**CHIMES OF FREEDOM -** Bob Dylan

**[D]** **[G]** **[D]** **[A]** **[G]** **[D]** **[A]** **[D]** **[G]** **[D] (same as CHORUS)**

Far **[D]** between sundown’s **[G]** finish and **[D]** midnight’s broken **[G]** toll

We **[D]** ducked inside the **[G]** doorway, **[A]** thunder **[D]** crashing **[G]** **[D]**

As **[D]** majestic bells of **[G]** bolts, struck **[D]** shadows in the **[G]** sounds

**[D]** Seeming to be the **[G]** chimes of **[A]** freedom **[D]** flashing **[G]** **[D]**

**[A]** Flashing for the **[A7]** warriors, whose **[D]** strength is **[G]** not to **[D]** fight

**[G]** Flashing for the refugees on the **[Em]** unarmed road of **[A]** flight

And for **[D]** each and every **[G]** underdog, **[D]** soldier in the **[G]** night

And we **[D]** gazed upon the **[G]** chimes of **[A]** freedom **[D]** flashing **[G]** **[D]**

Even **[D]** though a cloud’s white **[G]** curtain in a **[D]** far off corner **[G]** flashed

And **[D]** the hypnotic splattered **[G]** mist was **[A]** slowly **[D]** lifting **[G]** **[D]**

Electric lights still **[G]** struck like arrows, **[D]**fired but for the **[G]** ones

**[D]** Condemned to drift or **[G]** else be **[A]** kept from **[D]** drifting

**[A]** Tolling for the **[A7]** searching ones, on their **[D]** speechless **[G]** seeking **[D]** trail,

**[G]** For the lonesome-hearted lovers with too **[Em]** personal a **[A]** tale

And for **[D]** each unharmful **[G]** gentle soul mis-**[D]**placed inside a **[G]** jail

And we **[D]** gazed upon the **[G]** chimes of **[A]** freedom **[D]** flashing **[G]** **[D]**

**CHORUS:**

dee **[G]** dee dee dee dee **[D]** dee dee dee dee **[A]** dee

dee **[G]** dee dee dee dee **[D]** dee dee dee **[A]** dee—**[D]** dum **[G]** **[D]**

Star-**[D]**ry-eyed and **[G]** laughing, as I **[D]** recall when we were **[G]** caught

**[D]** Trapped by no track of **[G]** hours for they **[A]** hanged sus-**[D]**pended

And **[D]** we listened one last **[G]** time, and we **[D]** watched with one last **[G]** look

**[D]** Spellbound and **[G]** swallowed till the **[A]** tolling **[D]** ended

**[A]** Tolling for the **[A7]** aching ones whose **[D]** wounds can-**[G]**not be **[D]** nursed

For the **[G]** countless confused, accused, misused, **[Em]** strung-out ones and **[A]** worse

And for **[D]** every hung-up **[G]** person in the **[D]** whole wide uni-**[G]**verse

And we **[D]** gazed upon the **[G]** chimes of **[A]** freedom **[D]** flashing **[G]** **[D]**

**Repeat CHORUS**

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