

Nothing Ever Changes (Sarah Blasko Remix)

The Devoted Few

the art of time pours in your glass
the sound of it reminds you of your past and how nothing ever changes
the clocks inside your head will strike midnight every night
you stare at walls and paint with your memory and you won't ever make it, cause nothing here ever changes
you
wipe the dirt from off your dress
and smile politely at your guests, and hold your breath that no one saw you on your knees
your diary's a requiem, of all the things come and gone
of times and boys and places you will never find and you won't ever make it, cause nothing ever changes
and you won't ever make it, cause nothing here ever changes

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