

Moody Blues, The

"Nothing Changes"

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The dark cloak of winter's war
Left a future still unsure.
Sitting in a class
Of the future's past
We saw a list of dates
And we knew we would last
To see them all.
1984 was a year to fear:
Hope was dead, a police state here;
Halley's Comet was to fly by
And we would see a shining in the night sky.

Now 2001 is soon to come
And just as soon will have come and gone.
Nothing changes,
Standing at the crossroads
Of what is, will be, and was,
The obvious eludes us.
Not because the zeroes line up
We should change our way of thought
More, if we do not, the way ahead
Is dangerously fraught
And, if we did the things we all know to be right,
Left would be the childish fears
Of danger in the night.

We, each of us are fine,
For we have all heard the word
But, grouped together,
Babel's triumph stampedes
The thoughtless herd.
Nothing changes.

Nothing changes
And nothing stays the same
And life is still
A simple game.

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