

Hurricane (Bob Dylan)

Am F Am F

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-identify 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

Am F Am F
Four months later the ghettos are in flame, Rubin's in South America fightin for his name
Am F Am F
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 C F
"Remember that murder that happened in a bar?", "Remember you said you saw the getaway car?"
Dm C Dm C
"You think you'd like to play ball with the law?", "Think it might have been that fighter that you saw
Em Am F C G Am F Am F
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 C 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 F Am F
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 C 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 F Am F
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 C 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 F Am F
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 C 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 F Am F
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 C 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 F Am F
he could have been the champion of the world