

Changes

Gordon Lightfoot

Sit by my side come as close as the air
Sharin' a memory of grey
And wander in my words
And 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 Moments of magic will glow in the night
All fears of the forest are gone
For when the morning breaks
They're swept away by golden drops of dawn
Of changes Passions will part to a warm melody
As fires will sometimes turn cold
Like petals in the wind
We're puppets to the silver strings of souls
Of changes

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