

The More Things Change

Pat Travers

Flying down the highway, the pedal threw the floor
I got a gig tonight in Houston,
I've played that town before,
The money sounds real good,
I hear the show is sold out,
And just when I think I got it licked
My motor spudders out...
And now it seems like the blues...
Have got a hold on me...
Oh hard times and bad luck,
Why won't you let me be.?...

The more things change,
The more they stay insane,

I think it's really strange,
The way they stay the same...

Got stranded out in Rosedale, a town that's gone to bed
In this town on Sunday, you might as well be dead
Well the sheriff don't take kindly, to strangers on
The road, well he locked us up as vagrants,
We had no place to go... and now it seems like the blues
Have got a hold of me... oh hard times and bad luck
Why won't you let me be...
The more things change, the more they stay insane
I think it's really strange, the way they stay the same
Yah the more things change, the more they stay insane
I think it's really strange, the way they stay the same