

Butterfly Boucher, Changes

Oh yeah
Mm
Still dont know what I was waiting for
And my time was running wild
A million dead-end streets and
Every time I thought Id got it made
It seemed the taste was not so sweet
So I turned myself to face me
But Ive never caught a glimpse
Of how the others must see the faker
Im much too fast to take that test
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes
(Turn and face the strange)
Ch-ch-changes
Dont want to be a richer man
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes
(Turn and face the strange)
Ch-ch-changes
Just gonna have to be a different man
Time may change me
But I cant trace time
I watch the ripples change their size
But never leave the stream
Of warm impermanence
So the days float through my eyes
But stil the days seem the same
And these children that you spit on
As they try to change their worlds
Are immune to your consultations
Theyre quite aware of what theyre going through
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes
(Turn and face the strange)
Ch-ch-changes
Dont tell them to grow up and out of it
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes
(Turn and face the strange)
Ch-ch-changes
Wheres your shame
Youve left us up to our necks in it
Time may change me
But you cant trace time
Strange fascination, fascinating me
Ah changes are taking the pace Im going through
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes
(Turn and face the strange)
Ch-ch-changes
Oh, look out you rock n rollers
Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes
(Turn and face the strange)
Ch-ch-changes
Pretty soon now youre gonna get a little older
Time may change me
But I cant trace time
I said that time may change me
But I cant trace time