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Matt Costa "Strings Of Change"

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Some live off the land Some grow tired of the old gas lamp And some turn to strangers along the way Some holy tramp on a desert plain

Some pour a drink and drown Some long haired innocent swarms the crowd Some give birth to their mother's fiends I'm staring at the strings of change

And some throw religion away Some clip the nails of the hands that pay Some will give to get in return Strangled sex with their egos

Some pour a drink and drown Some long haired innocent swarms the crowd Some give birth to their mother's fiends I'm staring at the strings of change

I'm staring at the strings of change Staring at the strings of change

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