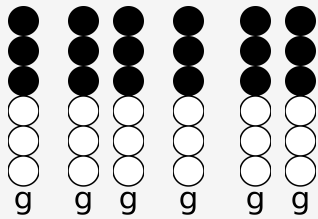


Tin whistle tabs for: The Times They Are A-Changin

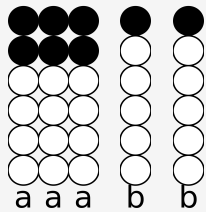
Categories: Folk

Author/Performer: Bob Dylan

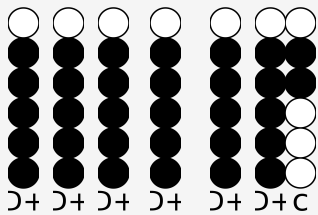
Verse 1



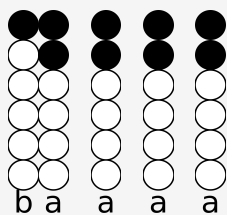
Come gather 'round people



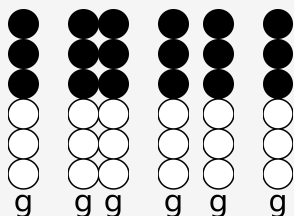
Wherever you roam



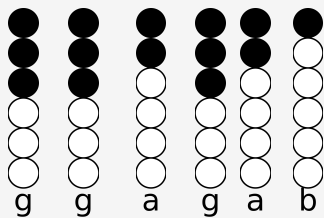
And admit that the waters



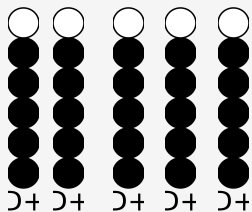
Around you have grown



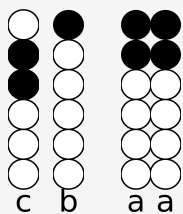
And accept it that soon



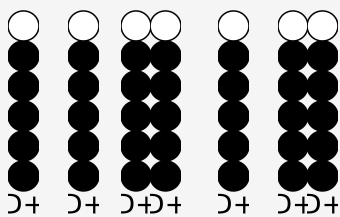
You'll be drenched to the bone.



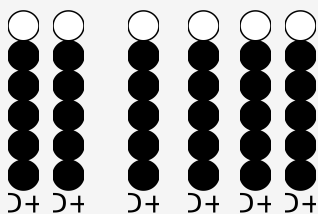
If your time to you



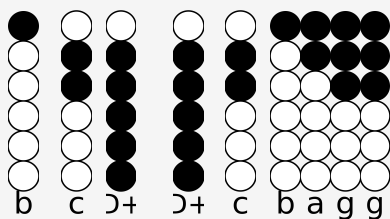
Is worth savin'



Then you better start swimmin'

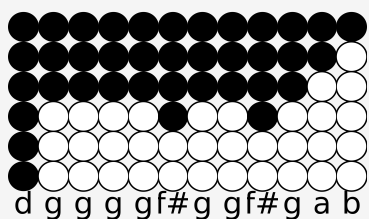


Or you'll sink like a stone



For the times they are a-changin'.

Solo

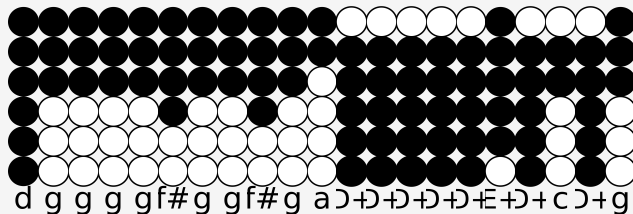


Verse 2

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'.

Solo



Verse 3

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'.

Solo

