

# Chimes of Freedom

**Intro** | A / E / | A / D / | A / E / | A<sup>sus</sup> / / / |  
| A / E / | A / D / | A / E / | A<sup>sus</sup> / / / |

**Verse** | A / E / | A / D / | A / E / | A<sup>sus</sup> / / / |  
A / E /	A / D /	A / E /	A<sup>sus</sup> / / /
E / / /	A / / /	D / A /	A / E /
A / E /	A / D /	A / E /	A<sup>sus</sup> / / /

**Far between sundown's finish** an' 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.  
An' for each an' ev'ry underdog soldier in the night. An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

**Instrumental =** | A / E / | A / D / | A / E / | A<sup>sus</sup> / / / |

**In the city's melted furnace**, unexpectedly we watched. With faces hidden as the walls were tightening.  
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain. Dissolved into the bells of the lightning.  
Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake. Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaked.  
Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake. And' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

**Instrumental =** | A / E / | A / D / | A / E / | A<sup>sus</sup> / / / |

**Through the mad mystic hammering** of the wild ripping hail; the sky cracked it's poems in naked wonder.  
That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze; leaving only bells of lightning and it's thunder.  
Calling for the gentle, calling for the kind; calling for the guardians and protectors of the mind.  
An' the poet an the painter far behind his rightful time. And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

**Instrumental =** | A / E / | A / D / | A / E / | A<sup>sus</sup> / / / |

**Even though a clouds's white curtain** in a far-off corner flashed; An' 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  
An' for each unharmfull, gentle soul misplaced inside a jail An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

**Lead = Verse**

**Starry-eyed an' laughing as I recall** when we were caught Trapped by no track of hours for they hanged suspended  
As we listened one last time an' we watched with one last look Spellbound an' swallowed 'til the tolling ended  
Tolling for the aching whose wounds cannot be nursed For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-out ones an' worse  
An' for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe; An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

**Instrumental =** | A / E / | A / D / | A / E / | A<sup>sus</sup> / / / |