

**The Times They Are a-Changin'**; Bob Dylan, G (g2,a)

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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 swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone  
For the times they are a-changin'

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Come writers and critics, who prophesize with your pen  
And keep your eyes wide, The chance won't come again  
And don't speak too soon, For the wheel's still in spin  
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'  
For the loser now will be later to win  
For the times they are a-changin'

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Come senators, congressmen, Please heed the call  
Don't stand in the doorway, Don't block up the hall  
For he that gets hurt, will be he who has stalled  
There's a battle outside and it is ragin'  
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls  
For the times they are a-changin'

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Come mothers and fathers, Throughout the land  
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'

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The line it is drawn, The curse it is cast  
The slow one now, will later be fast  
As the present now, will later be past  
The order is rapidly fadin'  
And the first one now will later be last  
For the times they are a-changin'