

Same Jokes (1989)

Nick Santino

Now we live in the same house
As your mother in 1989
I still laugh at the same jokes
All the ones that just piss you off the most

But in the summertime, baby, we're on fire
In the summertime, baby, we're on fire
You're the light in the dark, you're on fire
Go on and set my world on fire

We grew up in the same town
You know these roads like the back seat of your car
And I still get lost on side streets
And we still argue on what you want to eat

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I like to pick you up from work
We notice houses we've never seen before
I feel empty without you
Like half of me don't exist and that's not cool

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