

Bob Dylan, Long Ago, Far Away

To preach of peace and brotherhood,
Oh, what might be the cost!
A man he did it long ago
And they hung him on a cross.
Long ago, far away;
These things don't happen
No more, nowadays.

The chains of slaves
They dragged the ground
With heads and hearts hung low.
But it was during Lincoln's time
And it was long ago.
Long ago, far away;
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays.

The war guns they went off wild,
The whole world bled its blood.
Men's bodies floated on the edge
Of oceans made of mud.
Long ago, far away;
Those kind of things don't happen
No more, nowadays.

One man had much money,
One man had not enough to eat,
One man lived just like a king,
The other man begged on the street.
Long ago, far away;
These things don't happen
No more, nowadays.

One man died of a knife so sharp,
One man died from the bullet of a gun,
One man died of a broken heart
To see the lynchin' of his son.
Long ago, far away;
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays.

Gladiators killed themselves,
It was during the Roman times.
People cheered with bloodshot grins
As eye and minds went blind.
Long ago, far away;
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays.

And to talk of peace and brotherhood,
Oh, what might be the cost!
A man he did it long ago
And they hung him on a cross.
Long ago, far away;
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays, do they?