

# Cinderella, The More Things Change

Woke up this morning on the wrong side of bed  
I got this feeling like a train's running through my head  
Turned on my radio to the same old song  
Some big mouth talking trying to tell us where the world went wrong

But all this talk of peace and love  
It's only for the news  
Cause everytime you trust someone  
You end up getting screwed

The more things change  
The more they stay the same  
Everyone's your brother till you turn the other way  
The more things change  
The more they stay the same  
All we need's a miracle to take us all away from the pain

Came to this morning I was feeling mighty used  
Picked up the telephone but all I got's a major attitude  
Turned on the TV to the same old news  
Everybody thinks they got the answer to the same old blues

Like a hot smokin' pistol on a saturday night  
You gotta go for the throat  
You gotta fight for your life

The more things change  
The more they stay the same  
Everyone's your brother till you turn the other way  
The more things change  
The more they stay the same  
All we need's a miracle to take us all away from the pain  
Take me away

Like a hot smokin' pistol on a saturday night  
You gotta go for the throat  
You gotta fight for your life

The more things change  
The more they stay the same  
Everyone's your brother till you turn the other way  
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All we need's a miracle to take us all away

The more things change  
The more they stay the same  
Everyone's your brother till you turn the other way  
The more things change  
The more they stay the same  
All we need's a miracle

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