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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