Changing Of The Guards

Bob Dylan

Sixteen years Sixteen banners united over the field Where the good shepherd grieves Desperate men, desperate women divided Spreading their wings neath the falling leaves Fortune calls. I stepped forth from the shadows, to the marketplace Merchants and thieves, hungry for power, my last deal gone down She's smelling sweet like the meadows where she was born On midsummer's eve, near the tower The cold-blooded moon The captain waits above the celebration Sending his thoughts to a beloved maid Whose ebony face is beyond communication The captain is down but still believing that his love will be repaid They shaved her head She was torn between Jupiter and Apollo A messenger arrived with a black nightingale I seen her on the stairs and I couldn't help but follow Follow her down past the fountain where they lifted her veil I stumbled to my feet I rode past destruction in the ditches With the stitches still mending neath a heart-shaped tattoo Renegade priests and treacherous young witches Were handing out the flowers that I'd given to you The palace of mirrors Where dog soldiers are reflected The endless road and the wailing of chimes The empty rooms where her memory is protected Where the angels' voices whisper to the souls of previous times She wakes him up Forty-eight hours later, the sun is breaking Near broken chains, mountain laurel and rolling rocks She's begging to know what measures he now will be taking He's pulling her down and she's clutching on to his long golden locks Gentlemen, he said, "I don't need your organization I've shined your shoes, I've moved your mountains And marked your cards but Eden is burning Either brace yourself for elimination or else

Your hearts must have the courage for the changing of the guards" Peace will come With tranquility and splendor on the wheels of fire But will bring us no reward when her false idols fall And cruel death surrenders with its pale ghost retreating Between the King and the Queen of Swords

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