

## Changes (Phil Ochs)

D            A7                    D            Bm  
Sit by my side, come as close as the air.  
G            A7            Bm            F#m            G  
Share in a mem'ry of grey, and wander in my words,  
                  A7                    D                    Em A7            D  
And dream about the pictures that I pla---ay, of changes.

Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall.  
To brown, 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 a victim 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 a-blaze, of changes.

Moments of magic will glow in the night.  
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, I'll kiss you one more time,  
And leave you on the rolling river shore, of changes.