

## Terry Reid "Dean"

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Girl with a heart that keeps on changing  
Girl with a mind that's moving on  
Picking up on things that life's afforded  
loosen up on teathers  
Foreseen she's on

Many times I hear it tell  
Things don't go together very well  
But I left her no words on the side of  
The first thing that you'd ever blow your mind for

And it's just . . .  
Come on, keep on changing  
Come on, little I want the jive  
Let me know just what it is that fooled you, oh  
With the first thing that could be ever left inside of it

Never ending, never changing  
Never really sure of why, good slide  
But really just knowing what contains you  
Guessing all that can be build inside of it

But these times that I spent so well  
Fighting contradicts so well  
Then there's something still left  
Something that could be gained inside  
Of the first thing that could be beating inside

Come on girl, keep on changing  
Come on girl, little I want the jive  
My heart's just burning  
What could be there, burning?  
I'd like to know what you left inside of it, oh

Come on, keep on changing  
Come on girl, little I want the jive  
Make you good things that I do  
I can't afford you  
But I'll let you alone  
Until I can find myself inside, so

Come on girl, just keep it changing

I know what it feels inside of me  
Many times you're just so mean  
I can't feel it, yeah  
This rose down here can't be more than a slight

Come on, come on, come on  
Keep on changing  
Just little known for jive  
Somewhere like New York  
Can it flow  
Just what they talk  
The first time you got a man . . .

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