

A Hard Rain's A-gonna Fall

Jimmy Cliff

Oh, where have you been, my blue eyed son?
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highwaysI've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyardAnd it's hard, and it's hard, it's hard, and it's hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fallOh, what did you see, my blue eyed son?
Oh, 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 itI saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a bleedin'
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young childrenAnd it's hard, and it's hard, it's hard, it's hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fallAnd what did you hear, my blue eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder, is it roared out a warnin'
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole worldI 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 alleyAnd it's hard, and it's hard, it's hard, it's hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fallAnd who did you meet, my blue eyed son?
Oh, 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 dogI 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 with hatredAnd it's hard, it's hard, it's hard, it's hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fallOh, what'll you do now, my blue eyed son?
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?
Well, I'm a goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a fallin'
Well, I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forestWhere 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
Where the executioner's face is always well hiddenWhere hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten
Where black is the color, and none is the number
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it
And reflect from the mountain so all souls can see itAnd I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'

But I'll know my song well before I start singin' And it's hard, it's hard, it's hard, it's hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

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