

Changes

Words and Music by
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Moderate
Cmaj7 Db Dm7 Eb7

mf

F D F

mf

mp

C F

mp

Em7 F

walt - ing for and my time was run - ning wild. A mil - lion dead - end streets, and

C Em F

ev - ry time I thought I'd got it made, it seemed the taste was not so sweet...

G13 C Dm7 Em7 Ebm7 Dm7

So I turned my - self to face me But I've nev - er caught a glimpse

G7 C Dm7 Em7 Ebm7

of how the oth - ers must see the fak - er I'm much too

Dm7 G7 F C Em

Chorus

fast to take that test. (Ch - ch - ch - chan - ges) Turn and face the stran -

Am C F Am D

- ger (Ch - ch - chan - ges) Don't want to be a rich - er man.

G7 F C Em Am C

(Ch - ch - ch - ch - chan - ges) Turn and face the stran - ger (Ch - ch - chan - ges)

F Am D Am G Bk add9

Just gon - na have to be a dif - 'rent man. Time may change

F Am G G11 C

me, but I can't trace time.

Tacet

D F D

(Interlude)

time. strange fa - cin -

F C Dm7 Em3 F

a - tion, fa - cin - at - ing me -

F F G13 G7

Chan - ges are tak - ing the pace I'm go - ing thru' -

F C Em G Am G C G
 (Ch - ch - ch - ch - chan - ges) Turn and face the stran - ger (Ch - ch - chan - ges)

F Am D G7 F
 Oh look out you rock 'n' roll - ers (Ch - ch - ch - ch - chan - ges)

C Em Am G F Am G
 ges) Turn and face the stran - ger (Ch - ch - chan - ges) Pret - ty soon now... you're gon-na get

D Am G bk(add9) F
 old - er... Time may change me but

Am G G11 C G Am G bk(add9)
 I can't trace time I said that time may change

F Am G G11 C G
 me, but I can't trace time

Verse 2.

I watch the ripples change their size, but never leave the stream
 Of warm impermanence and so the days flow thru my eyes
 But still the days seem the same.
 And these children that you spit on as they try to change their worlds
 Are immune to your consultations, they're quite aware of what they're going thru'

(Chorus 2.)

(Ch-ch-ch-ch-Changes) Turn and face the stranger -
 (Ch-ch-changes) Don't tell them to grow up and out of it,
 (Ch-ch-ch-ch-changes) Turn and face the stranger
 (Ch-ch-changes) where's your shame, you've left us up to our necks in it
 Time may change me, but you can't trace time. (To Interlude)