

Closing Ballad

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Source:

The Times They are A-Changing

Come gather round people wherever you roam
And admit that the waters around you have grown
And accept that soon you'll be drenched to the bone
If your time to you is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changing.

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

Come senators, congressmen, please heed the call
Don't stand in the hallways don't block up the hall
For those who get hurt will be those who have stalled
There's a battle outside and it's ragin.
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls...

Come mothers and fathers throughout the land
And don't criticize what you don't understand
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out the new one if you can't lend a hand...

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...
Bob Dylan