

# Gates of Eden

Bob Dylan

Of war and peace the truth just twists, its curfew gull it glides  
Upon four-legged forest clouds, the cowboy angel rides  
With his candle lit into the sun, though its glow is waxed in black  
All except when 'neath the trees of EdenThe lamppost stands with folded arms, its iron claws  
attached  
To curbs 'neath holes where babies wail, though it shadows metal badge  
All and all can only fall with a crashing but meaningless blow  
No sound ever comes from the gates of EdenThe savage soldier just sticks his head in sand and  
then complains  
Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf, but still remains  
Upon the beach where hound dogs bay at ships with tattooed sails  
Heading for the gates of EdenWith a time-rusted compass blade, Aladdin and his lamp  
Sits with Utopian hermit monks, sidesaddle on the Golden Calf  
And on their promises of paradise, you will not hear a laugh  
All except inside the gates of Eden  
Relationships of ownership, they whisper in the wings  
To those condemned to act accordingly and wait for succeeding kings  
And I try to harmonize with songs the lonesome sparrow sings  
There are no kings inside the gates of EdenThe motorcycle black Madonna, two-wheeled gypsy  
queen  
And her silver-studded phantom cause the gray flannel dwarf to scream  
As he weeps to wicked birds of prey who pick upon his bread crumb sins  
And there are no sins inside the gates of EdenThe kingdoms of experience, in the precious  
winds they rot  
While paupers change possessions, each one wishing for what the other has got  
And the princess and the prince discuss what's real and what is not  
It doesn't matter inside the gates of EdenThe foreign sun, it squints upon a bed that is never  
mine  
As friends and other strangers from their fates try to resign  
Leaving men wholly, totally free to do anything they wish to do but die  
And there are no trials inside the gates of Eden  
At dawn my lover comes to me and tells me of her dreams  
With no attempts to shovel the glimpse into the ditch of what each one means  
At times I think there are no words but these to tell what's true  
And there are no truths outside the gates of Eden  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>