



Still don't know what I was waiting for  
And my time was running wild,  
In the deadend streets and  
Every time I thought I 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  
How the others must see the faker  
I'm much too fast to take that test . . .

Ch-ch-ch-ch — changes  
Turn and face the strange  
Ch-ch — changes  
I wanna be a richer man  
Ch-ch-ch-ch — changes  
Turn and face the strange  
Ch-ch — changes  
There's gonna have to be a different man  
Time may change me . . . but I can't trace time

I watch the ripples change the sides  
But never leave the stream of warm  
permanent sand  
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 . . .

Ch-ch-ch-ch — changes  
Turn and face the strange  
Ch-ch — changes  
Don't tell them to blow off and all  
of it  
Ch-ch-ch-ch — changes  
Turn and face the strange  
Ch-ch — changes  
Where's your shame? You've left it up to her  
Time may change me . . . but you can't  
trace time . . .

Strange fascination fascinate me  
changes are taking the phase I'm going  
through

Ch-ch-ch-ch — changes  
Turn and face the strange  
Ch-ch — changes  
Ooh, look out, you rock 'n rollers  
Ch-ch-ch-ch — changes  
Turn and face the strange  
Ch-ch — changes  
Pretty soon now, you're gonna get older  
Time may change me . . .  
but I can't trace time  
I said that  
Time may change me . . .  
but I can't trace time.



— David Bowie  
“Changes”