

Changes

Christy Moore

Sit by my side, come as close as the air sharing a memory of grey
Wander in my world and dream about the pictures I play, of changes

Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall to brown and to yellow they fade
Then they have to die and drop within the circle grand parade of changes

Scenes of my young years are warm in my mind visions of shadows that shine
Till one day I return and find they were the victims of the vines of changes

The world is spinning madly adrift in the dark, it swings through a hollow of haze
A race around the stars, a journey through the universe ablaze with changes

Moments of magic will glow through the night all fears of the forest are gone
When the morning breaks they're swept away like golden drops of dawn by changes

Oceans will part to a strange melody, as fires will sometimes burn cold
Like water in the wind we are puppets to the silver strings of changes

Our tears will be trembling when we are 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