

## Same in the End

Sublime

Down in Mississippi where the sun beats down from the sky  
They give it up and they give it up and they give it up  
But they never ask why  
Daddy was a rollin' rollin' stone  
He rolled away one day and he never came home  
It ain't hard to understand  
This ain't Hitler's master plan  
What it takes to be a man  
In my mind, in my brain  
I roll it over like a steamin' freight train  
It ain't hard to ascertain  
You only see what you want to believe  
When you light up in the back with those tricks up your sleeve  
That don't mean I can't hang  
But the day that I die  
Will be the day that I shut my mouth and put down my guitar  
Sunday morning hold church down at the bar  
Get down on your knees and start to pray  
Pray my itchy rash will go away  
Back up y'all it ain't me  
Kentucky Fried Chicken is all I see  
It's a hellified way to start your day  
If I make you cry all night  
Me and daddy gonna have a fist fight  
It ain't personal, it ain't me  
I only hear what you told me to be  
I'm a backward-ass hillbilly  
I'm Dick Butkiss  
You know I lie  
I get mean, I'm a thief in the dark  
I'm a ragin' machine  
I'm a triple rectified ass son of a bitch  
Rec-tite(tm) on my ass and it makes me itch  
I can see for miles and miles and miles  
My broken heart makes me smile  
In my mind, in my brain  
I go back and go completely insane  
It ain't personal, it ain't me  
If I make you cry I might  
Be your daddy at the end of the night  
Take a load from my big gun  
You only see what you want to believe  
When you creep from the back  
I got tricks up my sleeve  
24/7 the devil's best friend  
It makes no difference  
It's all the same in the end