

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

The world is closing in  
Did you ever \_\_\_\_\_  
That we could be so close, like \_\_\_\_\_  
The future's in the air  
I can feel it \_\_\_\_\_  
Blowing \_\_\_\_\_ 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 \_\_\_\_\_  
Distant memories  
Are \_\_\_\_\_ 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

The wind of change

Blows \_\_\_\_\_ into the face of time

Like a stormwind that will ring the freedom \_\_\_\_\_

For peace of mind

Let your balalaika \_\_\_\_\_

What my guitar wants to say