Hurricane (Bob Dylan)

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

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

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

Am   F   Am   F
Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the cops, him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin' around
Am   F   Am   F
He said "I saw two men runnin' out, they looked like middleweights, they jumped into a white car with out of state plates"
C   F   C   F
And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head, cop said "Wait a minute boys, this one's not dead"
Dm   C   Dm   C
so they took him to the infirmary and although this man could hardly see
Em   Am   F   C   G   Am   F   Am   F
they told him that he could i-dentify the guilty men

Am   F   Am   F
Four in the morning and they haul Rubin in, take him to the hospital and bring him upstairs
Am   F   Am   F
the wounded man looks up through his one dyin' eye, says "why'd you bring him here for? he ain't the guy!"
C   F   C   F
Yes, here's the story of the Hurricane, the man the authorities came to blame
Dm   C   Dm   C
for something that he never done, put in a prison cell but one time
Em   Am   F   C   G   Am   F   Am   F
he could have been the champion of the world
We got you for the motel job and we are talking to your friend Bello, now you don't want to have to go back to jail, be a nic
Am                                                                      F                             Am
while Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the robbery game and the cops are puttin' the screw to him looking for somebody to blame
C                                           F                                  Am                                                              F
"Remember that murder that happened in a bar?", "Remember you said you saw the getaway car?"
Dm                                           C                                  Am                                                              Dm
"You think you'd like to play ball with the law?", "Think it might have been that fighter that you saw
Em                                        Am                                    C                               G                              Am   Am   Am
running that night?", "Don't forget that you are white"

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

Am                                      F                                      Am                          F
Rubin could take a man out with just one punch, he never did like to talk about it all that much
Am                                      F                                      Am                          F
It's my work he'd say, I do it for pay, and when it's over I'd just as soon go on my way
C                                         F                                  Am                                                              F
up to some paradise, where the trout streams flow and the air is nice
Dm                                    C                          Dm                                      C
and ride a horse along a trail, but then they took him to the jail
Em                                      Am                                    F                               C                             G                                 Am   Am   Am
house where they try to make a man into a mouse

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

Am                                      F                                      Am                          F
Rubin Carter was falsely tried, the crime was murder "one", guess who testified?
Am                                      F                                      Am                          F
Bello and Bradley and they both badly lied, and the newspapers, they all went along for the ride.
C                                         F                                  Am                                                              F
How can the life of such a man be in the palm of some fool's hand?
Dm                                    C                          Dm                                      C
To see him obviously framed, couldn't help but make me feel ashamed
Em                                      Am                                    F                               C                             G                                 Am   Am   Am
to live in a land where justice is a game

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