

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
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