

Bob Dylan - Hurricane

Tom: C

Intro: Am F Am F

Am F
Pistol shots ring out in the bar room night
Am F
Enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall
Am F
She sees the bartender in a pool of blood
Am F
Cries out "My God they killed them all!"
C F
Here comes the story of the Hurricane,
C F
The man the authorities came to blame
Dm C
For something that he never done
Dm C
Put in a prison cell but one time
Em Am F C G Am F
Am F
He could have been the champion of the world

Am F
Three bodied lying there does Patty see
Am F
And another man named Bello moving around mysteriously
Am F
"I didn't do it" he says, and he throws up his hands
Am F
"I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand
C F
I saw them leavin'," he says and he stops
C F
One of us had better call the cops
Dm C
And so Patty calls the cops
Dm C
And they arrive on the scene
Em Am
with their red lights flashin'

F C G Am F Am F
In the hot New Jersey night

Am F
Meanwhile somewhere in another part of town
Am F
Am F
Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are driving around
Am F
Number one contender for the middleweight crown
Am F
Had no idea what kind of shit was about to go down
C F
When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road
C F
Just like the time before and the time before that
Dm C
In Patterson that just the ways things go
Dm C
If you black you might as well not show up on the streets
Em Am F C G Am F Am F
Less you wanna draw the heat

Am F
Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the cops
Am F
Am F
Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin' around
Am F
He said "I saw two men runnin out, they looked like middle-
weights
Am F
They jumped into a white car with out of state plates"
C F
And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head
C F
Cop said "Wait a minute boys, this one's not dead"
Dm C

So they took him to the infirmary
Dm C
And although this man could hardly see
Em Am F C G Am F Am F
They told him that he could identify the guilty men

Am F
Four in the morning and they haul Rubin in
Am F
Take him to the hospital and bring him upstairs
Am F
The wounded man looks up though his one dying eye
Am F
Says "why'd you bring him here for? He ain't the guy!"
C F
Yes, here the story of the Hurricane
C F
The man the authorities came to blame
Dm C
For something that he never done
Dm C
Put in a prison cell but one time he could've been
Em Am F C G Am F Am F
The champion of the world

Am F
Four months later the ghetto's on flame
Am F
Rubin's in South America fightin' for his name
Am F
While Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the robbery game
Am F
And the cops are puttin' the screw to him looking for somebody
to blame
C F
"Remember that murder that happened in a bar?"
C F
"Remember you said you saw the getaway car?"
Dm C
"You think you'd like to play ball with the law?"
Dm C
"Think it might have been that fighter that you saw running
that night?"
Em Am F C G Am F Am F
"Don't forget that you are white"

Am F
Arthur Dexter Bradley said "I'm really not sure"
Am F
Cops said "A poor boy like you could really use a break
Am F
We got you for the motel job and were talking to your friend
Bello
Am F
Now you don't want to have to go back to jail, be a nice
fellow
C F
You'll be doin' society a favor
C F
That son of a bitch is brave and getting braver
Dm C
We want to put his ass in the stir
Dm C
We want to pin this trip murder on him
Em Am F C G Am F Am F
He ain't no Gentleman Jim"

Am F
Rubin could take a man out with just one punch
Am F
He never did like to talk about it all that much
Am F
It's my work he'd say, I do it for pay
Am F
And when it's over I'd just as soon go on my way
C F
Up to some paradise
C F
Where the trout streams flow and the air is nice
Dm C

And ride a horse along a trail
 Dm C
 But then they took him to the jail house
 Em Am F C G Am F Am F
 Where they try to make a man into a mouse

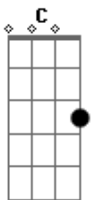
Am F
 All of Rubin's card were marked in advance
 Am F
 The trial was a pig-circus, he never had a chance
 Am F
 The judge made Rubin's witnesses drunkards from the slums
 Am F
 To the white folks who watched he was a revolutionary bum
 C F
 but to the black folks he was a crazy nigger
 C F
 No one doubted that he pulled the trigger
 Dm C
 And though they could not produce the gun
 Dm C
 The D.A. said he was the one who did the deed
 Em Am F C G Am F Am F
 And the all-white jury agreed

Am F
 Rubin Carter was falsely tried
 Am F
 The crime was murder "one", guess who testified?
 Am F
 Bello and Bradley and the both badly lied

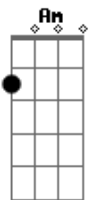
Am F
 And the newspapers all went along for the ride
 C F
 How can the life of such a man
 C F
 Be in the palm of some fool's hand?
 Dm C
 To see him obviously framed
 Dm C
 Couldn't help make him feel ashamed to live in a land
 Em Am F C G Am F Am F
 Where justice is a game

Am F
 Now all the criminal in their coats and their ties
 Am F
 Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise
 Am F
 While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten foot cell
 Am F
 And innocent man in a living hell
 C F
 That's the story of the Hurricane
 C F
 But it won't be over till they clear his name
 Dm C
 And give him back the time he's done
 Dm F C
 Put in a prison cell but one time he could've been
 Em Am F C G Am F Am F
 The champion of the world

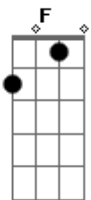
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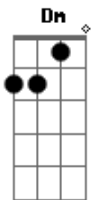
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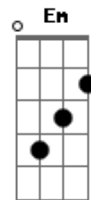
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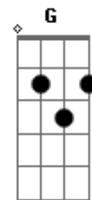
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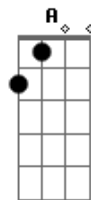
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