

CHANGES

Moderately Slow

Words and Music by
PHIL OCHS

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1. Sit by my side, come as close as the air, Share in a

mem - 'ry of grey, and wan - der in my words. And dream a-bout the

pic - tures that I play of chang - es.

2. Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall,
To brown and to yellow they fade;
And then they have to die, trapped within the
Circle time parade of changes.
3. Scenes of my young years were warm in my mind,
Visions of shadows that shine.
Till one day I returned and found they were the
Victims of the vines of changes.
4. The world's spinning madly, it drifts in the dark;
Swings through a hollow of haze.
A race around the stars, a journey through the
Universe ablaze with changes.
5. Moments of magic will glow in the night.
All fears of the forest are gone.
But when the morning breaks, they're swept away by
Golden drops of dawn of changes.
6. Passions will part to a strange melody
As fires will sometimes burn cold.
Like petals in the wind, we're puppets to the
Silver strings of souls of changes.
7. Your tears will be trembling, now we're somewhere else.
One last cup of wine we will pour.
And I'll kiss you one more time and leave you on the
Rolling river shores of changes.
8. *Repeat first verse*