

# Change

Jamie Webster

If you believe the frozen trees  
Of this picture painted parody  
That turns your laughter into tears  
And defines your reality  
It's all the same and oh so wrong  
But in it you see clarity  
Been sat on the bench for far too long  
I'm tired of inhumanity

Don't believe the stories that the hierarchy has told  
Because somewhere along the way  
The truths been born and sold  
And all these politicians  
With their hearts of burning coal  
All pulling in different ways  
To achieve one common goal

But you've gotta have a voice  
So that someone can hear your name  
Forward my questions to the powers that be  
I'd like to hear their answers  
With them stood in front of me

Your paper it tells lies  
And your telly's not the answer  
Your laptop's full of spies  
And subliminal propaganda  
They all dictate the rhythm  
And they leave us as the dancer  
We need to break away  
From this formidable cancer

But you've gotta have a voice  
So that someone can hear your name  
Forward my questions to the powers that be  
I'd like to hear their answers  
With them stood in front of me

Change  
Change  
Change