

Tony Rice "Changes"

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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

Green leaves of summer turn red in the fall
To brown and to yellow they fade
But then they have to die
Trapped within the circle time parade of changes

Moments of magic will glow in the night
All fears of the forest are gone
And when the morning breaks
They're swept away by golden drops of dawn of changes

Passions will part to the [Incomprehensible] melody
As fires will sometimes turn cold
Like petals in the wind
We're puppets to the silver strings of souls of changes

Your tears will be trembling, now we're somewhere else
One last drop of wine we will pour
I'll kiss you one more time
And leave you on the rolling river shore of changes

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