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Paroles de chanson

03/05/2026

A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

Par Bob Dylan

Album : The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?

And where have you been, my darling young one?

I've stumbled on the side of 12 misty mountains

I've walked and I crawled on six crooked highways

I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests

I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans

I've been 10,000 miles in the mouth of a graveyard

And it's a hard, it's a hard

It's a hard, it's a hard

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?

And what did you see, my darling young one?

I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it

I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it

I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'

I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'

I saw a white ladder all covered with water

I saw 10,000 talkers whose tongues were all broken

I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children

And it's a hard, it's a hard

It's a hard, and it's a hard

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?

And what did you hear, my darling young one?

I heard the sound of the thunder that roared out a warning

I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world

I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin'

I heard 10,000 whisperin' and nobody listenin'

I heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'

I heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter

I heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley

And it's a hard, it's a hard

It's a hard, it's a hard

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what did you meet, my blue-eyed son?

And who did you meet, my darling young one?

I met a young child beside a dead pony

I met a white man who walked a black dog

I met a young woman, her body was burning

I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow

I met one man who was wounded in love

I met another man who was wounded in hatred

And it's a hard, it's a hard

It's a hard, it's a hard

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

And what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?

And what'll you do now, my darling young one?

I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'

I'll walk to the depths of the deepest dark forest

Where the people are many and their hands are all empty

Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters

Where their home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison

And the executioner's face is always well-hidden

Where hunger is ugly, where the souls are forgotten

Where black is the colour, where none is the number

And I'll tell it and speak it, and think it and breathe it

And reflect from the mountains, so all souls can see it

And I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'

But I'll know my song well before I start singing

And it's a hard, it's a hard

It's a hard, and it's a hard

It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

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