

The Wind of Change

Petula Clark

Quietly, like the breeze that blows the olive tree
The wind of change has come down from the hills to lead me home
again
Through the last mile of sunshine.

As easily as the moon makes patterns on the lifeless lake
Man grinds the flowers of the fields beneath his heels
And you wonder if he feels love or even boredom.
And my friend the wind of change is asking questions.

Suddenly, there are now so many giants everywhere
So many men who think even God looks small when they are walking tall.
And the wind of change is smiling.
Could it be that his smile is just another kind of frown?
Because he knows the world is finally falling down and going back to dust
And if we trust those men who trample on the grass
Emptiness is all that we can ever hope to ask for.

Listen and hear the sound of the dying grass bleed
It's bleeding for man, and the fool he just won't understand.

Is it too late to change the wind of change?