

# Shelter from the Storm

Bob Dylan

'Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood  
When blackness was a virtue the road was full of mud  
I came in from the wilderness, a creature void of form  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm" And if I pass this way again, you can  
rest assured  
I'll always do my best for her, on that I give my word  
In a world of steel-eyed death, and men who are fighting to be warm.  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm" Not a word was spoke between us,  
there was little risk involved  
Everything up to that point had been left unresolved  
Try imagining a place where it's always safe and warm  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm" I was burned out from exhaustion,  
buried in the hail  
Poisoned in the bushes an' blown out on the trail  
Hunted like a crocodile, ravaged in the corn  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm"  
Suddenly I turned around and she was standin' there  
With silver bracelets on her wrists and flowers in her hair  
She walked up to me so gracefully and took my crown of thorns  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm" Now there's a wall between us,  
somethin' there's been lost  
I took too much for granted, I got my signals crossed  
Just to think that it all began on a noneventful morn  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm" Well, the deputy walks on hard nails  
and the preacher rides a mount  
But nothing really matters much, it's doom alone that counts  
And the one-eyed undertaker, he blows a futile horn  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm" I've heard newborn babies wailin' like  
a mournin' dove  
And old men with broken teeth stranded without love  
Do I understand your question, man, is it hopeless and forlorn?  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm"  
In a little hilltop village, they gambled for my clothes  
I bargained for salvation an' she gave me a lethal dose  
I offered up my innocence and got repaid with scorn  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm"  
Well, I'm livin' in a foreign country but I'm bound to cross the line  
Beauty walks a razor's edge, someday I'll make it mine  
If I could only turn back the clock to when God and her were born  
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm"

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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