

The Bee Gees

"Wind Of Change"

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In the streets of New York City

every man can feel the cold,

and I don't want no pity,

but I want my story told.

And the lights shine down on me,

they shine on the little boy,

is this way to make him pay

being 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.

Sometimes a man breaks down,

and the good things 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 saying?

We need a god down here,

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.

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.

Sometimes a man breaks down, down, down down,
down,

and the good things he is searching 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,

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