

Byrds, The "Chimes Of Freedom"

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Far between sundown's finish
An' midnight's broken toll
We ducked inside the doorway,
Thunder crashing.

As majestic bells of bolts
Struck shadows in the 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

An' for each an' ev'ry underdog
Soldier in the night
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Even though a cloud's white curtain
In a far-off corner flashed
An' the hypnotic splatter
Of 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

An' for each unarmful, gentle soul
Misplaced inside a jail
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Starry-eyed an' laughing
As I recall when we were caught
Trapped by no track of hours
For they hanged suspended

As we listened one last time
An' we watched with one last look
Spellbound an' swallowed
'Til the tolling ended

Tolling for the aching ones
Whose wounds cannot be nursed
For the countless confused, accused, misused,
Strung-out ones an' worse

An' for every hung-up person
In the whole wide universe
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

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