

## Hand Me Down Buick

### "Same Old Life"

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And I'm calling all my friends  
To tell them I've gone away  
The traffic here tonight's  
As bad as L.A.

The stars in the night sky  
All spell out your name  
There's no paint on no canvas  
No face and no frame

It's the same old line  
You better recognize I'm leaving you  
Recognize I'm living  
The same old life  
You better recognize I'm leaving you  
Recognize

And I'm calling all my friends  
To tell them I've been okay  
These L.A. girls and church goers  
Have shown me their ways

Of letting go of my idea of  
Life and my place  
As I stagger back to my car  
The radio's playing

The same old line  
You better recognize I'm leaving you  
Recognize

It's the same old line  
You better recognize I'm leaving you  
Recognize I'm living  
The same old life  
You better recognize I'm leaving you  
Recognize I'm leaving you

I'm calling around  
I'm making a scene  
What am I trying to do

I'm calling around  
I'm making a scene  
What am I trying to do

It's the same old line  
You better recognize I'm leaving you  
Recognize I'm living  
The same old life  
You better recognize I'm leaving you  
Recognize I'm living  
The same old lie  
The same old time  
The same old lie  
The same old lie

Recognize I'm telling you  
Recognize I'm telling the truth  
Recognize I'm telling you  
Recognize I'm telling the truth

It's the same old line  
You better recognize I'm leaving you  
Recognize I'm living  
The same old life  
You better recognize I'm leaving you  
Recognize I'm living the truth

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