

# The Gates Of Eden

Bob Dylan

Of war and peace the truth just twists, its curfew gull it glides  
Upon 4-legged forest clouds the cowboy angel rides  
With his candle lit into the sun, though its glow is waxed in black  
All except when 'neath the trees of Eden

The lamppost stands with folded arms, its iron claws attached  
To curbs 'neath holes where babies wail though it shadows metal badge  
All in all can only fall with a crashing but meaningless blow  
No sound ever comes from the gates of Eden

This savage soldier sticks his head in sand and then complains  
Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf but still remains  
Upon the beach where hounddogs bay at ships with tattooed sails  
Heading for the gates of Eden

With a time-rusted compass blade, Aladdin and his Lamp  
Sits with utopian hermit monks, side-saddle on the Golden Calf  
And on their promises of paradise you will not hear a laugh  
All except inside the gates of Eden

Relationships of ownership they whisper in the wings  
To those condemned to act accordingly and wait for succeeding kings  
And I try to harmonize with songs the lonesome sparrow sings  
There are no kings inside the gates of Eden

The motorcycle black madonna two-wheeled gypsy queen  
And her silver studded phantom cause the grey-flanneled dwarf to scream  
As he weeps to wicked birds of prey who pick up on his breadcrumbs sins  
And there are no sins inside the gates of Eden

The kingdoms of experience in the precious winds they rot  
While paupers change possessions each one wishing for what the other has got  
And the princess and the prince discuss what's real and what is not  
It doesn't matter inside the gates of Eden

The foreign sun it squints upon a bed that is never mine  
As friends and other strangers from their fates try to resign  
Leaving men wholly totally free to do anything they wish to do but die  
And there are no trials inside the gates of Eden

At dawn my lover comes to me and tells me of her dreams  
With no attempts to shovel the glimpse into the ditch of what each one means  
At times I think there are no words but these to tell what's true  
And there are no truths outside the gates of Eden