Hurricane by Bob Dylan

Fill in the gaps

| Pistol shots ring out in the barroom night |
|---|
| Enter Patty (1) from the upper hall. |
| She sees the bartender in a pool of blood, |
| Cries out, 'My God, they've killed them all!' |
| Here comes the story of the Hurricane, |
| The man the authorities came to blame |
| For somethin' that he never done. |
| Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been |
| The champion of the world. |
| Three bodies lyin' there does Patty see |
| And another man named Bello, movin' around mysteriously. |
| 'I didn't do it,' he says, and he throws up his hands |
| 'I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand. |
| I saw them leavin',' he says, and he stops |
| 'One of us had better call up the cops.' |
| And so Patty calls the cops |
| And they arrive on the scene with their red lights flashin' |
| In the hot New Jersey night. |
| Meanwhile, far away in another part of town |
| Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are drivin' around. |
| Number one (2) for the middleweight crown |
| Had no idea what kinda shit was about to go down |
| When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road |
| Just like the time before and the time before that. |
| In Paterson that's just the way things go. |
| If you're black you might as (3) not show up on the street |
| 'Less you wanna draw the heat. |
| Alfred (4) had a partner and he had a rap for the cops. |
| Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin' around |



Fill in the gaps

He said, 'I saw two men runnin' out, they looked like middleweights

| They (5) | into a white car with out-of-state plates.' | | |
|--|---|--|--|
| And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head. | | | |
| Cop said, 'Wait a minute | , boys, this one's not dead' | | |
| So they took him to the in | nfirmary | | |
| And though (6) | _ man could hardly see | | |
| They told him that he cou | uld identify the guilty men. | | |
| Four in the mornin' and t | hey haul Rubin in, | | |
| Take him to the hospital | and they bring him upstairs. | | |
| The wounded man looks | up through his one dyin' eye | | |
| Says, 'Wha'd you bring h | im in here for? He ain't the guy!' | | |
| Yes, here's the story of the | he Hurricane, | | |
| The man the authorities | came to blame | | |
| For somethin' that he ne | ver done. | | |
| Put in a prison cell, but o | ne time he could-a been | | |
| The champion of the wor | rld. | | |
| Four months later, the gh | nettos are in flame, | | |
| Rubin's in South America | a, fightin' for his name | | |
| While Arthur Dexter Brac | dley's still in the robbery game | | |
| And the cops are puttin' | the screws to him, lookin' for somebody to blame. | | |
| 'Remember that murder | that happened in a bar?' | | |
| 'Remember you said you | saw the getaway car?' | | |
| 'You think you'd like to pl | ay ball with the law?' | | |
| 'Think it might-a been tha | at fighter that you saw runnin' that night?' | | |
| 'Don't forget that you are | white.' | | |
| Arthur Dexter Bradley sa | id, 'I'm really not sure.' | | |
| Cops said, 'A poor boy lil | ke you could use a break | | |
| We got you for the motel | job and we're talkin' to your friend Bello | | |
| Now you don't wanta have | ve to go back to jail, be a nice fellow. | | |

You'll be doin' society a favor.

CIP³

Fill in the gaps

| Vinglés | |
|---|----------------|
| That sonofabitch is brave and gettin' braver. We want to put his ass in stir | |
| · | |
| We want to pin this triple murder on him | |
| He ain't no Gentleman Jim.' | |
| Rubin could take a man out with just one punch | |
| But he never did like to talk about it all that much. | |
| It's my work, he'd say, and I do it for pay | |
| And when it's over I'd just as soon go on my way | |
| Up to some paradise | |
| Where the trout streams flow and the air is nice | |
| And ride a horse along a trail. | |
| But then they took him to the jail house | |
| Where they try to turn a man into a mouse. | |
| All of Rubin's cards were marked in advance | |
| The trial was a pig-circus, he never had a chance. | |
| The judge made Rubin's (7) drunkards | from the slums |
| To the white folks who watched he was a revolutionary bum | |
| And to the black folks he was just a crazy nigger. | |
| No one doubted that he pulled the trigger. | |
| And though they (8) not produce the gun, | |
| 1 1 3 1 3 1 7 | |
| The D.A. said he was the one who did the deed | |
| | |
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Fill in the gaps

Now all the criminals in their coats and (9)______ ties

Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise

While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten-foot cell

An innocent man in a living hell.

That's the story of the Hurricane,

But it won't be over till they (10)_____ his name

And give him back the time he's done.

Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been

The champion of the world.



- 1. Valentine
- 2. contender
- 3. well
- 4. Bello
- 5. jumped
- 6. this
- 7. witnesses
- 8. could
- 9. their
- 10. clear

Fill in the gaps

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