

# Changes

Gordon Lightfoot

Sit by my side come as close as the air  
Sharin' a memory of grey  
And wander in my 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

Moments of magic will glow in the night  
All fears of the forest are gone  
For when the morning breaks  
They're swept away by golden drops of dawn  
Of changes

Passions will part to a warm melody  
As fires will sometimes turn 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