

Gene Clark, Changes

Sit by my side, come as close as the air
Share in a memory of gray
And wander in my words and dream about the pictures
That I play

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

Scenes of my young years were warm in my mind
Visions of shadows that shine
Til one day I returned and found they were the
Victims of the vines of changes

(break)

Our hands will be trembling, now we're somewhere else,
One last cup of wine we will pour
And kiss you one more time and leave you on
The rolling river shores of changes.

Sit by my side, come as close as the air
Share in a memory of gray
And wander in my words and dream about the pictures
That I play of changes of changes