

BLOWING IN THE WIND

C F C
How many roads must a man walk down

F G
before you can call him a man ?

C F C
Yes 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail

F G
before she sleeps in the sand ?

C F C
Yes and how many times must the cannonballs fly

F G
before they're forever banned ?

F G C Am
The answer my friend is blowing in the wind

F G C
the answer is blowing in the wind.

C F C
Yes and how many years can a mountain exist

F G
before it is washed to the sea ?

C F C
Yes and how many years can some people exist

F G
before they're allowed to be free ?

C F C
Yes and how many times can a man turn his head

F G
and pretend that he just doesn't see ?

F G C Am
The answer my friend is blowing in the wind

F G C
the answer is blowing in the wind.

C F C
Yes and how many times must a man look up

F G
before he can see the sky ?

C F C
Yes and how many hears must one man have

F G
before he can hear people cry ?

C F C
Yes and how many deaths will it take till he knows

F G
that too many people have died ?

F G C Am
The answer my friend is blowing in the wind

F G C
the answer is blowing in the wind.

HURRICANE

Pistol shots ring out the bar room night, enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall She sees the bartender in a pool of blood, cries out "My God, they killed them all!" Here comes the story of the Hurricane, the man the authorities came to blame For somethin' that he never done, put in a prison cell, but one time he could have been the champion of the world.	Am F Am F Am F Am F C F C F Dm C Dm C E7 Am Fm C G
Three bodies lyin' there does Patty see, and another man named Bello movin' around misteriously "I didn't do it", he says, and he throws up his hands, "I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand I saw them leavin'", he says, and he stops, "One of us had better call up the cops" And so Patty calls the cops and they arrive on the scene With their red lights flashin' in the hot New Jersey night.	Am F Am F Am F Am F C F C F Dm C Dm C E7 Am Fm C G
Meanwhile, far away in another part of the town, Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are drivin' around Number one contender for the middleweight crown, had no idea what kinda shit was about to go down When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road, just like the time before and the time before that In Paterson that's just the way things go, if you're black you might as well Not show up on the street 'less you wanta draw the heat.	Am F Am F Am F Am F C F C F Dm C Dm C E7 Am Fm C G
Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the cops, him and Arthur Dexter Bardley were just out prowlin' around He said "I saw two men runnin' out, they looked like middleweights, they jumped into a white car with out-of-state plates" And miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head, cop said "Wait a minut boys, this one's not dead" So they took him to the infirmary, and though this man could hardly see They told him that he could identify the guilty man.	Am F Am F Am F Am F C F C F Dm C Dm C E7 Am Fm C G
Four in the mornin' and they haul Rubin in, they take him to the hospital and they bring him upstairs The wounded man looks up through his one dyin' eye, says "Wha'd you bring him in here for? He ain't the guy!" Yes, here's the story of the Hurricane, the man the authorities came to blame For somethin' that he never done, put in a prison cell, but one Time he coulda been the champion of the world.	Am F Am F Am F Am F C F C F Dm C Dm C E7 Am Fm C G
Four months later, the ghettos are in flame, Rubin's in South America, fightin' for his name While Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the robbery game, and the cops are puttin' the screws to him, lookin' for somebody to blame "Remember that murder that happened in a bar?" - "Remember you said you saw the getaway car?" "You think you'd like to play ball with the law?" - "Think it mighta been that fighter that you saw runnin' that night?" - "Don't forget that you're white"	Am F Am F Am F Am F C F C F Dm C Dm C E7 Am Fm C G
Arthur Dexter Bradley said: "I'm really not sure", cops said: "A poor boy like you could use a break We got you for the motel job and we're talkin' to your friend Bello, now you don't wanta have to go back to jail, be a nice fellow You'll be doin' society a favor, that sonofabitch is brave and gettin' braver We want to put his ass in stir, we want to pin this triple murder On him he ain't no Gentleman Jim".	Am F Am F Am F Am F C F C F Dm C Dm C E7 Am Fm C G
Rubin could take a man out with just one punch, but he never did like to talk about it all that much It's my work, he'd say, and I do it for pay, and when it's over I'd just as soon go on my way Up to some paradise, where the trout streams flow and the air is nice And ride a horse along the trail, but then they took him to the jail House where they try to turn a man into a mouse.	Am F Am F Am F Am F C F C F Dm C Dm C E7 Am Fm C G
All of Rubin's cards were marked in advance, the trial was a pig-circus, he never had a chance The judge made Rubbin's witnesses drunkards from the slums, to the white folks who watched he was a revolutionary bum And to the black folks he was just a crazy nigger, no one doubted that he pulled the trigger And though they could not produce the gun, the D.A. said he was the one Who did the deed and the all-white jury agreed.	Am F Am F Am F Am F C F C F Dm C Dm C E7 Am Fm C G
Rubin Carter was falsely tried, the crime was murder "one", guess who testified? Bello and Bradley and they both baldly lied, and the newspapers, they all went along for the ride How can the life of such a man, be in the palm of some fool's hand? To see him obviously framed, couldn't help but make me feel ashamed To live in a land where justice is a game.	Am F Am F Am F Am F C F C F Dm C Dm C E7 Am Fm C G
Now all the criminals in their coats and their ties, are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten-foot cell, an innocent man in a living hell That's the story of the Hurricane, but it won't be over till they clear his name And give him back the time he's done, put in a prison cell, but one Time he coulda been the champion of the world.	Am F Am F Am F Am F C F C F Dm C Dm C E7 Am Fm C G

KNOCKIN' ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

G D Am7 G D C G D Am7 G D C

Ooh... ooh... ooh...

G D Am7

Mama take this badge off of me

G D C

I can't use it any more

G D Am7

It's gettin' dark too dark to see

G D C

I feel I'm knockin' on Heaven's door

G D Am7

Knock, knock, knockin' on Heaven's door

G D C

Knock, knock, knockin' on Heaven's door

G D Am7

Knock, knock, knockin' on Heaven's door

G D C

Knock, knock, knockin' on Heaven's door

G D Am7 G D C G D Am7 G D C

Ooh... ooh... ooh...

G D Am7

Mama put my guns in the ground

G D C

I can't shoot them any more

G D Am7

That long black cloud is coming down

G D C

I feel I'm knockin' on Heaven's door

G D Am7

Knock, knock, knockin' on Heaven's door

G D C

Knock, knock, knockin' on Heaven's door

G D Am7

Knock, knock, knockin' on Heaven's door

G D C

Knock, knock, knockin' on Heaven's door...

MR. TAMBOURINE MAN

G A D G
Hey Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me
D G Em A
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to
G A D G
Hey Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me
D G Em A D
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you

G A D G D G
Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand, vanished from my hand
D G Em A
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping
G A D G D G
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet, I have no one to meet
D G Em A
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreamin'

G A D G
Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship
D G D G D G
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip, my toes too numb to step
D G Em A
Wait only for my boot heels to be wanderin'
G A D G D G
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade, into my own parade
D G Em A
Cast your dancin' spell my way I promise to go under it

G A D G
Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin', madly across the sun
D G D G
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run
D G Em A
And but for the sky there are no fences facin'
G A D G
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
D G D G D G
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind, I wouldn't pay it any mind,
D G Em A
It's just a shadow you're seein' that he's chasin'

G A D G
Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind
D G D G
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves
D G D G
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach
D G Em A
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow
G A D G
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky, with one hand wavin' free
D G D G
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands
D G D G
With all memory and fate, driven deep beneath the waves
D G Em A
Let me forget about today until tomorrow

THE HOUSE OF RISING SUN

Am C D F
There is a house in New Orleans
Am C E
the house of Rising Sun.
Am C D F
It's been the ruin of many of poor boys
Am E Am
and God, I know, I'm one.

Am C D F
My mother was a tailor
Am C E
she sawed my new blue-jeans.
Am C D F
My father was a gambling man
Am E Am
down there in New Orleans.

Am C D F
Oh mothers let not your children
Am C E
do what I have done
Am C D F
to spend their life in ruin and misery
Am E Am
in the house of Rising Sun.

Am C D F
Now I have one foot on the platform
Am C E
the other on the train.
Am C D F
I'm going back to New Orleans
Am E Am
to wear the ball and chain.