

Things Change

The Bluetones

How will you ever learn,
When your hands are tied and your bridges burned?
When will you get to see that your only option lies with
me?
Must you be kicked right down, ripped from limb
Taught to drown, but told to swim
The way to be, the way to act is
Not to preach what you practice
Things change, but a part of its present formula remains
Things needn't be so if you let me through
x2

It must be true, he said I found you

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