

Far between sundown's finish an' midnight's broken toll
 We ducked inside the doorway as thunder went 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 of the unarmed road of flight
 An' for each an' ev'ry underdog soldier in the night
 An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Through the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched
 With faces hidden as the walls were tightening
 As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain
 Dissolved into the bells of the lightning
 Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake
 Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaked
 Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake
 An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail
 The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder
 That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze
 Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder
 Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind
 Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind
 And the poet and the painter far behind his rightful time
 And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

An the wild cathedral evening the rain unraveled tales
 For the disrobed faceless forms of no position
 Tolling for the tongues with no place to bring their thoughts
 All down in taken-for-granted situations
 Tolling for the deaf an' blind, tolling for the mute
 and the mistreated, mateless mother, the mistitled prostitute
 For the misdemeanor outlaw, chained an' cheated by pursuit
 And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

Even though a cloud's white curtain in a far-off comer flashed
 An' 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
 As we listened one last time an' we watched with one last look
 Spellbound an' swallowed 'til the tolling ended
 Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed
 For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-out ones an' worse
 An' for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe
 An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing