

Arlo Guthrie, Gates Of Eden

by Bob Dylan

Of war and peace the truth just twists
Its curfew gull it glides
Upon four-legged forest clouds
The cowboy angel rides
With his candle lit into the sun
Though it's glow is waxed in black
All except beneath the trees of Eden

The lamp post stands with folded arms
It's iron claws attached
To curbs 'neath holes where babies wail
Through its shadow's metal badge
All in all can only fall
With a crashing but meaningless blow
No sound ever comes from The Gates of Eden

The savage soldier sticks his head
In the sand and then complains
Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf
But still remains
Upon the beach where hound dogs bay
At ships with tattooed sails
Heading for The Gates of Eden

The time rusted compass blade
Aladdin and his lamp
Sits with Utopian hermit monks
Side saddle on the golden calf
And on their promises of paradise
You will not hear a hush
All except inside The Gates of Eden

Relationships of ownership
They whisper in the wings
To those condemned to act accordingly
And wait for succeeding kings
And I try to harmonize with songs
The lonesome sparrow sings
There are no kings inside The Gates of Eden

The kingdoms of experience
In the precious winds they rot
While paupers change possessions
Each one wishing for what the other has got
And the princess and the prince discuss
What's real and what's not
It doesn't matter inside The Gates of Eden

The foreign sun it squints upon
A bed that is never mine
As friends and others, strangers
From their fates try to resign
Leaving men holy and totally free
To do anything they wish to do but die
And there are no trials inside The Gates of Eden

At dawn my lover comes to me
And tells me of her dreams
With no attempts to shovel the glimpse
Into the ditch of what each one means
At times I think there are no words
But these to tell me what's true

There are no truths outside The Gates of Eden