

# The Changeling (Get Guilty)

[A.C. Newman](#)

It's not war, it's more like a warning  
There with front row tickets to the public burning  
Found in the strip search, the skins have beaten the shirts  
Love will travel, yeah, let's say it will  
We know where it goes, you know the drill  
Get guilty, kid  
Get guilty, go With the same cruel sense of humor that you came with  
With the same cruel sense of humor that you came with Change your mind  
Change your mind She kissed the back of my hand and she smiled  
Walked away whispering into the wild  
Get guilty, kid  
Get guilty, go With the same cruel sense of humor that you came with  
With the same cruel sense of humor that you came with Change your mind  
Change your mind And I will die with my foot in my mouth  
More magnetic if anything because I had to  
Get guilty, kid  
Get guilty, go With the same cruel sense of humor that I came with  
With the same cruel sense of humor that I came with Change your mind  
Change your mind  
Change your mind  
Change your mind

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