

## George Harrison "A Hard Rain's Gonna Fall"

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(george: like to bring on a friend of us all, mr. bob dylan!)

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?  
And where have you been, my darling young one?  
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,  
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways,  
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests,  
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans,  
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a  
graveyard,  
It's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
It's a hard rains a-gonna fall.

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?  
And what did you see, my darling young one?  
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all 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,  
I saw a white ladder all covered with water,  
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all  
broken,  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
It's a hard rains a-gonna fall.

What did you hear, my blue-eyed son?  
And what did you hear, my darling young one?  
I heard the sound of a thunder that roared out a  
warnin,  
I 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,  
I heard one person starve, I heard many people  
laughin,  
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,  
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,  
It's a hard rains a-gonna fall.

Who did you 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,  
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,  
I met one man who was wounded in love,  
I met another man who was wounded in hatred,  
Its a hard, its a hard, its a hard, its a hard,  
Its a hard rains a-gonna fall.

Oh, whatll you do now, my blue-eyed son?  
And whatll you do now, my darling young one?  
Im a-goin back out fore the rain starts a-fallin,  
Ill walk to the depths of the deepest dark 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,  
The executioners face is always well hidden  
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,  
Where black is the color and none is the number,  
And Ill tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,  
Reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,  
Then Ill stand on the ocean until I start sinkin,  
But Ill know my song well before I start singin,  
And its a hard, its a hard, its a hard, its a hard,  
Its a hard rains a-gonna fall.

Its a hard rains a gonna fall  
Its a hard rains a gonna fall

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