

## Dylan Bob

# "Changing of the Guards"

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by Bob Dylan

Sixteen years,  
Sixteen banners united over the field  
Where the good shepherd grieves.  
Desperate men, desperate women divided,  
Spreading their wings 'neath the falling leaves.

Fortune calls.  
I stepped forth from the shadows, to the marketplace,  
Merchants and thieves, hungry for power, my last deal  
gone down.  
She's smelling sweet like the meadows where she was  
born,  
On midsummer's eve, near the tower.

The cold-blooded moon.  
The captain waits above the celebration  
Sending his thoughts to a beloved maid  
Whose ebony face is beyond communication.  
The captain is down but still believing that his love will  
be repaid.

They shaved her head.  
She was torn between Jupiter and Apollo.  
A messenger arrived with a black nightingale.  
I seen her on the stairs and I couldn't help but follow,  
Follow her down past the fountain where they lifted her  
veil.

I stumbled to my feet.  
I rode past destruction in the ditches  
With the stitches still mending 'neath a heart-shaped  
tattoo.  
Renegade priests and treacherous young witches  
Were handing out the flowers that I'd given to you.

The palace of mirrors  
Where dog soldiers are reflected,  
The endless road and the wailing of chimes,  
The empty rooms where her memory is protected,

Where the angels' voices whisper to the souls of  
previous times.

She wakes him up  
Forty-eight hours later, the sun is breaking  
Near broken chains, mountain laurel and rolling rocks.  
She's begging to know what measures he now will be  
taking.  
He's pulling her down and she's clutching on to his  
long golden locks.

Gentlemen, he said,  
I don't need your organization, I've shined your shoes,  
I've moved your mountains and marked your cards  
But Eden is burning, either brace yourself for  
elimination  
Or else your hearts must have the courage for the  
changing of the guards.

Peace will come  
With tranquility and splendor on the wheels of fire  
But will bring us no reward when her false idols fall  
And cruel death surrenders with its pale ghost  
retreating  
Between the King and the Queen of Swords.

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