

# The Byrds, Just A Season

Written by Roger McGuinn and Jacques Levy

If all my days was hills to climb and circles without reason  
If all I was was passing time, my life was just a season

Dares and dreams and silly schemes and fillies running freely  
I was young and no song was sung that didn't sound appealing  
I'd have my fun with a shy girl and maybe hop a train  
And I'd look back at her standing in the rain  
Dirty hands and root beer stands and money like a river  
Making deals to see how it feels to get more than you're giving  
I'd have my fun with a gamblin man and bluff him with my face  
And it's drinks for everybody in the place

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Shouting crowds and mummer's shrouds and people going crazy  
Always said what was in their heads it surely was amazing  
I had my fun in the bull ring and never got a scar  
It really wasn't hard to be a star

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