

Lyric Sheet

The Times They Are a-Changin’

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 swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'

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'

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'

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'

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'

Lyric Sheet

Gentle on My Mind

John Hartford

It's knowin' that your door is always open
And your path is free to walk
That makes me tend to leave, my sleepin' bag
Rolled up and stashed behind your couch

And it's knowin' I'm not shackled by forgotten words and bonds
And the ink stains that have dried upon some lines
That keeps you in the back roads, by the rivers of my memory
And keeps you ever gentle on my mind

It's not clingin' to the rocks and ivy
Planted on their columns now that binds me
Or somethin' that somebody said
Because they thought we fit together walkin'

It's just knowin' that the world will not be cursin' or forgivin'
When I walk along some railroad track and find
That you're wavin' from the back roads, by the rivers of my memory
For hours you're just gentle on my mind

Although the wheat fields and the curled twines
And the junkyards and the highways come between us
And some other woman cryin' to her mother
'Cause she turned and I was gone

I still might run in silence, tears of joy might stain my face
And the summer sun might burn me till I'm blind
But not to where I cannot see you walkin' on the back roads
By the rivers flowin' gentle on my mind

I dip my cup of soup back from the gurglin'
Cracklin' cauldron in some train yard
My beard a roughenin' coal pile
And a dirty hat pulled low across my face

Through cupped hands 'round a tin can
I pretend to hold you to my breast and find
That you're wavin' from the back roads, by the rivers of my memory
Ever smilin', ever gentle on my mind

Lyric Sheet

If I Had a Hammer

Pete Seeger and Lee Hays

If I had a hammer,
I'd hammer in the morning
I'd hammer in the evening,
All over this land

I'd hammer out danger,
I'd hammer out a warning,
I'd hammer out love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

If I had a bell,
I'd ring it in the morning,
I'd ring it in the evening,
All over this land

I'd ring out danger,
I'd ring out a warning
I'd ring out love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

If I had a song,
I'd sing it in the morning,
I'd sing it in the evening,
All over this land

I'd sing out danger,
I'd sing out a warning
I'd sing out love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

Well I got a hammer,
And I got a bell,
And I got a song to sing, all over this land.

It's the hammer of justice,
It's the bell of freedom,
It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

It's the hammer of justice,
It's the bell of freedom,
It's the song about love between my brothers and my sisters,
All over this land.

Lyric Sheet

Four Strong Winds

Ian Tyson

Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that run high
All those things that don't change come what may
But our good times are all gone
And I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

Think I'll go out to Alberta
Weather's good there in the fall
I got some friends that I can go to working for
Still I wish you'd change your mind
If I asked you one more time
But we've been through that a hundred times or more

Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that run high
All those things that don't change come what may
But our good times are all gone
And I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

If I get there before the snow flies
And if things are goin' good
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare
But by then it would be winter
There ain't too much for you to do
And those winds sure can blow cold way out there

Four strong winds that blow lonely
Seven seas that run high
All those things that don't change come what may
But our good times are all gone
And I'm bound for moving on
I'll look for you if I'm ever back this way

Lyric Sheet

Just a Little

Ron Elliott and Bob Durand

I can't stay, yes I know
You know I hate to go
But goodbye, love was sweet
Our worlds can never meet

So I'll cry just a little 'cause I love you so
And I'll die just a little 'cause I have to go
Away

Can't you see how I feel
When I say love's unreal
But goodbye, it's been sweet
Even though incomplete

So I'll cry just a little 'cause I love you so
And I'll die just a little 'cause I have to go
Away

Every night I still hear
All your sighs very clear
Now love's gone, gone away
As I once heard you say

Now I've cried just a little 'cause I loved you so
And I've died just a little 'cause I had to go
Away

Ah ah ah ah

Lyric Sheet

Behind That Locked Door

George Harrison

Why are you still crying?
Your pain is now through
Please forget those teardrops
Let me take them from you

The love you are blessed with
This world's waiting for
So let out your heart, please, please
From behind that locked door

It's time we start smiling
What else should we do?
With only this short time
I'm gonna be here with you

And the tales you have taught me
From the things that you saw
Makes me want out your heart, please, please
From behind that locked door

And if ever my love goes
If I'm rich or I'm poor
Please let out my heart, please, please
From behind that locked door

From behind that locked door

Lyric Sheet

Last Train to Clarksville

Tommy Boyce and Bobby Hart

Take the last train to Clarksville,
And I'll meet you at the station.
You can be there by four thirty,
'Cause I made your reservation.
Don't be slow, oh, no, no, no!
Oh, no, no, no!

'Cause I'm leavin' in the morning
And I must see you again
We'll have one more night together
'Til the morning brings my train.
And I must go, oh, no, no, no!
Oh, no, no, no!
And I don't know if I'm ever coming home.

Take the last train to Clarksville.
I'll be waiting at the station.
We'll have time for coffee flavored kisses
And a bit of conversation.
Oh... Oh, no, no, no!
Oh, no, no, no!

Take the last train to Clarksville,
Now I must hang up the phone.
I can't hear you in this noisy
Railroad station all alone.
I'm feelin' low. Oh, no, no, no!
Oh, no, no, no!
And I don't know if I'm ever coming home.

Take the last train to Clarksville,
Take the last train to Clarksville,
[repeat and fade]