

The Byrds, The Times They Are A-Changin'

Written by Bob Dylan

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
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimming
Or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a changin

Come writers and critics
who prophesize with your pen
Keep your eyes open
The chance won't come again
Watch what you say
For the wheel's still in spin
And there ain't tellin' who that it's naming
For the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a changin

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he who gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
The battle outside raging
It'll rattle your windows
and shake down your walls
For the times they are a changin

Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticise
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly aging
Get out of the new one
If you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a changin