

Changes

Randy Crawford

Whoa, whoa, changes
I've been going through some
Everybody does, everybody does
Though they're subtle ones

Whether it's the way we look at life
And all of life's possibilities
Or the way we comb our hair
Or interesting faces

When day becomes night
When night becomes morning
When wrong becomes right
When right becomes a warning

When the good in us becomes better
When the good die young
When we look at all the seasons
To find we challenged none

Whether it's the way we look at mountains
Decorating our horizons
Or the way we search our hearts
To free our minds

Whoa, changes, changes
Oh oh, changes

Look at the universe, look at the cryin'
Look at our children, look at our babies
Look at the flowers

Whoa, everybody does, everybody does
Go through changes, my, my, my
As I search my heart right now, ooh, ooh