

# Jokerman

## Bob Dylan

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 Jokerman So 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 within Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune  
Bird fly high by the light of the moon  
Ohh Jokerman You'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 name Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune  
Bird fly high by the light of the moon  
Ohh Jokerman Well, 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 face Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune  
Bird fly high by the light of the moon  
Ohh Jokerman Well, 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' in Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune  
Bird fly high by the light of the moon  
Ohh Jokerman It'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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