

# All Things Being the Same

[Ellis Paul](#)

She is searching for some form of salvation  
In the corner of a bar down the street,  
But the gin controls whole conversations  
And plays magic tricks with her feet...She gets up, falls down, breaks even,  
Gets caught by the wrong mister right --  
Hey, it's a hard town.  
I wouldn't want to live in it --  
But I wouldn't want to give up in it,  
All things being the same...Back home she's got these pictures on her mirror,  
They frame her when she looks back at her face.  
They tell her where she's been --  
I'll tell you where she's going,  
She's got her name on a stool down at eddie owen's place...She drinks when romance brings her down.  
Like the sight of blood is a wedding gown.  
Bright lights and smoke fill up this space.  
It's a crowded room, but still a lonely old place...

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