

Bob Schneider

"Changing My Mind"

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What's so funny is nobody's laughing
at this change of heart your having.

What's so funny is I'm filled up with thunder.
I can't seem to get out from under all these stones
you tied to my chest.

I can't change your mind.
I can't change your mind.

What's so funny is I'm scared and lonely.
And I don't think I'm the only one
as I watch you drive away.

And what's so funny is the birds are singing.
The sun is shining and the bells are ringing.
And I'm thinking, "What happened here?"

And I can't change your mind.
And I can't change your mind.
I can't change your mind.
I can't change your mind.

There's a travel in Minneapolis, holds the bones of a
dead saint in it. And the stained glass glows from the
ceiling there. It reminds me of the feeling when I first
looked into your eyes, saw the most beautiful birds fly
straight into the sun, with their wings on fire. The deed
was done.

Oh, and I can't change your mind.
I can't change your mind.
I can't change your mind.
I can't change your mind.

What's so funny is this piece of skin.
The one on my arm with your name inked in.
What was I thinking?

What's so funny is the way things go down.
Like when a star dies it doesn't make a sound,
it's just gone.

And you can't find it when you look into the sky.

I can't change your mind.
I can't change your mind.
I can't change your,
I can't change your mind.
I can't change your mind.
I can't change your mind.
I can't do it.

There's a werewolf out on my front lawn
and he's lookin' pissed off.
And he's wet from all the rain.
I think I'll go say hi.
And offer him a beer.

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