

# The Same Old Song

A Camp

Here's my prayer  
I'm getting nowhere  
I'm stepping up the stairs  
But falling behind, oh  
I'm a one-man show  
That nobody knows  
My body sure knows  
I'm wondering why, oh

I can't go on singing this song  
That the angels will not hear  
The world is a hole from all that I stole  
But there is still a little love in here  
Few things will last, I did it too fast  
But I'm learning to cry

Don't be a stepping stone  
Get it all out, deliver it

Here's my weep  
I'm digging too deep  
I do believe in lies  
I've got everything to hide, oh  
I'm young, I'm old  
I do what I'm told  
Cut open, unfold  
But there's nothing inside, oh

I can't go on singing this song  
That the angels will not hear  
The world is a hole from all that I stole  
But there is still a little love in here  
Few things will last, I did it too fast  
But I'm learning to cry

Hey child, you dance too loud  
Here is your limit

No, I can't go on singing this song  
That the angels will not hear  
The world is a hole from all that I stole  
But there is still a little love in here  
Few things will last, I did it too fast  
But I'm learning to cry

Don't be a stepping stone  
Get it all out, deliver it

Here's my plead  
My never ending repeat  
I'm a circular cry-baby  
With no one to trust  
I'm restless and mad  
And anciently sad  
If someone wants to kill me  
Go ahead but make it fast  
Tisťeno z pisnický-akordy.cz