

# Quasi, All The Same

I'm not going to give it up for free anymore  
& I don't really care if you label me a whore.  
Frayed at the edges, busted at the seams,  
I can walk with a song & sleep with my dreams.  
You can cover up your chains & call yourself free;  
It doesn't really matter - it's all the same to me.  
You're the new newest thing; we've seen it all before.  
In fact I've seen it many times & I'll see it many more.  
You know it won't last; you know it never does -  
But better be a has been than to be a never was.  
You can get out quick & clean or prolong the agony:  
Whichever you prefer - it's all the same to me.  
You worship the future like it's some kind of saint,  
But it's just like the past with a new coat of paint.  
You try to save a world that doesn't want to be saved  
& you scold it like a child when you think it's misbehaved.  
You can say what you want, or say what you see,  
Or you could say nothing - it's all the same to me.