Same Old Story

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Some people got more kicks than halfpence
Crying for attention, like cracks in the pavement
All of this pointed, like perfect TV
When you're sowing the wind, you reap the whirlwindYour flexible nature, serving no purpose
Like a terrible artist, your using no shadow
The king of this castle, is pulling new shades
Gilding the lilies, and all of them fakesWho gets the mansions? We get the ruins
Same old story
Who gets the mansions? We get the ruins
Same old story, same old storyTypical tragic, small house and small street
Narrow the outlook, small minded complete
The emperor's new clothes, get clearer and clearer
Dictate to the fingers, that tighten the triggerWho gets the mansions? We get the ruins
Same old story
Who gets the mansions? We get the ruins
Same old story, same old story, same old storyAnd the king of this castle is pulling new shapes
Life is a poison, it begins at home
Pride is a trinket, security blanket
Tangle the spiders on the webs that we weaveWho gets the mansions?
Same old story
We get the ruinsWho gets the mansions? We get the ruins
Same old story
Who gets the mansions? We get the ruins
Same old story

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