

# Bob Dylan - Hurricane

Tom: C

Intro: Am F Am F

Am F  
Pistol shots ring out in the bar room night  
Am F  
Enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall  
Am F  
She sees the bartender in a pool of blood  
Am F  
Cries out "My God they killed them all!"  
C F  
Here comes the story of the Hurricane,  
C F  
The man the authorities came to blame  
Dm C  
For something that he never done  
Dm C  
Put in a prison cell but one time  
Em Am F C G Am F  
He could have been the champion of the world

Am F  
Three bodied lying there does Patty see  
Am F  
And another man named Bello moving around mysteriously  
Am F  
"I didn't do it" he says, and he throws up his hands  
Am F  
"I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand  
C F  
I saw them leavin'," he says and he stops  
C F  
One of us had better call the cops  
Dm C  
And so Patty calls the cops  
Dm C  
And they arrive on the scene  
Em Am  
with their red lights flashin'

F C G Am F Am F  
In the hot New Jersey night

Am F  
Meanwhile somewhere in another part of town  
Am F  
Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are driving around  
Am F  
Number one contender for the middleweight crown  
Am F  
Had no idea what kind of shit was about to go down  
C F  
When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road  
C F  
Just like the time before and the time before that  
Dm C  
In Patterson that just the ways things go  
Dm C  
If you black you might as well not show up on the streets  
Em Am F C G Am F Am F  
Less you wanna draw the heat

Am F  
Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the cops  
Am F  
Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin' around  
Am F  
He said "I saw two men runnin out, they looked like middle-  
weights  
Am F  
They jumped into a white car with out of state plates"  
C F  
And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head  
C F  
Cop said "Wait a minute boys, this one's not dead"  
Dm C

So they took him to the infirmary  
Dm C  
And although this man could hardly see  
Em Am F C G Am F Am F  
They told him that he could identify the guilty men

Am F  
Four in the morning and they haul Rubin in  
Am F  
Take him to the hospital and bring him upstairs  
Am F  
The wounded man looks up though his one dying eye  
Am F  
Says "why'd you bring him here for? He ain't the guy!"  
C F  
Yes, here the story of the Hurricane  
C F  
The man the authorities came to blame  
Dm C  
For something that he never done  
Dm C  
Put in a prison cell but one time he could've been  
Em Am F C G Am F Am F  
The champion of the world

Am F  
Four months later the ghetto's on flame  
Am F  
Rubin's in South America fightin' for his name  
Am F  
While Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the robbery game  
Am F  
And the cops are puttin' the screw to him looking for somebody  
to blame  
C F  
"Remember that murder that happened in a bar?"  
C F  
"Remember you said you saw the getaway car?"  
Dm C  
"You think you'd like to play ball with the law?"  
Dm C  
"Think it might have been that fighter that you saw running  
that night?"  
Em Am F C G Am F Am F  
"Don't forget that you are white"

Am F  
Arthur Dexter Bradley said "I'm really not sure"  
Am F  
Cops said "A poor boy like you could really use a break  
Am F  
We got you for the motel job and were talking to your friend  
Bello  
Am F  
Now you don't want to have to go back to jail, be a nice  
fellow  
C F  
You'll be doin' society a favor  
C F  
That son of a bitch is brave and getting braver  
Dm C  
We want to put his ass in the stir  
Dm C  
We want to pin this trip murder on him  
Em Am F C G Am F Am F  
He ain't no Gentleman Jim"

Am F  
Rubin could take a man out with just one punch  
Am F  
He never did like to talk about it all that much  
Am F  
It's my work he'd say, I do it for pay  
Am F  
And when it's over I'd just as soon go on my way  
C F  
Up to some paradise  
C F  
Where the trout streams flow and the air is nice  
Dm C

And ride a horse along a trail  
 Dm C  
 But then they took him to the jail house  
 Em Am F C G Am F Am F  
 Where they try to make a man into a mouse

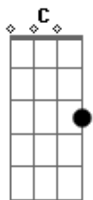
Am F  
 All of Rubin's card were marked in advance  
 Am F  
 The trial was a pig-circus, he never had a chance  
 Am F  
 The judge made Rubin's witnesses drunkards from the slums  
 Am F  
 To the white folks who watched he was a revolutionary bum  
 C F  
 but to the black folks he was a crazy nigger  
 C F  
 No one doubted that he pulled the trigger  
 Dm C  
 And though they could not produce the gun  
 Dm C  
 The D.A. said he was the one who did the deed  
 Em Am F C G Am F Am F  
 And the all-white jury agreed

Am F  
 Rubin Carter was falsely tried  
 Am F  
 The crime was murder "one", guess who testified?  
 Am F  
 Bello and Bradley and the both badly lied

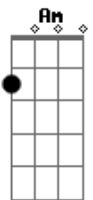
Am F  
 And the newspapers all went along for the ride  
 C F  
 How can the life of such a man  
 C F  
 Be in the palm of some fool's hand?  
 Dm C  
 To see him obviously framed  
 Dm C  
 Couldn't help make him feel ashamed to live in a land  
 Em Am F C G Am F Am F  
 Where justice is a game

Am F  
 Now all the criminal in their coats and their ties  
 Am F  
 Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise  
 Am F  
 While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten foot cell  
 Am F  
 And innocent man in a living hell  
 C F  
 That's the story of the Hurricane  
 C F  
 But it won't be over till they clear his name  
 Dm C  
 And give him back the time he's done  
 Dm F C  
 Put in a prison cell but one time he could've been  
 Em Am F C G Am F Am F  
 The champion of the world

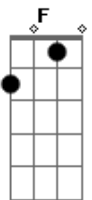
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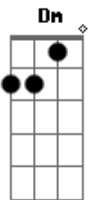
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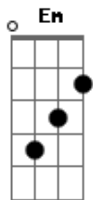
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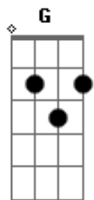
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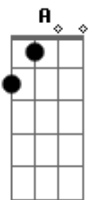
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