

# A Camp, The Same Old Song

Here's my prayer, I'm getting nowhere.  
I'm stepping up the stairs  
But falling behind.

Oh...

I'm a one-man show that nobody knows.  
My body sure knows,  
I'm wondering why.

Oh...

I can't go on singin' this song  
That the angels will not hear.  
The world is a hole from all that I stole,  
But there is still a little love in here.  
Few things will last, I did it too fast  
But I'm learning to cry.  
Don't be a stepping stone.  
Get it all out, deliver it.

Here's my weep, I'm digging too deep.  
I do believe in lies.

I've got everything to hide.

Oh...

I'm young, I'm old, I do what I'm told.

Cut open, unfold

But there's nothing inside.

Oh...

I can't go on singin' this song  
That the angels will not hear.  
The world is a hole from all that I stole,  
But there is still a little love in here.  
Few things will last, I did it too fast  
But I'm learning to cry.  
Hey child, you dance too loud.  
Here is your limit.

No, I can't go on singin' this song  
That the angels will not hear.  
The world is a hole from all that I stole,  
But there is still a little love in here.  
Few things will last, I did it too fast  
But I'm learning to cry.  
Don't be a stepping stone.  
Get it all out, deliver it.

Here's my plead, my never ending repeat.  
I'm a circular cry-baby with no one to trust.  
I'm restless and mad and anciently sad.  
If someone wants to kill me  
Go ahead but make it fast.