

# Nothing Ever Goes As Planned

Styx

What'cha going to do when the sun goes down  
Tonight  
You'll hit the same old clubs, rap that same old trash  
That's right  
You've got them real silk shirts and them baggy pants  
Dago shoes in the colors that match  
But the girls are acting bored  
And you're feeling like you're going to lose  
You've got the G.Q. Blues

You get up every morning  
And you go to work each day  
(you go to work, you go to work, you go to work)  
Been doing the same damn job  
for ten long years this May  
(you've got to work, you've got to work, you've got to work)  
You've been working and saving for your Jamaican dream  
Paradise is waiting across the sea  
But when your plane lands Montego turns to Monsoon  
You've got the Island Blues

'Cause, nothing ever goes as planned  
It's a hell of a notion  
Even Pharaohs turn to sand  
Like a drop in the ocean  
You're so together and you act so civilized  
But every time that things go wrong you're still surprised  
You've done your duty, you've paid a fortune in dues  
Still got those Mother Nature's Blues

I strut around the stage like a little king  
Tonight  
They'll scream for every word and every note  
That's right  
But when the show is over and I'm all alone  
Can't reach my baby on the telephone  
And everywhere I look Mr. Loneliness is in the news  
I've got the Big Star Blues

Boy, nothing ever goes as planned  
It's a hell of a notion  
Even Pharaohs turn to sand  
Like a drop in the ocean  
I'm so together and I act so civilized  
But every time that things go wrong  
I'm still surprised  
I've done my duty and paid a fortune in dues  
Still got them Mother Nature's Blues