

The Changes

Bruce Hornsby

The scene is set and everybody's in place
Two chairs filled for every five gone to waste
The pantsuit girl gives me a nasty gaze
Says, "Play that on your own time" I walk to the bandstand blow my horn
Nobody knows what we're really here for
Let's take it out hard till they show us the door
It's us against them tonight Hey, play the changes
Make the changes
Hear the changes
Take it out hard till 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 tonight The owner says he thinks we need some work
There's a place for you, 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"
I wear a kofu and a finger gage
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 train tune" Changes
These things called changes
Where do we go, go from here?

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