

Sublime, Same In The End

Down in Mississippi where the sun beats down from the sky
They give it up and they give it up and they give it up
But they never ask why
Daddy was a rollin' rollin' stone
He rolled away one day and he never came home
It ain't hard to understand
This ain't Hitler's master plan
What it takes to be a man
In my mind, in my brain
I roll it over like a steamin' freight train
It ain't hard to ascertain
You only see what you want to believe
When you light up in the back with those tricks up your sleeve
That don't mean I can't hang
But the day that I die
Will be the day that I shut my mouth and put down my guitar
Sunday morning hold church down at the bar
Get down on your knees and start to pray
Pray my itchy rash will go away
Back up y'all it ain't me
Kentucky Fried Chicken is all I see
It's a hellified way to start your day
If I make you cry all night
Me and daddy gonna have a fist fight
It ain't personal, it ain't me
I only hear what you told me to be
I'm a backward-ass hillbilly
I'm Dick Butkiss
You know I lie
I get mean, I'm a thief in the dark
I'm a ragin' machine
I'm a triple rectified ass son of a bitch
Rec-tite(tm) on my ass and it makes me itch
I can see for miles and miles and miles
My broken heart makes me smile
In my mind, in my brain
I go back and go completely insane
It ain't personal, it ain't me
If I make you cry I might
Be your daddy at the end of the night
Take a load from my big gun
You only see what you want to believe
When you creep from the back
I got tricks up my sleeve
24/7 the devil's best friend
It makes no difference
It's all the same in the end