

# Lindsey Buckingham, Someone's Gotta Change

Little children out in the rain  
Slipping and sliding, covered in pain  
Bodies broken, soaked to the bone  
Little children going on home  
I know, I know, someone oughta make them feel fine  
And so, and so, someone's gotta change your mind

Flying down Juniper, a three wheel line  
Long gone kiss it goodbye  
Mother and Father covered in snow  
Little children going on home  
I know, I know, someone oughta make them feel fine  
And so, and so, someone's gotta change your mind

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And so, and so, someone's gotta change your mind

Nothing to prove, your blood is mine  
I have no children, just some design  
Woven mystery that fills up this womb  
No little children left to go home