

The Devoted Few

"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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