

# Not the Same

Ben Folds

You took a trip and climbed a tree  
At Robert Sledge's party  
And there you stayed 'till morning came  
And you were not the same after that

You gave your life to Jesus Christ  
And after all your friends went home  
You came down, you looked around  
And you were not the same after that

(Ahhh ahhh)  
You were not the same after that  
(Ahhh ahhh)  
You were not the same after that

You see 'em drop like flies from the bright sunny skies  
They come knocking at your door with this look in their eyes  
You've got one good trick and you're hanging on you're hanging  
on...  
To it

You took the word and made it heard  
And eased the people's pain and for that  
You were idolised, immortalised  
And you were not the same after that

Walking tall, you'd bought it all  
And you were not the same after that  
Till someone died on the waterslide  
And you were not the same after that

You see 'em drop like flies from the bright sunny skies  
They come knocking at your door with this look in their eyes  
You've got one good trick and you're hanging on you're hanging  
on to it

(ooh ooh ooh ooh)  
(YOU WERE NOT THE SAME!)

You see 'em drop like flies from the bright sunny skies  
They come knocking at your door with this look in their eyes  
You've got one good trick and you're hanging on you're hanging  
on:

You're hanging on:  
You're hanging on: