

## **Peter, Paul & Mary**

### **"In The Wind Album Liner Notes"**

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(Bob Dylan)

Snow was piled up the stairs an onto the street that first  
winter when I laid around New York City  
It was a different street then-  
It was a different village-  
Nobody had nothin-  
There was nothin t get-  
Instead a bein drawn for money you were drawn  
for other people-  
Everybody used t hang around a heat pipe poundin  
subterranean  
coffee house called the Gaslight-  
It was at that time buried beneath the middle a  
MacDougal Street-  
It was a strange place an not out a any schoolbook-  
More'n seven nites a week the cops and firemen'd  
storm down the  
steps handin' out summons for trumped up reasons-  
More'n five nites a week out a town bullies'd start  
trouble an  
everybody from John the owner t Dave the cook t Rod  
the cash  
register ringer t Adele the waitress t anybody who was  
on the  
stage t just plain friends who were hangin around  
would have  
t come up swingin dishes an handles an brooms an  
chairs an  
sometimes even swords 'at hung on the wall in order t  
match  
the bullies' weight an the bullies was always big bullies-  
Everybody that hung out at the Gaslight was close-  
Yuh had t be-  
In order t keep from going insane and in order t  
survive-  
An it can't be denied-  
It was a hangout-  
But not like the street corner-  
Down there we weren't standin lookin out at the world  
watchin

girls-and findin out how they walk-  
We was lookin at each other ... and findin out about  
ourselves-  
It is 'f these times that I remember most sadly-  
For they're gone-  
An they'll not never come again-  
It is 'f these times I think about now-  
I think back t one a them nites when the doors was  
locked  
an maybe thirty or forty people sat as close t the stage  
as  
they could-  
It was another nite past one o'clock an that meant that  
the  
tourists on the street coundn't get in-  
At these hours there was no tellin what was bound t  
happen-  
Never never could the greatest prophesizor ever guess  
it-  
There was not such a thing as an audience-  
There was not such a thing as performers-  
Everybody did somethin-  
An had something t say about somethin-  
I remember Hugh who wore different kinda clothes  
then but  
still shouted an tongue twisted flowin lines a poetry  
that anybody who could be struck by the sounds 'f a  
rock  
hittin a brick wall could understand-  
I remember Luke playin his banjo and singin "East  
Virginia"  
with a tone as soft as the snow outside an "Mr.  
Garfield"  
with a bitin touch as hard as the stovepipe on the  
inside-  
An Dave singin "House a the Risin Sun" with his back  
leaned  
against the bricks an words runnin out in a lonesome  
hungry growlin whisper that any girl with her face hid in  
the  
dark could understand-  
Paul then was a guitar player singer comedian-  
But not the funny ha ha kind-  
His funnyness could only be defined an described by  
the word  
"hip" or "hyp"-  
A combination a Charlie Chaplin Jonathan Winters and  
Peter Lorre-  
Maybe it was that nite that somebody flicked a piece a  
card-  
board in fron a the tiny spotlight an he made quick

jerky  
movements on the stage and everybody's eyes was  
seen first  
hand a silent movie for real-  
The bearded villain 'f an out a print picture-  
There aint room enuff on the paper t tell about  
everybody  
that was there an exactly what they did-  
Every nite was a true high degree novel-  
Anyway it was one a these nites when Paul said  
"Yuh gotta now hear me an Peter an Mary sing"  
Mary's hair was down almost t her waist then-  
An Peter's beard was only about half grown-  
An the Gaslight stage was smaller  
An the song they sung was younger-  
But the walls shook  
An everybody smiled-  
An everybody felt good-  
An down there approval didn't come with the clappin a  
hands  
at the end 'f the song-  
It came burstin out anytime any way it felt like  
burstin out-  
An they were approved-  
By the people watchin 'm and by 'mselves-  
Which really was one-  
An that's where the beginnin was at-  
Inside them walls 'f a subterranean world-  
But it's a concrete kind a beginnin-  
It's concrete cause it's close-  
An that feelin aint t be forgotten-  
Yuh carry it with yuh-  
It's a feelin that's born an not bought  
An it can't be taught-  
An by livin with it yuh learn t see and know it in other  
people-  
T sing an speak as one yuh gotta think as one-  
An yuh gotta believe as one-  
An yuh gotta feel as one-  
An Peter an Paul and Mary're now carryin the feelin  
that was inside them walls up the steps t the whole  
outside world-

The rooster never crowed on MacDougal Street-  
There was no dew on the grass an the sun never came  
shinin  
over the mountain-  
There was nothin t tell yuh it was morning cept the  
pins and needles feelin in yer arms an legs from stayin  
up all nite-  
But all 'f us find our way a knowin when it's mornin-

An once yuh know the feelin it don't change-  
It can only grow-  
For Peter's grown  
An Paul's grown  
An Mary's grown  
An the times've grown

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