

## 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 ...