

Bob Dylan "Changing Of The Guards"

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Sixteen years
Sixteen banners united over the field
Where the good shepherd grieves
Desperate men, desperate women divided
Spreading their wings 'neath falling leaves.

Fortune calls
I stepped forth from the shadows to the marketplace
Merchants and thieves, hungry for power, my last deal
gone down
She's smelling sweet like the meadows where she was
born
On midsummer's eve near the tower.

The cold-blooded moon
The captain waits above the celebration
Sending his thoughts to a beloved maid
Whose ebony face is beyond communication
The captain is down but still believing that his love will
be repaid.

They shaved her head
She was torn between Jupiter and Apollo
A messenger arrived with a black nightingale
I seen her on the stairs and I couldn't help but follow
Follow her down past the fountain where they lifted her
veil.

I stumbled to my feet
I rode past destruction in the ditches
With the stitches still mending beneath a heart-shaped
tattoo
Renegade priests and treacherous young witches

Were handing out the flowers that I'd given to you.

The palace of mirrors
Where dog soldiers are reflected
The endless road and the wailing of chimes
The empty rooms where her memory is protected
Where the angel's voices whisper to the souls of
previous times.

She wakes him up
Forty-eight hours later the sun is breaking
Near broken chains, mountain laurel and rolling rocks
She's begging to know what measures he now will be
taking
He's pulling her down and she's clutching on to his
long golden locks.
Gentlemen, he said I don't need your organization, I've
shined your shoes
I've moved your mountains and marked your cards
But Eden is burning either brace yourself for
elimination
Or else your hearts must have the courage for the
changing of the guards.

Peace will come
With tranquillity and splendor on the wheels of fire
But will bring us no reward when her false idols fall
And cruel death surrenders with its pale ghost
retreating
Between the King and the Queen of Swords.

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