

Ryan Adams, You Will Always Be The Same

Go on to the street to the cars in the pouring rain
Go on to the bus that left us in the dust and the flames
And when the son meets the father
It'll be something smarter for the pain
But you will always be the same
You will always be the same

Go on little girl, feet twirl, go and make him smile
Go on like the rumbling drums of the march of time
And when the son meets the dad
It'll be pretty bad for the pain
But you'll always be the same
You will always be the same
You will always be the same

Go on to the ones with the smoking guns in the heat
Go on to the wars we won, they came home, they made up
And when the father meets the son,
And the blood makes us better than the gain
You will always be the same