

# Freezing Winds of Change

John Smith

Comes a time  
Oh there comes a time  
Friends will wander farther from a love of your design  
And they were mine  
Oh when they were mine  
I'd cross the wide ocean for to see that they were fine

Not one of use could hear the whistle blowing  
We must have been away out on the range  
No-one there to hold you when you're shivering  
You get bitten by the freezing winds of change

Sings a song  
Oh she sings a song  
One for him who did her right and him who did her wrong  
Well I was one  
I was one of far too many  
Who got a little friendly for a little bit long

Not her nor I could hear the whistle blowing  
We must have been some days out on the range  
No-one there to hold you when you're shivering  
You get bitten by the freezing winds of change

Who will light a candle when I've passed along the way?  
Who will moan as I'm blown away  
By and by along the winds of change?

Draw a line  
You have to draw a line  
It's hard enough to stand up straight beneath the weight of time  
Let us be strong  
I know my back is bending  
But what I am defending is as precious as a song  
When at last I hear the whistle blowing  
I'll look for one last time along the range  
My tired lungs unto the sky delivering  
A final breath upon the winds of change

We are carried on the freezing winds of change.