

Tim McGraw, Things Change

They wouldn't let him play the opry
with whiskey on his breath
And it didn't take 'em long
To figure out what they missed
He went down that lost highway
Underneath that purple sky
A legend disappeared before
his time

Things Change

They said he was the devil
Dressed in gold lame
The way he shook his hips
Up there on the stage
But before that fateful day
When he left Tennessee
All of them were calling him the king

Things Change

Well they like to call them hippies
Outlaws with guitars
But they brought a little poetry
to the honky-tonks and bars
They might've got a little too crazy
They might've flown a little too high
But somewhere somebody's playing their songs tonight

Things Change

Don't you know they change

Now some say it's too country
Some say it's too rock 'n' roll
But it's just good music
If you can feel it in your soul
And it doesn't really matter
It's always been the same
Life goes on, Things Change

Things Change

Don't you know they change

They can't keep me from change

Keep on, keep on Changin'