

Byrds, The

"Changing Heart"

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You can tell a changing heart
Their face a smile and yet there is no joy
They look for wealth no matter what the cost
You're someone else that they might just destroy

So many people gather 'round
A thousand voices lift their praise
For you have reached the top
So they give you all they got

But when you're singing from the soul
They fail to see your final goal
They only tell you that
You have a long ways left to go

So you rhyme the changing rhyme
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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