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