

Byrds, The

"Just A Season"

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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
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If all I was was passing time my life was just a season

Shouting crowds and mummer's shrouds and people
going crazy
Always said what was in their heads it surely was
amazing
I had my fun in the bull ring and never got a scar
It really wasn't hard to be a star

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