

Chimes of Freedom

Bob Dylan

Far between sundown's finish and midnight's broken toll
We ducked inside a doorway as thunder went 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
And for each and every underdog soldier in the night
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing
Through the city's melted furnace,
unexpectedly we watched
With faces hidden as the walls were tightening
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain
Dissolved into the bells of the lightning
Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake
Tolling for the luckless, they abandoned and forsaked
Tolling for the outcast, burning constantly at stake
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing
Through the mad, mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail
The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder
As the clanging of the church bells blew far into the breeze
Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder
Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind
Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind
And the poet and the painter far behind his rightful time
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashin'
In the wild cathedral evening the rain
unraveled tales
For the disrobed faceless forms of no position
Tolling for the tongues with no place to bring their thoughts
All down in taken-for-granted situations
Tolling for the deaf and blind, tolling for the mute
For the mistreated, mate-less mother, the mis-titled prostitute
For the misdemeanor outlaw, chained and cheated by pursuit
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing
Even though a cloud's white curtain in a far-off corner flared
And the hypnotic splattered mist was slowly lifting
Electric light still struck like arrows fired but for the ones
Condemned to drift or else be kept from driftin'
Tolling for the searching ones on their
speechless seeking trail
For the lonesome-hearted lovers with too personal a tale
And for each unharmed, gentle soul misplaced inside a jail
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing
Starry-eyed and laughing as I recall when
we were caught
Trapped by no track of ours for they hang suspended
As we listened one last time and we watched with one last look
Spellbound and swallowed 'til the tolling ended
Tolling for the aching whose wounds cannot be
nursed

For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-out ones and worse
And for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashin'

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>