

Chimes Of Freedom

Bruce Springsteen

Well, far between sundown's finish and midnight's broken toll
We ducked inside the doorway, thunder crashing
As majestic bells of boats struck shadows in the sun;
Saying, it may be the chimes of freedom flashing

Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight;
Flashing for the refugees on their unarmed road of flight.
And for each and every underdog soldier in the night
We gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Well, in the city's melted furnace unexpectedly we watched
With faces hidden here while the walls were tightening
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowing rain;
Dissolved into the wild bales of lightning

Yeah, tolling for the rebel, yeah, tolling for the raked
Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned and forsaken.
Yeah, tolling for the outcasts burning constantly at stakes
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Oh yeah!

And then through a cloud-like curtain in a far off corner flashed
There's a hypnotic, splattered mist was slowly lifting
Well, electric light still struck like arrows
Fired but for the ones condemned to drift or else be kept from drifting

Well, tolling for the searching ones on this speechless, secret trail
For the lonesome haunted lovers with too personal a tale.
And for each young heart for each channeled soul misplaced inside a jail
Yeah, we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Well, starry eyed and laughing I recall when we were caught,
Trapped by an old track of vows for the hands suspended
As we listened one last time, and we watched with one last look
Spellbound and swallowed "Has the tolling ended?"

Yeah, tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed
For the countless, confused, accused, misused strung out ones at worst.
And for every hung out person in the whole wide universe
We gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Uh uh uh...

Enjoy!