

# Never Gonna Change

Logan Mize

Well people call me crazy,  
Just a little thrown off,  
Cause the road they travel,  
Ain't the path I'm on,  
But it sure feels good to be makin' my own way.

When I left Kansas swore I'd never look back,  
But now that I'm gone it makes me laugh,  
When I look in the mirror everything's still the same.

Well my best pair of jeans got holes in the knees,  
Grease stains, and a Copenhagen ring,  
My truck's to loud,  
And I still drink that cheap light beer.

Somethings ain't ever gonna change,  
Like a burnin' sun down on the plains,  
Stiff grease still turns the wind mill,  
The stars light up the midnight sky,  
Tornadoes and black clouds in May,  
Grain trucks on a dusty old highway,  
The kids are still draggin' Main every Friday night,  
And the old men talk about the good old days,  
I guess somethings ain't ever gonna change.

I drove my four wheel drive to this six string town,  
While all my buddies are settlin' down,  
I'm just doin' my best I can at gettin' by,  
Well the longer I'm gone, the more I see,  
The city brings out the country in me,  
And finds it's way into every song i write.

That's why I sing about dirt roads, fisshin' holes,  
The story of my life to a couple of chords,  
And it all goes good with that cheap light beer.

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Like a burnin' sun down on the plains,  
Stiff grease still turns the wind mill,  
The stars light up the midnight sky,  
Tornadoes and black clouds in May,  
Grain trucks on a dusty old highway,  
The kids are still draggin' Main every Friday night,  
And the old men talk about the good old days,  
I guess somethings ain't ever gonna change.

Every time I go back home,  
My old truck drives itself,  
Back over to her house,  
My heart still lays where it fell.

Somethings ain't ever gonna change,  
Like a burnin' sun down on the plains,  
Stiff grease still turns the wind mill,  
The stars light up the midnight sky,  
Tornadoes and black clouds in May,  
Grain trucks on a dusty old highway,

The kids are still draggin' Main every Friday night,  
And the old men talk about the good old days,  
I guess somethings ain't ever gonna change.  
Never gonna change.  
This Kansas boy's still the same.