

The Gates Of Eden

Bob Dylan

D **C** **G** **D** **G D**
Of war and peace the truth just twists, its curfew gull it glides
C **G** **D** **G D**
Upon 4-legged forest clouds the cowboy angel rides
A7 **D** **G** **C** **G** **A**
With his candle lit into the sun, though its glow is waxed in black
D **F** **G** **D** **G D**
All except when 'neath the trees of Eden

The lamppost stands with folded arms, its iron claws attached
To curbs 'neath holes where babies wail though it shadows metal badge
All in all can only fall with a crashing but meaningless blow
No sound ever comes from the gates of Eden

This savage soldier sticks his head in sand and then complains
Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf but still remains
Upon the beach where hounddogs bay at ships with tattooed sails
Heading for the gates of Eden

With a time-rusted compass blade, Aladdin and his Lamp
Sits with utopian hermit monks, side-saddle on the Golden Calf
And on their promises of paradise you will not hear a laugh
All except inside the gates of Eden

Relationships of ownership they whisper in the wings
To those condemned to act accordingly and wait for succeeding kings
And I try to harmonize with songs the lonesome sparrow sings
There are no kings inside the gates of Eden

The motorcycle black madonna two-wheeled gypsy queen
And her silver studded phantom cause the grey-flanneled dwarf to scream
As he weeps to wicked birds of prey who pick up on his breadcrumbs sins
And there are no sins inside the gates of Eden

The kingdoms of experience in the precious winds they rot
While paupers change possessions each one wishing for what the other has got
And the princess and the prince discuss what's real and what is not
It doesn't matter inside the gates of Eden

The foreign sun it squints upon a bed that is never mine
As friends and other strangers from their fates try to resign
Leaving men wholly totally free to do anything they wish to do but die
And there are no trials inside the gates of Eden

At dawn my lover comes to me and tells me of her dreams
With no attempts to shovel the glimpse into the ditch of what each one means
At times I think there are no words but these to tell what's true
And there are no truths outside the gates of Eden