

Same Old You

Monarchy

I see you coil back in your shell
I caught you in a lie you were concealing well
Can't take it back, can't be undone
You've cut the cloth turning away the sun

I stand up straight, your mouth is dry
You fumble platitudes, searching for my reply
You could resist that bed of bliss
You chose to let go

It's the same old you
Gone and sold up for getting around
It's the same old
It's our love that you are running down

I have to ask, tears on your face
It's worked before, your honesty your saving grace
I question safe, it's not good news
Your liable, a symptom of your abuse

I've got your pulse, you're set in stone
I'd get more out of listening to a dial tone
Been here before, seen the reviews
I played my part

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