

The question for business.  
The question why up it stacks.  
In alleys and pathways,  
by steam and by foul smell.  
It seems like it matters.  
It seem as they come and stand  
in lines and in columns, some can't find some place to go.  
Why in the morning, why in the afternoon?  
The rumors are boring, almost as boring as you.

Why do I change? Why do I change first?

The question for business.  
The question why up it stacks.  
In alleys and pathways,  
by steam and by foul smell.  
Why in the morning, why in the afternoon?  
The world keeps on turning.  
Why don't I want to do anything?

Why do I change? Why do I change first?