

Same Shit / Complicated

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You were looking down at them, they were looking down at you
You were starched and pressed, they were all disheveled
They were holding hands, They were ragamuffins and they said
"I know we're not fancy but we're on the same level
We've got plans, big plans! We're gonna change the world
All you care about is dollars, that doesn't make sense
All you do is hit snooze, watch the news, buy shoes, drink booze
Make money feel spent and
Day after day after day, it's the same shit
Day after day after day, it's the same shit
Day after day after day, it's the same shit
Day after day after day after day after day."

Then you look at them without batting an eye and say
"Hey little hippie, let your freak flag fly
Why don't you go smoke a bowl in your best tie-dye?
Get a tattoo of a dancing bear holding a peace sign
You can talk the talk but when it comes to real change
Are you and all your little friends exactly the same?
You sit around in potlucks, pointing fingers, placing blame
Drinking kombucha and eating tempeh and
Day after day after day, it's the same shit
Day after day after day, it's the same shit
Day after day after day, it's the same shit
Day after day after day after day after day."

If you are judging them while they are judging you
And you think that makes them assholes, maybe you're an asshole too
Do we argue with each other until we both turn blue or
Find similarities in what we like and what we do?
Yeah, just because someone does not look like me
Doesn't mean they are a clone or a sheep
Maybe they like their job and they're living their dream
And they love their friends and their family
Yeah, some people thrive between nine and five
And feel like they're choking if their neck's not tied
And some people feel as if they're gonna die if
Their seams aren't straight and their shoes not tied
Some people like business, some people like numbers
Some people grow organic heirloom cucumbers
And only feel free with their hands in the dirt
In a pair of old jeans and their favorite t-shirt
Some people feel enslaved when they have a boss
Some people without one feel totally lost

To make this world work, it takes all different kinds
We all have different tastes, different strengths, different minds
So it doesn't make sense to generalize
And it doesn't make sense to judge with our eyes
We need more compassion, we need to be kind
If you open your heart, you might like what you find
Cause there are some nice bus drivers, and there's some mean bus drivers
And there's some nice cops in Madison, Wisconsin
And there's some nice teachers, and there's some mean teachers
Just because you got a mean teacher doesn't mean all teachers suck
And no one is nice all the time, no one is mean all the time
Think about what someone's going through that's making them be mean to you

Like maybe their pet gerbil died and they are really sad inside
Or maybe they got in a fight with someone that they really liked
Or maybe they are really shy, don't know how to socialize
May just want to run and hide, not saying that it's justified
But if we learn to empathize, the resentments will vaporize
Situations metamorphize before our very eyes
Then the need to stereotype will become outdated
When we realize that everyone is really complicated
We are all so complicated
We are all so complicated
I am also complicated
I am also complicated

I'm a black mom, a lactivist, a home-owning punk
It's been over a decade since the last time I got drunk
I drive a mini-van, and I've got junk in the trunk
I think Danny DeVito is a total hunk
I like revisiting the shit my therapist helps me remember
Being friends with someone for a long time, still not knowing their gender
I fight for equal rights, and I fight for inner peace
And I pray to the dead for the gratitude I need
I've got chickens in my backyard and a little garden plot
I really hate commercials but I got a slap-chop
Cause I'm a sucker for a remix, let me tell you what
By the time that I am finished, you are gonna love these nuts
I'm a little bit pop culture, a lot bit DIY
I don't know the definition of TMI
I write poems about my period, post pictures of my log
If you don't like body functions, you shouldn't read my blog
My husband's a musician from the mountains in France
He wrote me a song, we did interpretive dance
Then he knocked me up, now we have the coolest kid
Yeah, hooking up with him's the smartest thing I ever did
And I feel like I can fly when I'm on roller skates
I get a little high when I eat dried dates
I feel like I'm unloading when I'm loading up the car
I feel like I'm exploding when I'm holding my guitar
I don't understand what numbers have to do with success
Or what sales have to do with happiness
Unless they're the kind of sails that will carry me to sea
Where my grandma and grandpa are waiting for me
I never thought I'd make it to 25, now I'm 37 and I'm glad that I'm alive
If I ever need a tour bus, I'm still gonna drive
Cause I looking out the windshield as the world goes by
Looking out the windshield as the world goes by
Yeah, looking out the windshield as the world goes by
Now I'm 37 and I'm glad that I'm alive
And I like looking out the windshield as the world goes by