

# A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall

Bryan Ferry

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  
Walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways  
Stepped in the middle of seven sad forests  
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 (Hard) and it's a hard (Hard)  
It's a hard (Hard) and it's a hard (Hard)  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall (Fall)

And what did you see, my blue-eyed son?  
What did you see, my darling young one?

I saw a new-born baby with wild wolves 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'

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 (Hard) and it's a hard (Hard)  
And it's a hard (Hard), ha-ha-ha-hard (Hard)  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall (Fall)

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?  
What did you hear, my darling young one?

I heard the sound of thunder, that 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' (Hahaha)  
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 (Hard) and it's a hard (Hard)  
And it's a hard (Hard), hard, hard, hard (Hard)  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall (Fall)

Oh, who you did 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  
A young girl, she gave me a rainbow  
I met one man who was wounded in love  
Another man who was wounded with hatred

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?  
What'll you do now, my darling young one?

I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'  
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 colour and none is the number

And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it  
And reflect it from the mountains so all souls can see it  
Then I'll stand in the ocean until I start sinkin'  
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'

And it's a hard (Hard), it's a hard (Hard)  
And it's a hard (Hard), ha-ha-ha-ha-hard (Hard)  
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall (Fall)

And it's a hard (Hard) and it's a hard (Hard)  
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