

Dylan Bob

"Shelter from the Storm"

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by Bob Dylan

'Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood
When blackness was a virtue and the road was full of
mud
I came in from the wilderness, a creature void of form.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

And if I pass this way again, you can rest assured
I'll always do my best for her, on that I give my word
In a world of steel-eyed death, and men who are
fighting to be warm.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Not a word was spoke between us, there was little risk
involved
Everything up to that point had been left unresolved.
Try imagining a place where it's always safe and warm.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

I was burned out from exhaustion, buried in the hail,
Poisoned in the bushes an' blown out on the trail,
Hunted like a crocodile, ravaged in the corn.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Suddenly I turned around and she was standin' there
With silver bracelets on her wrists and flowers in her
hair.
She walked up to me so gracefully and took my crown
of thorns.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Now there's a wall between us, somethin' there's been
lost
I took too much for granted, got my signals crossed.
Just to think that it all began on a long-forgotten morn.

"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Well, the deputy walks on hard nails and the preacher
rides a mount
But nothing really matters much, it's doom alone that
counts
And the one-eyed undertaker, he blows a futile horn.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

I've heard newborn babies wailin' like a mournin' dove
And old men with broken teeth stranded without love.
Do I understand your question, man, is it hopeless and
forlorn?
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

In a little hilltop village, they gambled for my clothes
I bargained for salvation an' they gave me a lethal
dose.
I offered up my innocence and got repaid with scorn.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Well, I'm livin' in a foreign country but I'm bound to
cross the line
Beauty walks a razor's edge, someday I'll make it mine.
If I could only turn back the clock to when God and her
were born.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the
storm."

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