

## Week 3 Lyrics

### A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall by Bob Dylan (1963)

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?  
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains  
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways  
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests  
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans  
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?  
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it  
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it  
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'  
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'  
I saw a white ladder all covered with water  
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken  
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?  
And what did you hear, my darling young one?  
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin'  
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world  
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin'  
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'  
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'  
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter  
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley  
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?  
Who did you meet, my darling young one?  
I met a young child beside a dead pony  
I met a white man who walked a black dog  
I met a young woman whose body was burning  
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow  
I met one man who was wounded in love  
I met another man who was wounded with hatred

And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard  
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?  
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?  
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'  
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest  
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty  
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters  
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison  
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden  
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten  
Where black is the color, where none is the number  
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it  
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it  
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'  
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard  
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

### **My Back Pages by Bob Dylan (1963)**

Crimson flames tied through my ears  
Rolling high and mighty traps  
Pounced with fire on flaming roads  
Using ideas as my maps  
"We'll meet on edges, soon," said I  
Proud 'neath heated brow  
Ah, but I was so much older then  
I'm younger than that now  
Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth  
"Rip down all hate," I screamed  
Lies that life is black and white  
Spoke from my skull, I dreamed  
Romantic facts of musketeers  
Foundationed deep, somehow  
Ah, but I was so much older then  
I'm younger than that now  
Girls' faces formed the forward path  
From phony jealousy  
To memorizing politics  
Of ancient history  
Flung down by corpse evangelists  
Unthought of, though, somehow  
Ah, but I was so much older then  
I'm younger than that now

A self-ordained professor's tongue  
Too serious to fool  
Spouted out that liberty  
Is just equality in school  
"Equality," I spoke the word  
As if a wedding vow  
Ah, but I was so much older then  
I'm younger than that now  
In a soldier's stance, I aimed my hand  
At the mongrel dogs who teach  
Fearing not I'd become my enemy  
In the instant that I preach  
My existence led by confusion boats  
Mutiny from stern to bow  
Ah, but I was so much older then  
I'm younger than that now  
Yes, my guard stood hard when abstract threats  
Too noble to neglect  
Deceived me into thinking  
I had something to protect  
Good and bad, I define these terms  
Quite clear, no doubt, somehow  
Ah, but I was so much older then  
I'm younger than that now

**Mr. Tambourine Man by Bob Dylan (1965)**

Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you  
Though I know that evening's empire has returned into sand  
Vanished from my hand  
Left me blindly here to stand, but still not sleeping  
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet  
I have no one to meet  
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you  
Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship  
My senses have been stripped  
My hands can't feel to grip  
My toes too numb to step  
Wait only for my boot heels to be wandering

I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade  
Into my own parade  
Cast your dancing spell my way, I promise to go under it  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you  
Though you might hear laughing, spinning, swinging madly across the sun  
It's not aimed at anyone  
It's just escaping on the run  
And but for the sky there are no fences facing  
And if you hear vague traces of skipping reels of rhyme  
To your tambourine in time  
It's just a ragged clown behind  
I wouldn't pay it any mind  
It's just a shadow you're seeing that he's chasing  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you  
And take me disappearing through the smoke rings of my mind  
Down the foggy ruins of time  
Far past the frozen leaves  
The haunted frightened trees  
Out to the windy beach  
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow  
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky  
With one hand waving free  
Silhouetted by the sea  
Circled by the circus sands  
With all memory and fate  
Driven deep beneath the waves  
Let me forget about today until tomorrow  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you

**It's Alright Ma (I'm Only Bleeding) by Bob Dylan (1965)**

Darkness at the break of noon  
Shadows even the silver spoon  
The handmade blade, the child's balloon  
Eclipses both the sun and moon  
To understand you know too soon  
There is no sense in trying

Pointed threats, they bluff with scorn  
Suicide remarks are torn  
From the fool's gold mouthpiece the hollow horn  
Plays wasted words, proves to warn  
That he not busy being born is busy dying

Temptation's page flies out the door  
You follow, find yourself at war  
Watch waterfalls of pity roar  
You feel to moan but unlike before  
You discover that you'd just be one more  
Person crying

So don't fear if you hear  
A foreign sound to your ear  
It's alright, Ma, I'm only sighing

As some warn victory, some downfall  
Private reasons great or small  
Can be seen in the eyes of those that call  
To make all that should be killed to crawl  
While others say don't hate nothing at all  
Except hatred

Disillusioned words like bullets bark  
As human gods aim for their mark  
Make everything from toy guns that spark  
To flesh-colored Christs that glow in the dark  
It's easy to see without looking too far  
That not much is really sacred

While preachers preach of evil fates  
Teachers teach that knowledge waits  
Can lead to hundred-dollar plates  
Goodness hides behind its gates  
But even the president of the United States  
Sometimes must have to stand naked

An' though the rules of the road have been lodged  
It's only people's games that you got to dodge  
And it's alright, Ma, I can make it

Advertising signs they con  
You into thinking you're the one  
That can do what's never been done

That can win what's never been won  
Meantime life outside goes on  
All around you

You lose yourself, you reappear  
You suddenly find you got nothing to fear  
Alone you stand with nobody near  
When a trembling distant voice, unclear  
Startles your sleeping ears to hear  
That somebody thinks they really found you

A question in your nerves is lit  
Yet you know there is no answer fit  
To satisfy, insure you not to quit  
To keep it in your mind and not forget  
That it is not he or she or them or it  
That you belong to

Although the masters make the rules  
For the wise men and the fools  
I got nothing, Ma, to live up to

For them that must obey authority  
That they do not respect in any degree  
Who despise their jobs, their destinies  
Speak jealously of them that are free  
Cultivate their flowers to be  
Nothing more than something they invest in

While some on principles baptized  
To strict party platform ties  
Social clubs in drag disguise  
Outsiders they can freely criticize  
Tell nothing except who to idolize  
And then say God bless him

While one who sings with his tongue on fire  
Gargles in the rat race choir  
Bent out of shape from society's pliers  
Cares not to come up any higher  
But rather get you down in the hole  
That he's in

But I mean no harm nor put fault  
On anyone that lives in a vault  
But it's alright, Ma, if I can't please him

Old lady judges watch people in pairs  
Limited in sex, they dare  
To push fake morals, insult and stare  
While money doesn't talk, it swears  
Obscenity, who really cares  
Propaganda, all is phony

While them that defend what they cannot see  
With a killer's pride, security  
It blows the minds most bitterly  
For them that think death's honesty  
Won't fall upon them naturally  
Life sometimes must get lonely

My eyes collide head-on with stuffed  
Graveyards, false gods, I scuff  
At pettiness which plays so rough  
Walk upside-down inside handcuffs  
Kick my legs to crash it off  
Say okay, I have had enough  
what else can you show me?

And if my thought-dreams could be seen  
They'd probably put my head in a guillotine  
But it's alright, Ma, it's life, and life only

### **Like A Rolling Stone by Bob Dylan (1965)**

Once upon a time you dressed so fine  
Threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?  
People call say 'beware doll, you're bound to fall'  
You thought they were all kidding you  
You used to laugh about  
Everybody that was hanging out  
Now you don't talk so loud  
Now you don't seem so proud  
About having to be scrounging your next meal  
How does it feel, how does it feel?  
To be without a home  
Like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone  
Ahh you've gone to the finest schools, alright Miss Lonely  
But you know you only used to get juiced in it  
Nobody's ever taught you how to live out on the street  
And now you're gonna have to get used to it  
You say you never compromise  
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize

He's not selling any alibis  
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes  
And say do you want to make a deal?  
How does it feel, how does it feel?  
To be on your own, with no direction home  
A complete unknown, like a rolling stone  
Ah you never turned around to see the frowns  
On the jugglers and the clowns when they all did tricks for you  
You never understood that it ain't no good  
You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you  
You used to ride on a chrome horse with your diplomat  
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat  
Ain't it hard when you discovered that  
He really wasn't where it's at  
After he took from you everything he could steal  
How does it feel, how does it feel?  
To be on your own, with no direction home  
Like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone  
Ahh princess on a steeple and all the pretty people  
They're all drinking, thinking that they've got it made  
Exchanging all precious gifts  
But you better take your diamond ring, you better pawn it babe  
You used to be so amused  
At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used  
Go to him he calls you, you can't refuse  
When you ain't got nothing, you got nothing to lose  
You're invisible now, you've got no secrets to conceal  
How does it feel, ah how does it feel?  
To be on your own, with no direction home  
Like a complete unknown, like a rolling stone

### **Visions of Johanna by Bob Dylan (1966)**

Ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet?  
We sit here stranded, though we're all doin' our best to deny it  
And Louise holds a handful of rain, temptin' you to defy it  
Lights flicker from the opposite loft  
In this room the heat pipes just cough  
The country music station plays soft  
But there's nothing, really nothing to turn off  
Just Louise and her lover so entwined  
And these visions of Johanna that conquer my mind  
In the empty lot where the ladies play blindman's bluff with the key chain  
And the all-night girls they whisper of escapades out on the "D" train  
We can hear the night watchman click his flashlight  
Ask himself if it's him or them that's insane



Louise, she's all right, she's just near  
She's delicate and seems like the mirror  
But she just makes it all too concise and too clear  
That Johanna's not here  
The ghost of 'lectricity howls in the bones of her face  
Where these visions of Johanna have now taken my place  
Now, little boy lost, he takes himself so seriously  
He brags of his misery, he likes to live dangerously  
And when bringing her name up  
He speaks of a farewell kiss to me  
He's sure got a lotta gall to be so useless and all  
Muttering small talk at the wall while I'm in the hall  
How can I explain?  
It's so hard to get on  
And these visions of Johanna, they kept me up past the dawn  
Inside the museums, infinity goes up on trial  
Voices echo this is what salvation must be like after a while  
But Mona Lisa musta had the highway blues  
You can tell by the way she smiles  
See the primitive wallflower freeze  
When the jelly-faced women all sneeze  
Hear the one with the mustache say, "Jeez, I can't find my knees"  
Oh, jewels and binoculars hang from the head of the mule  
But these visions of Johanna, they make it all seem so cruel  
The peddler now speaks to the countess who's pretending to care for him  
Sayin', "Name me someone that's not a parasite and I'll go out and say a prayer for him"  
But like Louise always says  
"Ya can't look at much, can ya man?"  
As she, herself, prepares for him  
And Madonna, she still has not showed  
We see this empty cage now corrode  
Where her cape of the stage once had flowed  
The fiddler, he now steps to the road  
He writes ev'rything's been returned which was owed  
On the back of the fish truck that loads  
While my conscience explodes  
The harmonicas play the skeleton keys and the rain  
And these visions of Johanna are now all that remain

### **Just Like A Woman by Bob Dylan (1966)**

Nobody feels any pain  
Tonight as I stand inside the rain  
Everybody knows that baby's got new clothes  
But lately I see her ribbons and her bows  
Have fallen from her curls

She takes just like a woman  
Yes, she does, she makes love just like a woman  
Yes, she does, and she aches just like a woman  
But she breaks just like a little girl  
Queen Mary, she's my friend  
Yes, I believe I'll go see her again  
Nobody has to guess that baby can't be blessed  
'Til she finally sees that she's like all the rest  
With her fog, her amphetamine, and her pearls  
She takes just like a woman  
Yes, she makes love just like a woman  
Yes, she does, and she aches just like a woman  
But she breaks just like a little girl  
It was raining from the first  
And I was dying there of thirst  
So I came in here  
And your long-time curse hurts  
But what's worse is this pain in here  
I can't stay in here  
Ain't it clear that I just can't fit  
Yes, I believe that it's time for us to quit  
But when we meet again, introduced as friends  
Please don't let on that you knew me when  
I was hungry and it was your world  
Ah, you fake just like a woman  
Yes, you do, you make love just like a woman  
Yes, you do, then you ache just like a woman  
But you break just like a little girl

### **I Shall Be Released by Bob Dylan (1968)**

They say everything can be replaced  
They say every distance is not near  
So I remember every face  
Of every man who put me here  
I see my light come shining  
From the west down to the east  
Any day now, any day now  
I shall be released  
They say every man needs protection  
They say that every man must fall  
Yet I swear I see my reflection  
Somewhere so high above this wall  
I see my light come shining  
From the west down to the east  
Any day now, any day now

I shall be released  
Now, yonder stands a man in this lonely crowd  
A man who swears he's not to blame  
All day long I hear him shouting so loud  
Just crying out that he was framed  
I see my light come shining  
From the west down to the east  
Any day now, any day now  
I shall be released

### **Forever Young by Bob Dylan (1973)**

May God bless and keep you always  
May your wishes all come true  
May you always do for others  
And let others do for you  
May you build a ladder to the stars  
And climb on every rung  
May you stay forever young  
May you stay forever young  
May you grow up to be righteous  
May you grow up to be true  
May you always know the truth  
And see the light surrounding you  
May you always be courageous  
Stand upright and be strong  
May you stay forever young  
May you stay forever young  
May your hands always be busy  
May your feet always be swift  
May you have a strong foundation  
When the winds of changes shift  
May your heart always be joyful  
May your song always be sung  
And may you stay forever young  
May you stay forever young

### **Tangled Up In Blue by Bob Dylan (1975)**

Early one morning, the sun was shining  
I was laying in bed  
Wondering if she'd changed it all  
If her hair was still red  
Her folks, they said our lives together  
Sure was gonna be rough  
They never did like mama's homemade dress

Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough  
And I was standing on the side of the road  
Rain falling on my shoes  
Heading out for the east coast  
Lord knows I've paid some dues getting through  
Tangled up in blue  
She was married when we first met  
Soon to be divorced  
I helped her out of a jam, I guess  
But I used a little too much force  
We drove that car as far as we could  
Abandoned it out west  
Split up on a dark, sad night  
Both agreeing it was best  
She turned around to look at me  
As I was walking away  
I heard her say over my shoulder  
"We'll meet again someday on the avenue"  
Tangled up in blue  
I had a job in the great north woods  
Working as a cook for a spell  
But I never did like it all that much  
And one day the axe just fell  
So I drifted down to New Orleans  
Where I's lucky for to be employed  
Working for a while on a fishing boat  
Right outside of Delacroix  
But all the while I was alone  
The past was close behind  
I seen a lot of women  
But she never escaped my mind and I just grew  
Tangled up in blue  
She was working in a topless place  
And I stopped in for a beer  
I just kept looking at the sight of her face  
In the spotlight so clear  
And later on when the crowd thinned out  
I's just about to do the same  
She was standing there in back of my chair  
Said, "Tell me, don't I know your name?"  
I muttered something underneath my breath  
She studied the lines on my face  
I must admit I felt a little uneasy  
When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe  
Tangled up in blue  
She lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe

"I thought you'd never say hello, " she said  
"You look like the silent type"  
Then she opened up a book of poems  
And handed it to me  
Written by an Italian poet  
From the thirteenth century  
And every one of them words rang true  
And glowed like burning coal  
Pouring off of every page  
Like it was written in my soul from me to you  
Tangled up in blue  
I lived with them on Montague Street  
In a basement down the stairs  
There was music in the cafés at night  
And revolution in the air  
Then he started into dealing with slaves  
And something inside of him died  
She had to sell everything she owned  
And froze up inside  
And when finally the bottom fell out  
I became withdrawn  
The only thing I knew how to do  
Was to keep on keeping on like a bird that flew  
Tangled up in blue  
So now I'm going back again  
I got to get her somehow  
All the people we used to know  
They're an illusion to me now  
Some are mathematicians  
Some are carpenter's wives  
Don't know how it all got started  
I don't what they do with their lives  
But me, I'm still on the road  
Heading for another joint  
We always did feel the same  
We just saw it from a different point of view  
Tangled up in blue

### **Simple Twist of Fate by Bob Dylan (1975)**

They sat together in the park  
As the evening sky grew dark  
She looked at him and he felt a spark  
Tingle to his bones  
'Twas then he felt alone  
And wished that he'd gone straight

And watched out for a simple twist of fate  
They walked alone by the old canal  
A little confused, I remember well  
And stopped into a strange hotel  
With a neon burning bright  
He felt the heat of the night  
Hit him like a freight train  
Moving with a simple twist of fate  
A saxophone someplace far off played  
As she was walking on by the arcade  
As the light bust through a beat up shade  
Where he was waking up  
She dropped a coin into the cup  
Another blind man at the gate  
And forgot about a simple twist of fate  
He woke up, the room was bare  
He didn't see her anywhere  
He told himself he didn't care  
Pushed the window open wide  
Felt an emptiness inside  
To which he just could not relate  
Brought on by a simple twist of fate  
He hears the ticking of the clocks  
And walks along with a parrot that talks  
Hunts her down by the waterfront docks  
Where the sailors all come in  
Maybe she'll pick him out again  
How long must he wait?  
One more time for a simple twist of fate  
People tell me it's a sin  
To know and feel too much within  
I still believe she was my twin but I lost the ring  
She was born in spring  
But I was born too late  
Blame it on a simple twist of fate

### **Every Grain of Sand by Bob Dylan (1981)**

In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need  
When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed  
There's a dying voice within me reaching out somewhere  
Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair  
Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake  
Like Cain, I behold this chain of events that I must break  
In the fury of the moment, I can see the master's hand  
In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand

Oh, the flowers of indulgence and the weeds of yesteryear  
Like criminals, they have choked the breath of conscience and good cheer  
And the sun beat down upon the steps of time to light the way  
To ease the pain of idleness and the memory of decay  
I gaze into the doorway of temptation's angry flame  
And every time I pass that way I always hear my name  
Then onward in my journey, I come to understand  
That every hair is numbered like every grain of sand  
I have gone from rags to riches in the sorrow of the night  
In the violence of a summer's dream, in the chill of a wintery light  
In the bitter dance of loneliness fading into space  
In the broken mirror of innocence on each forgotten face  
I hear the ancient footsteps like the motion of the sea  
Sometimes I turn, there's someone there, at times it's only me  
I'm hanging in the balance of a perfect finished plan  
Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand