

# The Birds - Turn Turn Turn

Tom: D

Intro: D

To everything - turn, turn, turn  
 There is a season - turn, turn, turn  
 And a time for 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 for 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 for every purpose under heaven  
 A time of war, a time of peace  
 A time of love, a time of hate  
 A time you may embrace  
 A time to refrain from embracing

To everything - turn, turn, turn  
 There is a season - turn, turn, turn  
 And a time for every purpose under heaven

A time to gain, a time to lose  
 A time to rend, a time to sew  
 A time to love, a time to hate  
 A time of peace, I swear it's not too late!

## Acordes

