

The Changes

Bruce Hornsby

The scene is set, everybody's in place
Two chairs filled for every five gone to waste
Pantsuit girl gives me a nasty gaze
She says play that on your own time
Walk to the bandstand blow my horn
Nobody knows what we're really here for
Let's take it out hard till they show us the door
It's us against them tonight

Play the changes
Make the changes
Hear the changes
Take it out hard till they show us the door

A girl with a nose ring said to me
She said where's the joy in your delivery
I said maybe there's not supposed to be
Any real joy at all here
She sat there with that plaster smile
As we sit jiving but in a little while
Holding her hair she joined the single file
And walked on down the hall

Play the changes
Make the changes
Hear the changes
Us against them tonight

The owner says he thinks we need some work
Got a place for you, got some roadwork
Laying asphalt on the interstate
Nobody cares and why should they
A white girl in a dashiki says you're all the rage
My friends and I think you're quite the sage
Wear a kofu and a finger guage
To see which way the wind blows today

Play the changes
Make the changes
Hear the changes
To see which way the wind blows today

Old friend Dave with the silver spoon
Says why don't you play those good old tunes
Give it up now you could fill the room
I say there's nothing like a good Trane tune
Changes
These things called changes
Where do we go from here?