

Tables Will Turn

Todd Rundgren

Water, water everywhere and not a place to stand
My foundation rests on bedrock
But the bedrock rests on shifting sand

Once the mighty jungle gave way to the streets
Now the city's a jungle again
Every time the cycle completes
It's like nothing ever had changed

Tables will turn, tables will turn, tables will turn
Tables can turn
When will I learn that tables will turn
Tables can turn

It was always my hope to repay
All those favors that you would endow
Though I took what I could yesterday
Where are the crumbs when I'm so hungry now?

And the wind cries "Merry Christmas, Happy 4th of July"
When will I see you again?
Sometimes it's not safe to fly 'til
Tables have turned

This is the law and we didn't make it
But daily we twist it and bend it and brake it
And to prove just how little we understand it
We act as if it's just like we planned it

We're in a state of constant revolution
'Cause we got a small problem with our distribution
And if the balance of power needs arranging
Then the situation's got to keep changing

And if you start messin' 'round with the ratio
It's like tryin' to ride a seesaw solo
'Cause the further you get from the middle
You throw the balance off little by little

"Class distinctions come naturally"
You think that that can justify the inequity
And the sky grows black while the cities burn
And round and round and round, tables will turn

Tables will turn, tables will turn, tables will turn
Tables can turn
When will we learn? Tables will turn
Tables can turn

Tables have turned, tables have turned, tables have
turned
Tables are turned, don't be concerned when
Tables have turned
Round and round and round, tables will turn