

The Byrds, Changing Heart

(Gene Clark)

You can tell a changin' heart
Two faces smile and yet there is no joy
They look for wealth no matter what the cost
To someone else that they might just destroy
So many people gather round
A thousand voices lift their praise
For you have reached the top
And so begin you've only got
But when you're singing from the soul
They fail to see your final goal
They only tell you that you haven't
All ways left to go
So you rhyme the changin' line
With one wheel spinning and one on the ground
Then falling victim to the game of time
You place your name out in the lost and the found
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All ways left to go

Instrumental (Harmonica)

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