# Hurricane by Bob Dylan

## Fill in the gaps

| Pistol shots ring out in the barroom night                  |
|---|
| Enter Patty Valentine (1) 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 contender for the middleweight crown             |
| Had no idea what kinda shit was (2) to go down              |
| When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road          |
| Just (3) the time before and the time before that.          |
| In Paterson that's just the way things go.                  |
| If you're black you might as well not show up on the street |
| Less you wanna draw the heat.                               |
| Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the cops.   |

Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin' around



| He said, 'I saw two men runnin' out, they looked like middleweights     |
|---|
| They jumped 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 infirmary                                       |
| And though this man could hardly see                                    |
| They told him that he could identify the guilty men.                    |
| Four in the mornin' and they haul Rubin in,                             |
| Take him to the hospital and they bring him upstairs.                   |
| The wounded man (4) up through his one dyin' eye                        |
| Says, 'Wha'd you bring him in here for? He ain't the guy!'              |
| Yes, here's the story of the Hurricane,                                 |
| The man the authorities came to blame                                   |
| For somethin' that he (5) done.   |
| Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been                      |
| The champion of the world.  |
| Four months later, the ghettos are in flame,                            |
| Rubin's in South America, fightin' for his name                         |
| While Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the robbery game                 |
| And the cops are puttin' the (6) 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 play ball with the law?'                       |
| 'Think it might-a been that fighter that you saw runnin' that night?'   |
| 'Don't forget that you are white.'                                      |
| Arthur Dexter Bradley said, 'I'm really not sure.'                      |
| Cops said, 'A poor boy like you (7) use a break                         |
| We got you for the motel job and we're talkin' to your friend Bello     |
| Now you don't (8) have to go back to jail, be a nice fellow.            |
| You'll be doin' (9) a favor.  |



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 witnesses 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 could not produce the gun,

The D.A. said he was the one who did the deed

And the all-white jury agreed.

Rubin Carter was falsely tried.

The crime was murder 'one,' guess who testified?

Bello and Bradley and they both baldly lied

And the newspapers, they all went along for the ride.

How can the life of such a man

Be in the palm of some fool's hand?

To see him obviously framed

Couldn't help but make me feel ashamed to live in a land



Where justice is a game.

The champion of the world.

| Now all the criminals in (10) coats and their 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 clear his name      |
| And give him back the time he's done.              |
| Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been |



- 1. from
- 2. about
- 3. like
- 4. looks
- 5. never
- 6. screws
- 7. could
- 8. wanta
- 9. society
- 10. their