

Byrds "Just A Season"

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(Roger McGuinn and Jacques Levy)
If all my days was hills to climb
And circles without reason
If all I was was passing time
My life was just a season
Dares and dreams and silly schemes
And fillies running freely
I was young and no song was sung
That didn't sound appealing
I'd have my fun with a shy girl
And maybe hop a train
And I'd look back at her standing in the rain
Dirty hands and root beer stands
And money like a river
Making deals to see how it feels
To get more than you're giving
I'd have my fun with a gamblin' man
And bluff him with my face
And it's drinks for everybody in the place
If all my days was hills to climb

And circles without reason
If all I was was passing time
My life was just a season
Instrumental (Electric Guitars)
If all my days was hills to climb
And circles without reason
If all I was was passing time
My life was just a season
Shouting crowds and mummers shrouds
And people going crazy
Always said what was in their heads
It surely was amazing
I had my fun in the bullring
And never got a scar
It really wasn't hard to be a star
If all my days was hills to climb
And circles without reason
If all I was was passing time
My life was just a season
If all I was was passing time
My life was just a season

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