

Changes

by Phil Ochs (1965)

G A7 D Em G A7 F#m Bm Em A D Em A7 D G

G A7 D Em
Sit by my side, come as close as the air,
G A7 F#m Bm
Share in a memory of gray, and wander in my
Em A D Em A7 D G
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.

Scenes of my young years were warm in my mind,
Visions of shadows that chime, 'til one day I
returned, and found they were the victims of the vines, of changes.

The world spinning madly, it drifts in the dark,
Swings through a hollow of haze, a race around that
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 moment
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 here, somewhere else,
one last cup of wine we will pour, 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,
Share in a memory of gray, and wander in my
words, and dream about the pictures that I play of changes.