

## 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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