

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] pla-[A]-y 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 [Em] par-[A]-ade 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] chime, 'til [Bm] one day I [Em] returned,
and [A] found they were the [D] victims of the [Em] vi-[A]-nes, of [D] changes.

The [G] world spinning [A] madly, it [D] drifts in the [Em] dark,

[G] Swings through a [A] hollow of [F#m] haze, a [Bm] race around that [Em] stars,
a [A] journey through the [D] universe [Em] a bla-[A]-ze, with [D] changes.

Instrumental Verse

[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 moment [Em] breaks,
they're [A] swept away by [D] golden drops of [Em] da-[A]-wn of [D] changes.

[G] Passions will [A] part to a [D] strange [Em] melody,

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] so-[A]-uls, of [D] changes.

Your [G] tears will be [A] trembling, now [D] here, some [Em] where else,

[G] one last cup of [A] wine we will [F#m] pour, I'll [Bm] kiss you one more [Em] time,
and [A] leave you on the [D] rolling river [Em] sho-[A]-re, of [D] changes.

So [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] pla-[A]-y of [D] changes