

The Alarm, Change I

Change upon faces
Changing hands
Change in my father
And my fathers land

Change, change
Change, change, change, change, change

Change in the weather
And it flies through a flag
Change in the places
I knew as a lad

Change, change
Change, change, change, change, change

Change on the mountain
Where green was turned black
Change on the valleys
That take it all back
Change in a worker
With sweat on his hands
Condemned by a future
To the no mans land

Change in the rivers
Once clean, flowing fast
Made sad and dirty
By the tears of man
Change at my ankles
Holding me back
Change like an icon
Beckoning fast

Change, change
Change, change, change, change, change