

Ellis Paul, All Things Being The Same

She is searching for some form of salvation
In the corner of a bar down the street,
But the gin controls whole conversations
And plays magic tricks with her feet...

She gets up, falls down, breaks even,
Gets caught by the wrong mister right --
Hey, it's a hard town.
I wouldn't want to live in it --
But I wouldn't want to give up in it,
All things being the same...

Back home she's got these pictures on her mirror,
They frame her when she looks back at her face.
They tell her where she's been --
I'll tell you where she's going,
She's got her name on a stool down at Eddie Owen's place...

She drinks when romance brings her down.
Like the sight of blood is a wedding gown.
Bright lights and smoke fill up this space.
It's a crowded room, but still a lonely old place...

All her friends are nothing more than strangers,
Whose names are just words on a face .
If they bumped into her out on a sidewalk on some Sunday,
They wouldn't recognize her outside of the place