

Chimes of Freedom  
(Dylan) by Bob Dylan (Columbia 8993), 1964

Chimes of Freedom - Bruce version

Well, far between sundowns finish and midnights broken toll  
We ducked inside the doorway, thunder crashin  
As majestic bells of boats struck shadows in the sun;  
Sayin, it may be the chimes of freedom flashin

Flashin for the warriors whose strength is not to fight;  
Flashin for the refugees on their unarmed road of flight.  
And for each and every underdog soldier in the night  
We gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashin

Well, in the citys melted furnace unexpectedly we watched  
With faces hidden here while the walls were tightenin  
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowing rain;  
Dissolved into the wild bales of lightnin

Yeah, tollin for the rebel, yeah, tollin for the raked  
Tollin for the luckless, the abandoned and forsaked.  
Yeah, tollin for the outcasts burnin constantly at stakes  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashin

Oh yeah!

And then through a cloud-like curtain in a far off corner flashed  
Theres a hypnotic, splattered mist was slowly liftin  
Well, electric light still struck like arrows  
Fired but for the ones condemned to drift or else be kept from driftin

Well, tollin for the searching ones on this speechless, secret trail  
For the lonesome haunted lovers with too personal a tale.  
And for each young heart for each channeled soul misplaced inside a jail  
Yeah, we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashin

Well, starry eyed and laughin I recall when we were caught,  
Trapped by an old track of vows for the hands suspended  
As we listened one last time, and we watched with one last look  
Spellbound and swallowed Has the tollin ended?

Yeah, tollin for the achin ones whose wounds cannot be nursed  
For the countless, confused, accused, misused strung out ones at worst.  
And for every hung out person in the whole wide universe