

Bryan Duncan**"A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall"**

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(dylan)

Oh where have you been, my blue eyed son?
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 mouth of a graveyard
And it?s a hard rain?s a-gonna 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 rain?s a-gonna 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 warning
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?
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 rain?s a-gonna 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
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall
Oh what'll you do now, my blue eyed son?
What'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'
Walk through 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 sinking
But I'll know my song well before I start singing
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

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