

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 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
It Swings through a hollow of haze
A race around the stars
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 shore of changes
So 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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