

HURRICANE

Lyrics by BOB DYLAN and JACQUES LEVY

Music by BOB DYLAN

1st slay 2nd slay 3rd slay (L)
Moderately bright 4

Am 0 0 0 F Am 0 0 F

mp-f

1. Pis-tol shots ring out in the bar-room night - En-ter Pat - ty Val-en-tine from the

up - per hall - She sees the bar-tend-er in a pool of blood -

Am 0 0 0 F C 0 0 0

Cries out, "My God, they killed - them all!" - Here comes the sto - ry of the

F C 0 0 0 F

Hur - ri - cane, - The man the au-thor-i - ties came - to blame -

For some-thin' that he nev - er done Put in a pris-on cell, but

one time he could - a been the cham - pion of the

world. world.

1. - 10 11. *D. C. (instrumenta and fac*

2. Three bodies lyin' there 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 had 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
3. Meanwhile, far away in another part of town
 Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are drivin' around
 Number one contender for the middleweight 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 wanta draw the heat
4. 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 middleweights
 They jumped into a white car with out-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 that he could identify the guilty men

5. Four in the mornin' and they haul Rubin in
 Take him to the hospital and they bring him upstairs
 The wounded man looks up through his one dyin' eye
 Says, "Wha'd you bring him in here for? He ain't the guy!"
 Yes, 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 coulda been
 The champion of the world
6. 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?"
 "Remember you said you saw the getaway car?"
 "You think you'd like to play ball with the law?"
 "Think it mighta been that fighter that you saw runnin' that night?"
 "Don't forget that you are white"
7. Arthur Dexter Bradley said, "I'm really not sure"
 Cops said, "A poor boy like you could use a break
 We got you for the motel job and we're talkin' to your friend Bello
 Now you don't wanta have to go back to jail, be a nice fellow
 You'll be doin' society a favor
 That sonofabitch 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 Jim"
8. Rubin 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 pay
 And when it's over I'd 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 a trail
 But then they took him to the jail house
 Where they try to turn a man into a mouse
9. All 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 bum
 And 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 agreed
10. Rubin 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 ride
 How 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 game
11. Now 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 hell
 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 coulda been
 The champion of the world