

Bruce Hornsby, The Changes

The scene is set, everybody's in place -
Two chairs filled for every five gone to waste.
The pantsuit girl gave me a nasty gaze,
Said, "Play that on your own time."

I walk to the bandstand, blowin' my horn,
Nobody knows what we're really here for.
Let's take it out hard 'til they show us the door,
It's us against them tonight.

Play the changes,
Make the changes,
Hear the changes,
Take it out hard 'til they show us the door.

A girl with a nose ring said to me,
She said, "Where's the joy in your delivery?"
I said, "Maybe there's not supposed to be
Any real joy at all."

She sat there with that plaster smile
As we sit jiving, but in a little while,
Holding her hair, she joined the single file
And walked on down the hall.

Play the changes,
Make the changes,
Hear the changes,
Us against them, them tonight.

The owner says he thinks we need some work,
"Got a place for you, we got some roadwork -
Laying asphalt on the interstate."
Nobody cares, and why should they?

A white girl in a dashiki says, "You're all the rage,
My friends and I think you're quite the sage."
Wear a kofu and a finger gauge
To see which way the wind blows today.

Play the changes,
Make the changes,
Hear the changes,
To see which way the wind blows today.

Old friend Dave with the silver spoon,
Says, "Why don't you play those good old tunes?
Give it up now, you could fill the room."
I say, "There's nothing like a good 'Trane tune."

Changes,
These things called changes,
Where do we go, go from here?