

Styx, Nothing Ever Goes As Planned

(Dennis DeYoung)

What'cha going to do when the sun goes down tonight
You'll hit the same old clubs, rap that same old trash
That's right
You've got them real silk shirts and them baggy pants
Dago shoes in the colors that match
But the girls are acting bored
And you're feeling like you're going to lose
You've got the G.Q. Blues

You get up every morning and you go to work each day
(you go to work, you go to work, you go to work)
Been doing the same damn job for ten long years this May
(you've got to work, you've got to work, you've got to work)
You've been working and saving for your Jamaican dream
Paradise is waiting across the sea
But when your plane lands Montego turns to Monsoon
You've got the Island Blues

'Cause, nothing ever goes as planned
It's a hell of a notion
Even Pharaohs turn to sand
Like a drop in the ocean
You're so together and you act so civilized
But every time that things go wrong you're still surprised
You've done your duty, you've paid a fortune in dues
Still got those Mother Nature's Blues

I strut around the stage like a little king tonight
They'll scream for every word and every note, that's right
But when the show is over and I'm all alone
Can't reach my baby on the telephone
And everywhere I look Mr. Loneliness is in the news
I've got the Big Star Blues

Boy, nothing ever goes as planned
It's a hell of a notion
Even Pharaohs turn to sand
Like a drop in the ocean
I'm so together and I act so civilized
But every time that things go wrong
I'm still surprised
I've done my duty and paid a fortune in dues
Still got them Mother Nature's Blues