

Dylan Bob

"Caribbean Wind"

Visit "[Caribbean Wind](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

by Bob Dylan

She was the rose of Sharon from paradise lost
From the city of seven hills near the place of the cross.
I was playing a show in Miami in the theater of divine
comedy.
Told about Jesus, told about the rain,
She told me about the jungle where her brothers were
slain
By a man who danced on the roof of the embassy.

Was she a child or a woman, I can't say which
From one to another she could to easily switch
We went into the wall to where the long arm of the law
could not reach.
Could I been used and played as a pawn?
It certainly was possible as the gay night wore on
Where men bathed in perfume and celebrated free
speech.

And them Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to
Mexico
Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so
bold and free,
Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire.

She looked into my soul through the clothes that I wore
She said, "We got a mutual friend over by the door,
And you know he's got our best interest in mind."
He was well connected but her heart was a snare
And she had left him to die in there,
There were payments due and he was a little behind.

The cry of the peacock, flies buzz my head,
Ceiling fan broken, there's a heat in my bed,
Street band playing "Nearer My God to Thee."
We met at the steeple where the mission bells ring,
She said, "I know what you're thinking, but there ain't a
thing
You can do about it, so let us just agree to agree."

And them Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to
Mexico
Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so
bold and free,
Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire.

Atlantic City by the cold grey sea
I hear a voice crying, "Daddy," I always think it's for
me,
But it's only the silence in the buttermilk hills that call.
Every new messenger brings evil report
'Bout armies on the march and time that is short
And famines and earthquakes and hatred written upon
walls.

Would I have married her? I don't know, I suppose.
She had bells in her braids and they hung to her toes
But I kept hearing my name and I had to be movin' on.
I saw screws break loose, saw the devil pound tin,
I saw a house in the country being torn from within.
I heard my ancestors calling from the land far beyond.

And them Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to
Mexico
Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so
bold and free,
Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire.

Visit [Dylan Bob](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.