

Olivia Newton-John, Changes

(Olivia Newton-John)

We said a million times we'd change
Can't bring myself to say those words again
A piper never changes tune
You can't grow apples on the moon

The hurtful things we say still penetrate
And whispered sorrys always come too late
Then the damage has been done
What are we going to tell our son?

I want to spare his broken heart
Break it gently that we'll live apart
Don't know the proper words to say
He won't be seeing daddy every day

Those weekly outings never work, you know
Buying gifts and candy, picture shows
They can't replace the man around
Your voice, your touch, your manly sound

I guess the trouble is I love you still
And if it comes to that, I always will
No, please don't cry, it's just too late
Now hurry on, she's waiting at the gate