

George Benson

"Some People Change"

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His old man was a rebel yeller
Bad boy to the bone
He say, can't trust a coloured feller'
He'd judge em' by the tone of their skin

And he was raised to think like his dad
Their mind full of hate
On the road to no where fast
Till the greats of god got in his way
And he saw the light and hit his knees
And cried and said a prayer
He rose up a brand new man
Left the old one right there

Here's to the strong
Thanks to the brave
Don't give up hope
Some people change
Against all odds
Against the grave
Love finds a way
Some people change

She was born with her mothers
Guess you could say it's in her blood
She hates that she's gotta have it
She fills a glass up
She'd love to kill that bottle
But all she can think about is a better life
A second chance
And everyone she's letting down
She throws that bottle down

Here's to the strong
Thanks to the brave
Don't give up hope
Some people change
Against all odds
Against the grey
Love finds a way
Some people change

Thank god for those who make it
Love be the light

(some people change)
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