BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

by BOB DYLAN

How many roads must a man walk down before he's called a man
How many seas must a white dove sail before he sleeps in the sand
How many times must the cannonballs fly before they're forever banned

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, The answer is

How many years can a mountain exist, before it's washed in the sea
How many years can some people exist, before they're allowed to be free
How many times can a man turn his head, and pretend he just doesn't see
The answer, my friend, etc.

How many times must a man look up, before he can see the sky
How many ears must one man have, before he can hear people cry
How many deaths will it take 'til he knows that too many people have died
The answer, my friend, etc.
The British scientists have more freedom. The Nation editorial (May 12), “Now the Rainbow Bomb,” refers to the anger of the British scientific community over the proposed U.S. megaton shots in and above the ionosphere. Sir Bernard Lovell, head of the Jodrell Bank radio astronomy station and a close cooperater of our space scientists in satellite tracking, continues his objections in the May 6 London Observer. Recounting the disruptive effects of the Project Argus tests of one or two kilotons in the South Atlantic in 1958, Lovell asks what a megaton — a thousand times the power — will do. “The Americans,” Lovell says, “may have data which will remove these doubts and which will convince the international scientific community that the effects will be temporary. If so, they should produce the information before they make this sledge-hammer blow at the radiative environment of the earth.” He blames a “small group of military scientists, unknown and unidentified to the world at large, who have persuaded their masters to make a series of huge gambles under the guise of defensive necessity.” He points out further that
WHEN HE WAS JUST A BOY THE PEOPLE DID SAY
HE'LL BE THE GREATEST FUTURE FARMER IN THE U.S.A.
AND THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE GAVE HIM A BIG HAND
SAID HE'LL BE THE BEST BUSINESSMAN IN THIS LAND
OH, BILLIE SOL -- YES, BILLIE SOL
BEST BUSINESSMAN OF THEM ALL

NOW BILLIE STUDIED HARD AND HE SOON COULD SEE
WHY THEY CALL THIS THE LAND OF OPPORTUNITY
THERE ARE SO MANY THINGS THAT A MAN CAN DO
IF HE DOESN'T MIND WHO HE'S DOING THEM TO
OH, BILLIE SOL -- YES, BILLIE SOL
BIGGEST WHEELER & DEALER OF THEM ALL

BILLIE SOL LEARNED, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT
SOME MAN CAN BE BOUGHT WITH A STETSON HAT
AND JUST HOW MANY MEN ONLY BILLIE SOL KNOWS
WILL SELL THEMSELVES FOR A SUIT OF CLOTHES
A SUIT OF CLOTHES -- A SUIT OF CLOTHES
YOU SELL YOURSELF FOR A SUIT OF CLOTHES

IF YOU REALLY WANT TO BE A GREAT CAPITALIST
GET SOME FERTILIZER TANKS THAT DO NOT EXIST
AND THE MONEY COMES DOWN LIKE A SHOWER OF RAIN
IF YOU GET CONTRACTS TO STORE THAT GOVERNMENT GRAIN
YOU SET YOURSELF UP WITH THOSE INVISIBLE TANKS
SOON YOU GOT FIFTY MILLION DOLLARS IN 9 BIG BANKS
THE PROFITS ROLL IN BECAUSE AS BILLIE SOL KNOWS
MANY A MAN CAN BE BOUGHT FOR A SUIT OF CLOTHES
OH, BILLIE SOL -- YES, BILLIE SOL
BIGGEST WHEELER & DEALER OF THEM ALL

(Con't. on next page)
SOME MEN FELL AS BILLIE WHEELED & DEALED
MR. MARSHALL'S LAYIN' DEAD IN THE COTTON FIELD
THE CORONER SAID IT'S GOT TO BE SUICIDE
FIVE BULLETS IN THE BACK BEFORE HE DIED
BEFORE HE DIED -- BEFORE HE DIED
A PLAIN CASE OF SUICIDE

BILLIE FARmed THE FARMERS, THEY WERE HIS MEAT
HE FARMED THE BIG CITY BANKERS WHO ARE HARD TO
WASHINGTON WAS HIS VERY NEXT STOP / BEAT
AND HERE HE PLANTED HIS BIGGEST CROP
OH, BILLIE SOL -- YES, BILLIE SOL
BEST DAMN FARMER OF US ALL

ASSISTANT LABOR SECRETARY HOLLEMAN WAS FULL OF FEAR
OF STARVING TO DEATH ON TWENTY THOUSAND A YEAR
SO BILLIE SAID HERE TAKE THIS THOUSAND DOLLAR BILL
BUY YOURSELF SOME VITTLES, BOY, AND EAT YOUR FILL
OH, BILLIE SOL -- OUR BILLIE SOL
BEST LITTLE SANTA CLAUS OF US ALL

OUT ON TO THE FLOOR STEPPED SENATOR YARBOROUGH
SAID I ALWAYS KNEW BILLIE AS A SOLID CHURCHGOER
WHEN IN PAYING MY BILLS IT WAS GETTING LATE
HE PUT 17 HUNDRED DOLLARS IN MY COLLECTION PLATE
OH, BILLIE SOL -- YES, BILLIE SOL
SOLIDEST CHURCHGOER OF US ALL

CONGRESSMAN ANDESSEN HAS A LITTLE COAL MINE
BILLIE SAID THE MINE'S NOT MUCH BUT THE STOCK LOOKS
HERE'S 5 THOUSAND DOLLARS, KEEP THE CHANGE / FINE
I'LL SEND YOU SOME MORE FROM BACK ON THE RANGE
OH, BILLIE SOL -- YES, BILLIE SOL
SMARTEST INVESTOR OF US ALL

PRESIDENT KENNEDY DECLARED WHAT IM-PRO-PRIETY
JUST WHEN I GOT SO MANY TROUBLES ACROSS THE SEA
I'VE GOT TO FENCE BILLIE BOY IN WITHOUT FAIL
SO I PUT SEVENTY FIVE P-B-I'S ON HIS TAIL
OH, BILLIE SOL -- YES, BILLIE SOL
HE'S GOT THE LONGEST DAMN TAIL OF US ALL

NOW WASHINGTON'S EXCITED, THEY'RE GONNA INVESTIGATE
TRY TO CLEAN UP THE SCANDAL BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE
BUT WHERE THEY'LL GO, GOD ONLY KNOWS
NEXT TIME THEY NEED A NEW SUIT OF CLOTHES
OH, BILLIE SOL -- YES, BILLIE SOL
BIGGEST WHEELER & DEALER OF THEM ALL

BROADSIDE # 6, LATE MAY 1962 -- P.O. BOX 193, CATHEDRAL STA. NEW YORK 25, NY
LEAVE MY VAN ALLEN BELT ALONE

By Malvina Reynolds
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1. The sky is full of hardware -- it's shot up ev'-ry day -- Astro-
cats & Astro-dogs are fly-ing ev'-ry which way; Now there's astro-
back the Cosmic Rays since time it-self be-gan; A belt of gleam-
d telephones & other astro junk, So Nellie Jones can telephone her
superforce around the world in space & that's a structure even Doc-tor
cousin in Podunk. Computer minded brass hats are run-ning here &
Teller can't replace. The military tin-kers want to shoot it full of
you, They've blown up the Pacific ---- and now they want the moon.
holes Though they have no i-dea what that will do to hu-man souls.

2. Those military fellows
have invaded ev'-ry zone
there's not a corner of our lives
that we can call our own,
they've set their stamp on congress
'till it doesn't dare to chat
and every college president
has gold braid on his hat,
the newspapers and radio
obey those sharp commands,
the military elbows in
on distant foreign lands
they're shooting hunks of U.S. steel
to many a far off star
but now with my Van Allen belt
they've really gone too far.
DON'T TELL US WHAT WE SHOULD OR COULD DON'T TEACH US MILK WE'RE GOING OUT TO DROP OUR BOMB.
WE MOVE OUT YOUR ETHICS OR CHILDREN COUNT AND YOUR BROTHERHOOD PREACH US NO WE'RE GOING OUT TO SHOOT OUR BOMB.
WE'RE GOING OUT SERMON ON THE MOUNT WE'RE COMING OUT TO SHOOT OUR BOMB.
WE'RE GOING OUT WITH LOVE OR PRAYER "DON'T US BEFORE TO HALT OR STOP NO TIME FOR CHURCH 'BOUT FALL-OUT DROP OR SYNAGOGUE WE WORSHIP NOW WE'RE GOING TO EXPLODE OUR BOMB.
"DON'T US BEFORE "DON'T US BEFORE"

CHRISTMAS ISLAND

Words: Eddie Gottlieb

Tune: Gil Turner

DON'T TELL US WHAT
WE SHOULD OR COULD
DON'T TEACH US MILK
WE'RE GOING OUT TO DROP OUR BOMB.

ONE DAY A COUNCILMAN ROSE TO SAY, "I THINK WE'RE BEHIND THE TIMES,
WE OUGHT TO INCREASE THE WAR BUDGET BY AT LEAST A COUPLE OF DIMES."
"BUT THE C.N.V. SAID "NO, SURE! YOU KEEP TO THE FIGURE SET,
OR YOU'LL SURELY RUIN THE ECONOMY AND SWELL THE NATIONAL DEBT."

CHORUS: I WANT TO GO TO ANDORRA, ETC.

AND THE PEOPLE PARADED AROUND THE SQUARE, TO THE SOUND OF FIFE
AND DRUM.
AND THE COUNCIL FINALLY HAD TO VOTE TO STICK TO THE GIVEN SUM.
AND NOW WHenever A VISITING KING COMES 'ROUND AND THEY FIRE A
GRAND SALUTE,
THEY SHOOT A\AY HALF OF THE WAR BUDGET, AND NOBODY GIVES A HOOT.

CHORUS: I WANT TO GO TO ANDORRA, ETC.

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