

The Fields They Are a-Changin'

By Andrew L. Yeats

G Em
 Come gather 'round charges
 C G
 Wherever you roam
 G Em
 And admit that the e-fields
 C D
 Around you have grown
 G Em
 And accept it that soon
 C G
 You'll be wrenched from the dome.
 G Am
 If your voltage to you
 D
 Is worth savin'
 D D2/c
 Then you better start runnin'
 G/b D/a
 Or you'll be sent off to roam
 G C *) D G . .
 Oh the charge, it is a - movin'.

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 - chargin'.

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'.

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'.

The charge it has jumped
 The spark, it was fast
 The air around it
 Lit up with a flash
 As the ions formed
 Creating a path
 The c'rona, it
 Rapidly faded.
 And that was the first spark
 Let it not be the last!
 Oh the fields they are a - changin'.

NOTES:

G 320022
 D2/c x30230
 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

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