

## **Bryan Ferry**

# **"A Hard Rain's a - Gonna Fall"**

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Oh, where have you been, my blue eyed son?  
Where have you been, my darling, young one?

I've stumbled on the side 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  
And it's a hard  
And it's a hard  
And it's a hard  
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 newborn baby with white 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'

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  
And it's a hard  
And it's a hard  
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, 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  
And it's a hard  
And it's a hard, hard, hard, hard  
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'm goin' back out 'fore the rain starts fallin'  
Walk to depths of the deepest black forest  
Where people are many and their hands are all empty  
Where the pellets of poison are flooding 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 color 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 know my song well before I start singing

And it's a hard  
It's a hard  
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And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

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