

## Just a Season

The Byrds

If all my days were hills to climb and circles without reason  
If all I was was passing time my life was just a season

Tears and dreams and silly schemes and phillies running freely  
I was young and no song was song that didn't sound appealing  
I'd have my fun with a shy girl, then maybe hop a train  
And I looked like I'd been 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 givin'  
I'd have my fun with a gambling man and bluff him with my face  
And it's drinks for everybody in the place

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Shouting crowds and mummy shrouds and people goin' crazy  
All we said was what was in their hands it surely was amazing  
I had my fun in the bullring, I never got a scar  
It really wasn't hard to be a star

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