

# 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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