

Turn, Turn, Turn

Chris de Burgh

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 that you may embrace,
A time to refrain from embracing;

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 sow,
A time for love, a time for hate,
A time for peace, I swear it's not too late;

It's not too late; turn, turn, turn; it's not too late.
It's not too late; turn, turn, turn; it's not too late.