

The Beach Boys, The Times They Are A-Changin'

Oh, one more time...
(And I didn't want [...].)
(Hey Al, [...].)
(What?)
[...]
(Al's gonna sing a 'test song.)
(Yeah, sing it for us.)
(Sing a what?)
(A 'test song. It was a protest song until you tried it. Now it's a 'test.)
(Do a little protest.)
(I can't hear you, Ally.)
(Yay, I'm gonna give Al a hand.)
(I can't hear you, Al.)
(Yay for Al.)
(Can't hear you, Al.)
Come gather round people, wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
(Right!) (*Laughter*)
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you'd better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone
(Glug.) (Wrong!)
For the times they are a-changin'
(*Laughter*)
Come writers and critics who prophesize with your pen
(Right!) (*Laughter*)
And keep your eyes wide, the chance won't come again
(Wrong!)
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
(No!)
'Cos the loser now will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'
[...], [...]
Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
("Eve of Destruction")
And don't criticize what you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'
[...]
[...] put on your shoes.)
[...]
(Wait a second, where's the note? [...])
Bar, Bar, Bar
(Oh shit...)
Bar, Bar, Bar
(Go back to the piano.)
(F sharp, wasn't it?)
(I can't read. *Laugh*)
(Let's go.)
(What note? What--where's the note?)
Ba ba ba, you don't know how to sing, "Ba ba black sheep, have you any wool?"
Yes sir, no sir, none, just a little [...]
(Oh, that was cute.)