

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, **A7M**
 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**

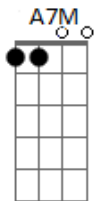
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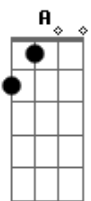
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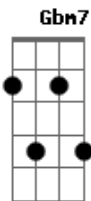
Acordes



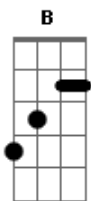
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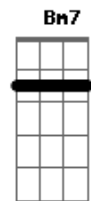
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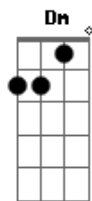
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