

# Changing Arranging

[Alice Cooper](#)

I'm changing, arranging  
Things I never thought I'd move before  
I'm changing, arranging  
To your personality I asked for it before I need a soul who'll never say what I feel  
Just fearing that I will accept the ideal  
I look up high and I swear all I see  
It's a carbon copy image of me I'm dying hard trying  
Baby, baby, for the rest of my life  
I'm trying and I'm dying  
Maybe, maybe he's trying to be my life I've got a never ending battle inside  
Just trying to rectify my personal pride  
I swear I don't know what it's got over me  
But I know it doesn't wanna be free

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