The Devin Townsend Project "Nothing Ever Changes"

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The art of time pours in your glass

The sound of it reminds you of your past and how nothing ever changes

The clocks inside your head will strike midnight every night

You stare at walls and paint with your memory

And you won't ever make it, cause nothing here ever changes

You wipe the dirt from off your dress And smile politely at your guests, and hold your breath that no one saw you on your knees Your diary's a requiem, of all the things come and gone

Of times and boys and places you will never find

And you won't ever make it, cause nothing ever changes

And you won't ever make it, cause nothing here ever changes

Don't rely on past experience, you'll find that nothing changes over time

And I can't look you in the eye, oh tess

You can hide what's left of your heart in your mind, and make believe a better time

Cause nothing ever changes, nothing ever changes...

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