

The Byrds, Chimes of Freedom

Far between sundown's finish and midnight's broken toll
We ducked inside the doorway, thunder 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 on the unarmed road of flight
And for each and every underdog soldier in the night
We gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing
Even though a cloud's white curtain in a far off corner flashed
And 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
And we listened one last time, and we watched with one last look
Spellbound and swallowed till the tolling ended
Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed
For the countless confused, accused, misused, sprung-out ones and worse
And for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe
We gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing