The Fields They Are a-Changin’
By Andrew L. Yeats

Come deans and advisors
Please lend us a hand
Now don’t criticize
What you can’t understand
Dielectric breakdown
Is beyond your command
And our old machine’s
Rapidly agin’
Please buy us a new one
That’ll light up the land
Oh the charge it is a – flyin’.

Come professors and students
Who prophesize with your pens
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won’t come again
And don’t blink too soon
For the belt’s still in spin
And there’s no tellin’ when
It’ll discharge.
The density now
Will later be thin
Oh the dome it is a – changin’.

Come researchers, scientists
Please heed the call
Don’t stand in the doorway
Light’ll ruin it all
For he who gets shocked
Will be he who has stalled
There’s a battle in there
And it is ragin’.
It’ll mess up your hair
It’ll polarize us all
Oh the fields they are a-formin’.

NOTES:
G 320022
D2/c x10230
G/b x20030
*) Not played in the first verse

Adapted from Bob Dylan’s “The Times They Are a-Changin’”
Chords from www.dylanchords.com
Original material released under a Creative Commons Attribution License. For more info, see:
http://creativecommons.org/licenses/by/1.0/