

Same Damn Thing

Rob Baird

Fifteen bottles and old guitars, long distance lovers, with broken hearts
Livin' down on last night's sins again
Take the stage as the shadows dance, pray they keep on filing in
This is my last stand, and good luck

Good luck to the girls on the side of the stage
Boys at the bar makin' minimum wage
Every lost soul out there on the interstate
Well, we'll all be here till the lights burn out
We'll all keep swinging to just strike out
Tryin' to find heaven, takin' what the devil brings
Oh, everybody's out here lookin' for the same damn thing

Burned down bridges and dead end streets, nobody comes and nobody leaves
Everybody wants what everybody needs
Overstays and fearless nights, standin' tall in the ballroom lights
Prayin' that we get higher than we've been before

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No oh, no oh, no one can tell us we're wrong
No oh, no oh, I keep singin' all night long

Pack it up and pay the band, take the devil from these idle hands
This is my last stand, and good luck

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