

Nina Simone, Turn Turn Turn (To Everything The

To everything, turn, turn, turn (turn, turn, turn, turn)
There is a season, (turn, turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose under heaven

To everything (turn, turn, turn, turn)
There is a season, (turn, turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time to weep, time to laugh;
A time to mourn, time to dance;
A time to get, time to lose;
A time to embrace
And a time to refrain from embracing

To everything (turn, turn, turn, turn)
There is a season, (turn, turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time to sew, time to rend,
A time for silence, time to speak;
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to cast away stones
A time to gather stones together

Oh to everything (turn, turn, turn, turn)
There is a season, (turn, turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose under heaven

A time to be born and a time to die
A time to break down, time to build up
A time to love, a time to hate
A time for war, time for peace,
I swear it's not too late

To everything (turn, turn, turn, turn)
There is a season, (turn, turn, turn, turn)
And a time to every purpose under heaven

To everything (turn, turn, turn, turn)
There is a season, (turn, turn, turn, turn)

To everything (turn, turn, turn, turn)
There is a season, (turn, turn, turn, turn)