

## Black "Change Your Mind"

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Now and again  
an innocent shines  
out from the crowd  
and scenes  
that roll down the streets  
the inhuman streams,  
down from the trees,  
and up from their knees.  
Jump overboard,  
strike for the shore,  
leave your clothes to the fire.  
Counting the days your innocence paid.  
You can play it, re-arrange it,  
you can change your mind.  
Tell me how  
the horrors escape  
as we follow their trail  
'til dark.  
Once for the need,  
twice for the thrill,  
into the groves,  
into the groves.  
Wash up ashore,  
follow the call,  
leave your debts behind you.

Counting the ways that innocence pays.  
You can play it, re-arrange it,  
you might change your mind.  
(solo)  
In the big city heat  
a photo can fade,  
who were the saints  
of old?  
Keep a brush at your heels  
and cover your tracks,  
aim for the higher  
ground in the field.  
Jump overboard,  
strike for the shore,  
leave your clothes to the fire.  
Counting the days your innocence paid.

You can play it, re-arrange it,  
you can change your mind.  
Change your mind.  
Change your mind.  
Change your mind.  
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