Strings Of Change

Matt Costa

Some live off the land
Some grow tired of the old gas lamp
And some turn to strangers along the way
Some holy tramp on a desert plain
Some pour a drink and drown
Some long haired innocent swarms the crowd
Some give birth to their mother's fiends
I'm staring at the strings of change
And some throw religion away
Some clip the nails of the hands that pay
Some will give to get in return
Strangled sex with their egos
Some pour a drink and drown
Some long haired innocent swarms the crowd
Some give birth to their mother's fiends
I'm staring at the strings of change
I'm staring at the strings of change
Staring at the strings of change

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