

The Bluetones, Things Change

How will you ever learn,
When your hands are tied and your bridges burned?
When will you get to see that your only option lies with me?
Must you be kicked right down, ripped from limb,
Taught to drown, but taught to swim?
The way to be, the way to act is
Not to preach what you practice
Things change, but a pattern is present, a formula remains
Things needn't be so if you let me through (x3)

It must be true, she said I found you