

# The More Things Change

Mary Chapin Carpenter

Well I think of you sometimes at night  
And sometimes it's still the same  
The way that it was when I was the keeper of your flame  
We all have our ghosts, we all have our doubts  
I'm no different with you or without  
But one thing's certain: only the names have changed

And I think of you sometimes baby  
When an old friend gives a call  
And to hear us talk you'd think I felt nothing at all  
'Cause nothing remains that used to be yours  
We all have our way of closing the door  
But it takes some time to get up when you fall

But I'm the same sweet girl you couldn't get enough of  
Way back when you pledged your love  
And you'd drive to find me through the pouring rain  
Now I hear all about your running around  
Man you're a legend all over town  
The more things change, the more they remain the same

Sometimes I wonder if you've ever heard  
The sound of a broken heart  
It ain't real pretty, it ain't the thing the nice folks talk about  
And the hardest thing you'll ever have to do  
Is face the one who's done it to you  
His eye's like an angel's, they're so devout

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