



# HURRICANE . BOB DYLAN

[HTTPS://WWW.YOUTUBE.COM/WATCH?V=1FOLVIEYXMG](https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=1folvieyxmg)



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 lying 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 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  
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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 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 white  
Arthur 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 Jim

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 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 mouse  
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

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

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

Yes, 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!