

Nothing Ever Goes As Planned

Styx

Written by dennis deyoung

Lead vocals by dennis deyoung What'cha going to do when the sun goes down tonight

You'll hit the same old clubs, rap that same old trash

That's right

You've got them real silk shirts and them baggy pants

Dago shoes in the colors that match

But the girls are acting bored

And you're feeling like you're going to lose

You've got the g.q. blues You get up every morning and you go to work each day

(you go to work, you go to work, you go to work)

Been doing the same damn job for ten long years this may

(you've got to work, you've got to work, you've got to work)

You've been working and saving for your jamaican dream

Paradise is waiting across the sea

But when your plane lands montego turns to monsoon

You've got the island blues 'cause, nothing ever goes as planned

It's a hell of a notion

Even pharaohs turn to sand

Like a drop in the ocean

You're so together and you act so civilized

But every time that things go wrong you're still surprised

You've done your duty, you've paid a fortune in dues

Still got those mother nature's blues I strut around the stage like a little king tonight

They'll scream for every word and every note, that's right

But when the show is over and I'm all alone

Can't reach my baby on the telephone

And everywhere I look mr. loneliness is in the news

I've got the big star blues Boy, nothing ever goes as planned

It's a hell of a notion

Even pharaohs turn to sand

Like a drop in the ocean

I'm so together and I act so civilized

But every time that things go wrong

I'm still surprised

I've done my duty and paid a fortune in dues

Still got them mother nature's blues

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