

# Russell Crowe & 30 Odd Foot Of Grunts, The Same

(Crowe)

I'm the same person  
That saved you with my lips  
The very same man  
That blessed your fingertips  
The only one around here  
Who likes to remember you as you were  
The only thing to doubt here

Is are we drinking  
Or are we not  
Are we sinking?

I've said the same thing now forever  
We keep getting sidetracked, waylaid, replayed  
hey whatever  
My heart ain't coming back  
No, no never  
The only thing to doubt here

Is my actual existence  
Juris prudence proven misfit  
Likes the sances  
But won't stick  
To the surfaces  
He's too slick  
And so alone  
like magic

I'm the same person  
Who taught you with my eyes  
You know there was a time girl  
You liked to hear my lies  
So now what? Half truth is suddenly despised?

Show me your game plan  
You know the dog ate mine  
Mine was this insane plan  
Where everybody's high  
Now I know the film flam  
Of being someone's prize  
The only thing to doubt here  
Is my actual existence  
Only proven by circumference  
Stones are thrown  
And they don't miss  
You only get bruised  
If you exist  
As told to me by prophets