

# Bee Gees, Wind Of Change

In the streets of New York City  
ev'ry man can feel the cold.  
And I don't want no pity,  
but I want my story told.

When the lights shine down on me,  
they shine on the little boy.  
Is this way to make him pay;  
be'ng born in a world of joy.

But like me  
he don't know where he'll go wrong;  
he won't cry so many tears  
till he finds out why he don't belong like me.

there's no room for us out there;  
you can lose your hope and pride.  
When it comes to broken dreams  
you'll get your share.  
Sometime a man breaks down,  
and the good thing he is looking for  
are crushed into the ground.

Get on up, look around;  
can't you feel the wind of change?  
Get on up, taste the air;  
can't you see the wind of change;

Don't you understand what I'm sayin',  
we need a god down there.  
A man to lead us children,  
take us from the valley of fear.

Make the lights shine down on us,  
show us the road to go.  
Help us survive, make us arrive,  
teach us what we need to know.

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he won't cry so many tears  
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Get on up ...