

# Wind of Change

Michael Schulte

I follow the Moskva  
Down to Gorky Park  
Listening to the wind of change  
An August summer night  
Soldiers passing by  
Listening to the wind of change

The world is closing in  
Did you ever think  
That we could be so close, like brothers  
The future's in the air  
I can feel it everywhere  
Blowing with the wind of change

Take me to the magic of the moment  
On a glory night  
Where the children of tomorrow dream away  
in the wind of change

Walking down the street  
Distant memories  
Are buried in the past forever  
I follow the Moskva  
Down to Gorky Park  
Listening to the wind of change

Take me to the magic of the moment  
On a glory night  
Where the children of tomorrow  
share their dreams  
With you and me  
Take me to the magic of the moment  
On a glory night  
Where the children of tomorrow dream away  
in the wind of change

The wind of change  
Blows straight into the face of time  
Like a stormwind that will ring  
the freedom bell  
For peace of mind  
Let your balalaika sing  
What my guitar wants to say

Take me to the magic of the moment  
On a glory night  
Where the children of tomorrow  
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