

## Same Old Damage

The Wombats

I think I've been up for days  
Tryna make a bend look straight  
You've got the fingers and I've got the buttons to press  
Locked in your breastplate  
On a hill that gets no rain  
You've got the tape and I've got the script in my bag

I've got one too many thoughts  
I've got one too many thoughts

And all I feel is the same old damage  
You're hard to leave behind  
It's tough to tell this to my family  
To make the darkness light

You know it's not quite my vibe  
To give pearls of advice  
Perhaps it'd be alright if we slept together  
Happiness is just a moonbow in the spring time

I've got one too many thoughts  
I've got one too many thoughts

And all I feel is the same old damage  
You're hard to leave behind  
It's tough to tell this to my family  
To make the darkness light

And I can't find the words  
My sensations they blur  
In your breastplate I toss and turn  
I should stay in the moment  
I should stay in the moment  
Maybe deep down I yearn  
For the same old damage