

Someone's Gotta Change Your Mind

Lindsey Buckingham

Little children out in the rain
Slipping and sliding, covered in pain
Bodies broken, soaked to the bone
Little children going on home

I know, I know
I know, I know
I know, I know
Someone ought to make them feel fine
And so and so
And so and so
And so and so
Someone's got to change your mind

Flying down Juniper, a three wheel line
Long gone kiss it goodbye
Mother and Father covered in snow
Little children going on home

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Nothing to prove, your blood is mine
I have no children, just some design
Woven mystery that fills up this womb
No little children left to go home