

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