

# 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 response

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune

Bird fly high by the light of the moon

Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman

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