

Brendan Benson

"Just Like Me"

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(Benson)

A balloon to your lips
And held between your fingertips
But soon it slips your grip and whips
Around the room
Spitting it's fumes
Just like me
Ain't it just like me?

And hate, so filled with hate
So bad some days I can't see straight
So sad, sometimes I can relate
I'm high and I'm low
Baby you know
It's just like me
Ain't it just like me?

So help me break this trend
'Cause here I go again
Help me find my way back
I'm not making any contact
And everything goes black and I get slack
All I've got to say:
Ain't it just like me?
Ain't it just like me?

White, bright white
You're fading almost out of sight
All is calm and all is bright
But I don't feel right
I don't feel right
And ain't that just like me?

So help me break this trend
'Cause here I go again
Help me find my way back
I'm not making any contact
Ain't it just like me?
Ain't that just like me?
Ain't it just like me?
Ain't that just like me?

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