

# Strings Of Change

**Matt Costa**

Some live off the land  
Some grow tired of the old gas lamp  
And some turn to strangers along the way  
Some holy tramp on a desert plain

Some pour a drink and drown  
Some long haired innocent swarms the crowd  
Some give birth to their mother's fiends  
I'm staring at the strings of change

And some throw religion away  
Some clip the nails of the hands that pay  
Some will give to get in return  
Strangled sex with their egos

Some pour a drink and drown  
Some long haired innocent swarms the crowd  
Some give birth to their mother's fiends  
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Staring at the strings of change