

It's A Hard Rain – Dylan; Adagio78; D capo2=E (g,a)

1 4 1
Oh where have you been my blue-eyed son?
1 5
And where have you been my darling young one?
4 5 1
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
4 5 1
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways
4 5 1
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
4 5 1
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans
4 5 1
I been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard

1 5 1 4
And it's a hard and it's a hard it's a hard and it's a hard
1 5 5 1
And it's a hard rai-a-ain's, a-gonna fall

Oh what did you see my blue-eyed son?
And what did you see my darling young one?
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'
I saw a white ladder all covered with water
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children

And what did you hear my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder that roared out a warnin'
I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world
I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin'
I heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'
I heard one person starve I heard many people laughin'
I heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter
I heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley

Oh what did you meet my blue-eyed son?
And 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 woman whose body was burning
I met a young girl she gave me a rainbow
I met one man who was wounded in love
I met another man who was wounded in hatred

And what'll you do now my blue-eyed son?
And what'll you do now my darling young one?
I'm a-goin' 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 their waters
where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison
And the executioner's face is always well hidden
where hunger is ugly where the souls are forgotten
where black is the color where none is the number
And I'll tell it and speak it and think it and breathe it
And reflect from the mountain so all souls can see it
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'

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