

I-Rails "Same Old Me"

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wrapped up in those,
bull fighter clothes,
i sweat like a young man,

born out of lust,
trampled to dust,
and it feels like a heart beat,

i don't have a clue,
or know how it feels,
to stand around naked,

covered in white,
still the red light,
it bleeds on the sidewalk,

and it's my disease,
it's my disease,

just one more,
just one night,

same old me,
same old me,
same selfish whore,
oo oooh,

dressed like the,
dressed like the,
hundreds before,
oo oooh,

up here on this roof,
the air doesn't feel,
so strange and indifferent,

we'll see how we are,
from a chair in a bar,
it always looks stupid,

and it's my disease,
it's my disease,

just one more,
just one night,

same old me,
same old me,
same selfish whore,
oo oooh,

dressed like the,
dressed like the,
hundreds before,
oo oooh,

same old me,
same old me,
same selfish whore,
oo oooh,

dressed like the,
dressed like the,
hundreds before,
oo oooh,

same old me,
same old meee,
yeah aah aah aah aah aah aah,

dressed like the,
dressed like the,
hundreds before,
oo oooh

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