

# The Who, Music Must Change

Deep in the back of my mind is an unrealized sound  
Every feeling I get from the street says it soon could be found  
When I hear the cold lies of the pusher, I know it exists  
It's confirmed in the eyes of the kids, emphasized with their fists

But the high has to rise from the low  
Like volcanoes explode through the snow  
The mosquito's sting brings a dream  
But the poison's derange

The music must change  
For we're chewing a bone  
We soared like the sparrow hawk flied  
Then we dropped like a stone  
Like the tide and the waves  
Growing slowly in range  
Crushing mountains as old as the Earth  
So the music must change

Sometimes at night, I wake up and my body's like ice  
The sound of the running wild stallion, the noise of the mice  
And I wondered if then I could hear into all of your dreams  
I realize now it was really the sound of your screams

But death always leads into life  
But the street fighter swallows the knife  
Am I so crazy to feel that it's here prearranged?

The music must change  
It's gets higher and higher  
Smouldering like leaves in the 1  
Then it bursts into fire  
Its rhythm grows strong  
It's so new and so strange  
Like bells in the clouds, then again  
The music must change

But is this song so different?  
Am I doing it all again?  
It may have been done before  
But then music's an open door

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