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"Everything Passes, Everything Changes"

This morning I'm weeping for Dylan
Everyone's bound to get old,
so say all, it's what I've been told
heart bursting with love for this villain,

The blue-eyed son of this cut-throat age,
words clear as crystal, poems like glass,
soon turning his final page
on all these things that have to pass;

standing on the ocean and sinking,
where falls the hard rain,
I cannot stop thinking,
his aging is my pure pain

yes, this early morning I woke,
in thoughts of the bard, eyes in tears,
room roaring with words that he spoke
through my fears, down all waining years

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