

Same Old Story

The Tiger Lillies

Born in a slum in Rome
Born in filth and rags
You climb the weary road of youth
Alone and often sad

You climb the hills your feet get sore
And then your heart goes numb
And as you reach your teenage years
A whore you do become

And as I see you
My eyes fill with tears
It's the same old story
It's been going on for years

Well now all around you men do fall
But you know don't you know
That you're just lust's pawn

The poverty you felt in youth
Well it still plays a part
The poverty once in your purse
Well now it's in your heart

And when I see you ...

So now the money starts to flow
Well how sweet for a short time
But then the sweetness does turn sour
It's another weary time

And when I see you ...