

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
I'm staring at the strings of change

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Staring at the strings of change