

Dylan Bob

"Percy's Song"

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by Bob Dylan

Bad news, bad news,
Come to me where I sleep,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Sayin' one of your friends
Is in trouble deep,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

Tell me the trouble,
Tell once to my ear,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Joliet prison
And ninety-nine years,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

Oh what's the charge
Of how this came to be,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Manslaughter
In the highest of degree,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

I sat down and wrote
The best words I could write,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Explaining to the judge
I'd be there on Wednesday night,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

Without a reply,
I left by the moon,
Turn, turn, turn again.
And was in his chambers
By the next afternoon,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

Could ya tell me the facts?
I said without fear,
Turn, turn, turn again.
That a friend of mine
Would get ninety-nine years,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

A crash on the highway
Flew the car to a field,
Turn, turn, turn again.
There was four persons killed
And he was at the wheel,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

But I knew him as good
As I'm knowin' myself,
Turn, turn, turn again.
And he wouldn't harm a life
That belonged to someone else,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

The judge spoke
Out of the side of his mouth,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Sayin', "The witness who saw,
He left little doubt,"
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

That may be true,
He's got a sentence to serve,
Turn, turn, turn again.
But ninety-nine years,
He just don't deserve,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

Too late, too late,
For his case it is sealed,
Turn, turn, turn again.
His sentence is passed
And it cannot be repealed,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

But he ain't no criminal
And his crime it is none,

Turn, turn, turn again.
What happened to him
Could happen to anyone,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

And at that the judge jerked forward
And his face it did freeze,
Turn, turn, turn again.
Sayin', "Could you kindly leave
My office now, please,"
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

Well his eyes looked funny
And I stood up so slow,
Turn, turn, turn again.
With no other choice
Except for to go,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

I walked down the hallway
And I heard his door slam,
Turn, turn, turn again.
I walked down the courthouse stairs
And I did not understand,
Turn, turn to the rain
And the wind.

And I played my guitar
Through the night to the day, Turn, turn, turn again.
And the only tune My guitar could play Was, "Oh the
Cruel Rain And the Wind."

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