

# 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&#039;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