gay" gets dropped on the daily  
We become so numb to what we're saying  
A culture founded from oppression  
Yet we don't have acceptance for 'em  
Call each other faggots behind the keys of a message board  
A word rooted in hate, yet our genre still ignores it  
Gay is synonymous with the lesser  
It's the same hate that's caused wars from religion  
Gender to skin color, the complexion of your pigment  
The same fight that led people to walk outs and sit ins  
It's human rights for everybody, there is no difference!  
Live on and be yourself  
When I was at church they taught me something else  
If you preach hate at the service those words aren't anointed  
That holy water that you soak in has been poisoned  
When everyone else is more comfortable remaining voiceless  
Rather than fighting for humans that have had their rights stolen  
I might not be the same, but that's not important  
No freedom 'til we're equal, damn right I support it

(I don't know)

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We press play, don't press pause  
Progress, march on  
With the veil over our eyes  
We turn our back on the cause  
'Til the day that my uncles can be united by law  
When kids are walking 'round the hallway plagued by pain in their heart  
A world so hateful some would rather die than be who they are  
And a certificate on paper isn't gonna solve it all  
But it's a damn good place to start  
No law is gonna change us  
We have to change us  
Whatever God you believe in  
We come from the same one  
Strip away the fear  
Underneath it's all the same love  
About time that we raised up... sex

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Love is patient  
Love is kind  
Love is patient  
Love is kind  
(not crying on Sundays)  
Love is patient  
(not crying on Sundays)  
Love is kind  
(I'm not crying on Sundays)  
Love is patient  
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