

Gates of Eden

Words and music Bob Dylan

Album: Bringing It All Back Home (1965), and in a live version on Live 1964 (2004)

G

G Dm
 Of war and peace the truth just twists
 F C G C/g G
 Its curfew gull it glides
 G Dm
 Upon four-legged forest clouds
 F C G C/g G
 The cowboy angel rides
 G Bm' Am G
 With his candle lit into the sun
 G Bm' C D
 Though its glow is waxed in black
 G Bm' Am G C/g
 All except when 'neath the trees of Eden

The lamppost stands with folded arms
 Its iron claws attached
 To curbs 'neath holes where babies wail
 Though it shadows metal badge
 All and all can only fall
 Bm' Am C D
 With a crashing but meaningless blow
 G Bb' C G
 No sound ever comes from the Gates of Eden

The savage soldier sticks his head in sand
 And then complains
 Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf
 But still remains
 Upon the beach where hound dogs bay
 At ships with tattooed sails
 G Cadd9 G
 Heading for the Gates of Eden

With a time-rusted compass blade
 Aladdin and his lamp
 Sits with Utopian hermit monks
 Side saddle on the Golden Calf
 And on their promises of paradise
 Am C D
 You will not hear a laugh
 G Bb' C G
 All except inside the Gates of Eden

Relationships of ownership
 They whisper in the wings
 To those condemned to act accordingly
 And wait for succeeding kings
 And I try to harmonize with songs
 The lonesome sparrow sings
 There are no kings inside the Gates of Eden

The motorcycle black madonna
 Two-wheeled gypsy queen
 And her silver-studded phantom cause
 The gray flannel dwarf to scream
 As he weeps to wicked birds of prey
 Who pick up on his bread crumb sins
 And there are no sins inside the Gates of Eden

The kingdoms of Experience
 In the precious wind they rot
 While paupers change possessions
 Each one wishing for what the other has got
 And the princess and the prince
 Discuss what's real and what is not
 It doesn't matter inside the Gates of Eden

The foreign sun, it squints upon
 A bed that is never mine
 As friends and other strangers
 From their fates try to resign
 Leaving men wholly, totally free
 To do anything they wish to do but die
 And there are no trials inside the Gates of Eden

At dawn my lover comes to me
 And tells me of her dreams
 With no attempts to shovel the glimpse
 Into the ditch of what each one means
 At times I think there are no words
 But these to tell what's true
 And there are no truths outside the Gates of Eden

Live version 1964

G . Dm . . . F . C . G . . .

G Dm
 Of war and peace the truth it twists
 C F G C/g G
 Its curfew gull just glides
 G Dm
 Upon four-legged forest clouds
 F G C/g G
 The cowboy angel rides
 G Bm' Am G
 With his candle lit into the sun
 Bm' Am C D
 Though its glow is waxed in black
 G Bb' Am G C/g
 All except when 'neath the trees of Eden

Live version from 1988, various locations

G Dmadd4/f
 Of war and peace the truth just twists
 Cadd9 G
 Its curfew gull just glides
 G Dmadd4/f
 Upon four-legged forest clouds
 Cadd9 G
 The cowboy angel rides
 G D'/f# C(/e) G(/d)
 With his candle lit into the sun
 C /b Am
 Though its glow is waxed in black
 G Dmadd4/f Cadd9 G
 All except when 'neath the trees of Eden