

The Drones, I Don't Ever Want To Change

I lived in the country where the dead wood aches
In a house made of stone and a thousand mistakes
Where the glory of morning got crushed by the burden of day
I went down to the seaside and it was light and easy
But it was salt in my wounds man I won't ever be free
Though alone on a beach getting drunk ain't a bad way to be

But I don't ever want to change
It would all be so much easier if you didn't have to change

I ran a store for six months
Took a match one night
Left concern impaled on a receipt spike
And all hope petering on a leaky roof
And an electric heater up in the back of the room
Well the assessor came early to walk the ashes
Showing high spirits wouldn't help my chances
I got the money in a week and for a while there everything was fine

See your doctor take the cure and then you got it made
But the vertigo is telling me to stay away
In two weeks flat I seen the Zoloft put my baby in the grave
I don't ever want to change
I don't ever want to change
I know my limits well
Seems they're never that far away