

# Subject to Change

## Dog's Eye View

Send a letter home to your mother  
And tell her who you've been  
Don't ask for money or a favor  
Just an old blue blanket  
That you can lay your head in 'Cause there's a pen in your hand  
That won't talk sense anymore  
There's a ceiling fan  
Showing movies on the floor There's a gun on the table  
Telling jokes about your friends  
And the chairs are all laughing  
At this night that never ends Things are subject to change  
As days go by  
Things are subject to change tonight  
Take a long fall out of this slow game  
And blow a kiss hello good-bye  
By any other nick name  
Is "You knew me then  
Now watch me go There's a picture on the wall  
That looks a lot like home  
There's a story you tell  
And you wish it was your own  
There's a girl you met who says  
She's seen you before  
And there's a letter that you left  
Says that's not you anymore You were never very clever  
Walking straight lines  
Down a curved road  
Whisper, laugh and shout  
At every other pleasure  
'Til you closed your eyes  
And disappeared without a trace

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>