

Changing Your Mind

Bob Schneider

What's so funny is nobody's laughing at this change of heart you're having.

What's so funny is I'm filled up with thunder, but I can't seem to get out from under, all these stones you tied to my chest.

I can't change your mind.

I can't change your mind.

What's so funny is I'm scared and lonely, and I don't think that I'm the only one as I watch you drive away.

and what's so funny is the birds are singing, sun shining, and bells are ringing and I'm thinking, 'what happened here?'

and I can't change your mind.

and I can't change your mind.

and I can't change your mind.

and I can't change your mind.

There's a chapel in Minneapolis and it holds the bones of a dead saint in it the stain glass glows from the ceiling there, and reminds me of the feeling where I first looked into your eyes, and saw the most beautiful birds fly straight into the sun, their wings on fire, the deed was done.

Oh and I can't change your mind.

I can't change your mind.

I can't change your mind.

I can't change your mind.

What's so funny is this piece of skin, the one on my arm with your name inked in. What was I thinking?

But what's so funny is the way things go down. Like when a star dies it doesn't make a single sound. It's just gone, you can't find it when you look into the sky.

And I can't change your mind.

And I can't change your mind.

I can't change your mind.

I can't change your mind.

I can't change your mind.

I can't change your mind.

I can't change your mind.

I can't do it.

There's a werewolf out on my front lawn and he's looking pissed

off and he's wet from all the rain. I think I'll go say hi, and offer him a beer.