

## Same Old Man

Mark Lanegan

It's the same old lady, hangin' out the wash  
Standin' in the rain, in her mackintosh  
Same old lady standin' in the rain  
And I thought New York was goin' insane

Hey little leaf, layin' on the ground  
Now you're turnin' slightly brown  
Why don't you get up on the tree  
Turn the color green the way you oughta be

My mind is fadin', my body grows weak  
Lips won't form the words I speak  
I'm floatin' away on a barrel of pain  
New York City won't see me again

Same old man, sittin' at the mill  
Mill-wheel turnin' of its own free will  
I'm certainly glad to be at home  
New York City continues all alone