

## Same Ol

Upchurch

The friends I got are the same ones from high school  
Half of 'em drive or got the same damn trucks too  
CB hangin' from the mirror, talkin' smack to truckers  
Tired from drivin' roads, callin' us "Little Motherfuckers"

Same cops in town since I was fifteen  
Barefoot, walkin' all the way down Pond Creek  
But the same ain't bad when you're where I'm from  
Same shit, different day, at least you know everyone

The world turns slower, where the road goes dirt  
The women talk sweeter here on the outskirts  
A boyfriend'll knock you out for tryin' to flirt  
The songs hit different when written and sang by us  
The world turns slower where the only screen  
Is on a front porch when you go to leave  
The girls paint their toes and the boys play with GI Joes  
And I like the same ol, same ol

I partied with the police back in their prime  
When they were the ones havin' fun runnin' from blue lights  
The Billbord brothers had a party every week  
And officer TC was waitin' down the street

At the top of Snake Hill bust a right at the stop  
Don't light a blunt until you pass narrows of the harbor  
But the cops ain't as scary of some of them curves  
Take it slow by Mary Hellen's, watch for cows, ya heard?

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The same roads that hold my years  
Of many blunts rolled and close-call deer  
And just one more kiss and one more beer  
Just one more bonfire, dancin' in a field  
One more homecomin' for a thousand more years  
A thousand more Coors Light cans in a field  
For every country boy born for millions of years  
I pray another generation live like we do

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