"The Times They Are A-Changin"
by Bob Dylan

| "The Times They Are A-Changin" | 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'.  
| Come writers and critics | The line it is drawn  
| Who prophesize with your pen | The curse it is cast  
| And keep your eyes wide | The slow one now  
| The chance won't come again | Will later be fast  
| And don't speak too soon | As the present now  
| For the wheel's still in spin | Will later be past  
| And there's no tellin' who | The order is  
| That it's namin' | Rapidly fadin'  
| For the loser now | And the first one now  
| Will be later to win | Will later be last  
| For the times they are a-changin'. | 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 that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside
And it is rarin'
It'll soon shake your windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.

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