Same Thing Twice (Album Version)

John Wesley Harding

He's done it all a million times
The gags, the repartee, the little crimes
Every audience is special and that goes for you
He looks into your eyes again
He never does it but he tries again
That old boy lost look could bruise you black and blue
Everybody's looking for a single row so they can be alone
Cos every time the lights go up, they'd rather be at home
I looked through all the wanted ads with a fine toothed comb
And all I came up with was another evening
Doing the same thing twice
That's what I was doingAll the drinks that he's been sinking
Never ask him what he's thinking
Every audience is unique and that goes for you
Dead or alive you're coming with me
Because everything's my cup of tea
That's why I've got a gold suit and some green italian shoes
Everybody says they had, but we all know they didn't
It's impossible to be a little bit pregnant
Give me the whole fruit cos I'm getting just a segment
And all I end up with is another evening
Doing the same thing twiceWell it hurts so bad to get this stoned
By ugly looking bureaucrats with ears like headphones
Reading the sun, sunday sport, s.ideal home, woman's own
Looks like you're on your ownBring me on the magic sponge
My dying gasp, my final lunge
It's all over now bar the dance
Do it now but don't get caught
I've been having third thoughts
They can be so clever, only when the script demands
You cluttered up the sky now so you can't follow any star
Someone's sitting next to you in an empty cinema
No-one wants to end up face down in a reservoir
And I don't wanna end up with another evening
Saying the same thing twice

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