

# Some People Change

Kenny Chesney

His old man was a rebel yeller, bad boy to the bone  
He'd say, "Can't trust a colored feller"  
He'd judge 'em by the tone of their skin  
He was raised to think like his dad, narrow minded full of hate  
On the road to nowhere fast, till the grace of God got in the way  
Then he saw the light and hit his knees and cried and said a prayer  
Rose up a brand new man and left the old one right there  
Here's to the strong, thanks to the brave  
Don't give up hope, some people change  
Against all odds, against the grain  
Love finds a way, some people change  
She was born with her mother's habit  
Guess you could say it's in her blood  
She hates it that she's got to have it  
She fills her glass up, and she'd love to kill that bottle  
But all she can think about is a better life, a second chance  
And everyone she's lettin' down, she throws that bottle down  
Here's to the strong, thanks to the brave  
Don't give up hope, some people change  
Against all odds, against the grain  
Love finds a way, some people change  
Thank God to those who make it  
Let them be the light (Some people change)  
Here's to the strong, thanks to the brave  
Don't give up hope, some people change  
Against all odds, against the grain  
Love finds a way, some people change  
Some people change, some people change

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