

Mary Chapin Carpenter, The More Things Change

(Mary Chapin Carpenter)

Well I think of you sometimes at night
And sometimes it's still the same
The way that it was when I was the keeper of your flame
We all have our ghosts, we all have our doubts
I'm no different with you or without
But one thing's certain: only the names have changed

And I think of you sometimes baby
When an old friend gives a call
And to hear us talk you'd think I felt nothing at all
'Cause nothing remains that used to be yours
We all have our way of closing the door
But it takes some time to get up when you fall

But I'm the same sweet girl you couldn't get enough of
Way back when you pledged your love
And you'd drive to find me through the pouring rain
Now I hear all about your running around
Man you're a legend all over town
The more things change, the more they remain the same

Sometimes I wonder if you've ever heard
The sound of a broken heart
It ain't real pretty, it ain't the thing the nice folks talk about
And the hardest thing you'll ever have to do
Is face the one who's done it to you
His eye's like an angel's, they're so devout

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