

Blur, Ernold Same

Ernold same awoke from the same dream in the same bed at the same time
Looked in the same mirror made the same frown
And felt the same way as he did every day
Then ernold same caught the same train at the same station
Sat in the same seat with the same nasty stain next to same old what's his name
On his way to the same place to do the same thing again and again and again
Poor old ernold same

Oh ernold same, his world stays the same
Today will always be tomorrow
Poor ernold same, he's getting that feeling once again
Nothing will change tomorrow