

Percy's Song

Bob Dylan

Bad news, bad news came to me where I sleep
Turn, turn, turn again
Sayin' one of your friends is in trouble deep
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind Tell me the trouble, tell me once to my ear
Turn, turn, turn again
Joliet prison and ninety-nine years
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind Oh what's the charge of how this came to be?
Turn, turn, turn again
Manslaughter in the highest of degrees
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind I sat down and wrote the best words I could write
Turn, turn, turn again
Explaining to the judge I'd be there on Wednesday night
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind Without a reply I left by the moon
Turn, turn, turn again
And was in his chambers by the next afternoon
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind Could you tell me the facts, I said without fear
Turn, turn, turn again
That a friend of mine would get ninety-nine years
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind A crash on the highway flew the car to a field
Turn, turn, turn again
There was four persons killed and he was at the wheel
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind But I know him as good as I'm knowin' myself
Turn, turn, turn again
And he wouldn't harm a life that belonged to someone else
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind The judge he spoke out of the side of his mouth
Turn, turn, turn again
Sayin', "The witness who saw he left no doubt"
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind That may be true, he's got a sentence to serve
Turn, turn, turn again
But ninety-nine years, he just don't deserve
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind Too late, too late for his case it is sealed
Turn, turn, turn again
His sentenced is passed and it cannot be repealed
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind But he ain't no criminal and his crime it is none
Turn, turn, turn again
What happened to him could happen to anyone
Turn, turn to the rain and the wind And at that the judge jerked forward and his face it did freeze
Turn, turn, turn again
Sayin', "Could you kindly leave my office now, please"

Turn, turn to the rain and the windThe room was funny and I stood up so slow
Turn, turn, turn again
With no other choice except for to go
Turn, turn to the rain and the windI walked down the hallway and I heard his door slam
Turn, turn, turn again
I walked down the courthouse stairs and I did not understand
Turn, turn to the rain and the windAnd I played my guitar through the night to the day
Turn, turn, turn again
And the only tune my guitar could play
Was, "Oh the cruel rain and the wind"

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