A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall

A Hard Rain's a-Gonna Fall
(Bob Dylan)

Where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
Where have you been, my darling young one?

I've strayed on the side of twelve misty mountains.
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways.
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forestes.
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans.
Been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard.

And it's hard, hard, hard, hard -- it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

What did you see, my blue-eyed son?
What did you see, my darling young one?

I saw a newborn babe with the wild wolves around it.
I saw a highway of golden with nobody on it.
I saw a black branch with a blood that kept dripping.
Saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleeding.
I saw a white ladder all covered with water.
Saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were are broken.
Saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children.

And it's hard, hard, hard, hard -- it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

What did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
What did you hear, my darling young one?

I heard the roar of a thunder -- it roared out a warning.
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world.
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazing.
Heard ten thousand whispering, and nobody listening.
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter.
Heard the sound of a clown that cried in the alley.
Heard the sound of one person who cried he was human.

And it's hard, hard, hard, hard -- it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.
Who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
Who did you meet, my darling young one?

I met a young child beside a dead pony.

I met a white man who walked a black dog.
I met a young women whose body was burning.
I met a young girl -- she gave me a rainbow.
I met one man -- he was wounded in love.
I met another man -- he was wounded in hatred.

And it's hard, hard, hard, hard -- it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Well, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
What'll you do now, my darling young one?

I'm going back out, 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'.
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest dark forest,
Where the people are many, and their hands are all empty,
Where the pellets of poison are flooding my waters,
Where the home in the valley meets the dark dirty prison,
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,
Where black is the color, where none is the number.
And I'll see it and tell it and think it and be it.
And reflect from the mountains so all souls can see it.
And I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinking.
But I'll know my song well before I start sinking.

And it's hard, hard, hard, hard -- it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

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