

# Same In the End

## Sublime

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, oh  
He rolled away one day and he never came home, ha-ha, haIt ain't hard to understand  
This ain't Hitler's master plan  
What it takes to be a man  
Ooh, in my mind, in my brain  
I'm rollin' 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  
The day that I die will be the day that  
I shut my mouth and put down my guitar, uh  
Sunday morning hold church down at the bar  
Get down on your knees and start to pray, oh  
Pray my itchy rash will go away, yowNow 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 am what you told me to be  
I'm a backwards-ass hillbilly, I'm Dick Buttkiss  
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 on my ass and it makes me itch  
I can see for miles and miles and miles, oh  
My broken heart makes me smileIn my mind, in my brain  
I go back I go completely insane  
It ain't personal; it ain't me  
And if I make you cry all night  
I'll be your daddy at the end of the night  
Take a load from my big gunYou only see what you want to believe  
When you creep from the back I've got tricks up my sleeve  
24/7, devil's best friend  
Makes no difference; it's all same in the end

