

# 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