

# Nina Simone, Turn Turn Turn (To Everything There Is A Season)

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)