

# Changes (live)

[Phil Ochs](#)

Sit by my side, come as close as the air,  
Share in a memory of gray;  
Wander in my words, dream about the pictures  
That I play of changes. 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. Scenes of my young years were warm in my mind,  
Visions of shadows that shine.  
Til one day I returned and found they were the  
Victims of the vines of changes. 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. 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. 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. 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.

Songwriters

OCHS, PHIL Published by

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