

The Byrds

"Chimes of Freedom"

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Far between sundown's finish and midnight's broken
toll

We ducked inside the doorway, thunder crashin'
As majestic bells of bolts, struck shadows in these
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

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 unharmful 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

Kept by no track of hours, for they hanged suspended
As we listened one last time, and we watched with one
last look

Spellbound and swallowed till the tollin' ended

Tolling for the aching ones 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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