

## Changes

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We said a million times we'd change  
Can't bring myself to say those words again  
A piper never changes tune  
You can't grow apples on the moon

The hurtful things we say still penetrate  
And whispered sorrys always come too late  
Then the damage has been done  
What are we going to tell our son?

I want to spare his broken heart  
Break it gently that we'll live apart  
Don't know the proper words to say  
He won't be seeing daddy every day

Those weekly outings never work, you know  
Buying gifts and candy, picture shows  
They can't replace the man around  
Your voice, your touch, your manly sound

I guess the trouble is I love you still  
And if it comes to that, I always will  
No, please don't cry, it's just too late  
Now hurry on, she's waiting at the gate