

Jokerman

Bob Dylan

Standing on the water casting your bread
 While the eyes of the idol with the iron head are glowing.
 Distant ships sailing into the mist,
 You were born with a snake in both of your fists while a hurricane was blowing.
 Freedom just around the corner for you
 But with truth so far off, what good will it do? Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
 Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
 Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman. So swiftly the sun sets in the sky,
 You rise up and say goodbye to no one.
 Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,
 Both of their futures, so full of dread, you don't show one.
 Shedding off one more layer of skin,
 Keeping one step ahead of the persecutor within.
 Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
 Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
 Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman. You're a man of the mountains, you can walk on the clouds,
 Manipulator of crowds, you're a dream twister.
 You're going to Sodom and Gomorrah
 But what do you care? Ain't nobody there would want to marry your sister.
 Friend to the martyr, a friend to the woman of shame,
 You look into the fiery furnace, see the rich man without any name. Jokerman dance to the
 nightingale tune,
 Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
 Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman. Well, the Book of Leviticus and Deuteronomy,
 The law of the jungle and the sea are your only teachers.
 In the smoke of the twilight on a milk-white steed,
 Michelangelo indeed could've carved out your features.
 Resting in the fields, far from the turbulent space,
 Half asleep neath the stars with a small dog licking your face.
 Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
 Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
 Oh. oh. oh. Jokerman. Well, the rifleman's stalking the sick and the lame,
 Preacherman seeks the same, who'll get there first is uncertain.
 Nightsticks and water cannons, tear gas, padlocks,
 Molotov cocktails and rocks behind every curtain,
 False-hearted judges dying in the webs that they spin,
 Only a matter of time 'til night comes steppin' in. Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
 Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
 Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman. It's a shadowy world, skies are slippery gray,
 A woman just gave birth to a prince today and dressed him in scarlet.
 He'll put the priest in his pocket, put the blade to the heat,
 Take the motherless children off the street

And place them at the feet of a harlot.
Oh, Jokerman, you know what he wants,
Oh, Jokerman, you don't show any response. Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>