

Always The Same

Tennis

Always the same
Got my head on straight
I don't want too much
Got my head on my body

It's the scenery
That could stop me from speaking
Lay your hands on me
I'm not wasting my body

I want to take you down the only road I know
Hide you from the world and keep you for my own
Let me build an altar for you, stoke the flame
I know how to take my pleasure with my pain

Let me admire
Let me see with your eyes
Wasted years of my desire
On some cold ideal

It's the same for me
You could stop me from speaking
Lay your hands on me
I'm not wasting my body

I want to take you down the only road I know
Hide you from the world and keep you for my own
Let me build an altar for you, stoke the flame
I know how to take my pleasure with my pain

There's a red light on the ceiling
And I feel the Earth leaning away
There's a red light, oh
I feel the Earth leaning away