

Changes – Phil Ochs



(G) Sit by my (A) side, come as (D) close as the (Em) air,
(G) Share in a (A) memory of (F#m) gray;
And (Bm) wander in my (Em) words and (A) dream about the (D) pictures
That I (Em) (A) play of (D) changes.

(G) Green leaves of (A) summer turn (D) red in the (Em) fall,
To (G) brown and to (A) yellow they (F#m) fade
And (Bm) then they have to (Em) die, (A) trapped within
The (D) circle time pa- (Em) (A) rade of (D) changes.

(G) Scenes of my (A) young years were (D) warm in my (Em) mind,
(G) Visions of (A) shadows that (F#m) shine.
'Til (Bm) one day I re- (Em) turned and (A) found they were the
(D) Victims of the (Em) (A) vines of (D) changes.

The (G) world's spinning (A) madly, it (D) drifts in the (Em) dark
(G) Swings through a (A) hollow of (F#m) haze,
A (Bm) race around the (Em) stars, a (A) journey through
The (D) universe a- (Em) (A) blaze with (D) changes.

(G) Moments of (A) magic will (D) glow in the (Em) night.
All (G) fears of the (A) forest are (F#m) gone.
But (Bm) when the morning (Em) breaks, they're (A) swept away
By (D) golden drops of (Em) (A) dawn, of (D) changes.

(G) Passions will (A) part to a (D) strange melo- (Em) dy.
As (G) fires will (A) sometimes burn (F#m) cold.
Like (Bm) petals in the (Em) wind, we're (A) puppets to the
(D) Silver strings of (Em) (A) souls, of (D) changes.

Your (G) tears will be (A) trembling, now (D) we're somewhere (Em) else.
One (G) last cup of (A) wine we will (F#m) pour
And I'll (Bm) kiss you one more (Em) time, and (A) leave you on
The (D) rolling river (Em) (A) shores of (D) changes.

(Repeat first verse)

