

Hurricane

Bob Dylan

Pistol shots ring out in the bar-room night
Enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall
She sees a bartender in a pool of blood
Cries out, "My God, they killed them all" Here comes the story of the Hurricane
The man the authorities came to blame
For somethin' that he never done
Put in a prison cell, but one time he could've been
The champion of the world Three bodies upside down, does Patty see
And another man named Bello movin' around mysteriously
"I didn't do it," he says and he throws up his hands
"I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand" "I saw them leavin'", he says and he stops
One of us said, "Better call up the cops"
And so Patty calls the cops
And they arrive on the scene with their red lights flashin'
In the hot New Jersey night Meanwhile, far away in another part of town
Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are drivin' around
Number one contender for the middle-weight crown
Had no idea what kinda shit was about to go down When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road
Just like the time before and the time before that
In Paterson that's just the way things go
If you're Black you might as well not show up on the street
'Less you wanna draw the heat Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the cops
Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin' around
He said, "I saw two men runnin' out, they looked like middle-weights
Jumped into a white car without of state plates" And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head
Cop said, "Wait a minute, boys, this one's not dead"
So they took him to the infirmary and though this man could hardly see
They told him, he could identify the guilty men Four in the mornin', and they haul Rubin in
They took him to the hospital and they brought him upstairs
The wounded man looks up through his one dyin' eye
Says, "Why'd you bring him in here for he ain't the guy" Here's the story of the Hurricane
The man the authorities came to blame
For somethin' that he never done
Put in a prison cell, but one time he could've been
The champion of the world Four months later, the ghettos are in flame
Rubin's in South America, fightin' for his name
While Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the robbery game
And the cops are puttin' the screws to him
Lookin' for somebody to blame Remember that murder that happened in a bar

Remembered you said you saw the get away car
You think you'd like to play ball with the law
Think it might've been that fighter that you saw runnin' that night
Don't forget that you are WhiteArthur Dexter Bradley said, "I'm really not sure"
The cops said, "A poor boy like you could use a break
We've got you for the motel job and we're talkin' to your friend Bello
You don't wanta have to go back to jail, be a nice fellow" You'll be doin' society a favor
That son of a bitch is brave and gettin' braver
We want to put his ass in stir
We want to pin this triple murder on him
He ain't no Gentleman JimRubin could take a man out with just one punch
But he never did like to talk about it all that much
"It's my work", he'd say "And I do it for a pay
And when it's over just as soon go on my way" Up to some paradise
Where the trout streams flow and the air is nice
And ride a horse along the trail
But then they took him to the jail house
Where they try to turn a man into a mouseAll of Rubin's cards were marked in advance
The trial was a pig-circus, he never had a chance
The judge made Rubin's witnesses drunkards from the slums
To the White folks who watched, he was a revolutionary bumAnd to the Black folks he was just a crazy nigger
No one doubted that he pulled the trigger
And though they could not produce the gun
The D.A. said he was the one who did the deed
And the all White jury agreedRubin Carter was falsely tried
The crime was murder "One" guess who testified?
Bello and Bradley and they both baldly lied
And the newspapers, they all went along for the rideHow can the life of such a man
Be in the palm of some fool's hand?
To see him obviously framed
Couldn't help but make me feel ashamed
To live in a land where justice is a gameNow, all the criminals in their coats and their ties
Are free to drink Martinis and watch the sun rise
While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten foot cell
An innocent man in a living hellYes, that's the story of the Hurricane
But it won't be over till they clear his name
And give him back the time he's done
Put in a prison cell, but one time he could've been
The champion of the world

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