

Caetano Veloso - Jokerman

Tom: A

De: Bob Dylan
D Standing on the waters casting your bread
E While the eyes of the
 idol with the iron head are glowing. **A** Distant ships sailing
 into the mist, **D**
A You were born with a snake in both of your fists while a
 hurricane was blowing. **Bm** **E**
A Freedom just around the corner for you **Bm**
E **A** **D** But with the truth so far off, what
 good will it do? **E** **D** Jokerman dance to the
 nightingale tune, **A** **E** **Gbm** **E** Bird fly
 high by the light of the moon, **D** **E**
A Ohhhhhh, oh, oh, ohhhhhh oh oh oh oh Jokerman. So swiftly the
 sun sets in the sky, You rise up and say goodbye to no
 one. Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, Both of their
 futures, so full of dread, you don't show one. Shedding off one
 more layer of skin, Keeping one step ahead of the persecutor
 within. Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune, Bird fly high by
 the light of the moon, Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman. You're a man of the
 mountains, you can walk on the clouds, Manipulator of crowds,
 you're a dream twister. You're going to Sodom and Gomorrah But
 what do you care? Ain't nobody there would want to marry your
 sister. Friend to the martyr, a friend to the woman of
 shame, You look into the fiery furnace, see the rich man

without any name. Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune, Bird
 fly high by the light of the moon, Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman. Well,
 the Book of Leviticus and Deuteronomy, The law of the jungle
 and the sea are your only teachers. In the smoke of the
 twilight on a milk-white steed, Michelangelo indeed could've
 carved out your features. Resting in the fields, far from the
 turbulent space, Half asleep near the stars with a small dog
 licking your face. Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune, Bird
 fly high by the light of the moon, Oh. oh. oh. Jokerman. Well,
 the rifleman's stalking the sick and the lame, Preacherman
 seeks the same, who'll get there first is
 uncertain. Nightsticks and water cannons, tear gas,
 padlocks, Molotov cocktails and rocks behind every
 curtain, False-hearted judges dying in the webs that they
 spin, Only a matter of time 'til night comes steppin'
 in. Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune, Bird fly high by the
 light of the moon, Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman. It's a shadowy world,
 skies are slippery gray, A woman just gave birth to a prince
 today and dressed him in scarlet. He'll put the priest in his
 pocket, put the blade to the heat, Take the motherless children
 off the street And place them at the feet of a harlot. Oh,
 Jokerman, you know what he wants, Oh, Jokerman, you don't show
 any response. Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune, Bird fly
 high by the light of the moon, Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

Acordes

