Jokerman

Dylan, Knopfler, Taylor

Standing on the waters 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 the truth so far off, what good will it do?Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Ohh JokermanSo 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 withinJokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Ohh JokermanYou'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 nameJokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Ohh JokermanWell, 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 near the stars with a small dog licking your faceJokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Ohh JokermanWell, 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' inJokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Ohh JokermanIt'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 responseJokerman dance to the nightingale tune
Bird fly high by the light of the moon
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman

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