Same Old Song

Blake Shelton

Now, I love country music
And I guess I always will
But these days, when I turn on the radio
It's just not the same thrill
I like a song that gives me chill bumps
Now and then there's some that still do
But I'm fed up with the same old vanilla
Hey, how about you?
And I'm tired of the same old guy with the same old song
About the same old love, it goes on and on
Same old guitar and the same old strum
I may be country but I'm not dumb
Hey, there, Mr. Songwriter
Come and visit in my home
Then tell me about life being perfect
And love that goes on and on and on
Then ride with me in my old Bronco
Down to the factory for eight hours
Then let me introduce you to my supervisor
Then write me a song about sunshine and flowers

And the same old guy with the same old song
About the same old love, it goes on and on
Same old guitar and the same old strum
I may be country but I'm not dumb
I wanna hear a song about passion
I wanna hear a song about sin
I wanna hear a song about redemption
Yeah, sing me one of them
Tell me about a cowboy in Australia
Tell me about a prisoner in China
Tell me about some old stock car driver
Down in Orangeburg, South Carolina
Instead of the same old guy, with the same old song
About the same old love, it goes on and on and on
Same old guitar and the same old strum
I may be country but I'm not dumb
Same old
Same old

Same old

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