

Kimya Dawson

"Same Shit"

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You were looking down at them, they were looking
down at you.
You were starched and pressed, they were all disheveled.
They were holding hands, they were ragamuffins and
They said "I know we're not fancy, but we're on the
same level.
We've got plans, big plans we're gonna change the
world.
All you care about is dollars, that doesn't make sense.
All you do is hit snooze, watch the news, buy shoes,
drink booze, make
Money, feel spent.
Day after day after day, it's the same shit.
Day after day after day after day after day."
Then you looked at them without batting an eye and
said
"Hey little hippie, let your freak flag fly.
Why don't you go smoke a bowl in your best tie dye,
Get a tattoo of a dancing bear holding a peace sign.
You can talk the talk but when it comes to real change,
Aren't you and all your little friends exactly the same?
You sit around at potlucks pointing fingers, placing
blame,
Drinking kombucha, and eating tempeh.
Day after day after day, it's the same shit.
Day after day after day after day after day."
If you are judging them while they are judging you,
And you think that makes them assholes, maybe you're
an asshole too.
Do we argue with each other 'til we both turn blue,
Or find similarities in what we like and what we do?
Yeah, just because someone does not look like me
Doesn't mean that they are a clone or a sheep.
Maybe they like their job and they're living their dream,
And they love their friends and their family.
Some people thrive between nine and five,
And feel like they're choking if their neck's not tied.
And some people feel as if they're gonna die
If their seams aren't straight and their shoes aren't
tied.
Some people like business, some people like numbers,

Some people grow organic heirloom cucumbers,
And only feel free with their hands in the dirt
In a pair of old jeans and their favorite t-shirt
Some people feel enslaved when they have a boss,
Some people without one feel totally lost.
To make this world work it takes all different kinds.
We have all different tastes, different strengths,
different minds,
So it doesn't make sense to generalize
And it doesn't make sense to judge with our eyes.
We need more compassion, we need to be kind
If you open your heart you might like what you find.
'Cause there are some mean bus drivers, but there's
some nice bus drivers
And there are some nice cops in Madison, Wisconsin.
And there's some nice teachers, and there's some
mean teachers,
Just because you have a mean teacher doesn't mean
all teachers suck.
And no one is nice all the time, no one is mean all the
time
Think about what someone's going through that's
making them be mean to you
Maybe their pet gerbil died and they are really sad
inside,
Or maybe they got in a fight with someone that they
really like,
Maybe they are really shy and don't know to socialize
They just want to run and hide, not saying that it's
justified
But if we learn to empathize the resentments will
vaporize
Situations metamorphize before our very eyes.
Then the need to stereotype will become outdated
when we realize everyone
Is really complicated.
We are all so complicated.
I am also complicated.
I'm a black mama lactivist, a home-owning punk.
It's been over a decade since the last time I got drunk.
I drive a minivan, I've got junk in the trunk.
I think Danny Devito is a total hunk.
I like revisiting the shit my therapist helps me
remember.
Being friends with someone for a long time, still not
knowing their gender.
I fight for equal rights and I fight for inner peace.
I pray to the dead for the gratitude I need.
I've got chickens in my backyard and a little garden
plot,
I really hate commercials but I got a slap-chop.

I'm a sucker for a remix, let me tell you what,
By the time that I am finished, you're gonna love these
nuts.
I'm a little bit pop culture, a lot bit D.I.Y.,
I don't know the definition of T.M.I.
I write poems about my period, post pictures of my log,
If you don't like body functions then you shouldn't read
my blog.
My husband's a musician from the mountains in
France,
He wrote me a song, we did interpretive dance,
Then he knocked me up, now we have the coolest kid,
Yeah, hooking up with him's the smartest thing I ever
did.
Now I feel like I can fly when I'm on roller skates,
I feel a little high when I eat dried dates,
I don't understand what numbers have to do with
success
Or what sales have to do with happiness,
Unless they're the kind of sails that will carry me to
sea,
Where my grandma and grandpa are waiting for me.
I never thought I'd make it to 25, now I'm 37 and I'm
glad that I'm alive.
If I ever need a tour bus I'm still gonna drive,
Cause I looking out the windshield as the world goes
by,
Looking out the windshield as the world goes by.
Now I'm 37 and I'm glad that I'm alive
And I like looking out the windshield as the world goes
by.

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