

Not The Same

PACKS

One lock with no key' cause I dropped it in the dust on the way
home

One lock filled with glue just to bother you

Same sign, it's so simple and sweet to think of you, hmm

The same as me, a funny fantasy

We're not the same

We're not the same

We're not the same

We're not the same

And that's what makes me sad

Those shoes could sure use a shine before you woo another guy

Days will wither way before it feels safe to stay, hmm

Spellbound and painfully vain around your neck

Below the stain, between the vertebrae

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