Wind of change (Scorpions)

(Sifflé)  F  Dm  F  Dm  Am  Dm  Am  G  C

C                                 Dm                               C                             Dm        Am   G
I follow the Moskva down to Gorky Park, listening to the wind of change.

C                                Dm                               C                           Dm       Am   G
An August summer night, soldiers passing by, listening to the wind of change.

(Sifflé)  F  Dm  F  Dm  Am  Dm  Am  G  C

C                               Dm                        C                                     Dm          Am   G
The world is closing in. Did you ever think that we could be so close, like brothers?

C                             Dm                               C                                Dm        Am  G
The future's in the air, I can feel it everywhere blowing with the wind of change.

C     G            Dm                G                     C      G
Take me to the magic of the moment, on a glory night,

Dm                G                             Am    F                    G
where the children of tomorrow dream away in the wind of change.

C                               Dm                            C                             Dm    Am G
Walking down the street, distant memories are buried in the past forever.

C                         Dm                            C                             Dm        Am G
I follow the Moskva down to Gorky Park, listening to the wind of change.

C     G            Dm                G                     C      G
Take me to the magic of the moment, on a glory night,

Dm                G                             Am    F                    G
where the children of tomorrow share their dreams with you and me.

C     G            Dm                G                     C      G
Take me to the magic of the moment, on a glory night,

Dm                G                             Am    F                    G
where the children of tomorrow dream away in the wind of change.

Am                                                G                               Am
The wind of change blows straight into the face of time

G                                                    C
like a stormwind that will ring the freedom bell for peace of mind.

Dm                                          E     E
Let your balalaika sing what my guitar wants to say.

F   G   E   Am   F   G   Am
F   G   E7   Am   Dm   E

C     G            Dm                G                     C      G
Take me to the magic of the moment, on a glory night,

Dm                G                             Am    F                    G
where the children of tomorrow share their dreams with you and me.

(Sifflé)  F  Dm  F  Dm  Am  Dm