

# Bee Gees - Wind of change

Tom: A

**Gbm7**  
 In the streets of New York City  
 every man can feel the cold,  
**Gbm7**  
 and I don't want no pity,  
 but I want my story told.

And the lights **Gbm7** shine down on me,  
 they shine on the little boy,  
**Gbm7**  
 is this way to make him pay  
 being born in a world of joy?

But like me, **A** he don't know where he'll go wrong,  
 he won't cry so many tears **Bm7**  
**Dm**  
 till he finds out why he don't belong.

Like me, **A** there's no room for us out there, **A7M**  
 you can lose your hope and pride, **Bm7**  
**Dm**  
 when it comes to broken dreams  
 you'll get your share.

**Gbm7** **B** **Gbm7** **B**  
 Sometimes a man breaks down,  
 and the good things he is looking for  
**Gbm7** **B**  
 are crushed into the ground.

Get on up, **Gbm7** look around,  
 can't you feel the wind of change? **B**  
 Get on up, **Gbm7** taste the air,  
 can't you see the wind of change? **B**

**Gbm7**  
 Don't you understand what I'm saying?  
 We need a god down here, **B**  
**Gbm7**  
 a man to lead us children,

take us from the valley of fear. **B**

Make the lights **Gbm7** shine down on us,  
 show us the road to go, **B**  
**Gbm7**  
 help us survive, make us arrive,  
 teach us what we need to know. **B**

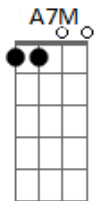
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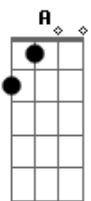
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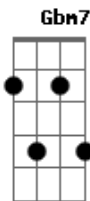
## Acordes



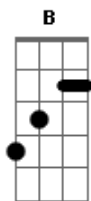
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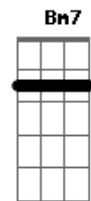
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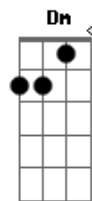
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