

# Things Change

## The Jackals

Separate me from...

Separate this...

Life is all, life is always tales of lost and living

I could almost feel the breath that you were almost giving

I could see the silence in the way that you were talking

I could leave the signs and sirens if I could ignore it

Friday night, lose a little liberty

Saturday night, lose a lot of money

Sunday night, think about Friday

On my life, things change

Things change

Things change

Life is separated

Things change

Things change

Almost every day

In almost every way

Sights and sound of love is all that's left of modern living

Search for signs of life down alleyways of hidden cities

Friday night, lose a bit of sympathy

Saturday night, lose a lot of money

Sunday night, think about Friday

On my life, things change

Things change

Sights and sounds of modern living

I just can't do without the sights and sounds of modern living

Things change

Things change

Things change

Sights and sounds of modern living

Sights and sounds I just can't do without

Things change

Almost every day

In almost every day

Sights and sounds of modern living

I just can't do without the sights and sounds of modern living

I told the doctor, "Separate us"

He warned us, "Both may not survive"

Things change

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