

Split Shift

"A Guy Named Sid, Pt. 2: Same Old Story"

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Sid was wild when He was a kid
Never quite understood why he did just what he did
Now he wonders why nobody likes him
Now he wonders why he can't get any respect

His is the same old story
(yet another chapter in your book)
He fell flat in his moment of glory
(you try to turn away but you take a look)
Now he want us all to feel his sadness
(you cannot win the game if you go insane)
With all the junk spilling from his mouth of madness

Sid went high to the top of the mountain
Stood tall with the weight of the world upon his back
In a sea of money and power
Fought for his name until the final hour

His is the same old story
(yet another chapter in your book)
He fell flat in his moment of glory
(you try to turn away but you take a look)
Now he wants us all to feel his sadness
(you cannot win the game if you go insane)
With all the junk spilling from his mouth of madness

I used to be an honest man
I used to laugh
I used to cry
Now it's gone and I don't know why
No matter how hard I try
I can't lie to myself anymore

His is the same old story
(yet another chapter in your book)
He fell flat in his moment of glory
(you try to turn away but you take a look)
Now he wants us all to feel his sadness
(you cannot win the game if you go insane)
With all the junk spilling from his mouth of madness

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