# Changes

## Phil Ochs

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Sit by my side, come as close as the air
And share in a memory of gray
And wander in my words
Dream about the pictures that I play of changesGreen 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 changesScenes 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 changesThe world's spinning madly, it drifts in the dark
It Swings through a hollow of haze
A race around the stars
Journey through the universe ablaze with changesMoments 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 changesPassions 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 changesYour 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 shore of changesSo sit by my side, come as close as the air
And share in a memory of gray
And wander in my words
Dream about the pictures that I play of changes

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