Rainbirds, Things Change

Read it in the papers
Read it in the books
Find it in the mail-box
between the lines and hooks
The games we play
And hope to win
Things change
Step into the hallway
Step out into the street
Hang out at those places
Were all the people meet
The avant-garde
And right from the start
Things change
I used to be a Marylin
Like so many others
The saddest clown you've ever seen
On yout television screen
That was style
But now it seems sort of senile
Miles away from here
Miles away from you and me
Ideas are running wild and free
the wind chases them up and down
never lets them touch the ground
They pretend to sleep and let it be
But when they wake up
And put on a make-up
They set up a new rule
The same old scheme
The same old dream
That things change
I used to be a king of need
Like so many others
I used to sell my heart and soul
Once in a while
And that was style
Just now some miles away from here
The wind chases me up and down
never lets me touch the ground
I pretend to sleep and let it be
But when I wake up
I put on a make-up
And set up a new rule
That's how things change