

## **Cross, Christopher**

### **"Nothing Will Change"**

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Words and music by Christopher Cross and Rob Meurer

The boys find a home in a family born of hate  
The girls plant desperate love  
In a womb that just won't wait  
Forgotten mother pushes a cart with her heart  
Through a twisted fate

As walls come down and spirits rise  
The business of fear never dies  
The artful dodgers with their false alarms  
Take from the mouths to feed the arms  
Pit god against god for a piece of land  
They think they hear his words but they don't  
understand

Like a river lost on its way to the sea  
Where is humanity  
I know that nothing will change  
'Til it changes in me  
'Til it changes in you

There's a plague upon the body  
A plague upon the mind  
While the bridge is burning are we deaf dumb and  
blind  
>From the fallen forest to the poison bay  
The world is turning  
Turning out that way

Fe fi fo fum  
I smell the blood of an Englishman  
Fe fi fo fum  
I smell the blood of an Irishman  
I smell the blood of an African  
I smell the blood of Americans  
I smell the blood of a Chinaman  
I smell the blood of an Indian  
I smell the blood of Rumanians  
I smell the blood of a Latin American  
I smell the blood of a million sons

I smell the blood of everyone

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