

The Times They Are A-Changing

Text u. Musik: Bob Dylan
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1. Come ga - ther 'round peo - ple, where - ev - er you roam,
and ad - mit that the wa - ters a - round you have grown, and ac - cept it that
soon you'll be drenched to the bone. If your time to you is worth
sav - in', then you bet - ter start swim - min' or you
sink like a stone, for the times, they are a - chang - in'.



2. Come writers and critics
Who prophesize 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 tellin' who
That it's namin'.
For the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'.

3. 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 ragin'.
It'll soon shake your windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.

4. 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'.

5. 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 fadin'.
And the first one now
Will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'.