

Change

The Young Veins

She was acting pretty, thought she owned the city
Someone should have told her pretty ain't a job
Now she begs for money, no one calls her honey
As she bothers shoppers in the parking lot Gets her karma with a catch
Forgets superstition by wearing in backwards
Lives under ladders and sleeps with black cats Some people never change
They just stay the same way I swear this like a sailor, love is not a favor
I find its just a concept that we live inside
If you can agree with me and Mr. Twain
In matters of opinion our rivals are insane

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