

Change

The Young Veins

She was acting pretty,
Thought she owned the city
Someone should have told her
that pretty ain't a job
And now she begs for money,
no one calls her honey
As she bothers shoppers
in the parking lot

Gets her karma with a catch
Forget superstition
by wearing it backwards
Lives under ladders
and sleeps with black cats
Some people never change,
they just stay the same way

I swear just like a sailor,
love is not a flavor
And I find its just a concept
that we live inside
And if you can't agree with
me and Mr.twain
In matters of opinion
our rivals are insane

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