

Never the Same

Paul Weller

Johnny can't play
Rosemary sitting in a shower of rain
Sunny, sunny days have all
Turned over to filthy weather
She can't stay there coughing all the day there
Down in the meadow
But Johnny can't play no more
Nobody will go and get her
The sun doesn't get any higher
Rosemary doesn't get any dryer

Father says kill them
Preacher says God's will be done
Mother says be still then
And the sheep are on the hill still
And the birds are on the willow
There were twenty-five jenny wrens
Sitting on a willow when the wind came in
None of them could sing
We'll never be the same again
The sun doesn't get any better
Rosemary just gets wetter

She can't stay there coughing all the day there
Dying in the meadow
But Johnny can't play no more
Rosemary's lying in a shower of rain
And if we live another day
We'll never be the same again