

Caribbean Wind

Bob Dylan

She was the rose of Sharon from paradise lost
From the city of seven hills near the place of the cross
I was playing a show in Miami in the theater of divine comedy
Told about Jesus, told about the rain
She told me about the jungle where her brothers were slain
By a man who danced on the roof of the embassy Was she a child or a woman, I can't say which
From one to another she could so easily switch
We went into the wall to where the long arm of the law could not reach
Could I be used and played as a pawn?
It certainly was possible as the gay night wore on
Where men bathed in perfume and celebrated free speech And then Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to
Mexico
Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire
And then distant ships of liberty on their iron waves so bold and free
Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire
She looked into my soul through the clothes that I wore
She said, "we got a mutual friend over by the door
And you know he's got our best interest in mind."
He was well connected but her heart was a snare
And she had left him to die in there
There were payments due and he was a little behind The cry of the peacock, flies buzz my head
Ceiling fan broken, there's a heat in my bed
Street band playing "nearer my God to thee."
We met at the steeple where the mission bells ring
She said, "I know what you're thinking, but there ain't a thing
You can do about it, so let us just agree to agree." And then Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to Mexico
Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire
And then distant ships of liberty on their iron waves so bold and free
Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire
Atlantic City by the cold grey sea
I hear a voice crying, "daddy," I always think it's for me
But it's only the silence in the buttermilk hills that call
Every new messenger brings evil report
'Bout armies on the march and time that is short
And famines and earthquakes and hatred written upon walls Would I have married her? I don't know, I suppose
She had bells in her braids and they hung to her toes
But I kept hearing my name and I had to be movin' on
I saw screws break loose, saw the devil pound tin
I saw a house in the country being torn from within

I heard my ancestors calling from the land far beyond
And them caribbean winds still blow from nassau to
mexico

Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire

And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so bold and free

Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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