

Arlo Guthrie, Percy's Song

words and music by Bob Dylan

Bad news, bad news, come to me where I sleep
Turn, turn, turn again
Sayin' one of my friends is in trouble deep
Turn, turn, to the wind and the rain

Tell me the trouble, tell me once to my ears
Turn, turn, turn again
Joliet prison for ninety-nine years
Turn, turn, to the wind and the rain

A crash on the highway
threw a car into a field
Turn, turn, turn again
There were four people killed
And he was at the wheel
Turn, turn, to the wind and the rain

But I knew him as well
As I know my own self
Turn, turn, turn again
And he wouldn't harm a life
That belonged to someone else
Turn, turn, to the wind and the rain

That may be so said the judge
From the side of his mouth
Turn, turn, turn again
But the witness who saw it
He left little doubt
Turn, turn, to the wind and the rain

He may, he may have
A sentence to server
Turn, turn, turn again
But ninety-nine years
He just does not deserve
Turn, turn, to the wind and the rain

Too late, too late, for his case it is sealed
Turn, turn, turn again
A sentence, it is passed
And it can not be repealed
Turn, turn, to the wind and the rain

But he ain't no criminal
And his crime it is none
Turn, turn, turn again
And what happened to him
Could have happened to anyone
Turn, turn, to the wind and the rain

At that the judge jumped forward
And his face it did freeze
Turn, turn, turn again
Sayin' would you kindly leave
My office now please
Turn, turn, to the wind and the rain

I squinted my eyes and I stood up slow
Turn, turn, turn again
With no other choice except for me to go
Turn, turn, to the wind and the rain

I walked down the hall
And I heard his door slam
Turn, turn, turn again
I walked down the stairs
But I did not understand
Turn, turn, to the wind and the rain

And I played my guitar
Through the night and through the day
Turn, turn, turn again
But the only tune
That my guitar would play was oh how cruel
The Wind and the rain