

The Young Veins "Change"

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She was acting pretty, thought she owned the city
Someone should have told her pretty ain't a job
Now she begs for money, no one calls her honey
As she bothers shoppers in the parking lot

Gets her karma with a catch
Forgets superstition by wearing in backwards
Lives under ladders and sleeps with black cats

Some people never change
They just stay the same way

I swear this like a sailor, love is not a favor
I find its just a concept that we live inside
If you can agree with me and Mr. twain
In matters of opinion our rivals are insane

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