

## THE TIMES, THEY ARE A-CHANGING

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 saving,  
Then you'd better start swimming, or you'll sink like a stone.  
For the times, they are a-changing.

Come writers and critics who prophecy with your pen,  
And keep your eyes wide, the chance won't come again.  
And don't speak too soon, for the wheel's still in spin,  
And there's no telling who that it's naming.  
For the loser now will be later to win,  
For the times, they are a-changing.

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  
Will soon shake your windows and rattle your walls,  
For the times, they are a-changing.

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land,  
And don't criticise what you can't understand.  
Your sons and daughters are beyond your command,  
Your old road is rapidly aging.  
Please get out of the new one if you can't lend a hand,  
For the times, they are a-changing.

The line it is drawn, the curse it is cast.  
The slow one now will later be fast,  
As the present now will later be past.  
The order is rapidly fading,  
And the first one now will later be last,  
For the times, they are a-changing.

**Bob Dylan**

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