

Byrds

"Turn! Turn! Turn! To Everything There Is A Season"

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To ev'rything
Turn, turn, turn
There is a season
Turn, turn, turn
And a time for ev'ry purpose under heaven

A time to be born, a time to die
A time to plant, a time to reap
A time to kill, a time to heal
A time to laugh, a time to weep

To ev'rything
Turn, turn, turn
There is a season
Turn, turn, turn
And a time for ev'ry purpose under heaven

A time to build up, a time to break down
A time to dance, a time to morn
A time to cast away stones
A time to gather stones together

To ev'rything
Turn, turn, turn
There is a season
Turn, turn, turn
And a time for ev'ry purpose under heaven

A time of love, a time of hate
A time of war, a time of peace
A time you may embrace
A time to refrain from embracing

To ev'rything
Turn, turn, turn
There is a season
Turn, turn, turn
And a time for every purpose under heaven

A time to gain, a time to lose
A time to bend, a time to sew

A time to love, a time to hate
A time for peace I swear its not too late

To ev'rything
Turn, turn, turn
There is a season
Turn, turn, turn
And a time for every purpose under heaven

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