Changes

By David Bowie

Intro:

C Maj7 -- -- -- | C#6\ -- -- -- | Dm\ -- -- -- | Eb7\ -- -- -- |
Oh yeah


mmm

C\ . . . . . . | Em7\ . . . . . .
Still don't know what I was waiting for—

| F\ . . . . . | G\ . . . . . | G\ . . . . . |
And my time— was running wild, a million dead-end streets and

C\ . . . . . . | Em7\ . . . . . . | F\ . . . . . | G\ . . . . . |
Every time I thought I'd got it made, it seemed the taste was not so sweet

So I turned myself to face me But I've— never caught a glimpse—

Of how the others must see the faker I'm much too fast to take that test

F . . . C . Em . | Am

Chorus 1: Ch-ch-ch-ch-Changes Turn—and face the strange

Ch-ch-Chang-es Don't want to be—a richer man

F . C . Em . Am
Ch-ch-ch-ch-Changes Turn—and face the strange

Ch-ch-Chang-es It's gonna have to be a different man

Am\ G\ Bb\ | F\ . . . Am\ D\ Dm\ | C\ . . . |
Time may change me But I can't trace time


Mmm, yeah

C\ . . . . . . | Em7\ . . . . . .
I watch the ripples change their size

| F\ . . . . | G\ . . . . | F . . . |
But never— leave the stream of warm im-perman-ence and
So the days float through 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 through.

Chorus 2: Ch-ch-ch-changes

Time may change me. But you can't trace time.

Bridge: Strange fascination, fascinating me

Ah, changes are taking the pace I'm going through.

Chorus 3: Ch-ch-ch-changes

Oo, look out you rock-'n'-rollers

Pretty soon now you're gonna get older.

Time may change me. But I can't trace time. I said that.

Coda:

(---Slowing------)

San Jose Ukulele Club