

Tom Petty & The Heartbreakers, The Same Old You

Hey, I remember you back in '72
With your David Bowie hair and
your platform shoes
You had a part-time job, selling fast food
But out on the street you was
nobody's fool

Baby way down deep it's the same old you
Way down deep you ain't hiding the truth
Just for a minute you had me confused
Baby way down deep it's the same old you

Well you can walk through the city on fire
You can try and turn away from the truth
Living life like a young politician
Sure of yourself and bullet-proof

But baby, way down deep it's the same old you
Way down deep you ain't hiding the truth
Just for a minute you had me confused
Baby, way down deep its the same old you

We could buy a '62 Cadillac
Put a Fender amplifier in the back
Drive straight to the heart of America
Turn up to ten, let that sucker blast

Baby, way down deep it's the same old you
Way down deep you ain't hiding the truth
Just for a minute you had me fooled
Baby, way down deep its the same old you