

Roch Voisine

"Turn ! Turn ! Turn !"

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To everything (Turn, turn, turn) there is a season (Turn, turn, turn)

And a time to every 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 everything (Turn, turn, turn) there is a season (Turn, turn, turn)

And a time to every purpose, under Heaven.

A time to build up, a time to break down.

A time to dance, a time to mourn.

A time to cast away stones, a time to gather stones together.

To everything (Turn, turn, turn) there is a season (Turn, turn, turn)

And a time to every 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.

(Guitare solo)

To everything (Turn, turn, turn) there is a season (Turn, turn, turn)

And a time to every purpose, under Heaven.

A time to gain, a time to lose, a time to rend, a time to sew.

A time for love, a time for hate.

A time for peace, I swear it's not too late.

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