

## **Bob Dylan**

# **"Chimes Of Freedom"**

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Far between sundown's finish an' midnight's broken toll  
We ducked inside the doorways, thunder went  
crashing  
As majestic bells of bolts struck shadows 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  
And for each and every underdog soldier in the night  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Through 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 and forsaken  
Tolling for the outcast burnin' constantly at stake  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

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  
And the poet and the painter far behind his rightful  
time  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

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 and blind, tolling for the mute  
For the mistreated, mateless mother, the mistitled  
prostitute  
For the misdemeanor outlaw chained and cheated by  
pursuit  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Even though a cloud's white curtain in a far-off corner  
flashed  
And 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  
And for each unharmed, gentle soul misplaced inside  
a jail  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Starry-eyed and laughing, as I recall when we were  
caught  
Trapped by no track of hours for they hang suspended  
As we listened one last time and we watched with one  
last look  
Spellbound and swallowed till the tolling ended

Tolling for the aching whose wounds cannot be nursed  
For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-  
out ones and worse  
And for every hung up person in the whole wide  
universe  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

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