WIND OF CHANGE
Music & Lyrics: Klaus Meine

I follow the Moskva
Down to Gorky Park
Listening to the wind of change
An August summer night
Soldiers passing by
Listening to the wind of change

The world is closing in
Did you ever think
That we could be so close, like brothers
The future's in the air
I can feel it everywhere
Blowing with the wind of change

Take me to the magic of the moment
On a glory night
Where the children of tomorrow dream away
In the wind of change

Walking down the street
Distant memories
Are buried in the past forever
I follow the Moskva
Down to Gorky Park
Listening to the wind of change

Take me to the magic of the moment
On a glory night
Where the children of tomorrow share their dreams

With you and me
Take me to the magic of the moment
On a glory night
Where the children of tomorrow dream away
In the wind of change

The wind of change
Blows straight into the face of time
Like a stormwind that will ring the freedom bell
For peace of mind
Let your balalaika sing
What my guitar wants to say

Take me to the magic of the moment
On a glory night
Where the children of tomorrow share their dreams
With you and me
Take me to the magic of the moment
On a glory night
Where the children of tomorrow dream away
In the wind of change
WIND OF CHANGE

(Whistle)

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F Dm F Dm

Am Dm Am G C

1. I follow the Moskva.
2. The world is closing in.
3. Walking down the street.

down to Gorky Park,

listening to the Wind

Of Change.

did you ever think

that we could be so close

like brothers.

distant memories

are buried in the past

for ever.

Dm C

Dm Am G

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An August summer night, I can feel it 

The future's in the air, I follow the 
soldiers passing by, down to Gor'ky Park,

listening to the Wind Of Change.

blowing with the Wind Of Change.

Da Capo

2. and 3. time

Take me to the magic of the moment on a glo-

very night, where the children of tomorrow dream away, share their dreams.
in the Wind Of Change...
with you and me.

Take me to the magic of the moment on a glo-

ry night, where the children of tomorrow dream away.

in the Wind Of Change.
The Wind Of Change blows straight into the face of time,

like a storm wind that will ring the freedom bell for peace of mind.

Let your balalaika sing, what my guitar wants to say: