

Ben Folds, Not The Same

You took a trip and climbed a tree
At Robert Sledge's party
And there you stayed 'till morning came
You were not the same after that
You gave your life to Jesus Christ
And after all your friends went home
You came down, you looked around
And you were not the same after that
Ahh, ahh
You were not the same after that
Ahh, ahh
You were not the same after that
You see 'em drop like flies from the bright sunny skies
They come knocking at your door with this look in their eyes
You've got one good trick and you're hanging on
You're hanging on to it
You took the word and made it heard
And eased the people's pain and for that
You were idolized, immortalized
And you were not the same after that
Walking tall, you'd bought it all
And you were not the same after that
Till someone died on the water slide
And you were not the same after that
You see 'em drop like flies from the bright sunny skies
They come knocking at your door with this look in their eyes
You've got one good trick and you're hanging on
You're hanging on to it
Ooh, ooh, ooh
You were not the same
You see 'em drop like flies from the bright sunny skies
They come knocking at your door with this look in their eyes
You've got one good trick and you're hanging on
You're hanging on, you're hanging on, you're hanging on
You're hanging on