

"Blowin In The Wind" (1963)  
Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down  
Before you call him a man?  
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail  
Before she sleeps in the sand?  
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly  
Before they're forever banned?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up  
Before he can see the sky?  
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have  
Before he can hear people cry?  
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows  
That too many people have died?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist  
Before it's washed to the sea?  
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist  
Before they're allowed to be free?  
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,  
Pretending he just doesn't see?  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,  
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

"The Times They Are A Changin'" (1964)  
Bob Dylan

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'.

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'.

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'.

Come mothers and fathers  
Throughout the land  
And don't criticize  
What you can't understand  
Your sons and your daughters  
Are beyond your command  
Your old road is  
Rapidly agin'.  
Please get out of the new one  
If you can't lend your hand  
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn  
The curse it is cast  
The slow one now  
Will later be fast  
As the present now  
Will later be past  
The order is  
Rapidly fadin'.  
And the first one now  
Will later be last  
For the times they are a-changin'.

"For What It's Worth" (1966)  
Buffalo Springfield

There's something happening here  
What it is ain't exactly clear  
There's a man with a gun over there  
Telling me I got to beware  
I think it's time we stop, children, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
There's battle lines being drawn  
Nobody's right if everybody's wrong  
Young people speaking their minds  
Getting so much resistance from behind  
I think it's time we stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
What a field-day for the heat  
A thousand people in the street  
Singing songs and carrying signs  
Mostly say, hooray for our side

It's time we stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
Paranoia strikes deep  
Into your life it will creep  
It starts when you're always afraid  
You step out of line, the man come and take you away  
We better stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
Stop, hey, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
Stop, now, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down  
Stop, children, what's that sound  
Everybody look what's going down

"Ohio" (1970)  
Neil Young

Tin soldiers and Nixon's coming  
We're finally on our own  
This summer I hear the drumming  
Four dead in Ohio  
Gotta get down to it  
Soldiers are cutting us down  
Should have been gone long ago  
What if you knew her  
Found her dead on the ground  
How can you run when you know  
Gotta get down to it  
Soldiers are cutting us down  
Should have been gone long ago  
What if you knew her and  
Found her dead on the ground  
How can you run when you know  
Tin soldiers and Nixon's coming  
We're finally on our own  
This summer I hear the drumming  
Four dead in Ohio  
Four dead in Ohio  
Four dead in Ohio  
Four dead in Ohio  
Four dead in Ohio

"What's Going On" (1971)  
Marvin Gaye

Mother, mother, there's too many of you crying  
Brother, brother, brother, there's far too many of you dying  
You know we've got to find a way  
To bring some lovin' here today, hey  
Father, father, we don't need to escalate  
War is not the answer, for only love can conquer hate  
You know we've got to find a way  
To bring some lovin' here today

## CHORUS #1

Picket lines and picket signs  
Don't punish me with brutality  
Talk to me, so you can see  
Oh what's going on, what's going on  
Yeah, what's going on, ah, what's going on  
Ahhh....  
Mother, mother, everybody thinks we're wrong  
Ah but who are they to judge us  
Simply 'cos our hair is long  
Ah you know we've got to find a way  
To bring some understanding here today

## CHORUS #2

Picket lines and picket signs  
Don't punish me with brutality  
Talk to me, so you can see  
What's going on, yeah what's going on  
Tell me what's going on, I'll tell you what's going on