

# Chimes of Freedom

The Byrds

Far between sundown's finish and midnight's broken toll  
We ducked inside the doorway, thunder crashing  
As majestic bells of bolts, struck shadows in the sounds  
Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing

Flashing for the warriors, whose strength is not to fight  
Flashing for the refugees on the unarmed road of flight  
And for each and every underdog soldier in the night  
We gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Even though a cloud's white curtain in a far off corner flashed  
And the hypnotic splattered mist was slowly lifting  
Electric light still struck like arrows, fired but for the ones  
Condemned to drift or else be kept from drifting

Tolling for the searching ones, on their speechless seeking trail,  
For the LONESOME HEARTED lovers, with too personal a tale  
And for each unharmed gentle soul misplaced inside a jail  
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Starry eyed and laughing, as I recall when we were caught  
Trapped by no track of hours for they hanged suspended  
And we listened one last time, and we watched with one last look  
Spellbound and swallowed till the tolling ended

Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed  
For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-out ones and worse  
And for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe  
We gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing