Dean

Terry Reid

Girl with a heart that keeps on changing
Girl with a mind that's moving on
Picking up on things that life's afforded
loosen up on teathers
Foreseen she's onMany times I hear it tell
Things don't go together very well
But I left her no words on the side of
The first thing that you'd ever blow your mind forAnd it's just . . .
Come on, keep on changing
Come on, little I want the jive
Let me know just what it is that fooled you, oh
With the first thing that could be ever left inside of itNever bending, never changing
Never really sure of why, good slide
But really just knowing what contains you
Guessing all that can be built inside of itBut these times that I spent so well
Fighting contradicts so well
Then there's something still left
Something that could be gained inside
Of the first thing that could be beating insideCome on girl, keep on changing
Come on girl, little I want the jive
My heart's just burning
What could be there, burning?
I'd like to know what you left inside of it, ohCome on, keep on changing
Come on girl, little I want the jive
Make you good things that I do
I can't afford you
But I'll let you alone
Until I can find myself inside, soCome on girl, just keep it changing
I know what it feels inside of me
Many times you're just so mean
I can't feel it, yeah
This rose down here can't be more than a slightCome on, come on, come on
Keep on changing
Just little known for jive
Somewhere like New York
Can it flow
Just what they talk
The first time you got a man . . .

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