

Please Stop Changing

Dasha

It's gonna be one of these Fridays
You're passing by at The Frog and The Peach
You'll see a camo hat with blonde hair peeking through
I'll joke and say, "Are you here for me?"

Your hair is grown out since the spring
Same guitar, but you got new strings
Please stop changing without me
You're going out, you got new friends
I'll miss the ones I'll never see again
Please stop changing without me
I hate it, baby
So won't you please stop changing

Well, all the small talk feels so stupid
We haven't spoken in so long
You don't ask me how I'm doing
"How's your family? How's your music?"
'Cause well, you've been listening to my songs

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We'll pretend the grass is blue
And I'm not still in love with you, yeah
You'll be mine, not someday, maybe
And we'll pretend sky is green
And money really grows on trees, yeah
It's as simple as we make it

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Won't you please stop changing without me
I hate it, baby
So won't you please stop changing