

Always The Same

Savoy Brown

There was twenty at the sharer, I was there myself
Trying to establish who may reap the wealth
I said I cannot take this, you know these cards dealt
There's one for you and three for them
Sixteen for myself
And it's always the same
Yes it's always the same

As the mornings mists were clearing I could set my course
There were nineteen souls came in on foot, while one man rode a
horse
And the nineteen ragged souls, the battles they had fought
But the man who rode ahead he never fired a shot
And it's always the same
Yes it's always the same
And it's always the same
Yes it's always the same