

# Always The Same Old Thing - song lyrics

American Old-time song lyrics from [www.traditionalmusic.co.uk](http://www.traditionalmusic.co.uk)

ALWAYS THE SAME OLD THING.

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By Hattie Marshall.

No matter where we go to-day, no matter what we do.  
The novel things one sees or does are far between and few;  
For rich or poor it's just the same, in palace or in cot.  
To seek new pleasures never found is everybody's lot;  
But it's always the same old thing;  
It's always the same old thing;  
Wherever we go, or whatever we do.  
At home or abroad, there is nothing that's new;  
And sooner or later, we find it is true-  
That it's always the same old thing.

The rich, when tired of life at home, may go across the sea  
In search of something new or strange, wherever it may be;  
The poor may spend their holidays and hard-earned wages, too.  
In fun at home, but all find out, no matter what they do,  
That it's always the same old thing;  
It's always the same old thing;  
That whatever they do has been oft done before;  
That have what they please they will always want more;  
That life at best is a terrible bore;  
That it's always the same old thing.

For instance, take a chap who counts his love-scrapes by the score.  
Who cuts the lot, and swears that he will ne'er love woman more;  
He seeks distraction far from town beneath the woodland shade.  
And there he meets and loves, full soon, a simple country maid;  
But again it's the same old thing;  
Once more it's the same old thing;  
The maiden is coy, but the maiden is "fly";  
When he tells her his love there's no green in her eye;  
"How much are you worth?" is her answering cry;  
It's always the game old thing.

For instance, when a bachelor is tired of single life,  
And, seeking domesticity, takes to himself a wife;  
There's happiness a little while, but when their passion cloy,  
He goes to see the other girls and she flirts with the boys;  
And again it's the same old thing;  
Once more it's the same old thing;  
For a year or two, maybe, they "re happy, of course.  
Then they tire of each other, And it couldn't be worse;  
And so, as an ending, there comes a divorce;  
It's always the same old thing.

For instance, when some maiden prim, who children can't abide.  
Yet longs to wed, gets one last chance on marriage to decide;  
She coyly says to him who pops-"I'll wed, If you'll agree  
That you'll be happy, just the same, without a family";  
But again it's the same old thing;  
Once more it's the same old thing;  
For though they were happy as happy could be,  
Their happiness didn't last long, you'll agree;  
One morning the doctor said: "Sir, there are three";  
It's always the same old thing.

For instance, when you're weary of the many shows in town.  
And go to see a brand-new play of very great renown;  
The bill-boards, decked in colors bright, flash forth upon your view.  
And, as you enter, you exclaim, "At last, here's something new";  
But again it's the same old thing;  
Once more it's the same old thing;  
The villain pursues the fair maid as or yore,  
And slakes his hot thirst in the hero's red gore;  
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Or a soubrette sings songs with farce-comedy roar;  
It's always the same old thing.

For instance, when you're tired of fizz, and cocktails lose their charm.  
When rye And bourbon fail to soothe and, seeking some new- balm,  
You beg the man behind the bar to "set up" something new.  
He winks an eye And straightway serves a drink of strangest hue;  
But again it's the same old thing;  
Once more it's the same old thing;  
He changes the color to pink, blue or red,  
But the usual "jag "you tote with you to bed,  
And you have the next morning the usual "bead";  
It's always the same old thing.

For instance, some new-fangled game you're asked one night to join.  
And tired of poker, euchre, whist, you risk your pile of coin;  
And when the deal is made and you are posted on the play,  
You fondly think you've struck it rich And sing, "Too-loo-ri-lay";  
But again it's the same old thing;  
Once more it's the Same old thing;  
You sadly find out what a poor hand you've got;  
That the kings and the queens you thought in it are not;  
That the acelets, as usual, capture the pot;  
That it's always the same old thing.

For instance, when a fellow sings until he knows no more.  
And tries to give an encore verse that's not been heard before,  
And hopes his lines will surely prove a winner ev'ry time,  
He boldly enters once again and chants his little rhyme;  
But again it's the same old thing;  
Once more it's the same old thing;  
he finds, as I do, that he's sung a poor verse.  
That it's not a bit new and it couldn't be worse,  
That if he sings more he'll go home in a hearse-  
Singing the same old thing.