

Same Old Story

[moe.](#)

The truth it has eluded me, and the lies they never suited me, while the volume has refuted me,
Reducing me into a joke.

Silence is a symphony and you look for an epiphany, but the pleasure and the ecstasy
Exponentially get toked. Cutting you down, No Guts No Glory

One swing at a time, No Guts No Glory

It's the end of the line, No Guts No Glory

Cut you down to size... "TIMBER...." It's the Same Old Story Both party hats and party pride, built the party line
to save your hide,

Self satisfied and glossy eyed, spin the truth until you choke.

A three ring circus suicide, watch them sell their souls to save their hides.

We'll heat it up and let it slide; enjoy the mirrors and the smoke. Cutting you down, No Guts No Glory

One swing at a time, No Guts No Glory

It's the end of the line, No Guts No Glory

Cut you down to size... "TIMBER...." It's the Same Old Story

Now wish for what you see and hear, bails out banks and billionaires.

No timed served, so never fear. To make it fair we all get soaked.

Take what they want, don't ever share.

To fill their pockets and to feed your fears.

Through Paranoia, That's how they scare.

Sit tight, Don't fight, Just light a smoke. Cutting you down, No Guts No Glory

One swing at a time, No Guts No Glory

It's the end of the line, No Guts No Glory

Cut you down to size... "TIMBER...." It's the Same Old Story JAM OUT!!! Cutting you down, No Guts No Glory

One swing at a time, No Guts No Glory

The end of the line, No Guts No Glory

Cut you down to size, No Guts, No Glory

Cutting you down, No Guts No Glory

One swing at a time, No Guts No Glory

It's the end of the line, No Guts No Glory

Cut you down to size... "TIMBER...." It's the Same Old Story

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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