Hurricane by Bob Dylan

Fill in the gaps

| Pistol shots ring out in the barroom night |
|---|
| Enter (1) Valentine 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 (2) came to blame |
| For somethin' that he (3) 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 (4) up the cops.' |
| And so Patty calls the cops |
| And (5) arrive on the (6) with their red lights flashin' |
| In the hot New Jersey night. |
| Meanwhile, far (7) in another (8) 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 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 (9) go. |
| If you're black you might as (10) 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



Fill in the gaps

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

| They jumped into a (11) 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 (12) and they bring him upstairs. |
| The wounded man looks up through his one dyin' eye |
| Says, 'Wha'd you (13) 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 never done. |
| Put in a prison cell, but one time he could-a been |
| The (14) of the world. |
| Four months later, the (15) 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 screws to him, lookin' for somebody to blame. |
| 'Remember that murder that (16) in a bar?' |
| 'Remember you said you saw the (17) car?' |
| 'You think you'd like to play ball with the law?' |
| 'Think it might-a (18) that fighter that you saw runnin' that night?' |
| 'Don't forget that you are white.' |
| Arthur Dexter (19) said, 'I'm (20) not sure.' |
| Cops said, 'A poor boy like 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 to go back to jail, be a (21) fellow. |
| You'll be doin' society a favor. |



Fill in the gaps

| We (22) 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 (23) it all that much. |
| It's my work, he'd say, and I do it for pay |
| And when it's (24) 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 (25) 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 (26) 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 (27) tried. |
| The (28) was murder 'one,' guess who testified? |
| Bello and Bradley and they both (29) 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.

| Now all the criminals in their 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 (30) 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 |
| The champion of the world. |

Fill in the gaps



- 1. Patty
- 2. authorities
- 3. never
- 4. call
- 5. they
- 6. scene
- 7. away
- 8. part
- 9. things
- 10. well
- 11. white
- 12. hospital
- 13. bring
- 14. champion
- 15. ghettos
- 16. happened
- 17. getaway
- 18. been
- 19. Bradley
- 20. really
- 21. nice
- 22. want
- 23. about
- 24. over
- 25. horse
- 26. marked
- 27. falsely
- 28. crime
- 29. baldly
- 30. living

Fill in the gaps