

Bob Dylan **"Percy's Song"**

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Bad news, bad news
Came to me where I sleep
Turn, turn, turn again
Sayin' one of your friends
Is in trouble deep
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

Tell me the trouble
Tell once to my ear
Turn, turn, turn again
Juliet prison
And ninety-nine years
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

Oh what is the charge
Of how this came to be?
Turn, turn, turn again
Manslaughter
In the highest of degrees
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

I sat down and wrote
The best words I could write
Turn, turn, turn again
Explaining to the judge
I'd be there on Wednesday night
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

Without a reply
I left by the moon
Turn, turn, turn again
And was in his chambers
By the next afternoon
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

"Did you tell me the facts?"
I said without fear

Turn, turn, turn again
That a friend of mine
Would get ninety-nine years
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

A crash on the highway
Flew the car to a field
Turn, turn, turn again
There was four persons killed
And he was at the wheel
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

But I know him as good
As I'm knowin' myself
Turn, turn, turn again
And he wouldn't harm a life
That belonged to someone else
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

The judge spoke
Out of the side of his mouth
Turn, turn, turn again
Sayin', "The witness who saw
He left little doubt"
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

That may be true
He's got a sentence to serve
Turn, turn, turn again
But ninety-nine years
He just don't deserve
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

Too late, too late
For his case it is sealed
Turn, turn, turn again
His sentence is passed
And it cannot be repealed
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

But he ain't no criminal
And his crime it is none
Turn, turn, turn again
What happened to him
Could happen to anyone

Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

And at that the judge jerked forward
And his face it did freeze
Turn, turn, turn again
Sayin', "Could you kindly leave
My office now, please"
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

The room was funny
And I stood up so slow
Turn, turn, turn again
With no other choice
Except but far to go
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

I walked down the hall way
And I heard his door slam
Turn, turn, turn again
I walked down the courthouse stairs
And I did not understand
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind

And I played my guitar
Through the night to the day
Turn, turn, turn again
And the only tune
My guitar could play
Was, "Oh the cruel rain
And the wind"

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