



BOB DYLAN

THE LYRICS 1961–2020

Simon & Schuster

New York London Toronto Sydney New Delhi



SIMON & SCHUSTER

1230 Avenue of the Americas
New York, NY 10020

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This Simon & Schuster hardcover edition November 2016

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Designed by Geoff Gans

Manufactured in the United States of America

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Names: Dylan, Bob, 1941–

Title: The lyrics : 1961–2012 / Bob Dylan.

Description: New York, NY : Simon & Schuster, 2016.

Identifiers: LCCN 2016041189 | ISBN 9781451648768 (hardcover) | ISBN 9781451648775 (trade pbk.)

Subjects: LCSH: Popular music—United States—Texts. | Songs, English—United States—Texts.

Classification: LCC ML54.6.D94 L97 2016 | DDC 782.42164026/8—dc23

LC record available at <https://lccn.loc.gov/2016041189>

ISBN 978-1-4516-4876-8

ISBN 978-0-7432-4629-3 (ebook)

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Bob Dylan

Talking New York

Song to Woody

additional early lyrics

Hard Times in New York Town

Talking Bear Mountain Picnic Massacre Blues

Rambling, Gambling Willie

Standing on the Highway

Poor Boy Blues

Ballad for a Friend

Man on the Street

Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues

The Death of Emmett Till

Let Me Die in My Footsteps

Baby, I'm in the Mood for You

Long Ago, Far Away

Ain't Gonna Grieve

Gypsy Lou

Long Time Gone

Walkin' Down the Line

Train A-Travelin'

Ballad of Donald White

Quit Your Low Down Ways

I'd Hate to Be You on That Dreadful Day

Mixed Up Confusion

Hero Blues

Tomorrow Is a Long Time

Bob Dylan's New Orleans Rag

All Over You

John Brown

Farewell

Big City Blues by Bob Dylan 1961

I been thinkin' a out you darlin'

You been on my mind

But i cant stay long in this here town

I ain't the settlin' kind

Rain is crashin on the roof

My boots ~~are so wet~~ feel hot as coals

Got to keep movin' on

You know i got to go

Goin' to New York city

Gonna find my way

Gonna play in the biggest nightclu

underneath the lights of ol' Broadway

Heard lots a things about that big town

Heard the streets are full of gold

Gonna dig me up a brick take it to the bank

gonna roll, jelly roll

Talking New York

Ramblin' outa the wild West
Leavin' the towns I love the best
Thought I'd seen some ups and downs
'Til I come into New York town
People goin' down to the ground
Buildings goin' up to the sky

Wintertime in New York town
The wind blowin' snow around
Walk around with nowhere to go
Somebody could freeze right to the bone
I froze right to the bone
New York Times said it was the coldest winter in seventeen years
I didn't feel so cold then

I swung onto my old guitar
Grabbed hold of a subway car
And after a rocking, reeling, rolling ride
I landed up on the downtown side
Greenwich Village

I walked down there and ended up
In one of them coffee-houses on the block
Got on the stage to sing and play
Man there said, "Come back some other day
You sound like a hillbilly
We want folk singers here"

Well, I got a harmonica job, begun to play
Blowin' my lungs out for a dollar a day
I blowed inside out and upside down
The man there said he loved m' sound
He was ravin' about how he loved m' sound
Dollar a day's worth

And after weeks and weeks of hangin' around
I finally got a job in New York town
In a bigger place, bigger money too
Even joined the union and paid m' dues

Now, a very great man once said
That some people rob you with a fountain pen
It didn't take too long to find out
Just what he was talkin' about
A lot of people don't have much food on their table
But they got a lot of forks 'n' knives
And they gotta cut somethin'

So one mornin' when the sun was warm
I rambled out of New York town
Pulled my cap down over my eyes
And headed out for the western skies
So long, New York
Howdy, East Orange

Song to Woody

I'm out here a thousand miles from my home
Walkin' a road other men have gone down
I'm seein' your world of people and things
Your paupers and peasants and princes and kings

Hey, hey, Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song
'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along
Seems sick an' it's hungry, it's tired an' it's torn
It looks like it's a-dyin' an' it's hardly been born

Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know
All the things that I'm a-sayin' an' a-many times more
I'm a-singin' you the song, but I can't sing enough
'Cause there's not many men that done the things that you've done

Here's to Cisco an' Sonny an' Leadbelly too
An' to all the good people that traveled with you
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind

I'm a-leavin' tomorrow, but I could leave today
Somewhere down the road someday
The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is to say I've been hittin' some hard travelin' too

Hard Times in New York Town

Come you ladies and you gentlemen, a-listen to my song
Sing it to you right, but you might think it's wrong
Just a little glimpse of a story I'll tell
'Bout an East Coast city that you all know well
It's hard times in the city
Livin' down in New York town

Old New York City is a friendly old town
From Washington Heights to Harlem on down
There's a-mighty many people all millin' all around
They'll kick you when you're up and knock you when you're down
It's hard times in the city
Livin' down in New York town

It's a mighty long ways from the Golden Gate
To Rockefeller Plaza 'n' the Empire State
Mister Rockefeller sets up as high as a bird
Old Mister Empire never says a word
It's hard times from the country
Livin' down in New York town

Well, it's up in the mornin' tryin' to find a job of work
Stand in one place till your feet begin to hurt
If you got a lot o' money you can make yourself merry
If you only got a nickel, it's the Staten Island Ferry
And it's hard times in the city
Livin' down in New York town

Mister Hudson come a-sailin' down the stream
And old Mister Minuet paid for his dream
Bought your city on a one-way track
'F I had my way I'd sell it right back
And it's hard times in the city
Livin' down in New York town

I'll take all the smog in Cal-i-for-ne-ay
'N' every bit of dust in the Oklahoma plains
'N' the dirt in the caves of the Rocky Mountain mines
It's all much cleaner than the New York kind
And it's hard times in the city
Livin' down in New York town

So all you newsy people, spread the news around
You c'n listen to m' story, listen to m' song
You c'n step on my name, you c'n try 'n' get me beat
When I leave New York, I'll be standin' on my feet
And it's hard times in the city
Livin' down in New York town

Talking Bear Mountain Picnic Massacre Blues

I saw it advertised one day
Bear Mountain picnic was comin' my way
"Come along 'n' take a trip
We'll bring you up there on a ship
Bring the wife and kids
Bring the whole family"
Yippee!

Well, I run right down 'n' bought a ticket
To this Bear Mountain Picnic
But little did I realize
I was in for a picnic surprise
Had nothin' to do with mountains
I didn't even come close to a bear

Took the wife 'n' kids down to the pier
Six thousand people there
Everybody had a ticket for the trip
"Oh well," I said, "it's a pretty big ship
Besides, anyway, the more the merrier"

Well, we all got on 'n' what d'ya think
That big old boat started t' sink
More people kept a-pilin' on
That old ship was a-slowly goin' down
Funny way t' start a picnic

Well, I soon lost track of m' kids 'n' wife
So many people there I never saw in m' life
That old ship sinkin' down in the water
Six thousand people tryin' t' kill each other
Dogs a-barkin', cats a-meowin'
Women screamin', fists a-flyin', babies cryin'
Cops a-comin', me a-runnin'
Maybe we just better call off the picnic

I got shoved down 'n' pushed around
All I could hear there was a screamin' sound
Don't remember one thing more
Just remember wakin' up on a little shore
Head busted, stomach cracked
Feet splintered, I was bald, naked . . .
Quite lucky to be alive though

Feelin' like I climbed outa m' casket
I grabbed back hold of m' picnic basket
Took the wife 'n' kids 'n' started home
Wishin' I'd never got up that morn

Now, I don't care just what you do
If you wanta have a picnic, that's up t' you
But don't tell me about it, I don't wanta hear it
'Cause, see, I just lost all m' picnic spirit
Stay in m' kitchen, have m' own picnic . . .
In the bathroom

Now, it don't seem to me quite so funny
What some people are gonna do f'r money
There's a bran' new gimmick every day
Just t' take somebody's money away
I think we oughta take some o' these people
And put 'em on a boat, send 'em up to Bear Mountain . . .
For a picnic

Rambling, Gambling Willie

Come around you rovin' gamblers and a story I will tell
About the greatest gambler, you all should know him well
His name was Will O'Conley and he gambled all his life
He had twenty-seven children, yet he never had a wife
And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows

He gambled in the White House and in the railroad yards
Wherever there was people, there was Willie and his cards
He had the reputation as the gamblin'est man around
Wives would keep their husbands home when Willie came to town
And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows

Sailin' down the Mississippi to a town called New Orleans
They're still talkin' about their card game on that Jackson River Queen
"I've come to win some money," Gamblin' Willie says
When the game finally ended up, the whole damn boat was his
And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows

Up in the Rocky Mountains in a town called Cripple Creek
There was an all-night poker game, lasted about a week
Nine hundred miners had laid their money down
When Willie finally left the room, he owned the whole damn town
And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows

But Willie had a heart of gold and this I know is true
He supported all his children and all their mothers too
He wore no rings or fancy things, like other gamblers wore
He spread his money far and wide, to help the sick and the poor
And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows

When you played your cards with Willie, you never really knew
Whether he was bluffin' or whether he was true
He won a fortune from a man who folded in his chair
The man, he left a diamond flush, Willie didn't even have a pair
And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows

It was late one evenin' during a poker game
A man lost all his money, he said Willie was to blame
He shot poor Willie through the head, which was a tragic fate
When Willie's cards fell on the floor, they were aces backed with eights
And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows

So all you rovin' gamblers, wherever you might be
The moral of the story is very plain to see
Make your money while you can, before you have to stop
For when you pull that dead man's hand, your gamblin' days are up
And it's ride, Willie, ride
Roll, Willie, roll
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows

Standing on the Highway

Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Tryin' to bum a ride, tryin' to bum a ride
Tryin' to bum a ride
Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Tryin' to bum a ride, tryin' to bum a ride
Tryin' to bum a ride
Nobody seem to know me
Everybody pass me by

Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Tryin' to hold up, tryin' to hold up
Tryin' to hold up and be brave
Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Tryin' to hold up, tryin' to hold up and be brave
One road's goin' to the bright lights
The other's goin' down to my grave

Well, I'm lookin' down at two cards
They seem to be handmade
Well, I'm lookin' down at two cards
They seem to be handmade
One looks like it's the ace of diamonds
The other looks like it is the ace of spades

Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Watchin' my life roll by
Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Watchin' my life roll by
Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Tryin' to bum a ride

Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Wonderin' where everybody went,
 wonderin' where everybody went
Wonderin' where everybody went
Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Wonderin' where everybody went,
 wonderin' where everybody went
Wonderin' where everybody went
Please mister, pick me up
I swear I ain't gonna kill nobody's kids

I wonder if my good gal
I wonder if she knows I'm here
Nobody else seems to know I'm here
I wonder if my good gal
I wonder if she knows I'm here
Nobody else seems to know I'm here
If she knows I'm here, Lawd
I wonder if she said a prayer

Poor Boy Blues

Mm, tell mama
Where'd ya sleep last night?
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm

Hey, tell me baby
What's the matter here?
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm

Hey, stop you ol' train
Let a poor boy ride
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm

Hey, Mister Bartender
I swear I'm not too young
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm

Blow your whistle, policeman
My poor feet are trained to run
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm

Long-distance operator
I hear this phone call is on the house
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm

Ashes and diamonds
The diff'rence I cain't see
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm

Mister Judge and Jury
Cain't you see the shape I'm in?
Don't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm

Mississippi River
You a-runnin' too fast for me
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm

Ballad for a Friend

Sad I'm a-sittin' on the railroad track
Watchin' that old smokestack
Train is a-leavin' but it won't be back

Years ago we hung around
Watchin' trains roll through the town
Now that train is a-graveyard bound

Where we go up in that North Country
Lakes and streams and mines so free
I had no better friend than he

Something happened to him that day
I thought I heard a stranger say
I hung my head and stole away

A diesel truck was rollin' slow
Pullin' down a heavy load
It left him on a Utah road

They carried him back to his home town
His mother cried, his sister moaned
Listenin' to them church bells tone

Man on the Street

I'll sing you a song, ain't very long
'Bout an old man who never done wrong
How he died nobody can say
They found him dead in the street one day

Well, the crowd, they gathered one fine morn
At the man whose clothes 'n' shoes were torn
There on the sidewalk he did lay
They stopped 'n' stared 'n' walked their way

Well, the p'liceman come and he looked around
"Get up, old man, or I'm a-takin' you down"
He jabbed him once with his billy club
And the old man then rolled off the curb

Well, he jabbed him again and loudly said
"Call the wagon; this man is dead"
The wagon come, they loaded him in
I never saw the man again

I've sung you my song, it ain't very long
'Bout an old man who never done wrong
How he died no one can say
They found him dead in the street one day

Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues

Well, I was feelin' sad and feelin' blue
I didn't know what in the world I wus gonna do
Them Communists they wus comin' around
They wus in the air
They wus on the ground
They wouldn't gimme no peace . . .

So I run down most hurriedly
And joined up with the John Birch Society
I got me a secret membership card
And started off a-walkin' down the road
Yee-hoo, I'm a real John Bircher now!
Look out you Commies!

Now we all agree with Hitler's views
Although he killed six million Jews
It don't matter too much that he was a Fascist
At least you can't say he was a Communist!
That's to say like if you got a cold you take a shot of malaria

Well, I wus lookin' everywhere for them gol-darned Reds
I got up in the mornin' 'n' looked under my bed
Looked in the sink, behind the door
Looked in the glove compartment of my car
Couldn't find 'em . . .

I wus lookin' high an' low for them Reds everywhere
I wus lookin' in the sink an' underneath the chair
I looked way up my chimney hole
I even looked deep down inside my toilet bowl
They got away . . .

Well, I wus sittin' home alone an' started to sweat
Figured they wus in my T.V. set
Peeked behind the picture frame
Got a shock from my feet, hittin' right up in the brain
Them Reds caused it!
I know they did . . . them hard-core ones

Well, I quit my job so I could work all alone
Then I changed my name to Sherlock Holmes
Followed some clues from my detective bag
And discovered they wus red stripes on the American flag!
That ol' Betsy Ross . . .

Well, I investigated all the books in the library
Ninety percent of 'em gotta be burned away
I investigated all the people that I knowed
Ninety-eight percent of them gotta go
The other two percent are fellow Birchers . . . just like me

Now Eisenhower, he's a Russian spy
Lincoln, Jefferson and that Roosevelt guy
To my knowledge there's just one man
That's really a true American: George Lincoln Rockwell
I know for a fact he hates Commies cus he picketed the movie *Exodus*

Well, I fin'ly started thinkin' straight
When I run outa things to investigate
Couldn't imagine doin' anything else
So now I'm sittin' home investigatin' myself!
Hope I don't find out anything . . . hmm, great God!

The Death of Emmett Till

'Twas down in Mississippi not so long ago
When a young boy from Chicago town stepped through a Southern door
This boy's dreadful tragedy I can still remember well
The color of his skin was black and his name was Emmett Till

Some men they dragged him to a barn and there they beat him up
They said they had a reason, but I can't remember what
They tortured him and did some things too evil to repeat
There were screaming sounds inside the barn, there was laughing sounds
out on the street

Then they rolled his body down a gulf amidst a bloody red rain
And they threw him in the waters wide to cease his screaming pain
The reason that they killed him there, and I'm sure it ain't no lie
Was just for the fun of killin' him and to watch him slowly die

And then to stop the United States of yelling for a trial
Two brothers they confessed that they had killed poor Emmett Till
But on the jury there were men who helped the brothers commit this
awful crime
And so this trial was a mockery, but nobody seemed to mind

I saw the morning papers but I could not bear to see
The smiling brothers walkin' down the courthouse stairs
For the jury found them innocent and the brothers they went free
While Emmett's body floats the foam of a Jim Crow southern sea

If you can't speak out against this kind of thing, a crime that's so unjust
Your eyes are filled with dead men's dirt, your mind is filled with dust
Your arms and legs they must be in shackles and chains, and your blood it
must refuse to flow
For you let this human race fall down so God-awful low!

This song is just a reminder to remind your fellow man
That this kind of thing still lives today in that ghost-robed Ku Klux Klan
But if all of us folks that thinks alike, if we gave all we could give
We could make this great land of ours a greater place to live

Let Me Die in My Footsteps

I will not go down under the ground
'Cause somebody tells me that death's comin' 'round
An' I will not carry myself down to die
When I go to my grave my head will be high
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground

There's been rumors of war and wars that have been
The meaning of life has been lost in the wind
And some people thinkin' that the end is close by
'Stead of learnin' to live they are learnin' to die
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground

I don't know if I'm smart but I think I can see
When someone is pullin' the wool over me
And if this war comes and death's all around
Let me die on this land 'fore I die underground
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground

There's always been people that have to cause fear
They've been talking of the war now for many long years
I have read all their statements and I've not said a word
But now Lawd God, let my poor voice be heard
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground

If I had rubies and riches and crowns
I'd buy the whole world and change things around
I'd throw all the guns and the tanks in the sea
For they are mistakes of a past history
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground

Let me drink from the waters where the mountain streams flood
Let the smell of wildflowers flow free through my blood
Let me sleep in your meadows with the green grassy leaves
Let me walk down the highway with my brother in peace
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground

Go out in your country where the land meets the sun
See the craters and the canyons where the waterfalls run
Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho
Let every state in this union seep down deep in your souls
And you'll die in your footsteps
Before you go down under the ground

Baby, I'm in the Mood for You

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna leave my lonesome home
And sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna hear my milk cow moan
And sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna hit that highway road
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

Sometimes I'm in the mood, Lord, I had my overflowin' fill
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna make out my final will
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna head for the walkin' hill
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna lay right down and die
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna climb up to the sky
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna laugh until I cry
But then again, I said again, I said again, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna sleep in my pony's stall
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I ain't gonna do nothin' at all
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna fly like a cannonball
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna back up against the wall
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna run till I have to crawl
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I ain't gonna do nothin' at all
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna change my house around
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna make a change in this here town
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna change the world around
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

Long Ago, Far Away

To preach of peace and brotherhood
Oh, what might be the cost!
A man he did it long ago
And they hung him on a cross
Long ago, far away
These things don't happen
No more, nowadays

The chains of slaves
They dragged the ground
With heads and hearts hung low
But it was during Lincoln's time
And it was long ago
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays

The war guns they went off wild
The whole world bled its blood
Men's bodies floated on the edge
Of oceans made of mud
Long ago, far away
Those kind of things don't happen
No more, nowadays

One man had much money
One man had not enough to eat
One man he lived just like a king
The other man begged on the street
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays

One man died of a knife so sharp
One man died from the bullet of a gun
One man died of a broken heart
To see the lynchin' of his son
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays

Gladiators killed themselves
It was during the Roman times
People cheered with bloodshot grins
As eyes and minds went blind
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays

And to talk of peace and brotherhood
Oh, what might be the cost!
A man he did it long ago
And they hung him on a cross
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen
No more, nowadays, do they?

Ain't Gonna Grieve

Well, I ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
And ain't a-gonna grieve no more

Come on brothers, join the band
Come on sisters, clap your hands
Tell everybody that's in the land
You ain't a-gonna grieve no more

Well, I ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
And ain't a-gonna grieve no more

Brown and blue and white and black
All one color on the one-way track
We got this far and ain't a-goin' back
And I ain't a-gonna grieve no more

Well, I ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
I ain't a-gonna grieve no more

We're gonna notify your next of kin
You're gonna raise the roof until the house falls in
If you get knocked down get up again
We ain't a-gonna grieve no more

Well, I ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
I ain't a-gonna grieve no more

We'll sing this song all night long
Sing it to my baby from midnight on
She'll sing it to you when I'm dead and gone
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more

Well, I ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
I ain't a-gonna grieve no more

Gypsy Lou

If you getcha one girl, better get two
Case you run into Gypsy Lou
She's a ramblin' woman with a ramblin' mind
Always leavin' somebody behind
Hey, 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again

Well, I seen the whole country through
Just to find Gypsy Lou
Seen it up, seen it down
Followin' Gypsy Lou around
Hey, 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again

Well, I gotta stop and take some rest
My poor feet are second best
My poor feet are wearin' thin
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Hey, gone again
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend

Well, seen her up in old Cheyenne
Turned my head and away she ran
From Denver Town to Wichita
Last I heard she's in Arkansas
Hey, 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again

Well, I tell you what if you want to do
Tell you what, you'll wear out your shoes
If you want to wear out your shoes
Try and follow Gypsy Lou
Hey, gone again
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend

Well, Gypsy Lou, I been told
Livin' down on Gallus Road
Gallus Road, Arlington
Moved away to Washington
Hey, 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again

Well, I went down to Washington
Then she went to Oregon
I skipped the ground and hopped a train
She's back in Gallus Road again
Hey, I can't win
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again

Well, the last I heard of Gypsy Lou
She's in a Memphis calaboose
She left one too many a boy behind
He committed suicide
Hey, you can't win
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again

Long Time Gone

My parents raised me tenderly
I was their only son
My mind got mixed with ramblin'
When I was all so young
And I left my home the first time
When I was twelve and one
I'm a long time a-comin', Maw
An' I'll be a long time gone

On the western side of Texas
On the Texas plains
I tried to find a job o' work
But they said I's young of age
My eyes they burned when I heard
"Go home where you belong!"
I'm a long time a-comin'
An' I'll be a long time gone

I remember when I's ramblin'
Around with the carnival trains
Different towns, different people
Somehow they're all the same
I remember children's faces best
I remember travelin' on
I'm a long time a-comin'
I'll be a long time gone

I once loved a fair young maid
An' I ain't too big to tell
If she broke my heart a single time
She broke it ten or twelve
I walked and talked all by myself
I did not tell no one
I'm a long time a-comin', babe
An' I'll be a long time gone

Many times by the highwyside
I tried to flag a ride
With bloodshot eyes and gritting teeth
I'd watch the cars roll by
The empty air hung in my head
I's thinkin' all day long
I'm a long time a-comin'
I'll be a long time gone

You might see me on your crossroads
When I'm a-passin' through
Remember me how you wished to
As I'm a-driftin' from your view
I ain't got the time to think about it
I got too much to get done
Well, I'm a long time comin'
An' I'll be a long time gone

If I can't help somebody
With a word or song
If I can't show somebody
They are travelin' wrong
But I know I ain't no prophet
An' I ain't no prophet's son
I'm just a long time a-comin'
An' I'll be a long time gone

So you can have your beauty
It's skin deep and it only lies
And you can have your youth
It'll rot before your eyes
Just give to me my gravestone
With it clearly carved upon:
"I's a long time a-comin'
An' I'll be a long time gone"

Walkin' Down the Line

Well, I'm walkin' down the line
I'm walkin' down the line
An' I'm walkin' down the line
My feet'll be a-flyin'
To tell about my troubled mind

I got a heavy-headed gal
I got a heavy-headed gal
I got a heavy-headed gal
She ain't a-feelin' well
When she's better only time will tell

Well, I'm walkin' down the line
I'm walkin' down the line
An' I'm walkin' down the line
My feet'll be a-flyin'
To tell about my troubled mind

My money comes and goes
My money comes and goes
My money comes and goes
And rolls and flows and rolls and flows
Through the holes in the pockets in my clothes

Well, I'm walkin' down the line
I'm walkin' down the line
An' I'm walkin' down the line
My feet'll be a-flyin'
To tell about my troubled mind

I see the morning light
I see the morning light
Well, it's not because
I'm an early riser
I didn't go to sleep last night

Well, I'm walkin' down the line
I'm walkin' down the line
An' I'm walkin' down the line
My feet'll be a-flyin'
To tell about my troubled mind

I got my walkin' shoes
I got my walkin' shoes
I got my walkin' shoes
An' I ain't a-gonna lose
I believe I got the walkin' blues

Well, I'm walkin' down the line
I'm walkin' down the line
An' I'm walkin' down the line
My feet'll be a-flyin'
To tell about my troubled mind

Train A-Travelin'

There's an iron train a-travelin' that's been a-rollin' through the years
With a firebox of hatred and a furnace full of fears
If you ever heard its sound or seen its blood-red broken frame
Then you heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name

Did you ever stop to wonder 'bout the hatred that it holds?
Did you ever see its passengers, its crazy mixed-up souls?
Did you ever start a-thinkin' that you gotta stop that train?
Then you heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name

Do you ever get tired of the preachin' sounds of fear
When they're hammered at your head and pounded in your ear?
Have you ever asked about it and not been answered plain?
Then you heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name

I'm a-wonderin' if the leaders of the nations understand
This murder-minded world that they're leavin' in my hands
Have you ever laid awake at night and wondered 'bout the same?
Then you've heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name

Have you ever had it on your lips or said it in your head
That the person standin' next to you just might be misled?
Does the raving of the maniacs make your insides go insane?
Then you've heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name

Do the kill-crazy bandits and the haters get you down?
Does the preachin' and the politics spin your head around?
Does the burning of the buses give your heart a pain?
Then you've heard my voice a-singin' and you know my name

Ballad of Donald White

My name is Donald White, you see
I stand before you all
I was judged by you a murderer
And the hangman's knot must fall
I will die upon the gallows pole
When the moon is shining clear
And these are my final words
That you will ever hear

I left my home in Kansas
When I was very young
I landed in the old Northwest
Seattle, Washington
Although I'd a-traveled many miles
I never made a friend
For I could never get along in life
With people that I met

If I had some education
To give me a decent start
I might have been a doctor or
A master in the arts
But I used my hands for stealing
When I was very young
And they locked me down in jailhouse cells
That's how my life begun

Oh, the inmates and the prisoners
I found they were my kind
And it was there inside the bars
I found my peace of mind
But the jails they were too crowded
Institutions overflowed
So they turned me loose to walk upon
Life's hurried tangled road

And there's danger on the ocean
Where the salt sea waves split high
And there's danger on the battlefield
Where the shells of bullets fly
And there's danger in this open world
Where men strive to be free
And for me the greatest danger
Was in society

So I asked them to send me back
To the institution home
But they said they were too crowded
For me they had no room
I got down on my knees and begged
"Oh, please put me away"
But they would not listen to my plea
Or nothing I would say

And so it was on Christmas Eve
In the year of '59
It was on that night I killed a man
I did not try to hide
The jury found me guilty
And I won't disagree
For I knew that it would happen
If I wasn't put away

And I'm glad I've had no parents
To care for me or cry
For now they will never know
The horrible death I die
And I'm also glad I've had no friends
To see me in disgrace
For they'll never see that hangman's hood
Wrap around my face

Farewell unto the old north woods
Of which I used to roam
Farewell unto the crowded bars
Of which've been my home
Farewell to all you people
Who think the worst of me
I guess you'll feel much better when
I'm on that hanging tree

But there's just one question
Before they kill me dead
I'm wondering just how much
To you I really said
Concerning all the boys that come
Down a road like me
Are they enemies or victims
Of your society?

Quit Your Low Down Ways

Oh, you can read out your Bible
You can fall down on your knees, pretty mama
And pray to the Lord
But it ain't gonna do no good.

You're gonna need
You're gonna need my help someday
Well, if you can't quit your sinnin'
Please quit your low down ways

Well, you can run down to the White House
You can gaze at the Capitol Dome, pretty mama
You can pound on the President's gate
But you oughta know by now it's gonna be too late

You're gonna need
You're gonna need my help someday
Well, if you can't quit your sinnin'
Please quit your low down ways

Well, you can run down to the desert
Throw yourself on the burning sand
You can raise up your right hand, pretty mama
But you better understand you done lost your one good man

You're gonna need
You're gonna need my help someday
Well, if you can't quit your sinnin'
Please quit your low down ways

And you can hitchhike on the highway
You can stand all alone by the side of the road
You can try to flag a ride back home, pretty mama
But you can't ride in my car no more

You're gonna need
You're gonna need my help someday
Well, if you can't quit your sinnin'
Please quit your low down ways

Oh, you can read out your Bible
You can fall down on your knees, pretty mama
And pray to the Lord
But it ain't gonna do no good

You're gonna need
You're gonna need my help someday
Well, if you can't quit your sinnin'
Please quit your low down ways

I'd Hate to Be You on That Dreadful Day

Well, your clock is gonna stop
At Saint Peter's gate
Ya gonna ask him what time it is
He's gonna say, "It's too late"
Hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day

You're gonna start to sweat
And you ain't gonna stop
You're gonna have a nightmare
And never wake up
Hey, hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day

You're gonna cry for pills
And your head's gonna be in a knot
But the pills are gonna cost more
Than what you've got
Hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day

You're gonna have to walk naked
Can't ride in no car
You're gonna let ev'rybody see
Just what you are
Hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day

Well, the good wine's a-flowin'
For five cents a quart
You're gonna look in your moneybags
And find you're one cent short
Hey, hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day

You're gonna yell and scream
"Don't anybody care?"
You're gonna hear out a voice say
"Shoulda listened when you heard the word down there"
Hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day

Mixed Up Confusion

I got mixed up confusion
Man, it's a-killin' me
Well, there's too many people
And they're all too hard to please

Well, my hat's in my hand
Babe, I'm walkin' down the line
An' I'm lookin' for a woman
Whose head's mixed up like mine

Well, my head's full of questions
My temp'ature's risin' fast
Well, I'm lookin' for some answers
But I don't know who to ask

But I'm walkin' and wonderin'
And my poor feet don't ever stop
Seein' my reflection
I'm hung over, hung down, hung up!

Hero Blues

Yes, the gal I got
I swear she's the screaming end
She wants me to be a hero
So she can tell all her friends

Well, she begged, she cried
She pleaded with me all last night
Well, she begged, she cried
She pleaded with me all last night
She wants me to go out
And find somebody to fight

She reads too many books
She got new movies inside her head
She reads too many books
She got movies inside her head
She wants me to walk out running
She wants me to crawl back dead

You need a different kinda man, babe
One that can grab and hold your heart
Need a different kind of man, babe
One that can hold and grab your heart
You need a different kind of man, babe
You need Napoleon Boneparte

Well, when I'm dead
No more good times will I crave
When I'm dead
No more good times will I crave
You can stand and shout hero
All over my lonesome grave

Tomorrow Is a Long Time

If today was not an endless highway
If tonight was not a crooked trail
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time
Then lonesome would mean nothing to you at all
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin'
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin'
Only if she was lyin' by me
Then I'd lie in my bed once again

I can't see my reflection in the waters
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps
Or can't remember the sound of my own name
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin'
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin'
Only if she was lyin' by me
Then I'd lie in my bed once again

There's beauty in the silver, singin' river
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky
But none of these and nothing else can touch the beauty
That I remember in my true love's eyes
Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin'
Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin'
Only if she was lyin' by me
Then I'd lie in my bed once again

Bob Dylan's New Orleans Rag

I was sittin' on a stump
Down in New Orleans
I was feelin' kinda low down
Dirty and mean
Along came a fella
And he didn't even ask
He says, "I know of a woman
That can fix you up fast"
I didn't think twice
I said like I should
"Let's go find this lady
That can do me some good"
We walked across the river
On a sailin' spree
And we came to a door
Called one-oh-three

I was just about ready
To give it a little knock
When out comes a fella
Who couldn't even walk
He's linkin' and a-slinkin'
Couldn't stand on his feet
And he moaned and he groaned
And he shuffled down the street
Well, out of the door
There comes another man
He wiggled and he wobbled
He couldn't hardly stand
He had this frightened
Look in his eyes
Like he just fought a bear
He was ready to die

Well, I peeked through the key crack
Comin' down the hall
Was a long-legged man
Who couldn't hardly crawl
He muttered and he uttered
In broken French
And he looked like he'd been through
A monkey wrench

Well, by this time
I was a-scared to knock
I was a-scared to move
I's in a state of shock
I hummed a little tune
And I shuffled my feet
And I started walkin' backwards
Down that broad street
Well, I got to the corner
I tried my best to smile
I turned around the corner
And I ran a bloody mile
Man, I wasn't runnin'
'Cause I was sick
I was just a-runnin'
To get out of there quick

Well, I tripped right along
And I'm a-wheezin' in my chest
I musta run a mile
In a minute or less
I walked on a log
And I tripped on a stump
I caught a fast freight
With a one-arm jump
So, if you're travelin' down
Louisiana way
And you feel kinda lonesome
And you need a place to stay
Man, you're better off
In your misery
Than to tackle that lady
At one-oh-three

All Over You

Well, if I had to do it all over again
Babe, I'd do it all over you
And if I had to wait for ten thousand years
Babe, I'd even do that too
Well, a dog's got his bone in the alley
A cat, she's got nine lives
A millionaire's got a million dollars
King Saud's got four hundred wives
Well, ev'rybody's got somethin'
That they're lookin' forward to
I'm lookin' forward to when I can do it all again
And babe, I'll do it all over you

Well, if I had my way tomorrow or today
Babe, I'd run circles all around
I'd jump up in the wind, do a somersault and spin
I'd even dance a jig on the ground
Well, everybody gets their hour
Everybody gets their time
Little David when he picked up his pebbles
Even Sampson after he went blind
Well, everybody gets the chance
To do what they want to do
When my time arrives you better run for your life
'Cause babe, I'll do it all over you

Well, I don't need no money, I just need a day that's sunny
Baby, and my days are gonna come
And I grab me a pint, you know that I'm a giant
When you hear me yellin', "Fee-fi-fo-fum"
Well, you cut me like a jigsaw puzzle
You made me to a walkin' wreck
Then you pushed my heart through my backbone
Then you knocked off my head from my neck
Well, if I'm ever standin' steady
A-doin' what I want to do
Well, I tell you little lover that you better run for cover
'Cause babe, I'll do it all over you

I'm just restin' at your gate so that I won't be late
And, momma, I'm a-just sittin' on the shelf
Look out your window fair and you'll see me squattin' there
Just a-fumblin' and a-mumblin' to myself
Well, after my cigarette's been smoked up
After all my liquor's been drunk
After my dreams are dreamed out
After all my thoughts have been thunk
Well, after I do some of these things
I'm gonna do what I have to do
And I tell you on the side, that you better run and hide
'Cause babe, I'll do it all over you

John Brown

John Brown went off to war to fight on a foreign shore
His mama sure was proud of him!
He stood straight and tall in his uniform and all
His mama's face broke out all in a grin

"Oh son, you look so fine, I'm glad you're a son of mine
You make me proud to know you hold a gun
Do what the captain says, lots of medals you will get
And we'll put them on the wall when you come home"

As that old train pulled out, John's ma began to shout
Tellin' ev'ryone in the neighborhood:
"That's my son that's about to go, he's a soldier now, you know"
She made well sure her neighbors understood

She got a letter once in a while and her face broke into a smile
As she showed them to the people from next door
And she bragged about her son with his uniform and gun
And these things you called a good old-fashioned war

Oh! Good old-fashioned war!

Then the letters ceased to come, for a long time they did not come
They ceased to come for about ten months or more
Then a letter finally came saying, "Go down and meet the train
Your son's a-coming home from the war"

She smiled and went right down, she looked everywhere around
But she could not see her soldier son in sight
But as all the people passed, she saw her son at last
When she did she could hardly believe her eyes

Oh his face was all shot up and his hand was all blown off
And he wore a metal brace around his waist
He whispered kind of slow, in a voice she did not know
While she couldn't even recognize his face!

Oh! Lord! Not even recognize his face

"Oh tell me, my darling son, pray tell me what they done
How is it you come to be this way?"
He tried his best to talk but his mouth could hardly move
And the mother had to turn her face away

"Don't you remember, Ma, when I went off to war
You thought it was the best thing I could do?
I was on the battleground, you were home . . . acting proud
You wasn't there standing in my shoes"

"Oh, and I thought when I was there, God, what am I doing here?
I'm a-tryin' to kill somebody or die tryin'
But the thing that scared me most was when my enemy came close
And I saw that his face looked just like mine"

Oh! Lord! Just like mine!

"And I couldn't help but think, through the thunder rolling and stink
That I was just a puppet in a play
And through the roar and smoke, this string is finally broke
And a cannonball blew my eyes away"

As he turned away to walk, his Ma was still in shock
At seein' the metal brace that helped him stand
But as he turned to go, he called his mother close
And he dropped his medals down into her hand

Farewell

Oh it's fare thee well my darlin' true
I'm leavin' in the first hour of the morn
I'm bound off for the bay of Mexico
Or maybe the coast of Californ
So it's fare thee well my own true love
We'll meet another day, another time
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind

Oh the weather is against me and the wind blows hard
And the rain she's a-turnin' into hail
I still might strike it lucky on a highway goin' west
Though I'm travelin' on a path beaten trail
So it's fare thee well my own true love
We'll meet another day, another time
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind

I will write you a letter from time to time
As I'm ramblin' you can travel with me too
With my head, my heart and my hands, my love
I will send what I learn back home to you
So it's fare thee well my own true love
We'll meet another day, another time
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind

I will tell you of the laughter and of troubles
Be them somebody else's or my own
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high
I will travel unnoticed and unknown
So it's fare thee well my own true love
We'll meet another day, another time
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind

I've heard tell of a town where I might as well be bound
It's down around the old Mexican plains
They say that the people are all friendly there
And all they ask of you is your name
So it's fare thee well my own true love
We'll meet another day, another time
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind

**THE FREEWHEELIN'
BOB DYLAN**





The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan

Blowin' in the Wind

Girl of the North Country

Masters of War

Down the Highway

Bob Dylan's Blues

A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

Don't Think Twice, It's All Right

Bob Dylan's Dream

Oxford Town

Talkin' World War III Blues

Corrina, Corrina

Honey, Just Allow Me One More Chance

I Shall Be Free

additional lyrics

Whatcha Gonna Do

Walls of Red Wing

Who Killed Davey Moore?

Seven Curses

Dusty Old Fairgrounds

① I found a home job & started to play
Blowing my lungs out for dollar day
Blowed myself out and the side down
Boss said he liked my sound
Doo doo a days worth

② ~~I finally found me a real job~~
~~I ~~found~~~~
~~That I got me a job in bigger place~~
~~I struck out for a place in town~~
~~That I played around & hung around~~
After weeks of me hanging around
I got a job in this man's town
In a ~~kind~~ place with ~~my~~ ^{my} ~~best~~ ^{big} pay
My name was even posted on the door outside of the place

③ Now a very good man once said
That some people rob you with a fountain pen
It ~~that~~ didn't take you long to find out
Just what he was calling out aloud
That - table - fork - knives - cut something

④ So one morning when the sun was warm
I ~~decided~~ ~~to~~ ~~leave~~ ~~this~~ ~~bee~~ ~~town~~
I pulled my cap down over my eyes
Headed out for western side
Coodlye N.Y. Howdy East range

Blowin' in the Wind

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Girl of the North Country

Well, if you're travelin' in the north country fair
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine

Well, if you go when the snowflakes storm
When the rivers freeze and summer ends
Please see if she's wearing a coat so warm
To keep her from the howlin' winds

Please see for me if her hair hangs long
If it rolls and flows all down her breast
Please see for me if her hair hangs long
That's the way I remember her best

I'm a-wonderin' if she remembers me at all
Many times I've often prayed
In the darkness of my night
In the brightness of my day

So if you're travelin' in the north country fair
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline
Remember me to one who lives there
She once was a true love of mine

Masters of War

Come you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build the death planes
You that build the big bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand
And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain

You fasten the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins

How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul

And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

Down the Highway

Well, I'm walkin' down the highway
With my suitcase in my hand
Yes, I'm walkin' down the highway
With my suitcase in my hand
Lord, I really miss my baby
She's in some far-off land

Well, your streets are gettin' empty
Lord, your highway's gettin' filled
And your streets are gettin' empty
And your highway's gettin' filled
Well, the way I love that woman
I swear it's bound to get me killed

Well, I been gamblin' so long
Lord, I ain't got much more to lose
Yes, I been gamblin' so long
Lord, I ain't got much more to lose
Right now I'm havin' trouble
Please don't take away my highway shoes

Well, I'm bound to get lucky, baby
Or I'm bound to die tryin'
Yes, I'm a-bound to get lucky, baby
Lord, Lord I'm a-bound to die tryin'
Well, meet me in the middle of the ocean
And we'll leave this ol' highway behind

Well, the ocean took my baby
My baby stole my heart from me
Yes, the ocean took my baby
My baby took my heart from me
She packed it all up in a suitcase
Lord, she took it away to Italy, Italy

So, I'm a-walkin' down your highway
Just as far as my poor eyes can see
Yes, I'm a-walkin' down your highway
Just as far as my eyes can see
From the Golden Gate Bridge
All the way to the Statue of Liberty

Bob Dylan's Blues

Well, the Lone Ranger and Tonto
They are ridin' down the line
Fixin' ev'rybody's troubles
Ev'rybody's 'cept mine
Somebody musta tol' 'em
That I was doin' fine

Oh you five and ten cent women
With nothin' in your heads
I got a real gal I'm lovin'
And Lord I'll love her till I'm dead
Go away from my door and my window too
Right now

Lord, I ain't goin' down to no race track
See no sports car run
I don't have no sports car
And I don't even care to have one
I can walk anytime around the block

Well, the wind keeps a-blowin' me
Up and down the street
With my hat in my hand
And my boots on my feet
Watch out so you don't step on me

Well, lookit here buddy
You want to be like me
Pull out your six-shooter
And rob every bank you can see
Tell the judge I said it was all right
Yes!

A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, where have you been, my darling young one?
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?
I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it
I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'
I saw a white ladder all covered with water
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken
I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin'
Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world
Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazin'
Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin'
Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin'
Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter
Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
Who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony
I met a white man who walked a black dog
I met a young woman whose body was burning
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow
I met one man who was wounded in love
I met another man who was wounded with hatred
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin'
I'll walk to the depths of the deepest black forest
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison
Where the executioner's face is always well hidden
Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten
Where black is the color, where none is the number
And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it
And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin'
But I'll know my song well before I start singin'
And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
It's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

Don't Think Twice, It's All Right

It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
It don't matter, anyhow
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
If you don't know by now
When your rooster crows at the break of dawn
Look out your window and I'll be gone
You're the reason I'm trav'lin' on
Don't think twice, it's all right

It ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe
That light I never knowed
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe
I'm on the dark side of the road
Still I wish there was somethin' you would do or say
To try and make me change my mind and stay
We never did too much talkin' anyway
So don't think twice, it's all right

It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal
Like you never did before
It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal
I can't hear you anymore
I'm a-thinkin' and a-wond'rin' all the way down the road
I once loved a woman, a child I'm told
I give her my heart but she wanted my soul
But don't think twice, it's all right

I'm walkin' down that long, lonesome road, babe
Where I'm bound, I can't tell
But goodbye's too good a word, gal
So I'll just say fare thee well
I ain't sayin' you treated me unkind
You could have done better but I don't mind
You just kinda wasted my precious time
But don't think twice, it's all right

Bob Dylan's Dream

While riding on a train goin' west
I fell asleep for to take my rest
I dreamed a dream that made me sad
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had

With half-damp eyes I stared to the room
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon
Where we together weathered many a storm
Laughin' and singin' till the early hours of the morn

By the old wooden stove where our hats was hung
Our words were told, our songs were sung
Where we longed for nothin' and were quite satisfied
Talkin' and a-jokin' about the world outside

With haunted hearts through the heat and cold
We never thought we could ever get old
We thought we could sit forever in fun
But our chances really was a million to one

As easy it was to tell black from white
It was all that easy to tell wrong from right
And our choices were few and the thought never hit
That the one road we traveled would ever shatter and split

How many a year has passed and gone
And many a gamble has been lost and won
And many a road taken by many a friend
And each one I've never seen again

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain
That we could sit simply in that room again
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that

Oxford Town

Oxford Town, Oxford Town
Ev'rybody's got their heads bowed down
The sun don't shine above the ground
Ain't a-goin' down to Oxford Town

He went down to Oxford Town
Guns and clubs followed him down
All because his face was brown
Better get away from Oxford Town

Oxford Town around the bend
He come in to the door, he couldn't get in
All because of the color of his skin
What do you think about that, my frien'?

Me and my gal, my gal's son
We got met with a tear gas bomb
I don't even know why we come
Goin' back where we come from

Oxford Town in the afternoon
Ev'rybody singin' a sorrowful tune
Two men died 'neath the Mississippi moon
Somebody better investigate soon

Oxford Town, Oxford Town
Ev'rybody's got their heads bowed down
The sun don't shine above the ground
Ain't a-goin' down to Oxford Town

Talkin' World War III Blues

Some time ago a crazy dream came to me
I dreamt I was walkin' into World War Three
I went to the doctor the very next day
To see what kinda words he could say
He said it was a bad dream
I wouldn't worry 'bout it none, though
They were my own dreams and they're only in my head

I said, "Hold it, Doc, a World War passed through my brain"
He said, "Nurse, get your pad, this boy's insane"
He grabbed my arm, I said, "Ouch!"
As I landed on the psychiatric couch
He said, "Tell me about it"

Well, the whole thing started at 3 o'clock fast
It was all over by quarter past
I was down in the sewer with some little lover
When I peeked out from a manhole cover
Wondering who turned the lights on

Well, I got up and walked around
And up and down the lonesome town
I stood a-wondering which way to go
I lit a cigarette on a parking meter and walked on down the road
It was a normal day

Well, I rung the fallout shelter bell
And I leaned my head and I gave a yell
"Give me a string bean, I'm a hungry man"
A shotgun fired and away I ran
I don't blame them too much though, I know I look funny

Down at the corner by a hot-dog stand
I seen a man
I said, "Howdy friend, I guess there's just us two"
He screamed a bit and away he flew
Thought I was a Communist

Well, I spied a girl and before she could leave
"Let's go and play Adam and Eve"
I took her by the hand and my heart it was thumpin'
When she said, "Hey man, you crazy or sumpin'
You see what happened last time they started"