

Same Sad Shit

Sam Barber

I know you're tired of hearing me write about the same sad shit
in and out
It's all that helps when I feel alone
Lord, I'm always alone

I've heard people think I'm better off not opening this mouth a
t all
But in the end, it's all I can give
Oh Lord, it is

So let this be an anthem
For all the folks that just can't stand this
And I'm far from a wise man
But well aware this cannot be it

'Cause if it was, I'd rather die here tonight
With a hollowed out head and a heart full of spite
But I hold countless thoughts of back home

I keep thinkin' bout how the painted ways inside my mind have r
earranged into something I don't recognize
And if you think I'm just a broken man, well, hell, I don't giv
e a damn
'Cause in the end, it's all I can be
Oh, it's all I can be

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