

# Chimes Of Freedom

Bob Dylan

1. Far between sundown's finish an'midnight's brokentoll  
We ducked inside the doorway,thunder crashing  
As majestic bells of bolts struckshadows in the sounds  
Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing  
Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight  
Flashing for the refugees on the unarmed road of flight  
An' for each an' ev'ry underdog soldier in the night  
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.
2. In the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched  
With faces hidden as the walls were tightening  
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain  
Dissolved into the bells of the lightning  
Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake  
Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaked  
Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake  
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.
3. Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail  
The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder  
That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze  
Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder  
Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind  
Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind  
An' the poet an the painter far behind his rightful time  
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.
4. In the wild cathedral evening the rain unraveled tales  
For the disrobed faceless forms of no position  
Tolling for the tongues with no place to bring their thoughts  
All down in taken-for granted situations  
Tolling for the deaf an' blind, tolling for the mute  
For the mistreated, mateless mother, the mistitled prostitute  
For the misdemeanor outlaw, chased an' cheated by pursuit  
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.
5. Even though a clouds's white curtain in a far-off corner flashed  
An' the hypnotic splattered mist was slowly lifting  
Electric light still struck like arrows, fired but for the ones  
Condemned to drift or else be kept from drifting  
Tolling for the searching ones, on their speechless, seeking trail  
For the lonesome-hearted lovers with too personal a tale  
An' for each unharfull, gentle soul misplaced inside a jail  
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.
6. Starry-eyed an' laughing as I recall when we were caught  
Trapped by no track of hours for they hanged suspended  
As we listened one last time an' we watched with one last look  
Spellbound an' swallowed 'til the tolling ended  
Tolling for the aching whose wounds cannot be nursed  
For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-out ones an' worse  
An' for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe  
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.