The Songwriting of Bob Dylan

Contents

Dylan Albums of the Sixties (1960s) .............................................................................................................. 9

The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan (1963) .............................................................................................................. 9

1. Blowin' In The Wind ............................................................................................................................... 9
2. Girl From The North Country .................................................................................................................. 10
3. Masters of War ........................................................................................................................................ 10
4. Down The Highway ............................................................................................................................... 12
5. Bob Dylan's Blues ................................................................................................................................. 13
6. A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall .................................................................................................................. 13
7. Don't Think Twice, It's All Right ......................................................................................................... 15
8. Bob Dylan's Dream ............................................................................................................................... 15
9. Oxford Town ......................................................................................................................................... 16
10. Corrina Corrina ................................................................................................................................. 17
11. Talkin' World War III Blues ............................................................................................................... 17
12. Honey, Just Allow Me One More Chance ....................................................................................... 19
13. I Shall Be Free ...................................................................................................................................... 20

The Times They Are A-Changin' (1964) ................................................................................................. 21

1. The Times They Are A-Changin' ......................................................................................................... 21
2. Ballad of Hollis Brown ......................................................................................................................... 23
3. With God on Our Side .......................................................................................................................... 24
4. One Too Many Mornings ..................................................................................................................... 26
5. North Country Blues .............................................................................................................................. 26
6. Only a Pawn in Their Game .................................................................................................................. 28
7. Boots of Spanish Leather ...................................................................................................................... 29
8. When the Ship Comes In ...................................................................................................................... 30
9. The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll ............................................................................................... 31
10. Restless Farewell ................................................................................................................................ 32

Another Side of Bob Dylan (1964) ......................................................................................................... 33

1. All I Really Want To Do ....................................................................................................................... 33
2. Black Crow Blues ................................................................................................................................ 34
3. Spanish Harlem Incident ...................................................................................................................... 35
<p>| | |</p>
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th></th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>4. Chimes of Freedom</strong></td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>5. I Shall Be Free</strong></td>
<td>36</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>6. To Ramona</strong></td>
<td>38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>7. Motorpsycho Nightmare</strong></td>
<td>39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>8. My Back Pages</strong></td>
<td>42</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>9. I Don't Believe You (She Acts Like We Never Have Met)</strong></td>
<td>43</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>10. Ballad In Plain D</strong></td>
<td>44</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>11. It Ain’t Me, Babe</strong></td>
<td>45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Bringing It All Back Home (1965)</strong></td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>1. Subterranean Homesick Blues</strong></td>
<td>46</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>2. She Belongs To Me</strong></td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>3. Maggie's Farm</strong></td>
<td>48</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>4. Love Minus Zero/No Limit</strong></td>
<td>49</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>5. Outlaw Blues</strong></td>
<td>50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>6. On The Road Again</strong></td>
<td>51</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>7. Bob Dylan's 115th Dream</strong></td>
<td>52</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>8. Mr. Tambourine Man</strong></td>
<td>54</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>9. Gates of Eden</strong></td>
<td>56</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>10. It’s Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)</strong></td>
<td>57</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>11. It’s All Over Now, Baby Blue</strong></td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Highway 61 Revisited (1965)</strong></td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>1. Like A Rolling Stone</strong></td>
<td>60</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>2. Tombstone Blues</strong></td>
<td>62</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>3. It Takes A Lot to Laugh; It Takes a Train to Cry</strong></td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>4. From A Buick 6</strong></td>
<td>64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>5. Ballad of a Thin Man</strong></td>
<td>65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>6. Queen Jane Approximately</strong></td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>7. Highway 61 Revisited</strong></td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>8. Just Like Tom Thumb’s Blues</strong></td>
<td>68</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>9. Desolation Row</strong></td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Blonde On Blonde (1966)</strong></td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>1. Rainy Day Women # 12 &amp; 35</strong></td>
<td>72</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>2. Pledging My Time</strong></td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>3. Visions of Johanna</strong></td>
<td>73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>4. One of Us Must Know (Sooner Or Later)</strong></td>
<td>74</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>5. I Want You</strong></td>
<td>75</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>6. Stuck Inside Of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again</strong></td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>7. Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat</strong></td>
<td>78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>8. Just Like a Woman</strong></td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
9. Most Likely You Go Your Way (And I'll Go Mine) ................................................................. 80
10. Temporary like Achilles ......................................................................................................... 81
11. Absolutely Sweet Marie ........................................................................................................ 82
12. 4th Time Around .................................................................................................................. 83
13. Obviously Five Believers ..................................................................................................... 84
14. Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands ......................................................................................... 85

John Wesley Harding (1967) ........................................................................................................ 86
1. John Wesley Harding ............................................................................................................... 86
2. As I Went Out One Morning .................................................................................................. 87
3. I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine .............................................................................................. 87
4. All Along the Watchtower ....................................................................................................... 88
5. The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest ........................................................................... 88
6. Drifter's Escape ....................................................................................................................... 90
7. Dear Landlord ........................................................................................................................ 91
8. I Am a Lonesome Hobo ......................................................................................................... 91
9. I Pity the Poor Immigrant ...................................................................................................... 92
10. The Wicked Messenger ....................................................................................................... 93
11. Down Along the Cove .......................................................................................................... 93
12. I'll Be Your Baby Tonight .................................................................................................... 94

Nashville Skyline (1969) ............................................................................................................ 94
1. Girl from the North Country ................................................................................................... 94
2. To Be Alone With You ......................................................................................................... 95
3. I Threw It All Away ............................................................................................................... 95
4. Peggy Day ................................................................................................................................ 96
5. Lay, Lady, Lay ......................................................................................................................... 96
6. One More Night ....................................................................................................................... 97
7. Tell Me That It Isn't True ...................................................................................................... 98
8. Country Pie ............................................................................................................................ 98
9. Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You .................................................................................. 99

Dylan Albums of the Seventies (1970s) .................................................................................. 99

New Morning (1970) .................................................................................................................... 99
1. If Not For You ......................................................................................................................... 99
2. Day Of The Locusts .............................................................................................................. 100
3. Time Passes Slowly .............................................................................................................. 101
4. Went To See The Gypsy ....................................................................................................... 101
5. Winterlude ............................................................................................................................ 102
6. If Dogs Run Free ................................................................................................................... 103
7. New Morning ......................................................................................................................... 103
8. Sign On The Window ............................................................................................................ 104
Bob Dylan Lyrics (from TRW)
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Song Title</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>5. You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Meet Me In The Morning</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Lily, Rosemary And The Jack Of Hearts</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. If You See Her, Say Hello</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Shelter From The Storm</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10. Buckets Of Rain</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Desire (1976)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Hurricane (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Isis (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. Mozambique (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. One More Cup Of Coffee (Valley Below)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Oh, Sister (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Joey (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. Romance In Durango (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Black Diamond Bay (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. Sara</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Street Legal (1978)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Changing Of The Guards</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. New Pony</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. No Time To Think</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Baby Stop Crying</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Is Your Love In Vain?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Señor (Tales Of Yankee Power)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. True Love Tends To Forget</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. We Better Talk This Over</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Slow Train (1979)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. Gotta Serve Somebody</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2. Precious Angel</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3. I Believe In You</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4. Slow Train</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5. Gonna Change My Way Of Thinking</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6. Do Right To Me Baby (Do Unto Others)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7. When You Gonna Wake Up?</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8. Man Gave Names To All The Animals</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9. When He Returns</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dylan Albums of the Eighties (1980s)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Saved (1980)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1. A Satisfied Mind</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
2. Saved ......................................................................................................................................... 165
3. Covenant Woman .......................................................................................................................... 166
4. What Can I Do For You? ............................................................................................................ 167
5. Solid Rock .................................................................................................................................. 168
6. Pressing On ................................................................................................................................ 168
7. In The Garden ............................................................................................................................ 169
8. Saving Grace .............................................................................................................................. 170
9. Are You Ready? ......................................................................................................................... 170

Shot Of Love (1981) ........................................................................................................................... 171
1. Shot Of Love .............................................................................................................................. 171
2. Heart Of Mine ............................................................................................................................ 172
3. Property Of Jesus ....................................................................................................................... 173
4. Lenny Bruce ............................................................................................................................... 174
5. Watered-Down Love ................................................................................................................. 174
6. The Groom's Still Waiting At The Altar ...................................................................................... 175
7. Dead Man, Dead Man ............................................................................................................... 176
8. In The Summertime ................................................................................................................... 177
9. Trouble ...................................................................................................................................... 178
10. Every Grain Of Sand .................................................................................................................. 179

Infidels (1983) .................................................................................................................................... 179
1. Jokerman ................................................................................................................................... 179
2. Sweetheart Like You .................................................................................................................. 181
3. Neighborhood Bully ................................................................................................................... 182
4. License To Kill ............................................................................................................................ 183
5. Man Of Peace ............................................................................................................................ 184
6. Union Sundown ......................................................................................................................... 185
7. I And I ......................................................................................................................................... 186
8. Don't Fall Apart On Me Tonight ................................................................................................ 187

Empire Burlesque (1985) ................................................................................................................... 189
1. Tight Connection To My Heart (Has Anybody Seen My Love) .................................................. 189
2. Seeing The Real You At Last ...................................................................................................... 190
3. I'll Remember You ..................................................................................................................... 191
4. Clean-Cut Kid ............................................................................................................................. 192
5. Never Gonna Be The Same Again .............................................................................................. 194
6. Trust Yourself ............................................................................................................................ 194
7. Emotionally Yours ...................................................................................................................... 195
8. When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky ........................................................................... 195
9. Something's Burning, Baby ........................................................................................................ 196
10. Dark Eyes .................................................................................................................................. 197
Knocked Out Loaded (1986) ................................................................. 198
  1. You Wanna Ramble .................................................................. 198
  2. They Killed Him .................................................................... 199
  3. Driftin’ Too Far From Shore ..................................................... 199
  4. Precious Memories ............................................................... 201
  5. Maybe Someday ...................................................................... 201
  6. Brownsville Girl ................................................................. 202
  7. Got My Mind Made Up .......................................................... 204
  8. Under Your Spell .................................................................... 205

Down In The Groove (1988) ................................................................. 206
  1. Let’s Stick Together ................................................................ 206
  2. When Did You Leave Heaven? ............................................... 206
  3. Sally Sue Brown .................................................................... 206
  4. Death Is Not The End ............................................................ 207
  5. Had A Dream About You, Baby .............................................. 208
  6. Ugliest Girl In The World ..................................................... 209
  7. Silvio ..................................................................................... 210
  8. Ninety Miles An Hour (Down A Dead End Street) ............. 211
  9. Shenandoah ................................................................. 211
  10. Rank Strangers To Me ........................................................... 212

Oh Mercy (1989) ................................................................................. 212
  1. Political World ....................................................................... 212
  2. Where Teardrops Fall ............................................................ 214
  3. Everything Is Broken .......................................................... 214
  4. Ring Them Bells .................................................................... 215
  5. Man In The Long Black Coat ................................................. 216
  6. Most Of The Time .................................................................. 217
  7. What Good Am I? ............................................................... 218
  8. Disease Of Conceit ............................................................... 218
  9. What Was It You Wanted ..................................................... 219
  10. Shooting Star ....................................................................... 221

Dylan Albums of the Nineties (1990s) .................................................. 222

Under the Red Sky (1990) ................................................................. 222
  1. Wiggle Wiggle ....................................................................... 222
  2. Under The Red Sky .............................................................. 222
  3. Unbelievable ......................................................................... 223
  4. Born In Time .......................................................................... 224
  5. T.V. Talkin’ Song .................................................................... 225
  6. 10,000 Men .......................................................................... 225
Love and Theft (2001) ................................................................. 240

1. Tweedle Dee & Tweedle Dum .................................................. 240
2. Mississippi .............................................................................. 241
3. Summer Days ........................................................................ 242
4. Bye And Bye ......................................................................... 243
5. Lonesome Day Blues ............................................................. 244
6. Floater (Too Much To Ask) ..................................................... 245
7. High Water (For Charley Patton) .......................................... 246
8. Moonlight ............................................................................. 248
9. Honest With Me .................................................................... 248
10. Po’ Boy ............................................................................... 249
11. Cry Awhile ......................................................................... 250
12. Sugar Baby ......................................................................... 251

Modern Times (2006) ................................................................. 252

1. Thunder On The Mountain .................................................... 252
2. Spirit on the Water ............................................................... 253
3. Rollin’ And Tumblin’ ............................................................ 255
4. When The Deal Goes Down ................................................. 256
5. Someday Baby ..................................................................... 257
6. Workingman’s Blues #2 ....................................................... 257
7. Beyond The Horizon ........................................................... 259
8. Nettie Moore ....................................................................... 260
9. The Levee's Gonna Break' ......................................................................................................... 262
10. Ain't Talkin' ...................................................................................................................................... 263

Together Through Life (2009) ........................................................................................................... 265
1. Beyond Here Lies Nothing ......................................................................................................... 265
2. Life Is Hard ....................................................................................................................................... 266
3. My Wife's Hometown ................................................................................................................ 266
4. If You Ever Go to Houston ......................................................................................................... 267
5. Forgetful Hearts ........................................................................................................................ 268
6. Jolene ............................................................................................................................................. 269
7. This Dream of You ..................................................................................................................... 270
8. Shake, Shake Mama .................................................................................................................. 270
9. I Feel a Change Comin' On ......................................................................................................... 271
10. It's All Good ................................................................................................................................... 272

More Bob Dylan Stuff .............................................................................................................. 273

Dylan Albums of the Sixties (1960s)

The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan (1963)

1. 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 cannon balls 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.

Copyright ©1962; renewed 1990 Special Rider Music

2. Girl From 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.

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

3. 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

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

4. 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.
bob
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.

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music
5. 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!

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

6. 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, and 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.

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music
7. 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 any more
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

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

8. 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.

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

9. 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

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

10. Corrina Corrina

Corrina, Corrina,
Gal, where you been so long?
Corrina, Corrina,
Gal, where you been so long?
I been worr’in’ ’bout you, baby,
Baby, please come home.

I got a bird that whistles,
I got a bird that sings.
I got a bird that whistles,
I got a bird that sings.
But I ain' a-got Corrina,
Life don't mean a thing.

Corrina, Corrina,
Gal, you're on my mind.
Corrina, Corrina,
Gal, you're on my mind.
I'm a-thinkin' 'bout you, baby,
I just can't keep from crying.

Copyright ©1962; renewed 1990 Special Rider Music

11. 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."

Well, I seen a Cadillac window uptown
And there was nobody aroun',
I got into the driver's seat
And I drove 42nd Street
In my Cadillac.
Good car to drive after a war.

Well, I remember seein' some ad,
So I turned on my Conelrad.
But I didn't pay my Con Ed bill,
So the radio didn't work so well.
Turned on my player-
It was Rock-A-Day, Johnny singin',
"Tell Your Ma, Tell Your Pa,
Our Loves Are Gonna Grow Ooh-wah, Ooh-wah."

I was feelin' kinda lonesome and blue,
I needed somebody to talk to.
So I called up the operator of time
Just to hear a voice of some kind.
"When you hear the beep
It will be three o'clock,"
She said that for over an hour
And I hung it up.

Well, the doctor interrupted me just about then,
Sayin', "Hey I've been havin' the same old dreams,
But mine was a little different you see.
I dreamt that the only person left after the war was me.
I didn't see you around."

Well, now time passed and now it seems
Everybody's having them dreams.
Everybody sees themselves walkin' around with no one else.
Half of the people can be part right all of the time,
Some of the people can be all right part of the time.
But all the people can't be all right all the time
I think Abraham Lincoln said that.
"I'll let you be in my dreams if I can be in yours,"
I said that.

12. Honey, Just Allow Me One More Chance

Honey, just allow me one more chance
To get along with you.
Honey, just allow me one more chance,
Ah'll do anything with you.
Well, I'm a-walkin' down the road
With my head in my hand,
I'm lookin' for a woman
Needs a worried man.
Just-a one kind favor I ask you,
'Low me just-a one more chance.

Honey, just allow me one more chance
To ride your aeroplane.
Honey, just allow me one more chance
To ride your passenger train.
Well, I've been lookin' all over
For a gal like you,
I can't find nobody
So you'll have to do.
Just-a one kind favor I ask you,
'Low me just-a one more chance.

Honey, just allow me one more chance
To get along with you.
Honey, just allow me one more chance,
Ah'll do anything with you.
Well, lookin' for a woman
That ain't got no man,
Is just lookin' for a needle
That is lost in the sand.
Just-a one kind favor I ask you,
'Low me just-a one more chance.
13. I Shall Be Free

Well, I took me a woman late last night,
I's three-fourths drunk, she looked uptight.
She took off her wheel, took off her bell,
Took off her wig, said, "How do I smell?"
I hot-footed it . . . bare-naked . . .
Out the window!

Well, sometimes I might get drunk,
Walk like a duck and stomp like a skunk.
Don't hurt me none, don't hurt my pride
'Cause I got my little lady right by my side.
(Right there
Proud as can be)

I's out there paintin' on the old woodshed
When a can a black paint it fell on my head.
I went down to scrub and rub
But I had to sit in back of the tub.
(Cost a quarter
And I had to get out quick . . .
Someone wanted to come in and take a sauna)

Well, my telephone rang it would not stop,
It's President Kennedy callin' me up.
He said, "My friend, Bob, what do we need to make the country grow?"
I said, "My friend, John, Brigitte Bardot,
Anita Ekberg,
Sophia Loren."
(Put 'em all in the same room with Ernest Borgnine!)

Well, I got a woman sleeps on a cot,
She yells and hollers and squeals a lot.
Licks my face and tickles my ear,
Bends me over and buys me beer.
(She's a honeymooner
A June crooner
A spoon feeder
And a natural leader)

Oh, there ain't no use in me workin' so heavy,
I got a woman who works on the levee.
Pumping that water up to her neck,
Every week she sends me a monthly check.
(She's a humdinger
Folk singer
Dead ringer
For a thing-a-muh jigger)

Late one day in the middle of the week,
Eyes were closed I was half asleep.
I chased me a woman up the hill,
Right in the middle of an air raid drill.
It was Little Bo Peep!
(I jumped a fallout shelter
I jumped a bean stalk
I jumped a ferris wheel)

Now, the man on the stand he wants my vote,
He's a-runnin' for office on the ballot note.
He's out there preachin' in front of the steeple,
Tellin' me he loves all kinds-a people.
(He's eatin' bagels
He's eatin' pizza
He's eatin' chitlins
He's eatin' bullshit!

Oh, set me down on a television floor,
I'll flip the channel to number four.
Out of the shower comes a grown-up man
With a bottle of hair oil in his hand.
(It's that greasy kid stuff.
What I want to know, Mr. Football Man, is
What do you do about Willy Mays and Yul Brynner,
Charles de Gaulle
And Robert Louis Stevenson?)

Well, the funniest woman I ever seen
Was the great-granddaughter of Mr. Clean.
She takes about fifteen baths a day,
Wants me to grow a cigar on my face.
(She's a little bit heavy!)  

Well, ask me why I'm drunk alla time,
It levels my head and eases my mind.
I just walk along and stroll and sing,
I see better days and I do better things.
(I catch dinosaurs
I make love to Elizabeth Taylor . . .
Catch hell from Richard Burton!)

The Times They Are A-Changin’ (1964)

1. The Times They Are A-Changin’

Come gather 'round people
Wherever you roam
And admit that the waters
Around you have grown
And accept it that soon
You'll be drenched to the bone.
If your time to you
Is worth savin'
Then you better start swimmin'
Or you'll sink like a stone
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come writers and critics
Who prophesize with your pen
And keep your eyes wide
The chance won't come again
And don't speak too soon
For the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who
That it's namin'.
For the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway
Don't block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
There's a battle outside
And it is ragin'.
It'll soon shake your windows
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come mothers and fathers
Throughout the land
And don't criticize
What you can't understand
Your sons and your daughters
Are beyond your command
Your old road is
Rapidly agin'.
Please get out of the new one
If you can't lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin'.

The line it is drawn
The curse it is cast
The slow one now
Will later be fast
As the present now
Will later be past
The order is
Rapidly fadin'.
And the first one now
Will later be last
For the times they are a-changin'.
2. Ballad of Hollis Brown

Hollis Brown
He lived on the outside of town
Hollis Brown
He lived on the outside of town
With his wife and five children
And his cabin fallin' down

You looked for work and money
And you walked a rugged mile
You looked for work and money
And you walked a rugged mile
Your children are so hungry
That they don't know how to smile

Your baby's eyes look crazy
They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve
Your baby's eyes look crazy
They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve
You walk the floor and wonder why
With every breath you breathe

The rats have got your flour
Bad blood it got your mare
The rats have got your flour
Bad blood it got your mare
If there's anyone that knows
Is there anyone that cares?

You prayed to the Lord above
Oh please send you a friend
You prayed to the Lord above
Oh please send you a friend
Your empty pockets tell yuh
That you ain't a-got no friend

Your babies are crying louder
It's pounding on your brain
Your babies are crying louder
It's pounding on your brain
Your wife's screams are stabbin' you
Like the dirty drivin' rain

Your grass it is turning black
There's no water in your well
Your grass is turning black
There's no water in your well
You spent your last lone dollar
On seven shotgun shells
Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That's hangin' on the wall

Your brain is a-bleedin'
And your legs can't seem to stand
Your brain is a-bleedin'
And your legs can't seem to stand
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That you're holdin' in your hand

There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
Seven shots ring out
Like the ocean's pounding roar

There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
Somewhere in the distance
There's seven new people born

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

3. With God on Our Side

Oh my name it is nothin'
My age it means less
The country I come from
Is called the Midwest
I's taught and brought up there
The laws to abide
And that land that I live in
Has God on its side.

Oh the history books tell it
They tell it so well
The cavalries charged
The Indians fell
The cavalries charged
The Indians died
Oh the country was young
With God on its side.

Oh the Spanish-American
War had its day
And the Civil War too
Was soon laid away
And the names of the heroes
I's made to memorize
With guns in their hands
And God on their side.

Oh the First World War, boys
It closed out its fate
The reason for fighting
I never got straight
But I learned to accept it
Accept it with pride
For you don't count the dead
When God's on your side.

When the Second World War
Came to an end
We forgave the Germans
And we were friends
Though they murdered six million
In the ovens they fried
The Germans now too
Have God on their side.

I've learned to hate Russians
All through my whole life
If another war starts
It's them we must fight
To hate them and fear them
To run and to hide
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side.

But now we got weapons
Of the chemical dust
If fire them we're forced to
Then fire them we must
One push of the button
And a shot the world wide
And you never ask questions
When God's on your side.

In a many dark hour
I've been thinkin' about this
That Jesus Christ
Was betrayed by a kiss
But I can't think for you
You'll have to decide
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side.

So now as I'm leavin'
I'm weary as Hell
The confusion I'm feelin'
Ain't no tongue can tell
The words fill my head
And fall to the floor
If God's on our side
He'll stop the next war.

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

4. One Too Many Mornings

Down the street the dogs are barkin'
And the day is a-gettin' dark.
As the night comes in a-fallin',
The dogs 'll lose their bark.
An' the silent night will shatter
From the sounds inside my mind,
For I'm one too many mornings
And a thousand miles behind.

From the crossroads of my doorstep,
My eyes they start to fade,
As I turn my head back to the room
Where my love and I have laid.
An' I gaze back to the street,
The sidewalk and the sign,
And I'm one too many mornings
An' a thousand miles behind.

It's a restless hungry feeling
That don't mean no one no good,
When ev'rything I'm a-sayin'
You can say it just as good.
You're right from your side,
I'm right from mine.
We're both just one too many mornings
An' a thousand miles behind.

Copyright ©1964; renewed 1992 Special Rider Music

5. North Country Blues

Come gather 'round friends
And I'll tell you a tale
Of when the red iron pits ran plenty.
But the cardboard filled windows
And old men on the benches
Tell you now that the whole town is empty.

In the north end of town,
My own children are grown
But I was raised on the other.
In the wee hours of youth,
My mother took sick
And I was brought up by my brother.

The iron ore poured
As the years passed the door,
The drag lines an' the shovels they was a-humming.
'Til one day my brother
Failed to come home
The same as my father before him.

Well a long winter's wait,
From the window I watched.
My friends they couldn't have been kinder.
And my schooling was cut
As I quit in the spring
To marry John Thomas, a miner.

Oh the years passed again
And the givin' was good,
With the lunch bucket filled every season.
What with three babies born,
The work was cut down
To a half a day's shift with no reason.

Then the shaft was soon shut
And more work was cut,
And the fire in the air, it felt frozen.
'Til a man come to speak
And he said in one week
That number eleven was closin'.

They complained in the East,
They are paying too high.
They say that your ore ain't worth digging.
That it's much cheaper down
In the South American towns
Where the miners work almost for nothing.

So the mining gates locked
And the red iron rotted
And the room smelled heavy from drinking.
Where the sad, silent song
Made the hour twice as long
As I waited for the sun to go sinking.

I lived by the window
As he talked to himself,
This silence of tongues it was building.
Then one morning's wake,
The bed it was bare,
And I's left alone with three children.

The summer is gone,
The ground's turning cold,  
The stores one by one they're a-foldin'.  
My children will go  
As soon as they grow.  
Well, there ain't nothing here now to hold them.

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

6. Only a Pawn in Their Game

A bullet from the back of a bush took Medgar Evers' blood.  
A finger fired the trigger to his name.  
A handle hid out in the dark  
A hand set the spark  
Two eyes took the aim  
Behind a man's brain  
But he can't be blamed  
He's only a pawn in their game.

A South politician preaches to the poor white man,  
"You got more than the blacks, don't complain.  
You're better than them, you been born with white skin," they explain.  
And the Negro's name  
Is used it is plain  
For the politician's gain  
As he rises to fame  
And the poor white remains  
On the caboose of the train  
But it ain't him to blame  
He's only a pawn in their game.

The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid,  
And the marshals and cops get the same,  
But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like a tool.  
He's taught in his school  
From the start by the rule  
That the laws are with him  
To protect his white skin  
To keep up his hate  
So he never thinks straight  
'Bout the shape that he's in  
But it ain't him to blame  
He's only a pawn in their game.

From the poverty shacks, he looks from the cracks to the tracks,  
And the hoof beats pound in his brain.  
And he's taught how to walk in a pack  
Shoot in the back  
With his fist in a clinch  
To hang and to lynch  
To hide 'neath the hood  
To kill with no pain  
Like a dog on a chain
He ain't got no name
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

Today, Medgar Evers was buried from the bullet he caught.
They lowered him down as a king.
But when the shadowy sun sets on the one
That fired the gun
He'll see by his grave
On the stone that remains
Carved next to his name
His epitaph plain:
Only a pawn in their game.

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

7. Boots of Spanish Leather

Oh, I'm sailin' away my own true love,
I'm sailin' away in the morning.
Is there something I can send you from across the sea,
From the place that I'll be landing?

No, there's nothin' you can send me, my own true love,
There's nothin' I wish to be ownin'.
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled,
From across that lonesome ocean.

Oh, but I just thought you might want something fine
Made of silver or of golden,
Either from the mountains of Madrid
Or from the coast of Barcelona.

Oh, but if I had the stars from the darkest night
And the diamonds from the deepest ocean,
I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss,
For that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'.

That I might be gone a long time
And it's only that I'm askin',
Is there something I can send you to remember me by,
To make your time more easy passin'.

Oh, how can, how can you ask me again,
It only brings me sorrow.
The same thing I want from you today,
I would want again tomorrow.

I got a letter on a lonesome day,
It was from her ship a-sailin',
Saying I don't know when I'll be comin' back again,
It depends on how I'm a-feelin'.
Well, if you, my love, must think that-a-way,
I'm sure your mind is roamin'.
I'm sure your heart is not with me,
But with the country to where you're goin'.

So take heed, take heed of the western wind,
Take heed of the stormy weather.
And yes, there's something you can send back to me,
Spanish boots of Spanish leather.

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

8. When the Ship Comes In

Oh the time will come up
When the winds will stop
And the breeze will cease to be breathin'.
Like the stillness in the wind
'Fore the hurricane begins,
The hour when the ship comes in.

Oh the seas will split
And the ship will hit
And the sands on the shoreline will be shaking.
Then the tide will sound
And the wind will pound
And the morning will be breaking.

Oh the fishes will laugh
As they swim out of the path
And the seagulls they'll be smiling.
And the rocks on the sand
Will proudly stand,
The hour that the ship comes in.

And the words that are used
For to get the ship confused
Will not be understood as they're spoken.
For the chains of the sea
Will have busted in the night
And will be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

A song will lift
As the mainsail shifts
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline.
And the sun will respect
Every face on the deck,
The hour that the ship comes in.

Then the sands will roll
Out a carpet of gold
For your weary toes to be a-touchin'.
And the ship's wise men
Will remind you once again
That the whole wide world is watchin'.

Oh the foes will rise
With the sleep still in their eyes
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin'.
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal
And know that it's for real,
The hour when the ship comes in.

Then they'll raise their hands,
Sayin' we'll meet all your demands,
But we'll shout from the bow your days are numbered.
And like Pharaoh's tribe,
They'll be drowned in the tide,
And like Goliath, they'll be conquered.

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

9. The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll

William Zanzinger killed poor Hattie Carroll
With a cane that he twirled around his diamond ring finger
At a Baltimore hotel society gath'rin'.
And the cops were called in and his weapon took from him
As they rode him in custody down to the station
And booked William Zanzinger for first-degree murder.
But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears,
Take the rag away from your face.
Now ain't the time for your tears.

William Zanzinger, who at twenty-four years
Owns a tobacco farm of six hundred acres
With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him
And high office relations in the politics of Maryland,
Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders
And swear words and sneering, and his tongue it was snarling,
In a matter of minutes on bail was out walking.
But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears,
Take the rag away from your face.
Now ain't the time for your tears.

Hattie Carroll was a maid of the kitchen.
She was fifty-one years old and gave birth to ten children
Who carried the dishes and took out the garbage
And never sat once at the head of the table
And didn't even talk to the people at the table
Who just cleaned up all the food from the table
And emptied the ashtrays on a whole other level,
Got killed by a blow, lay slain by a cane
That sailed through the air and came down through the room,
Doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle.
And she never done nothing to William Zanzinger.
But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears,
Take the rag away from your face.
Now ain't the time for your tears.

In the courtroom of honor, the judge pounded his gavel
To show that all's equal and that the courts are on the level
And that the strings in the books ain't pulled and persuaded
And that even the nobles get properly handled
Once that the cops have chased after and caught 'em
And that the ladder of law has no top and no bottom,
Stared at the person who killed for no reason
Who just happened to be feelin' that way without warnin'.
And he spoke through his cloak, most deep and distinguished,
And handed out strongly, for penalty and repentance,
William Zanzinger with a six-month sentence.
Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears,
Bury the rag deep in your face
For now's the time for your tears.

10. Restless Farewell

Oh all the money that in my whole life I did spend,
Be it mine right or wrongfully,
I let it slip gladly past the hands of my friends
To tie up the time most forcefully.
But the bottles are done,
We've killed each one
And the table's full and overflowed.
And the corner sign
Says it's closing time,
So I'll bid farewell and be down the road.

Oh ev'ry girl that ever I've touched,
I did not do it harmfully.
And ev'ry girl that ever I've hurt,
I did not do it knowin'ly.
But to remain as friends and make amends
You need the time and stay behind.
And since my feet are now fast
And point away from the past,
I'll bid farewell and be down the line.

Oh ev'ry foe that ever I faced,
The cause was there before we came.
And ev'ry cause that ever I fought,
I fought it full without regret or shame.
But the dark does die
As the curtain is drawn and somebody's eyes
Must meet the dawn.
And if I see the day
I'd only have to stay,
So I'll bid farewell in the night and be gone.

Oh, ev'ry thought that's strung a knot in my mind,
I might go insane if it couldn't be sprung.
But it's not to stand naked under unknowin' eyes,
It's for myself and my friends my stories are sung.
But the time ain't tall,
Yet on time you depend and no word is possessed
By no special friend.
And though the line is cut,
It ain't quite the end,
I'll just bid farewell till we meet again.

Oh a false clock tries to tick out my time
To disgrace, distract, and bother me.
And the dirt of gossip blows into my face,
And the dust of rumors covers me.
But if the arrow is straight
And the point is slick,
It can pierce through dust no matter how thick.
So I'll make my stand
And remain as I am
And bid farewell and not give a damn.

Copyright ©1964; renewed 1992 Special Rider Music

**Another Side of Bob Dylan (1964)**

1. All I Really Want To Do

I ain't lookin' to compete with you,
Beat or cheat or mistreat you,
Simplify you, classify you,
Deny, defy or crucify you.
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

No, and I ain't lookin' to fight with you,
Frighten you or uptighten you,
Drag you down or drain you down,
Chain you down or bring you down.
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I ain't lookin' to block you up
Shock or knock or lock you up,
Analyze you, categorize you,
Finalize you or advertise you.
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.
I don't want to straight-face you,
Race or chase you, track or trace you,
Or disgrace you or displace you,
Or define you or confine you.
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I don't want to meet your kin,
Make you spin or do you in,
Or select you or dissect you,
Or inspect you or reject you.
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I don't want to fake you out,
Take or shake or forsake you out,
I ain't lookin' for you to feel like me,
See like me or be like me.
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

---

2. Black Crow Blues

I woke in the mornin', wand'rin',
Wasted and worn out.
I woke in the mornin', wand'rin',
Wasted and worn out.
Wishin' my long-lost lover
Will walk to me, talk to me,
Tell me what it's all about.

I was standin' at the side road
Listenin' to the billboard knock.
Standin' at the side road
Listenin' to the billboard knock.
Well, my wrist was empty
But my nerves were kickin',
Tickin' like a clock.

If I got anything you need, babe,
Let me tell you in front.
If I got anything you need, babe,
Let me tell you in front.
You can come to me sometime,
Night time, day time,
Any time you want.

Sometimes I'm thinkin'
I'm too high to fall.
Sometimes I'm thinkin'
I'm Too high to fall.
Other times I'm thinkin' I'm
So low I don't know
If I can come up at all.

Black crows in the meadow
Across a broad highway.
Black crows in the meadow
Across a broad highway.
Though it's funny, honey,
I just don't feel much like a
Scarecrow today.

Copyright ©1964; renewed 1992 Special Rider Music

3. Spanish Harlem Incident

Gypsy gal, the hands of Harlem
Cannot hold you to its heat.
Your temperature's too hot for taming,
Your flaming feet burn up the street.
I am homeless, come and take me
Into reach of your rattling drums.
Let me know, babe, about my fortune
Down along my restless palms.

Gypsy gal, you got me swallowed.
I have fallen far beneath
Your pearly eyes, so fast an' slashing,
An' your flashing diamond teeth.
The night is pitch black, come an' make my
Pale face fit into place, ah, please!
Let me know, babe, I got to know, babe,
If it's you my lifelines trace.

I been wond'rin' all about me
Ever since I seen you there.
On the cliffs of your wildcat charms I'm riding,
I know I'm 'round you but I don't know where.
You have slayed me, you have made me,
I got to laugh halfways off my heels.
I got to know, babe, will I be touching you
So I can tell if I'm really real.

Copyright ©1964; renewed 1992 Special Rider Music

4. Chimes of Freedom

Far between sundown's finish an' midnight's broken toll
We ducked inside the doorway, thunder crashing
As majestic bells of bolts struck shadows in the sounds
Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing
Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight
Flashing for the refugees on the unarmed road of flight
An' for each an' ev'ry underdog soldier in the night
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

In the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched
With faces hidden while the walls were tightening
As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain
Dissolved into the bells of the lightning
Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake
Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaked
Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Through the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail
The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder
That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze
Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder
Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind
Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind
An' the unpawned painter behind beyond his rightful time
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Even though a cloud's white curtain in a far-off corner flashed
An' the hypnotic splattered mist was slowly lifting
Electric light still struck like arrows, fired but for the ones
Condemned to drift or else be kept from drifting
Tolling for the searching ones, on their speechless, seeking trail
For the lonesome-hearted lovers with too personal a tale
An' for each unharmful, gentle soul misplaced inside a jail
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Starry-eyed an' laughing as I recall when we were caught
Trapped by no track of hours for they hanged suspended
As we listened one last time an' we watched with one last look
Spellbound an' swallowed 'til the tolling ended
Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed
For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-out ones an' worse
An' for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.
I's three-fourths drunk, she looked uptight.
She took off her wheel, took off her bell,
Took off her wig, said, "How do I smell?"
I hot-footed it . . . bare-naked . . .
Out the window!

Well, sometimes I might get drunk,
Walk like a duck and stomp like a skunk.
Don't hurt me none, don't hurt my pride
'Cause I got my little lady right by my side.
(Right there
Proud as can be)

I's out there paintin' on the old woodshed
When a can a black paint it fell on my head.
I went down to scrub and rub
But I had to sit in back of the tub.
(Cost a quarter
And I had to get out quick . . .
Someone wanted to come in and take a sauna)

Well, my telephone rang it would not stop,
It's President Kennedy callin' me up.
He said, "My friend, Bob, what do we need to make the country grow?"
I said, "My friend, John, Brigitte Bardot,
Anita Ekberg,
Sophia Loren."
(Put 'em all in the same room with Ernest Borgnine!)

Well, I got a woman sleeps on a cot,
She yells and hollers and squeals a lot.
Licks my face and tickles my ear,
Bends me over and buys me beer.
(She's a honeymooner
A June crooner
A spoon feeder
And a natural leader)

Oh, there ain't no use in me workin' so heavy,
I got a woman who works on the levee.
Pumping that water up to her neck,
Every week she sends me a monthly check.
(She's a humdinger
Folk singer
Dead ringer
For a thing-a-muh jigger)

Late one day in the middle of the week,
Eyes were closed I was half asleep.
I chased me a woman up the hill,
Right in the middle of an air raid drill.
It was Little Bo Peep!
(I jumped a fallout shelter
I jumped a bean stalk)
I jumped a ferris wheel)

Now, the man on the stand he wants my vote,
He's a-runnin' for office on the ballot note.
He's out there preachin' in front of the steeple,
Tellin' me he loves all kinds-a people.
(He's eatin' bagels
He's eatin' pizza
He's eatin' chitlins
He's eatin' bullshit!)

Oh, set me down on a television floor,
I'll flip the channel to number four.
Out of the shower comes a grown-up man
With a bottle of hair oil in his hand.
(It's that greasy kid stuff.
What I want to know, Mr. Football Man, is
What do you do about Willy Mays and Yul Brynner,
Charles de Gaulle
And Robert Louis Stevenson?)

Well, the funniest woman I ever seen
Was the great-granddaughter of Mr. Clean.
She takes about fifteen baths a day,
Wants me to grow a cigar on my face.
(He's a little bit heavy!)

Well, ask me why I'm drunk alla time,
It levels my head and eases my mind.
I just walk along and stroll and sing,
I see better days and I do better things.
(I catch dinosaurs
I make love to Elizabeth Taylor . . .
Catch hell from Richard Burton!)

Copyright ©1963; renewed 1991 Special Rider Music

6. To Ramona

Ramona, come closer,
Shut softly your watery eyes.
The pangs of your sadness
Shall pass as your senses will rise.
The flowers of the city
Though breathlike, get deathlike at times.
And there's no use in tryin'
'T deal with the dyin',
Though I cannot explain that in lines.

Your cracked country lips,
I still wish to kiss,
As to be under the strength of your skin.
Your magnetic movements
Still capture the minutes I'm in.
But it grieves my heart, love,
To see you tryin' to be a part of
A world that just don't exist.
It's all just a dream, babe,
A vacuum, a scheme, babe,
That sucks you into feelin' like this.

I can see that your head
Has been twisted and fed
By worthless foam from the mouth.
I can tell you are torn
Between stayin' and returnin'
On back to the South.
You've been fooled into thinking
That the finishin' end is at hand.
Yet there's no one to beat you,
No one t' defeat you,
'Cept the thoughts of yourself feeling bad.

I've heard you say many times
That you're better 'n no one
And no one is better 'n you.
If you really believe that,
You know you got
Nothing to win and nothing to lose.
From fixtures and forces and friends,
Your sorrow does stem,
That hype you and type you,
Making you feel
That you must be exactly like them.

I'd forever talk to you,
But soon my words,
They would turn into a meaningless ring.
For deep in my heart
I know there is no help I can bring.
Everything passes,
Everything changes,
Just do what you think you should do.
And someday maybe,
Who knows, baby,
I'll come and be cryin' to you.

Copyright ©1964; renewed 1992 Special Rider Music

7. Motorpsycho Nightmare

I pounded on a farmhouse
Lookin' for a place to stay.
I was mighty, mighty tired,
I had gone a long, long way.
I said, "Hey, hey, in there,
Is there anybody home?
I was standin' on the steps
Feelin' most alone.
Well, out comes a farmer,
He must have thought that I was nuts.
He immediately looked at me
And stuck a gun into my guts.

I fell down
To my bended knees,
Saying, "I dig farmers,
Don't shoot me, please!"
He cocked his rifle
And began to shout,
"You're that travelin' salesman
That I have heard about."
I said, "No! No! No!
I'm a doctor and it's true,
I'm a clean-cut kid
And I been to college, too."

Then in comes his daughter
Whose name was Rita.
She looked like she stepped out of
La Dolce Vita.
I immediately tried to cool it
With her dad,
And told him what a
Nice, pretty farm he had.
He said, "What do doctors
Know about farms, pray tell?"
I said, "I was born
At the bottom of a wishing well."

Well, by the dirt 'neath my nails
I guess he knew I wouldn't lie.
"I guess you're tired,"
He said, kinda sly.
I said, "Yes, ten thousand miles
Today I drove."
He said, "I got a bed for you
Underneath the stove.
Just one condition
And you go to sleep right now,
That you don't touch my daughter
And in the morning, milk the cow."

I was sleepin' like a rat
When I heard something jerkin'.
There stood Rita
Lookin' just like Tony Perkins.
She said, "Would you like to take a shower?
I'll show you up to the door."
I said, "Oh, no! no!"
I've been through this before."
I knew I had to split
But I didn't know how,
When she said,
"Would you like to take that shower, now?"

Well, I couldn't leave
Unless the old man chased me out,
'Cause I'd already promised
That I'd milk his cows.
I had to say something
To strike him very weird,
So I yelled out,
"I like Fidel Castro and his beard."
Rita looked offended
But she got out of the way,
As he came charging down the stairs
Sayin', "What's that I heard you say?"

I said, "I like Fidel Castro,
I think you heard me right,"
And ducked as he swung
At me with all his might.
Rita mumbled something
'Bout her mother on the hill,
As his fist hit the icebox,
He said he's going to kill me
If I don't get out the door
In two seconds flat,
"You unpatriotic,
Rotten doctor Commie rat."

Well, he threw a Reader's Digest
At my head and I did run,
I did a somersault
As I seen him get his gun
And crashed through the window
At a hundred miles an hour,
And landed fully blast
In his garden flowers.
Rita said, "Come back!"
As he started to load
The sun was comin' up
And I was runnin' down the road.

Well, I don't figure I'll be back
There for a spell,
Even though Rita moved away
And got a job in a motel.
He still waits for me,
Constant, on the sly.
He wants to turn me in
To the F.B.I.
Me, I romp and stomp,
Thankful as I romp,  
Without freedom of speech,  
I might be in the swamp.

Copyright ©1964; renewed 1992 Special Rider Music

8. My Back Pages

Crimson flames tied through my ears  
Rollin' high and mighty traps  
Pounced with fire on flaming roads  
Using ideas as my maps  
"We'll meet on edges, soon," said I  
Proud 'neath heated brow.  
Ah, but I was so much older then,  
I'm younger than that now.

Half-wracked prejudice leaped forth  
"Rip down all hate," I screamed  
Lies that life is black and white  
Spoke from my skull. I dreamed  
Romantic facts of musketeers  
Foundationed deep, somehow.  
Ah, but I was so much older then,  
I'm younger than that now.

Girls' faces formed the forward path  
From phony jealousy  
To memorizing politics  
Of ancient history  
Flung down by corpse evangelists  
Unthought of, though, somehow.  
Ah, but I was so much older then,  
I'm younger than that now.

A self-ordained professor's tongue  
Too serious to fool  
Spouted out that liberty  
Is just equality in school  
"Equality," I spoke the word  
As if a wedding vow.  
Ah, but I was so much older then,  
I'm younger than that now.

In a soldier's stance, I aimed my hand  
At the mongrel dogs who teach  
Fearing not that I'd become my enemy  
In the instant that I preach  
My pathway led by confusion boats  
Mutiny from stern to bow.  
Ah, but I was so much older then,  
I'm younger than that now.
Yes, my guard stood hard when abstract threats
Too noble to neglect
Deceived me into thinking
I had something to protect
Good and bad, I define these terms
Quite clear, no doubt, somehow.
Ah, but I was so much older then,
I'm younger than that now.

Copyright ©1964; renewed 1992 Special Rider Music

9. I Don’t Believe You (She Acts Like We Never Have Met)

I can’t understand,
She let go of my hand
An' left me here facing the wall.
I'd sure like t' know
Why she did go,
But I can't get close t' her at all.
Though we kissed through the wild blazing nighttime,
She said she would never forget.
But now mornin's clear,
It's like I ain't here,
She just acts like we never have met.

It's all new t' me,
Like some mystery,
It could even be like a myth.
Yet it's hard t' think on,
That she's the same one
That last night I was with.
From darkness, dreams're deserted,
Am I still dreamin' yet?
I wish she'd unlock
Her voice once an' talk,
'Stead of acting like we never have met.

If she ain't feelin' well,
Then why don't she tell
'Stead of turnin' her back t' my face?
Without any doubt,
She seems too far out
For me t' return t' her chase.
Though the night ran swirling an' whirling,
I remember her whispering yet.
But evidently she don't
An' evidently she won't,
She just acts like we never have met.

If I didn't have t' guess,
I'd gladly confess
T' anything I might've tried.
If I was with 'er too long
Or have done something wrong,
I wish she'd tell me what it is, I'll run an' hide.
Though her skirt it swayed as a guitar played,
Her mouth was watery and wet.
But now something has changed
For she ain't the same,
She just acts like we never have met.

I'm leavin' today,
I'll be on my way
Of this I can't say very much.
But if you want me to,
I can be just like you
An' pretend that we never have touched.
An' if anybody asks me, "Is it easy to forget?"
I'll say, "It's easily done,
You just pick anyone,
An' pretend that you never have met!"

---

10. Ballad In Plain D

I once loved a girl, her skin it was bronze.
With the innocence of a lamb, she was gentle like a fawn.
I courted her proudly but now she is gone,
Gone as the season she's taken.

Through young summer's breeze, I stole her away
From her mother and sister, though close did they stay.
Each one of them suffering from the failures of their day,
With strings of guilt they tried hard to guide us.

Of the two sisters, I loved the young.
With sensitive instincts, she was the creative one.
The constant scapegoat, she was easily undone
By the jealousy of others around her.

For her parasite sister, I had no respect,
Bound by her boredom, her pride to protect.
Countless visions of the other she'd reflect
As a crutch for her scenes and her society.

Myself, for what I did, I cannot be excused,
The changes I was going through can't even be used,
For the lies that I told her in hopes not to lose
The could-be dream-lover of my lifetime.

With unknown consciousness, I possessed in my grip
A magnificent mantelpiece, though its heart being chipped,
Noticing not that I'd already slipped
To a sin of love's false security.
From silhouetted anger to manufactured peace,
Answers of emptiness, voice vacancies,
Till the tombstones of damage read me no questions but, "Please,
What's wrong and what's exactly the matter?"

And so it did happen like it could have been foreseen,
The timeless explosion of fantasy's dream.
At the peak of the night, the king and the queen
Tumbled all down into pieces.

"The tragic figure!" her sister did shout,
"Leave her alone, God damn you, get out!"
And I in my armor, turning about
And nailing her to the ruins of her pettiness.

Beneath a bare light bulb the plaster did pound
Her sister and I in a screaming battleground.
And she in between, the victim of sound,
Soon shattered as a child 'neath her shadows.

All is gone, all is gone, admit it, take flight.
I gagged twice, doubled, tears blinding my sight.
My mind it was mangled, I ran into the night
Leaving all of love's ashes behind me.

The wind knocks my window, the room it is wet.
The words to say I'm sorry, I haven't found yet.
I think of her often and hope whoever she's met
Will be fully aware of how precious she is.

Ah, my friends from the prison, they ask unto me,
"How good, how good does it feel to be free?"
And I answer them most mysteriously,
"Are birds free from the chains of the skyway?"

Copyright ©1964; renewed 1992 Special Rider Music

11. It Ain’t Me, Babe

Go 'way from my window,
Leave at your own chosen speed.
I'm not the one you want, babe,
I'm not the one you need.
You say you're lookin' for someone
Never weak but always strong,
To protect you an' defend you
Whether you are right or wrong.
Someone to open each and every door,
But it ain't me, babe,
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe,
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.

Go lightly from the ledge, babe,
Go lightly on the ground.
I'm not the one you want, babe,
I will only let you down.
You say you're lookin' for someone
Who will promise never to part,
Someone to close his eyes for you,
Someone to close his heart,
Someone who will die for you an' more,
But it ain't me, babe,
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe,
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.

Go melt back into the night, babe,
Everything inside is made of stone.
There's nothing in here moving
An' anyway I'm not alone.
You say you're looking for someone
Who'll pick you up each time you fall,
To gather flowers constantly
An' to come each time you call,
A lover for your life an' nothing more,
But it ain't me, babe,
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe,
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.

Copyright ©1964; renewed 1992 Special Rider Music

**Bringing It All Back Home (1965)**

1. Subterranean Homesick Blues

Johnny's in the basement
Mixing up the medicine
I'm on the pavement
Thinking about the government
The man in the trench coat
Badge out, laid off
Says he's got a bad cough
Wants to get it paid off
Look out kid
It's somethin' you did
God knows when
But you're doin' it again
You better duck down the alley way
Lookin' for a new friend
The man in the coon-skin cap
In the big pen
Wants eleven dollar bills
You only got ten

Maggie comes fleet foot
Face full of black soot
Talkin' that the heat put
Plants in the bed but
The phone's tapped anyway
Maggie says that many say
They must bust in early May
Orders from the D. A.
Look out kid
Don't matter what you did
Walk on your tip toes
Don't try "No Doz"
Better stay away from those
That carry around a fire hose
Keep a clean nose
Watch the plain clothes
You don't need a weather man
To know which way the wind blows

Get sick, get well
Hang around a ink well
Ring bell, hard to tell
If anything is goin' to sell
Try hard, get barred
Get back, write braille
Get jailed, jump bail
Join the army, if you fail
Look out kid
You're gonna get hit
But users, cheaters
Six-time losers
Hang around the theaters
Girl by the whirlpool
Lookin' for a new fool
Don't follow leaders
Watch the parkin' meters

Ah get born, keep warm
Short pants, romance, learn to dance
Get dressed, get blessed
Try to be a success
Please her, please him, buy gifts
Don't steal, don't lift
Twenty years of schoolin'
And they put you on the day shift
Look out kid
They keep it all hid
Better jump down a manhole
Light yourself a candle
Don't wear sandals
Try to avoid the scandals
Don't wanna be a bum
You better chew gum
The pump don't work
'Cause the vandals took the handles
2. She Belongs To Me

She's got everything she needs,
She's an artist, she don't look back.
She's got everything she needs,
She's an artist, she don't look back.
She can take the dark out of the nighttime
And paint the daytime black.

You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees.
You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees.
But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole
Down upon your knees.

She never stumbles,
She's got no place to fall.
She never stumbles,
She's got no place to fall.
She's nobody's child,
The Law can't touch her at all.

She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks.
She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks.
She's a hypnotist collector,
You are a walking antique.

Bow down to her on Sunday,
Salute her when her birthday comes.
Bow down to her on Sunday,
Salute her when her birthday comes.
For Halloween give her a trumpet
And for Christmas, buy her a drum.

3. Maggie's Farm

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
Well, I wake in the morning,
Fold my hands and pray for rain.
I got a head full of ideas
That are drivin' me insane.
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor.
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more.
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more.
Well, he hands you a nickel,
He hands you a dime,
He asks you with a grin
If you're havin' a good time,
Then he fines you every time you slam the door.
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more.

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more.
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more.
Well, he puts his cigar
Out in your face just for kicks.
His bedroom window
It is made out of bricks.
The National Guard stands around his door.
Ah, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more.

I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more.
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more.
Well, she talks to all the servants
About man and God and law.
Everybody says
She's the brains behind pa.
She's sixty-eight, but she says she's twenty-four.
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more.

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
Well, I try my best
To be just like I am,
But everybody wants you
To be just like them.
They sing while you slave and I just get bored.
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

4. Love Minus Zero/No Limit

My love she speaks like silence,
Without ideals or violence,
She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.
People carry roses,
Make promises by the hours,
My love she laughs like the flowers,
Valentines can't buy her.

In the dime stores and bus stations,
People talk of situations,
Read books, repeat quotations,
Draw conclusions on the wall.
Some speak of the future,
My love she speaks softly,
She knows there's no success like failure
And that failure's no success at all.

The cloak and dagger dangles,
Madams light the candles.
In ceremonies of the horsemen,
Even the pawn must hold a grudge.
Statues made of match sticks,
Crumble into one another,
My love winks, she does not bother,
She knows too much to argue or to judge.

The bridge at midnight trembles,
The country doctor rambles,
Bankers' nieces seek perfection,
Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring.
The wind howls like a hammer,
The night blows cold and rainy,
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing.

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

5. Outlaw Blues

Ain't it hard to stumble
And land in some funny lagoon?
Ain't it hard to stumble
And land in some muddy lagoon?
Especially when it's nine below zero
And three o'clock in the afternoon.

Ain't gonna hang no picture,
Ain't gonna hang no picture frame.
Ain't gonna hang no picture,
Ain't gonna hang no picture frame.
Well, I might look like Robert Ford
But I feel just like a Jesse James.

Well, I wish I was on some
Australian mountain range.
Oh, I wish I was on some
Australian mountain range.
I got no reason to be there, but I
Imagine it would be some kind of change.

I got my dark sunglasses,
I got for good luck my black tooth.
I got my dark sunglasses,
I'm carryin' for good luck my black tooth.
Don't ask me nothin' about nothin',
I just might tell you the truth.
I got a woman in Jackson,
I ain't gonna say her name.
I got a woman in Jackson,
I ain't gonna say her name.
She's a brown-skin woman,
but I
Love her just the same.

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

6. On The Road Again

Well, I woke up in the morning
There's frogs inside my socks
Your mama, she's a-hidin'
Inside the icebox
Your daddy walks in wearin'
A Napoleon Bonaparte mask
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, do you have to ask?

Well, I go to pet your monkey
I get a face full of claws
I ask who's in the fireplace
And you tell me Santa Claus
The milkman comes in
He's wearing a derby hat
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, how come you have to ask me that?

Well, I asked for something to eat
I'm hungry as a hog
So I get brown rice, seaweed
And a dirty hot dog
I've got a hole
Where my stomach disappeared
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, I gotta think you're really weird.

Your grandpa's cane
It turns into a sword
Your grandma prays to pictures
That are pasted on a board
Everything inside my pockets
Your uncle steals
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, I can't believe that you're for real.

Well, there's fist fights in the kitchen
They're enough to make me cry
The mailman comes in
Even he's gotta take a side
Even the butler
He's got something to prove
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, how come you don't move?

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

7. Bob Dylan's 115th Dream

I was riding on the Mayflower
When I thought I spied some land
I yelled for Captain Arab
I have yuh understand
Who came running to the deck
Said, "Boys, forget the whale
Look on over yonder
Cut the engines
Change the sail
Haul on the bowline"
We sang that melody
Like all tough sailors do
When they are far away at sea

"I think I'll call it America"
I said as we hit land
I took a deep breath
I fell down, I could not stand
Captain Arab he started
Writing up some deeds
He said, "Let's set up a fort
And start buying the place with beads"
Just then this cop comes down the street
Crazy as a loon
He throw us all in jail
For carryin' harpoons

Ah me I busted out
Don't even ask me how
I went to get some help
I walked by a Guernsey cow
Who directed me down
To the Bowery slums
Where people carried signs around
Saying, "Ban the bums"
I jumped right into line
Sayin', "I hope that I'm not late"
When I realized I hadn't eaten
For five days straight

I went into a restaurant
Lookin' for the cook
I told them I was the editor
Of a famous etiquette book
The waitress he was handsome
He wore a powder blue cape
I ordered some suzette, I said
"Could you please make that crepe"
Just then the whole kitchen exploded
From boilin' fat
Food was flying everywhere
And I left without my hat

Now, I didn't mean to be nosy
But I went into a bank
To get some bail for Arab
And all the boys back in the tank
They asked me for some collateral
And I pulled down my pants
They threw me in the alley
When up comes this girl from France
Who invited me to her house
I went, but she had a friend
Who knocked me out
And robbed my boots
And I was on the street again

Well, I rapped upon a house
With the U.S. flag upon display
I said, "Could you help me out
I got some friends down the way"
The man says, "Get out of here
I'll tear you limb from limb"
I said, "You know they refused Jesus, too"
He said, "You're not Him
Get out of here before I break your bones
I ain't your pop"
I decided to have him arrested
And I went looking for a cop

I ran right outside
And I hopped inside a cab
I went out the other door
This Englishman said, "Fab"
As he saw me leap a hot dog stand
And a chariot that stood
Parked across from a building
Advertising brotherhood
I ran right through the front door
Like a hobo sailor does
But it was just a funeral parlor
And the man asked me who I was

I repeated that my friends
Were all in jail, with a sigh
He gave me his card
He said, "Call me if they die"
I shook his hand and said goodbye
Ran out to the street
When a bowling ball came down the road
And knocked me off my feet
A pay phone was ringing
It just about blew my mind
When I picked it up and said hello
This foot came through the line

Well, by this time I was fed up
At tryin' to make a stab
At bringin' back any help
For my friends and Captain Arab
I decided to flip a coin
Like either heads or tails
Would let me know if I should go
Back to ship or back to jail
So I hocked my sailor suit
And I got a coin to flip
It came up tails
It rhymed with sails
So I made it back to the ship

Well, I got back and took
The parkin' ticket off the mast
I was ripping it to shreds
When this coastguard boat went past
They asked me my name
And I said, "Captain Kidd"
They believed me but
They wanted to know
What exactly that I did
I said for the Pope of Eruke
I was employed
They let me go right away
They were very paranoid

Well, the last I heard of Arab
He was stuck on a whale
That was married to the deputy
Sheriff of the jail
But the funniest thing was
When I was leavin' the bay
I saw three ships a-sailin'
They were all heading my way
I asked the captain what his name was
And how come he didn't drive a truck
He said his name was Columbus
I just said, "Good luck."

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

8. Mr. Tambourine Man

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand,
Vanished from my hand,
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet,
I have no one to meet
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship,
My senses have been stripped, my hands can't feel to grip,
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels
To be wanderin'.
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade
Into my own parade, cast your dancing spell my way,
I promise to go under it.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across the sun,
It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run
And but for the sky there are no fences facin'.
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme
To your tambourine in time, it's just a ragged clown behind,
I wouldn't pay it any mind, it's just a shadow you're
Seein' that he's chasing.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind,
Down the foggy ruins of time, far past the frozen leaves,
The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach,
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands,
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Copyright ©1964; renewed 1992 Special Rider Music

9. Gates of Eden

Of war and peace the truth just twists
Its curfew gull just 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 Eden

The 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 Eden

The savage soldier 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 Eden

With a time-rusted compass blade
Aladdin and his lamp
Sits with Utopian hermit monks
Side saddle 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 Eden

The 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 up on his bread crumb sins
And there are no sins inside the Gates of Eden

Bob Dylan Lyrics (from TRW)
The kingdoms of Experience
In the precious wind 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 Eden

The 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

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

10. It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)

Darkness at the break of noon
Shadows even the silver spoon
The handmade blade, the child's balloon
Eclipses both the sun and moon
To understand you know too soon
There is no sense in trying.

Pointed threats, they bluff with scorn
Suicide remarks are torn
From the fool's gold mouthpiece
The hollow horn plays wasted words
Proves to warn
That he not busy being born
Is busy dying.

Temptation's page flies out the door
You follow, find yourself at war
Watch waterfalls of pity roar
You feel to moan but unlike before
You discover
That you'd just be
One more person crying.

So don't fear if you hear
A foreign sound to your ear
It's alright, Ma, I'm only sighing.

As some warn victory, some downfall
Private reasons great or small
Can be seen in the eyes of those that call
To make all that should be killed to crawl
While others say don't hate nothing at all
Except hatred.

Disillusioned words like bullets bark
As human gods aim for their mark
Made everything from toy guns that spark
To flesh-colored Christs that glow in the dark
It's easy to see without looking too far
That not much
Is really sacred.

While preachers preach of evil fates
Teachers teach that knowledge waits
Can lead to hundred-dollar plates
Goodness hides behind its gates
But even the president of the United States
Sometimes must have
To stand naked.

An' though the rules of the road have been lodged
It's only people's games that you got to dodge
And it's alright, Ma, I can make it.

Advertising signs that con you
Into thinking you're the one
That can do what's never been done
That can win what's never been won
Meantime life outside goes on
All around you.

You lose yourself, you reappear
You suddenly find you got nothing to fear
Alone you stand with nobody near
When a trembling distant voice, unclear
Startles your sleeping ears to hear
That somebody thinks
They really found you.

A question in your nerves is lit
Yet you know there is no answer fit to satisfy
Insure you not to quit
To keep it in your mind and not fergit
That it is not he or she or them or it
That you belong to.

Although the masters make the rules
For the wise men and the fools
I got nothing, Ma, to live up to.

For them that must obey authority
That they do not respect in any degree
Who despise their jobs, their destinies
Speak jealously of them that are free
Cultivate their flowers to be
Nothing more than something
They invest in.

While some on principles baptized
To strict party platform ties
Social clubs in drag disguise
Outsiders they can freely criticize
Tell nothing except who to idolize
And then say God bless him.

While one who sings with his tongue on fire
Gargles in the rat race choir
Bent out of shape from society's pliers
Cares not to come up any higher
But rather get you down in the hole
That he's in.

But I mean no harm nor put fault
On anyone that lives in a vault
But it's alright, Ma, if I can't please him.

Old lady judges watch people in pairs
Limited in sex, they dare
To push fake morals, insult and stare
While money doesn't talk, it swears
Obscenity, who really cares
Propaganda, all is phony.

While them that defend what they cannot see
With a killer's pride, security
It blows the minds most bitterly
For them that think death's honesty
Won't fall upon them naturally
Life sometimes
Must get lonely.

My eyes collide head-on with stuffed graveyards
False gods, I scuff
At pettiness which plays so rough
Walk upside-down inside handcuffs
Kick my legs to crash it off
Say okay, I have had enough
What else can you show me?

And if my thought-dreams could be seen
They'd probably put my head in a guillotine
But it's alright, Ma, it's life, and life only.
11. It’s All Over Now, Baby Blue

You must leave now, take what you need, you think will last.
But whatever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast.
Yonder stands your orphan with his gun,
Crying like a fire in the sun.
Look out the saints are comin' through
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense.
Take what you have gathered from coincidence.
The empty-handed painter from your streets
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets.
This sky, too, is folding under you
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home.
All your reindeer armies, are all going home.
The lover who just walked out your door
Has taken all his blankets from the floor.
The carpet, too, is moving under you
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

Leave your stepping stones behind, something calls for you.
Forget the dead you've left, they will not follow you.
The vagabond who's rapping at your door
Is standing in the clothes that you once wore.
Strike another match, go start anew
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

Highway 61 Revisited (1965)

1. Like A Rolling Stone

Once upon a time you dressed so fine
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"
You thought they were all kiddin' you
You used to laugh about
Everybody that was hangin' out
Now you don't talk so loud
Now you don't seem so proud
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be without a home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street
And now you find out you're gonna have to get used to it
You said you'd never compromise
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
He's not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And ask him do you want to make a deal?

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns
When they all come down and did tricks for you
You never understood that it ain't no good
You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you
You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
Ain't it hard when you discover that
He really wasn't where it's at
After he took from you everything he could steal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
They're drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made
Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things
But you'd better lift your diamond ring, you'd better pawn it babe
You used to be so amused
At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used
Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose
You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
2. Tombstone Blues

The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course
The city fathers they're trying to endorse
The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse
But the town has no need to be nervous

The ghost of Belle Starr she hands down her wits
To Jezebel the nun she violently knits
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who sits
At the head of the chamber of commerce

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues

The hysterical bride in the penny arcade
Screaming she moans, "I've just been made"
Then sends out for the doctor who pulls down the shade
Says, "My advice is to not let the boys in"

Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside
He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride
"Stop all this weeping, swallow your pride
You will not die, it's not poison"

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues

Well, John the Baptist after torturing a thief
Looks up at his hero the Commander-in-Chief
Saying, "Tell me great hero, but please make it brief
Is there a hole for me to get sick in?"

The Commander-in-Chief answers him while chasing a fly
Saying, "Death to all those who would whimper and cry"
And dropping a bar bell he points to the sky
Saving, "The sun's not yellow it's chicken"

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues

The king of the Philistines his soldiers to save
Puts jawbones on their tombstones and flatters their graves
Puts the pied pipers in prison and fattens the slaves
Then sends them out to the jungle

Gypsy Davey with a blowtorch he burns out their camps
With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps
With a fantastic collection of stamps
To win friends and influence his uncle

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues

The geometry of innocent flesh on the bone
Causes Galileo's math book to get thrown
At Delilah who sits worthlessly alone
But the tears on her cheeks are from laughter

Now I wish I could give Brother Bill his great thrill
I would set him in chains at the top of the hill
Then send out for some pillars and Cecil B. DeMille
He could die happily ever after

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues

Where Ma Raney and Beethoven once unwrapped their bed roll
Tuba players now rehearse around the flagpole
And the National Bank at a profit sells road maps for the soul
To the old folks home and the college

Now I wish I could write you a melody so plain
That could hold you dear lady from going insane
That could ease you and cool you and cease the pain
Of your useless and pointless knowledge

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues
3. It Takes A Lot to Laugh; It Takes a Train to Cry

Well, I ride on a mailtrain, baby,
Can't buy a thrill.
Well, I've been up all night, baby,
Leanin' on the window sill.
Well, if I die
On top of the hill
And if I don't make it,
You know my baby will.

Don't the moon look good, mama,
Shinin' through the trees?
Don't the brakeman look good, mama,
Flagging down the "Double E"?
Don't the sun look good
Goin' down over the sea?
Don't my gal look fine
When she's comin' after me?

Now the wintertime is coming,
The windows are filled with frost.
I went to tell everybody,
But I could not get across.
Well, I wanna be your lover, baby,
I don't wanna be your boss.
Don't say I never warned you
When your train gets lost.

4. From A Buick 6

I got this graveyard woman, you know she keeps my kid
But my soulful mama, you know she keeps me hid
She's a junkyard angel and she always gives me bread
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

Well, when the pipeline gets broken and I'm lost on the river bridge
I'm cracked up on the highway and on the water's edge
She comes down the thruway ready to sew me up with thread
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

Well, she don't make me nervous, she don't talk too much
She walks like Bo Diddley and she don't need no crutch
She keeps this four-ten all loaded with lead
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

Well, you know I need a steam shovel mama to keep away the dead
I need a dump truck mama to unload my head
She brings me everything and more, and just like I said
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

5. Ballad of a Thin Man

You walk into the room
With your pencil in your hand
You see somebody naked
And you say, "Who is that man?"
You try so hard
But you don't understand
Just what you'll say
When you get home

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You raise up your head
And you ask, "Is this where it is?"
And somebody points to you and says
"It's his"
And you say, "What's mine?"
And somebody else says, "Where what is?"
And you say, "Oh my God
Am I here all alone?"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You hand in your ticket
And you go watch the geek
Who immediately walks up to you
When he hears you speak
And says, "How does it feel
To be such a freak?"
And you say, "Impossible"
As he hands you a bone

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You have many contacts
Among the lumberjacks
To get you facts
When someone attacks your imagination
But nobody has any respect
Anyway they already expect you
To just give a check
To tax-deductible charity organizations

You've been with the professors
And they've all liked your looks
With great lawyers you have
Discussed lepers and crooks
You've been through all of
F. Scott Fitzgerald's books
You're very well read
It's well known

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to you
And then he kneels
He crosses himself
And then he clicks his high heels
And without further notice
He asks you how it feels
And he says, "Here is your throat back
Thanks for the loan"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Now you see this one-eyed midget
Shouting the word "NOW"
And you say, "For what reason?"
And he says, "How?"
And you say, "What does this mean?"
And he screams back, "You're a cow
Give me some milk
Or else go home"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Well, you walk into the room
Like a camel and then you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket
And your nose on the ground
There ought to be a law
Against you comin' around
You should be made
To wear earphones

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
6. Queen Jane Approximately

When your mother sends back all your invitations
And your father to your sister he explains
That you're tired of yourself and all of your creations
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all of the flower ladies want back what they have lent you
And the smell of their roses does not remain
And all of your children start to resent you
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all the clowns that you have commissioned
Have died in battle or in vain
And you're sick of all this repetition
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

When all of your advisers heave their plastic
At your feet to convince you of your pain
Trying to prove that your conclusions should be more drastic
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all the bandits that you turned your other cheek to
All lay down their bandanas and complain
And you want somebody you don't have to speak to
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

7. Highway 61 Revisited

Oh God said to Abraham, "Kill me a son"
Abe says, "Man, you must be puttin' me on"
God say, "No." Abe say, "What?"
God say, "You can do what you want Abe, but
The next time you see me comin' you better run"
Well Abe says, "Where do you want this killin' done?"
God says, "Out on Highway 61."

Well Georgia Sam he had a bloody nose
Welfare Department they wouldn't give him no clothes
He asked poor Howard where can I go
Howard said there's only one place I know
Sam said tell me quick man I got to run
Ol' Howard just pointed with his gun
And said that way down on Highway 61.
Well Mack the Finger said to Louie the King
I got forty red white and blue shoe strings
And a thousand telephones that don't ring
Do you know where I can get rid of these things
And Louie the King said let me think for a minute son
And he said yes I think it can be easily done
Just take everything down to Highway 61.

Now the fifth daughter on the twelfth night
Told the first father that things weren't right
My complexion she said is much too white
He said come here and step into the light he says hmm you're right
Let me tell the second mother this has been done
But the second mother was with the seventh son
And they were both out on Highway 61.

Now the rovin' gambler he was very bored
He was tryin' to create a next world war
He found a promoter who nearly fell off the floor
He said I never engaged in this kind of thing before
But yes I think it can be very easily done
We'll just put some bleachers out in the sun
And have it on Highway 61.

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

8. Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

When you're lost in the rain in Juarez
And it's Eastertime too
And your gravity fails
And negativity don't pull you through
Don't put on any airs
When you're down on Rue Morgue Avenue
They got some hungry women there
And they really make a mess outa you

Now if you see Saint Annie
Please tell her thanks a lot
I cannot move
My fingers are all in a knot
I don't have the strength
To get up and take another shot
And my best friend, my doctor
Won't even say what it is I've got

Sweet Melinda
The peasants call her the goddess of gloom
She speaks good English
And she invites you up into her room
And you're so kind
And careful not to go to her too soon
And she takes your voice
And leaves you howling at the moon

Up on Housing Project Hill
It's either fortune or fame
You must pick up one or the other
Though neither of them are to be what they claim
If you're lookin' to get silly
You better go back to from where you came
Because the cops don't need you
And man they expect the same

Now all the authorities
They just stand around and boast
How they blackmailed the sergeant-at-arms
Into leaving his post
And picking up Angel who
Just arrived here from the coast
Who looked so fine at first
But left looking just like a ghost

I started out on burgundy
But soon hit the harder stuff
Everybody said they'd stand behind me
When the game got rough
But the joke was on me
There was nobody even there to call my bluff
I'm going back to New York City
I do believe I've had enough

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

9. Desolation Row

They're selling postcards of the hanging
They're painting the passports brown
The beauty parlor is filled with sailors
The circus is in town
Here comes the blind commissioner
They've got him in a trance
One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker
The other is in his pants
And the riot squad they're restless
They need somewhere to go
As Lady and I look out tonight
From Desolation Row

Cinderella, she seems so easy
"It takes one to know one," she smiles
And puts her hands in her back pockets
Bette Davis style
And in comes Romeo, he's moaning
"You Belong to Me I Believe"
And someone says, "You're in the wrong place, my friend
You better leave"
And the only sound that's left
After the ambulances go
Is Cinderella sweeping up
On Desolation Row

Now the moon is almost hidden
The stars are beginning to hide
The fortunetelling lady
Has even taken all her things inside
All except for Cain and Abel
And the hunchback of Notre Dame
Everybody is making love
Or else expecting rain
And the Good Samaritan, he's dressing
He's getting ready for the show
He's going to the carnival tonight
On Desolation Row

Now Ophelia, she's 'neath the window
For her I feel so afraid
On her twenty-second birthday
She already is an old maid
To her, death is quite romantic
She wears an iron vest
Her profession's her religion
Her sin is her lifelessness
And though her eyes are fixed upon
Noah's great rainbow
She spends her time peeking
Into Desolation Row

Einstein, disguised as Robin Hood
With his memories in a trunk
Passed this way an hour ago
With his friend, a jealous monk
He looked so immaculately frightful
As he bummed a cigarette
Then he went off sniffing drainpipes
And reciting the alphabet
Now you would not think to look at him
But he was famous long ago
For playing the electric violin
On Desolation Row

Dr. Filth, he keeps his world
Inside of a leather cup
But all his sexless patients
They're trying to blow it up
Now his nurse, some local loser
She's in charge of the cyanide hole
And she also keeps the cards that read
"Have Mercy on His Soul"
They all play on penny whistles
You can hear them blow
If you lean your head out far enough
From Desolation Row

Across the street they've nailed the curtains
They're getting ready for the feast
The Phantom of the Opera
A perfect image of a priest
They're spoonfeeding Casanova
To get him to feel more assured
Then they'll kill him with self-confidence
After poisoning him with words

And the Phantom's shouting to skinny girls
"Get Outa Here If You Don't Know
Casanova is just being punished for going
To Desolation Row"

Now at midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Come out and round up everyone
That knows more than they do
Then they bring them to the factory
Where the heart-attack machine
Is strapped across their shoulders
And then the kerosene
Is brought down from the castles
By insurance men who go
Check to see that nobody is escaping
To Desolation Row

Praise be to Nero's Neptune
The Titanic sails at dawn
And everybody's shouting
"Which Side Are You On?"
And Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot
Fighting in the captain's tower
While calypso singers laugh at them
And fishermen hold flowers
Between the windows of the sea
Where lovely mermaids flow
And nobody has to think too much
About Desolation Row

Yes, I received your letter yesterday
(about the time the door knob broke)
When you asked how I was doing
Was that some kind of joke?
All these people that you mention
Yes, I know them, they're quite lame
I had to rearrange their faces
And give them all another name
Right now I can't read too good
Don't send me no more letters no
Not unless you mail them
From Desolation Row

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

Blonde On Blonde (1966)

1. Rainy Day Women # 12 & 35

Well, they'll stone ya when you're trying to be so good,
They'll stone ya just a-like they said they would.
They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to go home.
Then they'll stone ya when you're there all alone.
But I would not feel so all alone,
Everybody must get stoned.

Well, they'll stone ya when you're walkin' 'long the street.
They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to keep your seat.
They'll stone ya when you're walkin' on the floor.
They'll stone ya when you're walkin' to the door.
But I would not feel so all alone,
Everybody must get stoned.

They'll stone ya when you're at the breakfast table.
They'll stone ya when you are young and able.
They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to make a buck.
They'll stone ya and then they'll say, "good luck."
Tell ya what, I would not feel so all alone,
Everybody must get stoned.

Well, they'll stone you and say that it's the end.
Then they'll stone you and then they'll come back again.
They'll stone you when you're riding in your car.
They'll stone you when you're playing your guitar.
Yes, but I would not feel so all alone,
Everybody must get stoned.

Well, they'll stone you when you walk all alone.
They'll stone you when you are walking home.
They'll stone you and then say you are brave.
They'll stone you when you are set down in your grave.
But I would not feel so all alone,
Everybody must get stoned.

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music
2. Pledging My Time

Well, early in the mornin'
'Til late at night,
I got a poison headache,
But I feel all right.
I'm pledging my time to you,
Hopin' you'll come through, too.

Well, the hobo jumped up,
He came down natur'lly.
After he stole my baby,
Then he wanted to steal me.
But I'm pledging my time to you,
Hopin' you'll come through, too.

Won't you come with me, baby?
I'll take you where you wanna go.
And if it don't work out,
You'll be the first to know.
I'm pledging my time to you,
Hopin' you'll come through, too.

Well, the room is so stuffy,
I can hardly breathe.
Ev'rybody's gone but me and you
And I can't be the last to leave.
I'm pledging my time to you,
Hopin' you'll come through, too.

Well, they sent for the ambulance
And one was sent.
Somebody got lucky
But it was an accident.
Now I'm pledging my time to you,
Hopin' you'll come through, too.

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

3. Visions of Johanna

Ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet?
We sit here stranded, though we're all doin' our best to deny it
And Louise holds a handful of rain, temptin' you to defy it
Lights flicker from the opposite loft
In this room the heat pipes just cough
The country music station plays soft
But there's nothing, really nothing to turn off
Just Louise and her lover so entwined
And these visions of Johanna that conquer my mind

In the empty lot where the ladies play blindman's bluff with the key chain
And the all-night girls they whisper of escapades out on the "D" train
We can hear the night watchman click his flashlight
Ask himself if it's him or them that's really insane
Louise, she's all right, she's just near
She's delicate and seems like the mirror
But she just makes it all too concise and too clear
That Johanna's not here
The ghost of 'lectricity howls in the bones of her face
Where these visions of Johanna have now taken my place

Now, little boy lost, he takes himself so seriously
He brags of his misery, he likes to live dangerously
And when bringing her name up
He speaks of a farewell kiss to me
He's sure got a lotta gall to be so useless and all
Muttering small talk at the wall while I'm in the hall
How can I explain?
Oh, it's so hard to get on
And these visions of Johanna, they kept me up past the dawn

Inside the museums, Infinity goes up on trial
Voices echo this is what salvation must be like after a while
But Mona Lisa musta had the highway blues
You can tell by the way she smiles
See the primitive wallflower freeze
When the jelly-faced women all sneeze
Hear the one with the mustache say, "Jeeze
I can't find my knees"
Oh, jewels and binoculars hang from the head of the mule
But these visions of Johanna, they make it all seem so cruel

The peddler now speaks to the countess who's pretending to care for him
Sayin', "Name me someone that's not a parasite and I'll go out and say a prayer for him"
But like Louise always says
"Ya can't look at much, can ya man?"
As she, herself, prepares for him
And Madonna, she still has not showed
We see this empty cage now corrode
Where her cape of the stage once had flowed
The fiddler, he now steps to the road
He writes ev'rything's been returned which was owed
On the back of the fish truck that loads
While my conscience explodes
The harmonicas play the skeleton keys and the rain
And these visions of Johanna are now all that remain

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

4. One of Us Must Know (Sooner Or Later)

I didn't mean to treat you so bad
You shouldn't take it so personal
I didn't mean to make you so sad
You just happened to be there, that's all
When I saw you say "goodbye" to your friends and smile
I thought that it was well understood
That you'd be comin' back in a little while
I didn't know that you were sayin' "goodbye" for good

But, sooner or later, one of us must know
You just did what you're supposed to do
Sooner or later, one of us must know
That I really did try to get close to you

I couldn't see what you could show me
Your scarf had kept your mouth well hid
I couldn't see how you could know me
But you said you knew me and I believed you did
When you whispered in my ear
And asked me if I was leavin' with you or her
I didn't realize just what I did hear
I didn't realize how young you were

But, sooner or later, one of us must know
You just did what you're supposed to do
Sooner or later, one of us must know
That I really did try to get close to you

I couldn't see when it started snowin'
Your voice was all that I heard
I couldn't see where we were goin'
But you said you knew an' I took your word
And then you told me later, as I apologized
That you were just kiddin' me, you weren't really from the farm
An' I told you, as you clawed out my eyes
That I never really meant to do you any harm

But, sooner or later, one of us must know
You just did what you're supposed to do
Sooner or later, one of us must know
That I really did try to get close to you

5. I Want You

The guilty undertaker sighs,
The lonesome organ grinder cries,
The silver saxophones say I should refuse you.
The cracked bells and washed-out horns
Blow into my face with scorn,
But it's not that way,
I wasn't born to lose you.
I want you, I want you,
I want you so bad,
Honey, I want you.
The drunken politician leaps
Upon the street where mothers weep
And the saviors who are fast asleep,
They wait for you.
And I wait for them to interrupt
Me drinkin' from my broken cup
And ask me to
Open up the gate for you.
I want you, I want you,
I want you so bad,
Honey, I want you.

Now all my fathers, they've gone down
True love they've been without it.
But all their daughters put me down
'Cause I don't think about it.

Well, I return to the Queen of Spades
And talk with my chambermaid.
She knows that I'm not afraid
To look at her.
She is good to me
And there's nothing she doesn't see.
She knows where I'd like to be
But it doesn't matter.
I want you, I want you,
I want you so bad,
Honey, I want you.

Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit,
He spoke to me, I took his flute.
No, I wasn't very cute to him,
Was I?
But I did it, though, because he lied
Because he took you for a ride
And because time was on his side
And because I . . .
I want you, I want you,
I want you so bad,
Honey, I want you.

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

6. Stuck Inside Of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again

Oh, the ragman draws circles
Up and down the block.
I'd ask him what the matter was
But I know that he don't talk.
And the ladies treat me kindly
And furnish me with tape,
But deep inside my heart
I know I can't escape.
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Well, Shakespeare, he's in the alley
With his pointed shoes and his bells,
Speaking to some French girl,
Who says she knows me well.
And I would send a message
To find out if she's talked,
But the post office has been stolen
And the mailbox is locked.
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Mona tried to tell me
To stay away from the train line.
She said that all the railroad men
Just drink up your blood like wine.
An' I said, "Oh, I didn't know that,
But then again, there's only one I've met
An' he just smoked my eyelids
An' punched my cigarette."
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Grandpa died last week
And now he's buried in the rocks,
But everybody still talks about
How badly they were shocked.
But me, I expected it to happen,
I knew he'd lost control
When he built a fire on Main Street
And shot it full of holes.
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the senator came down here
Showing ev'ryone his gun,
Handing out free tickets
To the wedding of his son.
An' me, I nearly got busted
An' wouldn't it be my luck
To get caught without a ticket
And be discovered beneath a truck.
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the preacher looked so baffled
When I asked him why he dressed
With twenty pounds of headlines
Stapled to his chest.
But he cursed me when I proved it to him,
Then I whispered, "Not even you can hide.
You see, you're just like me,
I hope you're satisfied."
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the rainman gave me two cures,
Then he said, "Jump right in."
The one was Texas medicine,
The other was just railroad gin.
An' like a fool I mixed them
An' it strangled up my mind,
An' now people just get uglier
An' I have no sense of time.
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

When Ruthie says come see her
In her honky-tonk lagoon,
Where I can watch her waltz for free
'Neath her Panamanian moon.
An' I say, "Aw come on now,
You must know about my debutante."
An' she says, "Your debutante just knows what you need
But I know what you want."
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the bricks lay on Grand Street
Where the neon madmen climb.
They all fall there so perfectly,
It all seems so well timed.
An' here I sit so patiently
Waiting to find out what price
You have to pay to get out of
Going through all these things twice.
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

7. Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat

Well, I see you got your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat
Yes, I see you got your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat
Well, you must tell me, baby
How your head feels under somethin' like that
Under your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Well, you look so pretty in it
Honey, can I jump on it sometime?
Yes, I just wanna see
If it's really that expensive kind
You know it balances on your head
Just like a mattress balances
On a bottle of wine
Your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Well, if you wanna see the sun rise
Honey, I know where
We'll go out and see it sometime
We'll both just sit there and stare
Me with my belt
Wrapped around my head
And you just sittin' there
In your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Well, I asked the doctor if I could see you
It's bad for your health, he said
Yes, I disobeyed his orders
I came to see you
But I found him there instead
You know, I don't mind him cheatin' on me
But I sure wish he'd take that off his head
Your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Well, I see you got a new boyfriend
You know, I never seen him before
Well, I saw him
Makin' love to you
You forgot to close the garage door
You might think he loves you for your money
But I know what he really loves you for
It's your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

8. Just Like a Woman

Nobody feels any pain
Tonight as I stand inside the rain
Ev'rybody knows
That Baby's got new clothes
But lately I see her ribbons and her bows
Have fallen from her curls.
She takes just like a woman, yes, she does
She makes love just like a woman, yes, she does
And she aches just like a woman
But she breaks just like a little girl.
Queen Mary, she's my friend
Yes, I believe I'll go see her again
Nobody has to guess
That Baby can't be blessed
Till she sees finally that she's like all the rest
With her fog, her amphetamine and her pearls.
She takes just like a woman, yes, she does
She makes love just like a woman, yes, she does
And she aches just like a woman
But she breaks just like a little girl.

It was raining from the first
And I was dying there of thirst
So I came in here
And your long-time curse hurts
But what's worse
Is this pain in here
I can't stay in here
Ain't it clear that--

I just can't fit
Yes, I believe it's time for us to quit
When we meet again
Introduced as friends
Please don't let on that you knew me when
I was hungry and it was your world.
Ah, you fake just like a woman, yes, you do
You make love just like a woman, yes, you do
Then you ache just like a woman
But you break just like a little girl.

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

9. Most Likely You Go Your Way (And I'll Go Mine)

You say you love me
And you're thinkin' of me,
But you know you could be wrong.
You say you told me
That you wanna hold me,
But you know you're not that strong.
I just can't do what I done before,
I just can't beg you any more.
I'm gonna let you pass
And I'll go last.
Then time will tell just who fell
And who's been left behind,
When you go your way and I go mine.

You say you disturb me
And you don't deserve me,
But you know sometimes you lie.
You say you're shakin'  
And you're always achin',  
But you know how hard you try.  
Sometimes it gets so hard to care,  
It can't be this way ev'rywhere.  
And I'm gonna let you pass,  
Yes, and I'll go last.  
Then time will tell just who fell  
And who's been left behind,  
When you go your way and I go mine.

The judge, he holds a grudge,  
He's gonna call on you.  
But he's badly built  
And he walks on stilts,  
Watch out he don't fall on you.

You say you're sorry  
For tellin' stories  
That you know I believe are true.  
You say ya got some  
Other kinda lover  
And yes, I believe you do.  
You say my kisses are not like his,  
But this time I'm not gonna tell you why that is.  
I'm just gonna let you pass,  
Yes, and I'll go last.  
Then time will tell who fell  
And who's been left behind,  
When you go your way and I go mine.

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

10. Temporary like Achilles

Standing on your window, honey,  
Yes, I've been here before.  
Feeling so harmless,  
I'm looking at your second door.  
How come you don't send me no regards?  
You know I want your lovin',  
Honey, why are you so hard?

Kneeling 'neath your ceiling,  
Yes, I guess I'll be here for a while.  
I'm tryin' to read your portrait, but,  
I'm helpless, like a rich man's child.  
How come you send someone out to have me barred?  
You know I want your lovin',  
Honey, why are you so hard?

Like a poor fool in his prime,  
Yes, I know you can hear me walk,
But is your heart made out of stone, or is it lime,  
Or is it just solid rock?

Well, I rush into your hallway,  
Lean against your velvet door.  
I watch upon your scorpion  
Who crawls across your circus floor.  
Just what do you think you have to guard?  
You know I want your lovin',  
Honey, but you're so hard.

Achilles is in your alleyway,  
He don't want me here,  
He does brag.  
He's pointing to the sky  
And he's hungry, like a man in drag.  
How come you get someone like him to be your guard?  
You know I want your lovin',  
Honey, but you're so hard.

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

11. Absolutely Sweet Marie

Well, your railroad gate, you know I just can't jump it  
Sometimes it gets so hard, you see  
I'm just sitting here beating on my trumpet  
With all these promises you left for me  
But where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Well, I waited for you when I was half sick  
Yes, I waited for you when you hated me  
Well, I waited for you inside of the frozen traffic  
When you knew I had some other place to be  
Now, where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Well, anybody can be just like me, obviously  
But then, now again, not too many can be like you, fortunately.

Well, six white horses that you did promise  
Were fin'ly delivered down to the penitentiary  
But to live outside the law, you must be honest  
I know you always say that you agree  
But where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Well, I don't know how it happened  
But the river-boat captain, he knows my fate  
But ev'rybody else, even yourself  
They're just gonna have to wait.

Well, I got the fever down in my pockets  
The Persian drunkard, he follows me  
Yes, I can take him to your house but I can't unlock it
You see, you forgot to leave me with the key
Oh, where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Now, I been in jail when all my mail showed
That a man can't give his address out to bad company
And now I stand here lookin' at your yellow railroad
In the ruins of your balcony
Wond'ring where you are tonight, sweet Marie.

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

12. 4th Time Around

When she said,
"Don't waste your words, they're just lies,"
I cried she was deaf.
And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes,
Then said, "What else you got left?"
It was then that I got up to leave
But she said, "Don't forget,
Everybody must give something back
For something they get."

I stood there and hummed,
I tapped on her drum and asked her how come.
And she buttoned her boot,
And straightened her suit,
Then she said, "Don't get cute."
So I forced my hands in my pockets
And felt with my thumbs,
And gallantly handed her
My very last piece of gum.

She threw me outside,
I stood in the dirt where ev'ryone walked.
And after finding I'd
Forgotten my shirt,
I went back and knocked.
I waited in the hallway, she went to get it,
And I tried to make sense
Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair
That leaned up against . . .

Her Jamaican rum
And when she did come, I asked her for some.
She said, "No, dear."
I said, "Your words aren't clear,
You'd better spit out your gum."
She screamed till her face got so red
Then she fell on the floor,
And I covered her up and then
Thought I'd go look through her drawer.
And, when I was through
I filled up my shoe
And brought it to you.
And you, you took me in,
You loved me then
You didn't waste time.
And I, I never took much,
I never asked for your crutch.
Now don't ask for mine.

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

13. Obviously Five Believers

Early in the mornin'
Early in the mornin'
I'm callin' you to
I'm callin' you to
Please come home
Yes, I guess I could make it without you
If I just didn't feel so all alone

Don't let me down
Don't let me down
I won't let you down
I won't let you down
No I won't
You know I can if you can, honey
But, honey, please don't

I got my black dog barkin'
Black dog barkin'
Yes it is now
Yes it is now
Outside my yard
Yes, I could tell you what he means
If I just didn't have to try so hard

Your mama's workin'
Your mama's moanin'
She's cryin' you know
She's tryin' you know
You better go now
Well, I'd tell you what she wants
But I just don't know how

Fifteen jugglers
Fifteen jugglers
Five believers
Five believers
All dressed like men
Tell yo' mama not to worry because
They're just my friends
Early in the mornin'
I'm callin' you to
Please come home
Yes, I could make it without you
If I just didn't feel so all alone

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

14. Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands

With your mercury mouth in the missionary times,
And your eyes like smoke and your prayers like rhymes,
And your silver cross, and your voice like chimes,
Oh, who among them do they think could bury you?
With your pockets well protected at last,
And your streetcar visions which you place on the grass,
And your flesh like silk, and your face like glass,
Who among them do they think could carry you?
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes,
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
Should I leave them by your gate,
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

With your sheets like metal and your belt like lace,
And your deck of cards missing the jack and the ace,
And your basement clothes and your hollow face,
Who among them can think he could outguess you?
With your silhouette when the sunlight dims
Into your eyes where the moonlight swims,
And your match-book songs and your gypsy hymns,
Who among them would try to impress you?
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes,
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
Should I leave them by your gate,
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

The kings of Tyrus with their convict list
Are waiting in line for their geranium kiss,
And you wouldn't know it would happen like this,
But who among them really wants just to kiss you?
With your childhood flames on your midnight rug,
And your Spanish manners and your mother's drugs,
And your cowboy mouth and your curfew plugs,
Who among them do you think could resist you?
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes,
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
Should I leave them by your gate,
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

Oh, the farmers and the businessmen, they all did decide
To show you the dead angels that they used to hide.
But why did they pick you to sympathize with their side?
Oh, how could they ever mistake you?
They wished you'd accepted the blame for the farm,
But with the sea at your feet and the phony false alarm,
And with the child of a hoodlum wrapped up in your arms,
How could they ever, ever persuade you?
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes,
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
Should I leave them by your gate,
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

With your sheet-metal memory of Cannery Row,
And your magazine-husband who one day just had to go,
And your gentleness now, which you just can't help but show,
Who among them do you think would employ you?
Now you stand with your thief, you're on his parole
With your holy medallion which your fingertips fold,
And your saintlike face and your ghostlike soul,
Oh, who among them do you think could destroy you
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes,
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
Should I leave them by your gate,
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

Copyright ©1966; renewed 1994 Dwarf Music

John Wesley Harding (1967)

1. John Wesley Harding

John Wesley Harding
Was a friend to the poor,
He trav'led with a gun in ev'ry hand.
All along this countryside,
He opened a many a door,
But he was never known
To hurt an honest man.

'Twas down in Chaynee County,
A time they talk about,
With his lady by his side
He took a stand.
And soon the situation there
Was all but straightened out,
For he was always known
To lend a helping hand.

All across the telegraph
His name it did resound,
But no charge held against him
Could they prove.
And there was no man around
Who could track or chain him down,
He was never known
To make a foolish move.

Copyright ©1968; renewed 1996 Dwarf Music

2. As I Went Out One Morning

As I went out one morning
To breathe the air around Tom Paine's,
I spied the fairest damsel
That ever did walk in chains.
I offer'd her my hand,
She took me by the arm.
I knew that very instant,
She meant to do me harm.

"Depart from me this moment,"
I told her with my voice.
Said she, "But I don't wish to,"
Said I, "But you have no choice."
"I beg you, sir," she pleaded
From the corners of her mouth,
"I will secretly accept you
And together we'll fly south."

Just then Tom Paine, himself,
Came running from across the field,
Shouting at this lovely girl
And commanding her to yield.
And as she was letting go her grip,
Up Tom Paine did run,
"I'm sorry, sir," he said to me,
"I'm sorry for what she's done."

Copyright ©1968; renewed 1996 Dwarf Music

3. I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine

I dreamed I saw St. Augustine,
Alive as you or me,
Tearing through these quarters
In the utmost misery,
With a blanket underneath his arm
And a coat of solid gold,
Searching for the very souls
Whom already have been sold.

"Arise, arise," he cried so loud,
In a voice without restraint,
"Come out, ye gifted kings and queens
And hear my sad complaint.
No martyr is among ye now
Whom you can call your own,
So go on your way accordingly
But know you're not alone."

I dreamed I saw St. Augustine,
Alive with fiery breath,
And I dreamed I was amongst the ones
That put him out to death.
Oh, I awoke in anger,
So alone and terrified,
I put my fingers against the glass
And bowed my head and cried.

4. All Along the Watchtower

"There must be some way out of here," said the joker to the thief,
"There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief.
Businessmen, they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth,
None of them along the line know what any of it is worth."

"No reason to get excited," the thief, he kindly spoke,
"There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke.
But you and I, we've been through that, and this is not our fate,
So let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late."

All along the watchtower, princes kept the view
While all the women came and went, barefoot servants, too.

Outside in the distance a wildcat did growl,
Two riders were approaching, the wind began to howl.

5. The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest

Well, Frankie Lee and Judas Priest,
They were the best of friends.
So when Frankie Lee needed money one day,
Judas quickly pulled out a roll of tens
And placed them on a footstool
Just above the plotted plain,
Sayin', "Take your pick, Frankie Boy,
My loss will be your gain."
Well, Frankie Lee, he sat right down
And put his fingers to his chin,
But with the cold eyes of Judas on him,
His head began to spin.
"Would ya please not stare at me like that," he said,
"It's just my foolish pride,
But sometimes a man must be alone
And this is no place to hide."

Well, Judas, he just winked and said,
"All right, I'll leave you here,
But you'd better hurry up and choose
Which of those bills you want,
Before they all disappear."
"I'm gonna start my pickin' right now,
Just tell me where you'll be."

Judas pointed down the road
And said, "Eternity!"
"Eternity?" said Frankie Lee,
With a voice as cold as ice.
"That's right," said Judas Priest, "Eternity,
Though you might call it 'Paradise.'"

"I don't call it anything."
Said Frankie Lee with a smile.
"All right," said Judas Priest,
"I'll see you after a while."

Well, Frankie Lee, he sat back down,
Feelin' low and mean,
When just then a passing stranger
Burst upon the scene,
Saying, "Are you Frankie Lee, the gambler,
Whose father is deceased?
Well, if you are,
There's a fellow callin' you down the road
And they say his name is Priest."

"Oh, yes, he is my friend,"
Said Frankie Lee in fright,
"I do recall him very well,
In fact, he just left my sight."
"Yes, that's the one," said the stranger,
As quiet as a mouse,
"Well, my message is, he's down the road,
Stranded in a house."

Well, Frankie Lee, he panicked,
He dropped ev'rything and ran
Until he came up to the spot
Where Judas Priest did stand.
"What kind of house is this," he said,
"Where I have come to roam?"
"It's not a house," said Judas Priest,  
"It's not a house . . . it's a home."

Well, Frankie Lee, he trembled,  
He soon lost all control  
Over ev'rything which he had made  
While the mission bells did toll.  
He just stood there staring  
At that big house as bright as any sun,  
With four and twenty windows  
And a woman's face in ev'ry one.

Well, up the stairs ran Frankie Lee  
With a soulful, bounding leap,  
And, foaming at the mouth,  
He began to make his midnight creep.  
For sixteen nights and days he raved,  
But on the seventeenth he burst  
Into the arms of Judas Priest,  
Which is where he died of thirst.

No one tried to say a thing  
When they took him out in jest,  
Except, of course, the little neighbor boy  
Who carried him to rest.  
And he just walked along, alone,  
With his guilt so well concealed,  
And muttered underneath his breath,  
"Nothing is revealed."

Well, the moral of the story,  
The moral of this song,  
Is simply that one should never be  
Where one does not belong.  
So when you see your neighbor carryin' somethin',  
Help him with his load,  
And don't go mistaking Paradise  
For that home across the road.

6. Drifter's Escape

"Oh, help me in my weakness,"  
I heard the drifter say,  
As they carried him from the courtroom  
And were taking him away.  
"My trip hasn't been a pleasant one  
And my time it isn't long,  
And I still do not know  
What it was that I've done wrong."

Well, the judge, he cast his robe aside,
A tear came to his eye,
"You fail to understand," he said,
"Why must you even try?"
Outside, the crowd was stirring,
You could hear it from the door.
Inside, the judge was stepping down,
While the jury cried for more.

"Oh, stop that cursed jury,"
Cried the attendant and the nurse,
"The trial was bad enough,
But this is ten times worse."
Just then a bolt of lightning
Struck the courthouse out of shape,
And while ev'rybody knelt to pray
The drifter did escape.

Copyright ©1968; renewed 1996 Dwarf Music

7. Dear Landlord

Dear landlord,
Please don't put a price on my soul.
My burden is heavy,
My dreams are beyond control.
When that steamboat whistle blows,
I'm gonna give you all I got to give,
And I do hope you receive it well,
Dependin' on the way you feel that you live.

Dear landlord,
Please heed these words that I speak.
I know you've suffered much,
But in this you are not so unique.
All of us, at times, we might work too hard
To have it too fast and too much,
And anyone can fill his life up
With things he can see but he just cannot touch.

Dear landlord,
Please don't dismiss my case.
I'm not about to argue,
I'm not about to move to no other place.
Now, each of us has his own special gift
And you know this was meant to be true,
And if you don't underestimate me,
I won't underestimate you.

Copyright ©1968; renewed 1996 Dwarf Music

8. I Am a Lonesome Hobo

I am a lonesome hobo
Without family or friends,  
Where another man's life might begin,  
That's exactly where mine ends.  
I have tried my hand at bribery,  
Blackmail and deceit,  
And I've served time for ev'rything  
'Cept beggin' on the street.

Well, once I was rather prosperous,  
There was nothing I did lack.  
I had fourteen-karat gold in my mouth  
And silk upon my back.  
But I did not trust my brother,  
I carried him to blame,  
Which led me to my fatal doom,  
To wander off in shame.

Kind ladies and kind gentlemen,  
Soon I will be gone,  
But let me just warn you all,  
Before I do pass on;  
Stay free from petty jealousies,  
Live by no man's code,  
And hold your judgment for yourself  
Lest you wind up on this road.

9. I Pity the Poor Immigrant

I pity the poor immigrant  
Who wishes he would've stayed home,  
Who uses all his power to do evil  
But in the end is always left so alone.  
That man whom with his fingers cheats  
And who lies with ev'ry breath,  
Who passionately hates his life  
And likewise, fears his death.

I pity the poor immigrant  
Whose strength is spent in vain,  
Whose heaven is like Ironsides,  
Whose tears are like rain,  
Who eats but is not satisfied,  
Who hears but does not see,  
Who falls in love with wealth itself  
And turns his back on me.

I pity the poor immigrant  
Who tramples through the mud,  
Who fills his mouth with laughing  
And who builds his town with blood,  
Whose visions in the final end
10. The Wicked Messenger

There was a wicked messenger
From Eli he did come,
With a mind that multiplied
The smallest matter.
When questioned who had sent for him,
He answered with his thumb,
For his tongue it could not speak, but only flatter.

He stayed behind the assembly hall,
It was there he made his bed,
Oftentimes he could be seen returning.
Until one day he just appeared
With a note in his hand which read,
"The soles of my feet, I swear they’re burning."

Oh, the leaves began to fallin'
And the seas began to part,
And the people that confronted him were many.
And he was told but these few words,
Which opened up his heart,
"If ye cannot bring good news, then don’t bring any."

11. Down Along the Cove

Down along the cove,
I spied my true love comin' my way.
Down along the cove,
I spied my true love comin' my way.
I say, "Lord, have mercy, mama,
It sure is good to see you comin' today."

Down along the cove,
I spied my little bundle of joy.
Down along the cove,
I spied my little bundle of joy.
She said, "Lord, have mercy, honey,
I’m so glad you’re my boy!"

Down along the cove,
We walked together hand in hand.
Down along the cove,
We walked together hand in hand.
Ev'rybody watchin' us go by
Knows we're in love, yes, and they understand.

Copyright ©1968; renewed 1996 Dwarf Music

12. I'll Be Your Baby Tonight

Close your eyes, close the door,
You don't have to worry any more.
I'll be your baby tonight.

Shut the light, shut the shade,
You don't have to be afraid.
I'll be your baby tonight.

Well, that mockingbird's gonna sail away,
We're gonna forget it.
That big, fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon,
But we're gonna let it,
You won't regret it.

Kick your shoes off, do not fear,
Bring that bottle over here.
I'll be your baby tonight.

Copyright ©1968; renewed 1996 Dwarf Music

Nashville Skyline (1969)

1. Girl from 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.

2. To Be Alone With You

To be alone with you
Just you and me
Now won't you tell me true
Ain't that the way it oughta be?
To hold each other tight
The whole night through
Ev'rything is always right
When I'm alone with you.

To be alone with you
At the close of the day
With only you in view
While evening slips away
It only goes to show
That while life's pleasures be few
The only one I know
Is when I'm alone with you.

They say that nighttime is the right time
To be with the one you love
Too many thoughts get in the way in the day
But you're always what I'm thinkin' of
I wish the night were here
Bringin' me all of your charms
When only you are near
To hold me in your arms.

I'll always thank the Lord
When my working day's through
I get my sweet reward
To be alone with you.

3. I Threw It All Away

I once held her in my arms,
She said she would always stay.
But I was cruel,
I treated her like a fool,
I threw it all away.

Once I had mountains in the palm of my hand,
And rivers that ran through ev'ry day.
I must have been mad,
I never knew what I had,
Until I threw it all away.

Love is all there is, it makes the world go 'round,
Love and only love, it can't be denied.
No matter what you think about it
You just won't be able to do without it.
Take a tip from one who's tried.

So if you find someone that gives you all of her love,
Take it to your heart, don't let it stray,
For one thing that's certain,
You will surely be a-hurtin',
If you throw it all away.

Copyright ©1969; renewed 1997 Big Sky Music

4. Peggy Day

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away,
By golly, what more can I say,
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Peggy night makes my future look so bright,
Man, that girl is out of sight,
Love to spend the day with Peggy night.

Well, you know that even before I learned her name,
You know I loved her just the same.
An' I tell 'em all, wherever I may go,
Just so they'll know, that she's my little lady
And I love her so.

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away,
Turned my skies to blue from gray,
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away,
By golly, what more can I say,
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Copyright ©1969; renewed 1997 Dwarf Music

5. Lay, Lady, Lay

Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed
Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed
Whatever colors you have in your mind
I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine

Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed
Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man awhile
Until the break of day, let me see you make him smile
His clothes are dirty but his hands are clean
And you're the best thing that he's ever seen

Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man awhile
Why wait any longer for the world to begin
You can have your cake and eat it too
Why wait any longer for the one you love
When he's standing in front of you

Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed
Stay, lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead
I long to see you in the morning light
I long to reach for you in the night
Stay, lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead

Copyright ©1969 Big Sky Music

6. One More Night

One more night, the stars are in sight
But tonight I'm as lonesome as can be.
Oh, the moon is shinin' bright,
Lighting ev'rything in sight,
But tonight no light will shine on me.

Oh, it's shameful and it's sad,
I lost the only pal I had,
I just could not be what she wanted me to be.
I will turn my head up high
To that dark and rolling sky,
For tonight no light will shine on me.

I was so mistaken when I thought that she'd be true,
I had no idea what a woman in love would do!

One more night, I will wait for the light
While the wind blows high above the tree.
Oh, I miss my darling so,
I didn't mean to see her go,
But tonight no light will shine on me.

One more night, the moon is shinin' bright
And the wind blows high above the tree.
Oh, I miss that woman so,
I didn't mean to see her go,
But tonight no light will shine on me.

Copyright ©1969; renewed 1997 Dwarf Music
7. Tell Me That It Isn’t True

I have heard rumors all over town,
They say that you’re planning to put me down.
All I would like you to do,
Is tell me that it isn’t true.

They say that you’ve been seen with some other man,
That he’s tall, dark and handsome, and you're holding his hand.
Darlin', I'm a-countin' on you,
Tell me that it isn’t true.

To know that some other man is holdin' you tight,
It hurts me all over, it doesn’t seem right.

All of those awful things that I have heard,
I don't want to believe them, all I want is your word.
So darlin', you better come through,
Tell me that it isn’t true.

All of those awful things that I have heard,
I don't want to believe them, all I want is your word.
So darlin', I'm countin' on you,
Tell me that it isn’t true.

Copyright ©1969; renewed 1997 Dwarf Music

8. Country Pie

Just like old Saxophone Joe
When he's got the hogshead up on his toe
Oh me, oh my
Love that country pie

Listen to the fiddler play
When he's playin' 'til the break of day
Oh me, oh my
Love that country pie

Raspberry, strawberry, lemon and lime
What do I care?
Blueberry, apple, cherry, pumpkin and plum
Call me for dinner, honey, I'll be there

Saddle me up my big white goose
Tie me on 'er and turn her loose
Oh me, oh my
Love that country pie

I don't need much and that ain't no lie
Ain't runnin' any race
Give to me my country pie
I won't throw it up in anybody's face
Shake me up that old peach tree
Little Jack Horner's got nothin' on me
Oh me, oh my
Love that country pie

Copyright ©1969; renewed 1997 Big Sky Music

9. Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You

Throw my ticket out the window,
Throw my suitcase out there, too,
Throw my troubles out the door,
I don't need them any more
'Cause tonight I'll be staying here with you.

I should have left this town this morning
But it was more than I could do.
Oh, your love comes on so strong
And I've waited all day long
For tonight when I'll be staying here with you.

Is it really any wonder
The love that a stranger might receive.
You cast your spell and I went under,
I find it so difficult to leave.

I can hear that whistle blowin',
I see that stationmaster, too,
If there's a poor boy on the street,
Then let him have my seat
'Cause tonight I'll be staying here with you.

Throw my ticket out the window,
Throw my suitcase out there, too,
Throw my troubles out the door,
I don't need them any more
'Cause tonight I'll be staying here with you.

Copyright ©1969; renewed 1997 Big Sky Music

Dylan Albums of the Seventies (1970s)

New Morning (1970)

1. If Not For You

If not for you,
Babe, I couldn't find the door,
Couldn't even see the floor,
I'd be sad and blue,
If not for you.

If not for you,
Babe, I'd lay awake all night,
Wait for the mornin' light
To shine in through,
But it would not be new,
If not for you.

If not for you
My sky would fall,
Rain would gather too.
Without your love I'd be nowhere at all,
I'd be lost if not for you,
And you know it's true.

If not for you
My sky would fall,
Rain would gather too.
Without your love I'd be nowhere at all,
Oh! What would I do
If not for you.

If not for you,
Winter would have no spring,
Couldn't hear the robin sing,
I just wouldn't have a clue,
Anyway it wouldn't ring true,
If not for you.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

2. Day Of The Locusts

Oh, the benches were stained with tears and perspiration,
The birdies were flying from tree to tree.
There was little to say, there was no conversation
As I stepped to the stage to pick up my degree.
And the locusts sang off in the distance,
Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody.
Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance,
Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me.

I glanced into the chamber where the judges were talking,
Darkness was everywhere, it smelled like a tomb.
I was ready to leave, I was already walkin',
But the next time I looked there was light in the room.
And the locusts sang, yeah, it give me a chill,
Oh, the locusts sang such a sweet melody.
Oh, the locusts sang their high whining trill,
Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me.
Outside of the gates the trucks were unloadin',
The weather was hot, nearly 90 degrees.
The man standin' next to me, his head was exploding,
Well, I was prayin' the pieces wouldn't fall on me.
Yeah, the locusts sang off in the distance,
Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody.
Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance,
And the locusts sang and they were singing for me.

I put down my robe, picked up my diploma,
Took hold of my sweetheart and away we did drive,
Straight for the hills, the black hills of Dakota,
Sure was glad to get out of there alive.
And the locusts sang, well, it give me a chill,
Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody.
And the locusts sang with a high whinin' trill,
Yeah, the locusts sang and they was singing for me,
Singing for me, well, singing for me.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

3. Time Passes Slowly

Time passes slowly up here in the mountains,
We sit beside bridges and walk beside fountains,
Catch the wild fishes that float through the stream,
Time passes slowly when you're lost in a dream.

Once I had a sweetheart, she was fine and good-lookin',
We sat in her kitchen while her mama was cookin',
Stared out the window to the stars high above,
Time passes slowly when you're searchin' for love.

Ain't no reason to go in a wagon to town,
Ain't no reason to go to the fair.
Ain't no reason to go up, ain't no reason to go down,
Ain't no reason to go anywhere.

Time passes slowly up here in the daylight,
We stare straight ahead and try so hard to stay right,
Like the red rose of summer that blooms in the day,
Time passes slowly and fades away.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

4. Went To See The Gypsy

Went to see the gypsy,
Stayin' in a big hotel.
He smiled when he saw me coming,
And he said, "Well, well, well."
His room was dark and crowded,
Lights were low and dim.
"How are you?" he said to me,
I said it back to him.

I went down to the lobby
To make a small call out.
A pretty dancing girl was there,
And she began to shout,
"Go on back to see the gypsy.
He can move you from the rear,
Drive you from your fear,
Bring you through the mirror.
He did it in Las Vegas,
And he can do it here."

Outside the lights were shining
On the river of tears,
I watched them from the distance
With music in my ears.

I went back to see the gypsy,
It was nearly early dawn.
The gypsy's door was open wide
But the gypsy was gone,
And that pretty dancing girl,
She could not be found.
So I watched that sun come rising
From that little Minnesota town.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

5. Winterlude

Winterlude, Winterlude, oh darlin',
Winterlude by the road tonight.
Tonight there will be no quarrelin',
Ev'rything is gonna be all right.
Oh, I see by the angel beside me
That love has a reason to shine.
You're the one I adore, come over here and give me more,
Then Winterlude, this dude thinks you're fine.

Winterlude, Winterlude, my little apple,
Winterlude by the corn in the field,
Winterlude, let's go down to the chapel,
Then come back and cook up a meal.
Well, come out when the skating rink glistens
By the sun, near the old crossroads sign.
The snow is so cold, but our love can be bold,
Winterlude, don't be rude, please be mine.

Winterlude, Winterlude, my little daisy,
Winterlude by the telephone wire,
Winterlude, it's makin' me lazy,
Come on, sit by the logs in the fire.
The moonlight reflects from the window
Where the snowflakes, they cover the sand.
Come out tonight, ev'rything will be tight,
Winterlude, this dude thinks you're grand.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

6. If Dogs Run Free

If dogs run free, then why not we
Across the swooping plain?
My ears hear a symphony
Of two mules, trains and rain.
The best is always yet to come,
That's what they explain to me.
Just do your thing, you'll be king,
If dogs run free.

If dogs run free, why not me
Across the swamp of time?
My mind weaves a symphony
And tapestry of rhyme.
Oh, winds which rush my tale to thee
So it may flow and be,
To each his own, it's all unknown,
If dogs run free.

If dogs run free, then what must be,
Must be, and that is all.
True love can make a blade of grass
Stand up straight and tall.
In harmony with the cosmic sea,
True love needs no company,
It can cure the soul, it can make it whole,
If dogs run free.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

7. New Morning

Can't you hear that rooster crowin'?
Rabbit runnin' down across the road
Underneath the bridge where the water flowed through
So happy just to see you smile
Underneath the sky of blue
On this new morning, new morning
On this new morning with you.

Can't you hear that motor turnin'?
Automobile comin' into style
Comin' down the road for a country mile or two
So happy just to see you smile
Underneath the sky of blue
On this new morning, new morning
On this new morning with you.

The night passed away so quickly
It always does when you're with me.

Can't you feel that sun a-shinin'?
Ground hog runnin' by the country stream
This must be the day that all of my dreams come true
So happy just to be alive
Underneath the sky of blue
On this new morning, new morning
On this new morning with you.

So happy just to be alive
Underneath the sky of blue
On this new morning, new morning
On this new morning with you.
New morning . . .

8. Sign On The Window

Sign on the window says "Lonely,"
Sign on the door said "No Company Allowed,"
Sign on the street says "Y' Don't Own Me,"
Sign on the porch says "Three's A Crowd,"
Sign on the porch says "Three's A Crowd."

Her and her boyfriend went to California,
Her and her boyfriend done changed their tune.
My best friend said, "Now didn' I warn ya,
Brighton girls are like the moon,
Brighton girls are like the moon."

Looks like a-nothing but rain . . .
Sure gonna be wet tonight on Main Street . . .
Hope that it don't sleet.

Build me a cabin in Utah,
Marry me a wife, catch rainbow trout,
Have a bunch of kids who call me "Pa,"
That must be what it's all about,
That must be what it's all about.

9. One More Weekend

Slippin' and slidin' like a weasel on the run,
I'm lookin' good to see you, yeah, and we can have some fun.
One more weekend, one more weekend with you,
One more weekend, one more weekend'll do.

Come on down to my ship, honey, ride on deck,
We'll fly over the ocean just like you suspect.
One more weekend, one more weekend with you.
One more weekend, one more weekend'll do.

We'll fly the night away,
Hang out the whole next day,
Things will be okay,
You wait and see.
We'll go someplace unknown,
Leave all the children home,
Honey, why not go alone
Just you and me.

Comin' and goin' like a rabbit in the wood,
I'm happy just to see you, yeah, lookin' so good.
One more weekend, one more weekend with you,
One more weekend, one more weekend'll do (yes, you will!).

Like a needle in a haystack, I'm gonna find you yet,
You're the sweetest gone mama that this boy's ever gonna get.
One more weekend, one more weekend with you,
One more weekend, one more weekend'll do.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

10. The Man In Me

The man in me will do nearly any task,
And as for compensation, there's little he would ask.
Take a woman like you
To get through to the man in me.

Storm clouds are raging all around my door,
I think to myself I might not take it any more.
Take a woman like your kind
To find the man in me.

But, oh, what a wonderful feeling
Just to know that you are near,
Sets my a heart a-reeling
From my toes up to my ears.

The man in me will hide sometimes to keep from bein' seen,
But that's just because he doesn't want to turn into some machine.
Took a woman like you
To get through to the man in me.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music
11. Three Angels

Three angels up above the street,
Each one playing a horn,
Dressed in green robes with wings that stick out,
They've been there since Christmas morn.
The wildest cat from Montana passes by in a flash,
Then a lady in a bright orange dress,
One U-Haul trailer, a truck with no wheels,
The Tenth Avenue bus going west.
The dogs and pigeons fly up and they flutter around,
A man with a badge skips by,
Three fellas crawlin' on their way back to work,
Nobody stops to ask why.
The bakery truck stops outside of that fence
Where the angels stand high on their poles,
The driver peeks out, trying to find one face
In this concrete world full of souls.
The angels play on their horns all day,
The whole earth in progression seems to pass by.
But does anyone hear the music they play,
Does anyone even try?

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

12. Father Of Night

Father of night, Father of day,
Father, who taketh the darkness away,
Father, who teacheth the bird to fly,
Builder of rainbows up in the sky,
Father of loneliness and pain,
Father of love and Father of rain.

Father of day, Father of night,
Father of black, Father of white,
Father, who build the mountain so high,
Who shapeth the cloud up in the sky,
Father of time, Father of dreams,
Father, who turneth the rivers and streams.

Father of grain, Father of wheat,
Father of cold and Father of heat,
Father of air and Father of trees,
Who dwells in our hearts and our memories,
Father of minutes, Father of days,
Father of whom we most solemnly praise.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music
Self Portrait (1970)

1. All The Tired Horses

All the tired horses in the sun
How'm I supposed to get any ridin' done? Hmm.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

2. Alberta #1

Alberta let your hair hang low
Alberta let your hair hang low
I'll give you more gold
Than your apron can hold
If you'd only let your hair hang low

Alberta what's on your mind
Alberta what's on your mind
You keep me worried and bothered
All of the time
Alberta what's on your mind

Alberta don't you treat me unkind
Alberta don't you treat me unkind
Oh my heart is so sad
Cause I want you so bad
Alberta don't you treat me unkind

Alberta let your hair hang low
Alberta let your hair hang low
I'll give you more gold
Than your apron can hold
If you'll only let your hair hang low

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

3. I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know

I forgot more than you'll ever know about her.

You think you know the smile on her lips
The thrill and the touch of her fingertips
But I forgot more than you'll ever know about her.

You think you'll find heaven of bliss
In each caress, in each tender kiss
But I forgot more than you'll ever know about her.

You stole her love from me one day
You didn't care, oh, it hurt me
But you can never steal away memories of what used to be.

You think she's yours, to have and to hold
Someday you'll learn, when her love grows cold
But I forgot more than you'll ever know about her.

4. In Search Of Little Sadie

Went out last night to take a little round.
I met my little Sadie and I brought her down.
I ran right home and I went to bed
With a forty-four smokeless under my head.

I began to think what a deed I'd done.
I grabbed my hat and I began to run.
I made a god run but I ran too slow;
They overtook me down in Jericho

Standing on a corner a ringin' my bell,
Up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville.
He said 'Young man is you name Brown?
Remember you blowed Sadie down.'

"Oh yes sir, my name is Lee.
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree.
First degree and second degree.
If you've got any papers will you serve them to me?"

Well they took me down town and they dressed me in black,
They put me on a train and they sent me back.
I had no one to go my bail;
They crammed me back into the county jail.

Oh, yes they did.
The judge and the jury they took their stand.
The judge had the papers in his right hand.

Forty-one days, forty-one nights;
Forty-one years to wear the ball and the stripes;
Oh, no!

Went out last night to take a little round.
I met little Sadie and I blowed her down.
I ran right home and I went to bed,
A forty-four smokeless under my head.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

5. Let It Be Me

I bless the day I found you
I want my arms around you
And so I beg you: Let it be me.
Don't take this heaven from one
If you must cling someone
Now and forever, let it be me.

Each time we meet, love
I find complete love
Without your sweet love,
what would life be?

So never leave me lonely
Tell me that you love me only
And say you'll always let it be me.

6. Little Sadie

Went out last night to take a little round.
I met my little Sadie and I brought her down.
I ran right home and I went to bed
With a forty-four smokeless under my head.

I began to think what a deed I'd done,
I grabbed my hat and I began to run.
I made a god run but I ran too slow;
They overtook me down in Jericho

Standing on a corner ringin' my bell,
Up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville.
He said "Young man is you name Brown?
Remember the night you blowed Little Sadie down."

"Oh, yes sir, my name is Lee.
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree.
First degree and second degree,
If you've got any papers will you serve them to me?"

Well they took me down town and they dressed me in black.
They put me on a train and they brought me back.
I had no one for to go my bail;
They crammed me back into the county jail.

The judge and the jury they took their stand.
The judge had the papers in his right hand.
Forty-one days, forty-one nights;
Forty-one years to wear the ball and the stripes.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

7. Living The Blues

Since you've been gone,
I've been walking around
With my head bowed down to my shoes.
I've been living the blues
Ev'ry night without you.

I don't have to go far
To know where you are,
Strangers all give me the news.
I've been living the blues
Ev'ry night without you.

I think that it's best,
I soon get some rest
And forget my pride.
But I can't deny
This feeling that I
Carry for you deep down inside.

If you see me this way,
You'd come back and you'd stay,
Oh, how could you refuse.
I've been living the blues
Ev'ry night without you.

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

8. Like A Rolling Stone

Once upon a time you dressed so fine
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"
You thought they were all kiddin' you
You used to laugh about
Everybody that was hangin' out
Now you don't talk so loud
Now you don't seem so proud
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be without a home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street
And now you find out you're gonna have to get used to it
You said you'd never compromise
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
He's not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And ask him do you want to make a deal?

How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

You never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns
When they all come down and did tricks for you
You never understood that it ain't no good
You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you
You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
Ain't it hard when you discover that
He really wasn't where it's at
After he took from you everything he could steal.

Copyright ©1965; renewed 1993 Special Rider Music

9. Copper Kettle

Get you a copper kettle, get you a copper coil
Fill it with new made corn mash and never more you'll toil
You'll just lay there by the juniper while the moon is bright
Watch them just a-filling in the pale moonlight.

Build you a fire with hickory, hickory, ash and oak
Don't use no green or rotten wood, they'll get you by the smoke
You'll just lay there by the juniper while the moon is bright
Watch them just a-filling in the pale moonlight.
My daddy he made whiskey, my granddaddy he did too
We ain't paid no whiskey tax since 1792
You'll just lay there by the juniper while the moon is bright
Watch them just a-filling in the pale moonlight.

10. Gotta Travel On

Done laid around, done stayed around
This old town too long
Summer's almost gone, winter's coming on
Done laid around, done stayed around
This old town too long
And it seems like I've got to travel on
And it seems like I've got to travel on.

Papa writes to Johnny, "Johnny, can't you come home?
Johnny, can't you come home? Johnny, can't you come home?"
Papa writes to Johnny, "Johnny, can't you come home?"
Johnny's been out on the road too long
Done laid around, done stayed around
This old town too long
And it seems like I've got to travel on
And it seems like I've got to travel on.

That silly wind will soon begin and I'll be on my way
Going home to stay, going home to stay
That silly wind will soon begin and I'll be on my way
And I feel like I just want to travel on
Done laid around, done stayed around
This old town too long
And it seems like I've got to travel on
And it seems like I've got to travel on.

There's a lonesome freight at 6.08 coming through the town
I'll be homeward bound, I'll be homeward bound
There's a lonesome freight at 6.08 coming through the town
And I feel like I just want to travel on
Done laid around, done stayed around
This old town too long
And it seems like I've got to travel on
And it seems like I've got to travel on.

11. Blue Moon

Blue moon, you saw me standing alone
Without a dream in my heart, without a love of my own.

Blue moon, you knew just what I was there for
You heard me saying a prayet for someone I really could care for.

And suddenly there appeared before me the only one my arms could ever hold
I heard someone whisper, please, adore me
And when I looked my moon had turned to gold.

Blue moon, now I’m no longer alone
Without a dream in my heart, without a love of my own
Without a love of my own.

12. The Boxer

I'm just a poor boy
Though my story's seldom told
I have squandered my resistance
For a pocketful of numbles
Such are promises, all lies and jest
Still a man hears what he wants to hear
And disregards the rest.

When I left my home and family
I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers
In the quiet of the railway station
Running scared, laying low
Seeking out the poorer quarters
Where the ragged people go
Looking for the places only they would know.

Asking only workman's wages
I come looking for a job
But I get no offers
Just a come-on from the whores on seventh avenue
I do declare
There were times when I was so lonesome
I took some comfort there.

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was gone, going home
Where the New York City winters aren't bleeding me
Leading me
Going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer
And a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders
Of every glove that laid him down
And cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his shame
I am leaving, I am leaving
But the fighter still remains.

13. Quinn The Eskimo (The Mighty Quinn)

Ev'rybody's building the big ships and the boats,
Some are building monuments,
Others, jotting down notes,
Ev'rybody's in despair,
Ev'ry girl and boy
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here,
Ev'rybody's gonna jump for joy.
Come all without, come all within,
You'll not see nothing like the mighty Quinn.

I like to do just like the rest, I like my sugar sweet,
But guarding fumes and making haste,
It ain't my cup of meat.
Ev'rybody's 'neath the trees,
Feeding pigeons on a limb
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here,
All the pigeons gonna run to him.
Come all without, come all within,
You'll not see nothing like the mighty Quinn.

A cat's meow and a cow's moo, I can recite 'em all,
Just tell me where it hurts yuh, honey,
And I'll tell you who to call.
Nobody can get no sleep,
There's someone on ev'ryone's toes
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here,
Ev'rybody's gonna wanna doze.
Come all without, come all within,
You'll not see nothing like the mighty Quinn.

**14. Take Me As I Am**

Why must you always try to make me over?
Take me as I am or let me go
White lilies never grow on stalks of clover
Take me as I am or let me go.

You're trying to reshape me in a moment
In the image of someone you used to know
I won't be a stand-in for an old love
Take me as I am or let me go.

You've tried to change me ever since you've met me
Take me as I am or let me go.
If you cannot overlook my faults, forget me
Take me as I am or let me go.

You're trying to reshape me in a mould love
In the image of someone you used to know
But I won't be a stand-in for an old love
Take me as I am or let me go.
15. Take A Message To Mary

Take a message to Mary
But don't tell her where I am
Take a message to Mary
But don't say I'm in a jam
You can tell her that I had to see the world
Tell her that my ship set sail
You can say she'd better not wait for me
But don't tell her I'm in jail, oh
don't tell her I'm in jail.

Take a message to Mary
But don't tell her what I've done
Please, don't mention the stage coach
And the shot from a carried gun
You better tell her that I had to change my plans
And cancel out the wedding-day
But please, don't mention the lonely cell
Where I'm gonna pine away, until my dying-day.

Take a message to Mary
But don't tell her all you know
My heart is aching for Mary
Lord knows I miss her so
Just tell her that I went to Timbukto
Tell her I'm searching for gold
You can say she better find someone new
To cherish and to hold, oh Lord,
this cell is so cold.

16. It Hurts Me Too

I've got something to tell you
I know you're gonna change your mind
When things go wrong, so wrong with you
It hurts me too.

I want you, baby, just to understand
I don't wanna be your boss, baby
I just wanna be your man
When things go wrong, so wrong with you
It hurts me too.

Now when you go home, you don't have to get along
Come back to me, baby
Where I live that's where you belong
When things go wrong, so wrong with you
It hurts me too.

I love you baby, and you know that it's true
I wouldn't mistreat you, baby
Nothing in this world is like you
Yes, when things go wrong, so wrong with you
It hurts me too
When things go wrong, so wrong with you
It hurts me too.

So run here baby, put your little hands in mine
I've got something to tell you, baby
I know you're gonna change your mind
When things go wrong, so wrong with you
Don't you know, really, don't you
know it hurts me too.

17. She Belongs To Me

She's got everything she needs,
She's an artist, she don't look back.
She's got everything she needs,
She's an artist, she don't look back.
She can take the dark out of the nighttime
And paint the daytime black.

You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees.
You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees.
But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole
Down upon your knees.

She never stumbles,
She's got no place to fall.
She never stumbles,
She's got no place to fall.
She's nobody's child,
The Law can't touch her at all.

She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkle before she speaks.
She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkle before she speaks.
She's a hypnotist collector,
You are a walking antique.

Bow down to her on Sunday,
Salute her when her birthday comes.
Bow down to her on Sunday,
Salute her when her birthday comes.
For Halloween give her a trumpet
And for Christmas, buy her a drum.

18. Alberta #2

Alberta let your hair hang low
Alberta let your hair hang low
I'll give you more gold
Than your apron can hold
If you'd only let your hair hang low

Alberta what's on your mind
Alberta what's on your mind
You keep me worried and bothered
All of the time
Alberta what's on your mind

Alberta don't you treat me unkind
Alberta don't you treat me unkind
Oh my heart is so sad
Cause I want you so bad
Alberta don't you treat me unkind

Alberta let your hair hang low
Alberta let your hair hang low
I'll give you more gold
Than your apron can hold
If you'll only let your hair hang low

Copyright ©1970 Big Sky Music

**Planet Waves (1974)**

1. **On A Night Like This**

On a night like this
So glad you came around,
Hold on to me so tight
And heat up some coffee grounds.
We got much to talk about
And much to reminisce,
It sure is right
On a night like this.

On a night like this
So glad you've come to stay
Hold on to me, pretty miss
Say you'll never go away to stray.
Run your fingers down my spine
Bring me a touch of bliss
It sure feels right
On a night like this.

On a night like this
I can't get any sleep,
The air is so cold outside
And the snow's so deep.
Build a fire, throw on logs
And listen to it hiss
And let it burn, burn, burn, burn
On a night like this.

Put your body next to mine
And keep me company,
There is plenty a room for all,
So please don't elbow me.

Let the four winds blow
Around this old cabin door,
If I'm not too far off
I think we did this once before.
There's more frost on the window glass
With each new tender kiss,
But it sure feels right
On a night like this.

Copyright ©1973 Ram's Horn Music

2. Going, Going, Gone

I've just reached a place
Where the willow don't bend.
There's not much more to be said
It's the top of the end.
I'm going,
I'm going,
I'm gone.

I'm closin' the book
On the pages and the text
And I don't really care
What happens next.
I'm just going,
I'm going,
I'm gone.

I been hangin' on threads,
I been playin' it straight,
Now, I've just got to cut loose
Before it gets late.
So I'm going,
I'm going,
I'm gone.

Grandma said, "Boy, go and follow your heart
And you'll be fine at the end of the line.
All that's gold isn't meant to shine.
Don't you and your one true love ever part."

I been walkin' the road,
I been livin' on the edge,
Now, I've just got to go
Before I get to the ledge.
So I'm going,
I'm just going,
I'm gone.

Copyright ©1973 Ram's Horn Music

3. Tough Mama

Tough Mama
Meat shakin' on your bones
I'm gonna go down to the river and get some stones.
Sister's on the highway with that steel-drivin' crew,
Papa's in the big house, his workin' days are through.
Tough Mama
Can I blow a little smoke on you?

Dark Beauty
Won't you move it on over and make some room?
It's my duty to bring you down to the field where the flowers bloom.
Ashes in the furnace, dust on the rise,
You came through it all the way, flyin' through the skies.
Dark Beauty
With that long night's journey in your eyes.

Sweet Goddess
Born of a blinding light and a changing wind,
Now, don't be modest, you know who you are and where you've been.
Jack the Cowboy went up north
He's buried in your past.
The Lone Wolf went out drinking
That was over pretty fast.
Sweet Goddess
Your perfect stranger's comin' in at last.

Silver Angel
With the badge of the lonesome road sewed in your sleeve,
I'd be grateful if this golden ring you would receive.
Today on the countryside it was a-hotter than a crotch,
I stood alone upon the ridge and all I did was watch.
Sweet Goddess
It must be time to carve another notch.

I'm crestfallen
The world of illusion is at my door,
I ain't a-haulin' any of my lambs to the marketplace anymore.
The prison walls are crumblin', there is no end in sight,
I've gained some recognition but I lost my appetite.
Dark Beauty
Meet me at the border late tonight.
4. Hazel

Hazel, dirty-blonde hair
I wouldn't be ashamed to be seen with you anywhere.
You got something I want plenty of
Ooh, a little touch of your love.

Hazel, stardust in your eye
You're goin' somewhere and so am I.
I'd give you the sky high above
Ooh, for a little touch of your love.

Oh no, I don't need any reminder
To know how much I really care
But it's just making me blinder and blinder
Because I'm up on a hill and still you're not there.

Hazel, you called and I came,
Now don't make me play this waiting game.
You've got something I want plenty of
Ooh, a little touch of your love.

5. Something There Is About You

Something there is about you that strikes a match in me
Is it the way your body moves or is it the way your hair blows free?
Or is it because you remind me of something that used to be
Somethin' that crossed over from another century?

Thought I'd shaken the wonder and the phantoms of my youth
Rainy days on the Great Lakes, walkin' the hills of old Duluth.
There was me and Danny Lopez, cold eyes, black night and then there was Ruth
Something there is about you that brings back a long-forgotten truth.

Suddenly I found you and the spirit in me sings
Don't have to look no further, you're the soul of many things.
I could say that I'd be faithful, I could say it in one sweet, easy breath
But to you that would be cruelty and to me it surely would be death.

Something there is about you that moves with style and grace
I was in a whirlwind, now I'm in some better place.
My hand's on the sabre and you've picked up the baton
Somethin' there is about you that I can't quite put my finger on.
6. Forever Young

May God bless and keep you always,
May your wishes all come true,
May you always do for others
And let others do for you.
May you build a ladder to the stars
And climb on every rung,
May you stay forever young,
Forever young, forever young,
May you stay forever young.

May you grow up to be righteous,
May you grow up to be true,
May you always know the truth
And see the lights surrounding you.
May you always be courageous,
Stand upright and be strong,
May you stay forever young,
Forever young, forever young,
May you stay forever young.

May your hands always be busy,
May your feet always be swift,
May you have a strong foundation
When the winds of changes shift.
May your heart always be joyful,
May your song always be sung,
May you stay forever young,
Forever young, forever young,
May you stay forever young.

Copyright ©1973 Ram's Horn Music

7. Dirge

I hate myself for lovin' you and the weakness that it showed
You were just a painted face on a trip down Suicide Road.
The stage was set, the lights went out all around the old hotel,
I hate myself for lovin' you and I'm glad the curtain fell.

I hate that foolish game we played and the need that was expressed
And the mercy that you showed to me, who ever would have guessed?
I went out on Lower Broadway and I felt that place within,
That hollow place where martyrs weep and angels play with sin.

Heard your songs of freedom and man forever stripped,
Acting out his folly while his back is being whipped.
Like a slave in orbit, he's beaten 'til he's tame,
All for a moment's glory and it's a dirty, rotten shame.

There are those who worship loneliness, I'm not one of them,
In this age of fiberglass I'm searching for a gem.
The crystal ball up on the wall hasn't shown me nothing yet,
I've paid the price of solitude, but at last I'm out of debt.

Can't recall a useful thing you ever did for me
'Cept pat me on the back one time when I was on my knees.
We stared into each other's eyes 'til one of us would break,
No use to apologize, what diff'rence would it make?

So sing your praise of progress and of the Doom Machine,
The naked truth is still taboo whenever it can be seen.
Lady Luck, who shines on me, will tell you where I'm at,
I hate myself for lovin' you, but I should get over that.

Copyright ©1973 Ram's Horn Music

8. You Angel You

You angel you
You got me under your wing.
The way you walk and the way you talk
I feel I could almost sing.

You angel you
You're as fine as anything's fine.
The way you walk and the way you talk
It sure plays on my mind.

You know I can't sleep at night for trying,
Never did feel this way before.
I get up at night and walk the floor.
If this is love then gimme more
And more and more and more and more.

You angel you
You're as fine as can be.
The way you smile like a sweet baby child,
It just falls all over me.

You know I can't sleep at night for trying
Never did feel this way before,
Never did get up and walk the floor.
If this is love then gimme more
And more and more and more.

You angel you
You got me under your wing.
The way you walk and the way you talk
It says everything.

Copyright ©1973 Ram's Horn Music
9. Never Say Goodbye

Twilight on the frozen lake
North wind about to break
On footprints in the snow
Silence down below.

You’re beautiful beyond words
You're beautiful to me
You can make me cry
Never say goodbye.

Time is all I have to give
You can have it if you choose
With me you can live
Never say goodbye.

My dreams are made of iron and steel
With a big bouquet
Of roses hanging down
From the heavens to the ground.

The crashing waves roll over me
As I stand upon the sand
Wait for you to come
And grab hold of my hand.

Oh, baby, baby, baby blue
You'll change your last name, too
You've turned your hair to brown
Love to see it hangin' down.

Copyright ©1973 Ram's Horn Music

10. Wedding Song

I love you more than ever, more than time and more than love,
I love you more than money and more than the stars above,
Love you more than madness, more than waves upon the sea,
Love you more than life itself, you mean that much to me.

Ever since you walked right in, the circle's been complete,
I've said goodbye to haunted rooms and faces in the street,
To the courtyard of the jester which is hidden from the sun,
I love you more than ever and I haven't yet begun.

You breathed on me and made my life a richer one to live,
When I was deep in poverty you taught me how to give,
Dried the tears up from my dreams and pulled me from the hole,
Quenched my thirst and satisfied the burning in my soul.

You gave me babies one, two, three, what is more, you saved my life,
Eye for eye and tooth for tooth, your love cuts like a knife,
My thoughts of you don't ever rest, they'd kill me if I lie,
I'd sacrifice the world for you and watch my senses die.

The tune that is yours and mine to play upon this earth,
We'll play it out the best we know, whatever it is worth,
What's lost is lost, we can't regain what went down in the flood,
But happiness to me is you and I love you more than blood.

It's never been my duty to remake the world at large,
Nor is it my intention to sound a battle charge,
'Cause I love you more than all of that with a love that doesn't bend,
And if there is eternity I'd love you there again.

Oh, can't you see that you were born to stand by my side
And I was born to be with you, you were born to be my bride,
You're the other half of what I am, you're the missing piece
And I love you more than ever with that love that doesn't cease.

You turn the tide on me each day and teach my eyes to see,
Just bein' next to you is a natural thing for me
And I could never let you go, no matter what goes on,
'Cause I love you more than ever now that the past is gone.

Copyright ©1973 Ram's Horn Music

Blood on the Tracks (1975)

1. Tangled Up In Blue

Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',
I was layin' in bed
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all
If her hair was still red.
Her folks they said our lives together
Sure was gonna be rough
They never did like Mama's homemade dress
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.
And I was standin' on the side of the road
Rain fallin' on my shoes
Heading out for the East Coast
Lord knows I've paid some dues gettin' through,
Tangled up in blue.

She was married when we first met
Soon to be divorced
I helped her out of a jam, I guess,
But I used a little too much force.
We drove that car as far as we could
Abandoned it out West
Split up on a dark sad night
Both agreeing it was best.
She turned around to look at me
As I was walkin’ away
I heard her say over my shoulder,
"We’ll meet again someday on the avenue,"
Tangled up in blue.

I had a job in the great north woods
Working as a cook for a spell
But I never did like it all that much
And one day the ax just fell.
So I drifted down to New Orleans
Where I happened to be employed
Workin’ for a while on a fishin’ boat
Right outside of Delacroix.
But all the while I was alone
The past was close behind,
I seen a lot of women
But she never escaped my mind, and I just grew
Tangled up in blue.

She was workin’ in a topless place
And I stopped in for a beer,
I just kept lookin’ at the side of her face
In the spotlight so clear.
And later on as the crowd thinned out
I’s just about to do the same,
She was standing there in back of my chair
Said to me, "Don’t I know your name?"
I muttered somethin’ underneath my breath,
She studied the lines on my face.
I must admit I felt a little uneasy
When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe,
Tangled up in blue.

She lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe
"I thought you’d never say hello," she said
"You look like the silent type."
Then she opened up a book of poems
And handed it to me
Written by an Italian poet
From the thirteenth century.
And every one of them words rang true
And glowed like burnin’ coal
Pourin’ off of every page
Like it was written in my soul from me to you,
Tangled up in blue.

I lived with them on Montague Street
In a basement down the stairs,
There was music in the cafes at night
And revolution in the air.
Then he started into dealing with slaves
And something inside of him died.
She had to sell everything she owned
And froze up inside.
And when finally the bottom fell out
I became withdrawn,
The only thing I knew how to do
Was to keep on keepin' on like a bird that flew,
Tangled up in blue.

So now I'm goin' back again,
I got to get to her somehow.
All the people we used to know
They're an illusion to me now.
Some are mathematicians
Some are carpenter's wives.
Don't know how it all got started,
I don't know what they're doin' with their lives.
But me, I'm still on the road
Headin' for another joint
We always did feel the same,
We just saw it from a different point of view,
Tangled up in blue.

Copyright ©1974 Ram's Horn Music

2. Simple Twist Of Fate

They sat together in the park
As the evening sky grew dark,
She looked at him and he felt a spark tingle to his bones.
'Twas then he felt alone and wished that he'd gone straight
And watched out for a simple twist of fate.

They walked along by the old canal
A little confused, I remember well
And stopped into a strange hotel with a neon burnin' bright.
He felt the heat of the night hit him like a freight train
Moving with a simple twist of fate.

A saxophone someplace far off played
As she was walkin' by the arcade.
As the light bust through a beat-up shade where he was wakin' up,
She dropped a coin into the cup of a blind man at the gate
And forgot about a simple twist of fate.

He woke up, the room was bare
He didn't see her anywhere.
He told himself he didn't care, pushed the window open wide,
Felt an emptiness inside to which he just could not relate
Brought on by a simple twist of fate.

He hears the ticking of the clocks
And walks along with a parrot that talks,
Hunts her down by the waterfront docks where the sailors all come in.
Maybe she'll pick him out again, how long must he wait
Once more for a simple twist of fate.

People tell me it's a sin
To know and feel too much within.
I still believe she was my twin, but I lost the ring.
She was born in spring, but I was born too late
Blame it on a simple twist of fate.

Copyright ©1974 Ram's Horn Music

3. You're A Big Girl Now

Our conversation was short and sweet
It nearly swept me off-a my feet.
And I'm back in the rain, oh, oh,
And you are on dry land.
You made it there somehow
You're a big girl now.

Bird on the horizon, sittin' on a fence,
He's singin' his song for me at his own expense.
And I'm just like that bird, oh, oh,
Singin' just for you.
I hope that you can hear,
Hear me singin' through these tears.

Time is a jet plane, it moves too fast
Oh, but what a shame if all we've shared can't last.
I can change, I swear, oh, oh,
See what you can do.
I can make it through,
You can make it too.

Love is so simple, to quote a phrase,
You've known it all the time, I'm learnin' it these days.
Oh, I know where I can find you, oh, oh,
In somebody's room.
It's a price I have to pay
You're a big girl all the way.

A change in the weather is known to be extreme
But what's the sense of changing horses in midstream?
I'm going out of my mind, oh, oh,
With a pain that stops and starts
Like a corkscrew to my heart
Ever since we've been apart.

Copyright ©1974 Ram's Horn Music

4. Idiot Wind

Someone's got it in for me, they're planting stories in the press
Whoever it is I wish they'd cut it out but when they will I can only guess.
They say I shot a man named Gray and took his wife to Italy,
She inherited a million bucks and when she died it came to me.
I can't help it if I'm lucky.

People see me all the time and they just can't remember how to act
Their minds are filled with big ideas, images and distorted facts.
Even you, yesterday you had to ask me where it was at,
I couldn't believe after all these years, you didn't know me better than that
Sweet lady.

Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your mouth,
Blowing down the backroads headin' south.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
You're an idiot, babe.
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

I ran into the fortune-teller, who said beware of lightning that might strike
I haven't known peace and quiet for so long I can't remember what it's like.
There's a lone soldier on the cross, smoke pourin' out of a boxcar door,
You didn't know it, you didn't think it could be done, in the final end he won the wars
After losin' every battle.

I woke up on the roadside, daydreamin' 'bout the way things sometimes are
Visions of your chestnut mare shoot through my head and are makin' me see stars.
You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies.
One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes,
Blood on your saddle.

Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb,
Blowing through the curtains in your room.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
You're an idiot, babe.
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

It was gravity which pulled us down and destiny which broke us apart
You tamed the lion in my cage but it just wasn't enough to change my heart.
Now everything's a little upside down, as a matter of fact the wheels have stopped,
What's good is bad, what's bad is good, you'll find out when you reach the top
You're on the bottom.

I noticed at the ceremony, your corrupt ways had finally made you blind
I can't remember your face anymore, your mouth has changed, your eyes
don't look into mine.
The priest wore black on the seventh day and sat stone-faced while the building
burned.
I waited for you on the running boards, near the cypress trees, while the springtime
turned Slowly into autumn.

Idiot wind, blowing like a circle around my skull,
From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
You're an idiot, babe.
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.
I can't feel you anymore, I can't even touch the books you've read
Every time I crawl past your door, I been wishin' I was somebody else instead.
Down the highway, down the tracks, down the road to ecstasy,
I followed you beneath the stars, hounded by your memory
And all your ragin' glory.

I been double-crossed now for the very last time and now I'm finally free,
I kissed goodbye the howling beast on the borderline which separated you from me.
You'll never know the hurt I suffered nor the pain I rise above,
And I'll never know the same about you, your holiness or your kind of love,
And it makes me feel so sorry.

Idiot wind, blowing through the buttons of our coats,
Blowing through the letters that we wrote.
Idiot wind, blowing through the dust upon our shelves,
We're idiots, babe.
It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves.

5. You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go

I've seen love go by my door
It's never been this close before
Never been so easy or so slow.
Been shooting in the dark too long
When somethin's not right it's wrong
Yer gonna make me lonesome when you go.

Dragon clouds so high above
I've only known careless love,
It's always hit me from below.
This time around it's more correct
Right on target, so direct,
Yer gonna make me lonesome when you go.

Purple clover, Queen Anne lace,
Crimson hair across your face,
You could make me cry if you don't know.
Can't remember what I was thinkin' of
You might be spoilin' me too much, love,
Yer gonna make me lonesome when you go.

Flowers on the hillside, bloomin' crazy,
Crickets talkin' back and forth in rhyme,
Blue river runnin' slow and lazy,
I could stay with you forever
And never realize the time.

Situations have ended sad,
Relationships have all been bad.
Mine've been like Verlaine's and Rimbaud.
But there's no way I can compare
All those scenes to this affair,
Yer gonna make me lonesome when you go.

Yer gonna make me wonder what I'm doin',
Stayin' far behind without you.
Yer gonna make me wonder what I'm sayin',
Yer gonna make me give myself a good talkin' to.

I'll look for you in old Honolulu,
San Francisco, Ashtabula,
Yer gonna have to leave me now, I know.
But I'll see you in the sky above,
In the tall grass, in the ones I love,
Yer gonna make me lonesome when you go.

Copyright ©1974 Ram's Horn Music

6. Meet Me In The Morning

Meet me in the morning, 56th and Wabasha
Meet me in the morning, 56th and Wabasha
Honey, we could be in Kansas
By time the snow begins to thaw.

They say the darkest hour is right before the dawn
They say the darkest hour is right before the dawn
But you wouldn't know it by me
Every day's been darkness since you been gone.

Little rooster crowin', there must be something on his mind
Little rooster crowin', there must be something on his mind
Well, I feel just like that rooster
Honey, ya treat me so unkind.

The birds are flyin' low babe, honey I feel so exposed
Well, the birds are flyin' low babe, honey I feel so exposed
Well now, I ain't got any matches
And the station doors are closed.

Well, I struggled through barbed wire, felt the hail fall from above
Well, I struggled through barbed wire, felt the hail fall from above
Well, you know I even outran the hound dogs
Honey, you know I've earned your love.

Look at the sun sinkin' like a ship
Look at the sun sinkin' like a ship
Ain't that just like my heart, babe
When you kissed my lips?
7. Lily, Rosemary And The Jack Of Hearts

The festival was over, the boys were all plannin' for a fall,
The cabaret was quiet except for the drillin' in the wall.
The curfew had been lifted and the gamblin' wheel shut down,
Anyone with any sense had already left town.
He was standin' in the doorway lookin' like the Jack of Hearts.

He moved across the mirrored room, "Set it up for everyone," he said,
Then everyone commenced to do what they were doin' before he turned their heads.
Then he walked up to a stranger and he asked him with a grin,
"Could you kindly tell me, friend, what time the show begins?"
Then he moved into the corner, face down like the Jack of Hearts.

Backstage the girls were playin' five-card stud by the stairs,
Lily had two queens, she was hopin' for a third to match her pair.
Outside the streets were fillin' up, the window was open wide,
A gentle breeze was blowin', you could feel it from inside.
Lily called another bet and drew up the Jack of Hearts.

Big Jim was no one's fool, he owned the town's only diamond mine,
He made his usual entrance lookin' so dandy and so fine.
With his bodyguards and silver cane and every hair in place,
He took whatever he wanted to and he laid it all to waste.
But his bodyguards and silver cane were no match for the Jack of Hearts.

Rosemary combed her hair and took a carriage into town,
She slipped in through the side door lookin' like a queen without a crown.
She fluttered her false eyelashes and whispered in his ear,
"Sorry, darlin', that I'm late," but he didn't seem to hear.
He was starin' into space over at the Jack of Hearts.

"I know I've seen that face before," Big Jim was thinkin' to himself,
"Maybe down in Mexico or a picture up on somebody's shelf."
But then the crowd began to stamp their feet and the house lights did dim
And in the darkness of the room there was only Jim and him,
Starin' at the butterfly who just drew the Jack of Hearts.

Lily was a princess, she was fair-skinned and precious as a child,
She did whatever she had to do, she had that certain flash every time she smiled.
She'd come away from a broken home, had lots of strange affairs
With men in every walk of life which took her everywhere.
But she'd never met anyone quite like the Jack of Hearts.

The hangin' judge came in unnoticed and was being wined and dined,
The drillin' in the wall kept up but no one seemed to pay it any mind.
It was known all around that Lily had Jim's ring
And nothing would ever come between Lily and the king.
No, nothin' ever would except maybe the Jack of Hearts.

Rosemary started drinkin' hard and seein' her reflection in the knife,
She was tired of the attention, tired of playin' the role of Big Jim's wife.
She had done a lot of bad things, even once tried suicide,
Was lookin' to do just one good deed before she died.  
She was gazin' to the future, riding on the Jack of Hearts.

Lily washed her face, took her dress off and buried it away.  
"Has your luck run out?" she laughed at him, "Well, I guess you must have known it would someday.  
Be careful not to touch the wall, there's a brand-new coat of paint,  
I'm glad to see you're still alive, you're lookin' like a saint."  
Down the hallway footsteps were comin' for the Jack of Hearts.

The backstage manager was pacing all around by his chair.  
"There's something funny going on," he said, "I can just feel it in the air."  
He went to get the hangin' judge, but the hangin' judge was drunk,  
As the leading actor hurried by in the costume of a monk.  
There was no actor anywhere better than the Jack of Hearts.

Lily's arms were locked around the man that she dearly loved to touch,  
She forgot all about the man she couldn't stand who hounded her so much.  
"I've missed you so," she said to him, and he felt she was sincere,  
But just beyond the door he felt jealousy and fear.  
Just another night in the life of the Jack of Hearts.

No one knew the circumstance but they say that it happened pretty quick,  
The door to the dressing room burst open and a cold revolver clicked.  
And Big Jim was standin' there, ya couldn't say surprised,  
Rosemary right beside him, steady in her eyes.  
She was with Big Jim but she was leanin' to the Jack of Hearts.

Two doors down the boys finally made it through the wall  
And cleaned out the bank safe, it's said that they got off with quite a haul.  
In the darkness by the riverbed they waited on the ground  
For one more member who had business back in town.  
But they couldn't go no further without the Jack of Hearts.

The next day was hangin' day, the sky was overcast and black,  
Big Jim lay covered up, killed by a penknife in the back.  
And Rosemary on the gallows, she didn't even blink,  
The hangin' judge was sober, he hadn't had a drink.  
The only person on the scene missin' was the Jack of Hearts.

The cabaret was empty now, a sign said, "Closed for repair,"  
Lily had already taken all of the dye out of her hair.  
She was thinkin' 'bout her father, who she very rarely saw,  
Thinkin' 'bout Rosemary and thinkin' about the law.  
But, most of all she was thinkin' 'bout the Jack of Hearts.

---

8. If You See Her, Say Hello

If you see her, say hello, she might be in Tangier  
She left here last early spring, is livin' there, I hear  
Say for me that I'm all right though things get kind of slow  
She might think that I've forgotten her, don't tell her it isn't so.
We had a falling-out, like lovers often will
And to think of how she left that night, it still brings me a chill
And though our separation, it pierced me to the heart
She still lives inside of me, we've never been apart.

If you get close to her, kiss her once for me
I always have respected her for busting out and gettin' free
Oh, whatever makes her happy, I won't stand in the way
Though the bitter taste still lingers on from the night I tried to make her stay.

I see a lot of people as I make the rounds
And I hear her name here and there as I go from town to town
And I've never gotten used to it, I've just learned to turn it off
Either I'm too sensitive or else I'm gettin' soft.

Sundown, yellow moon, I replay the past
I know every scene by heart, they all went by so fast
If she's passin' back this way, I'm not that hard to find
Tell her she can look me up if she's got the time.

9. Shelter From The Storm

'Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood
When blackness was a virtue and the road was full of mud
I came in from the wilderness, a creature void of form.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

And if I pass this way again, you can rest assured
I'll always do my best for her, on that I give my word
In a world of steel-eyed death, and men who are fighting to be warm.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Not a word was spoke between us, there was little risk involved
Everything up to that point had been left unresolved.
Try imagining a place where it's always safe and warm.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

I was burned out from exhaustion, buried in the hail,
 Poisoned in the bushes an' blown out on the trail,
Hunted like a crocodile, ravaged in the corn.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Suddenly I turned around and she was standin' there
With silver bracelets on her wrists and flowers in her hair.
She walked up to me so gracefully and took my crown of thorns.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."
Now there's a wall between us, somethin' there's been lost
I took too much for granted, got my signals crossed.
Just to think that it all began on a long-forgotten morn.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Well, the deputy walks on hard nails and the preacher rides a mount
But nothing really matters much, it's doom alone that counts
And the one-eyed undertaker, he blows a futile horn.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

I've heard newborn babies wailin' like a mournin' dove
And old men with broken teeth stranded without love.
Do I understand your question, man, is it hopeless and forlorn?
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

In a little hilltop village, they gambled for my clothes
I bargained for salvation an' they gave me a lethal dose.
I offered up my innocence and got repaid with scorn.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Well, I'm livin' in a foreign country but I'm bound to cross the line
Beauty walks a razor's edge, someday I'll make it mine.
If I could only turn back the clock to when God and her were born.
"Come in," she said,
"I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Copyright ©1974 Ram's Horn Music

10. Buckets Of Rain

Buckets of rain
Buckets of tears
Got all them buckets comin' out of my ears.
Buckets of moonbeams in my hand,
I got all the love, honey baby,
You can stand.

I been meek
And hard like an oak
I seen pretty people disappear like smoke.
Friends will arrive, friends will disappear,
If you want me, honey baby,
I'll be here.

Like your smile
And your fingertips
Like the way that you move your lips.
I like the cool way you look at me,
Everything about you is bringing me
Misery.

Little red wagon
Little red bike
I ain't no monkey but I know what I like.
I like the way you love me strong and slow,
I'm takin' you with me, honey baby,
When I go.

Life is sad
Life is a bust
All ya can do is do what you must.
You do what you must do and ya do it well,
I'll do it for you, honey baby,
Can't you tell?

Copyright ©1974 Ram's Horn Music

Desire (1976)

1. Hurricane (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)

Pistol shots ring out in the barroom night
Enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall.
She sees the bartender in a pool of blood,
Cries out, "My God, they 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 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 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 looks 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 never 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 screws 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 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 nice fellow. You'll be doin' society a favor. That sonofabitch is brave and gettin' braver. 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 jailhouse 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.

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 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
The champion of the world.

Copyright ©1975 Ram's Horn Music

2. Isis (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)

I married Isis on the fifth day of May,
But I could not hold on to her very long.
So I cut off my hair and I rode straight away
For the wild unknown country where I could not go wrong.

I came to a high place of darkness and light.
The dividing line ran through the center of town.
I hitched up my pony to a post on the right,
Went in to a laundry to wash my clothes down.

A man in the corner approached me for a match.
I knew right away he was not ordinary.
He said, "Are you lookin' for somethin' easy to catch?"
I said, "I got no money." He said, "That ain't necessary."

We set out that night for the cold in the North.
I gave him my blanket, he gave me his word.
I said, "Where are we goin'?" He said we'd be back by the fourth.
I said, "That's the best news that I've ever heard."
I was thinkin' about turquoise, I was thinkin' about gold,
I was thinkin' about diamonds and the world's biggest necklace.
As we rode through the canyons, through the devilish cold,
I was thinkin' about Isis, how she thought I was so reckless.

How she told me that one day we would meet up again,
And things would be different the next time we wed,
If I only could hang on and just be her friend.
I still can't remember all the best things she said.

We came to the pyramids all embedded in ice.
He said, "There's a body I'm tryin' to find.
If I carry it out it'll bring a good price."
'Twas then that I knew what he had on his mind.

The wind it was howlin' and the snow was outrageous.
We chopped through the night and we chopped through the dawn.
When he died I was hopin' that it wasn't contagious,
But I made up my mind that I had to go on.

I broke into the tomb, but the casket was empty.
There was no jewels, no nothin', I felt I'd been had.
When I saw that my partner was just bein' friendly,
When I took up his offer I must-a been mad.

I picked up his body and I dragged him inside,
Threw him down in the hole and I put back the cover.
I said a quick prayer and I felt satisfied.
Then I rode back to find Isis just to tell her I love her.

She was there in the meadow where the creek used to rise.
Blinded by sleep and in need of a bed,
I came in from the East with the sun in my eyes.
I cursed her one time then I rode on ahead.

She said, "Where ya been?" I said, "No place special."
She said, "You look different." I said, "Well, not quite."
She said, "You been gone." I said, "That's only natural."
She said, "You gonna stay?" I said, "Yeah, I jes might."

Isis, oh, Isis, you mystical child.
What drives me to you is what drives me insane.
I still can remember the way that you smiled
On the fifth day of May in the drizzlin' rain.

Copyright ©1975 Ram's Horn Music

3. Mozambique (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)

I like to spend some time in Mozambique
The sunny sky is aqua blue
And all the couples dancing cheek to cheek.
It's very nice to stay a week or two.
There's lots of pretty girls in Mozambique
And plenty time for good romance
And everybody likes to stop and speak
To give the special one you seek a chance
Or maybe say hello with just a glance.

Lying next to her by the ocean
Reaching out and touching her hand,
Whispering your secret emotion
Magic in a magical land.

And when it's time for leaving Mozambique,
To say goodbye to sand and sea,
You turn around to take a final peek
And you see why it's so unique to be
Among the lovely people living free
Upon the beach of sunny Mozambique.

4. One More Cup Of Coffee (Valley Below)

Your breath is sweet
Your eyes are like two jewels in the sky.
Your back is straight, your hair is smooth
On the pillow where you lie.
But I don't sense affection
No gratitude or love
Your loyalty is not to me
But to the stars above.

One more cup of coffee for the road,
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
To the valley below.

Your daddy he's an outlaw
And a wanderer by trade
He'll teach you how to pick and choose
And how to throw the blade.
He oversees his kingdom
So no stranger does intrude
His voice it trembles as he calls out
For another plate of food.

One more cup of coffee for the road,
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
To the valley below.

Your sister sees the future
Like your mama and yourself.
You've never learned to read or write
There's no books upon your shelf.
And your pleasure knows no limits
Your voice is like a meadowlark
But your heart is like an ocean
Mysterious and dark.

One more cup of coffee for the road,
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
To the valley below.

Copyright ©1975 Ram's Horn Music

5. Oh, Sister (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)

Oh, sister, when I come to lie in your arms
You should not treat me like a stranger.
Our Father would not like the way that you act
And you must realize the danger.

Oh, sister, am I not a brother to you
And one deserving of affection?
And is our purpose not the same on this earth,
To love and follow his direction?

We grew up together
From the cradle to the grave
We died and were reborn
And then mysteriously saved.

Oh, sister, when I come to knock on your door,
Don't turn away, you'll create sorrow.
Time is an ocean but it ends at the shore
You may not see me tomorrow.

Copyright ©1975 Ram's Horn Music

6. Joey (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)

Born in Red Hook, Brooklyn, in the year of who knows when
Opened up his eyes to the tune of an accordion
Always on the outside of whatever side there was
When they asked him why it had to be that way, "Well," he answered, "just because."

Larry was the oldest, Joey was next to last.
They called Joe "Crazy," the baby they called "Kid Blast."
Some say they lived off gambling and runnin' numbers too.
It always seemed they got caught between the mob and the men in blue.

Joey, Joey,
King of the streets, child of clay.
Joey, Joey,
What made them want to come and blow you away?

There was talk they killed their rivals, but the truth was far from that
No one ever knew for sure where they were really at.  
When they tried to strangle Larry, Joey almost hit the roof.  
He went out that night to seek revenge, thinkin' he was bulletproof.

The war broke out at the break of dawn, it emptied out the streets  
Joey and his brothers suffered terrible defeats  
Till they ventured out behind the lines and took five prisoners.  
They stashed them away in a basement, called them amateurs.

The hostages were tremblin' when they heard a man exclaim,  
"Let's blow this place to kingdom come, let Con Edison take the blame."  
But Joey stepped up, he raised his hand, said, "We're not those kind of men.  
It's peace and quiet that we need to go back to work again."

Joey, Joey,  
King of the streets, child of clay.  
Joey, Joey,  
What made them want to come and blow you away?  

The police department hounded him, they called him Mr. Smith  
They got him on conspiracy, they were never sure who with.  
"What time is it?" said the judge to Joey when they met  
"Five to ten," said Joey. The judge says, "That's exactly what you get."

He did ten years in Attica, reading Nietzsche and Wilhelm Reich  
They threw him in the hole one time for tryin' to stop a strike.  
His closest friends were black men 'cause they seemed to understand  
What it's like to be in society with a shackle on your hand.

When they let him out in '71 he'd lost a little weight  
But he dressed like Jimmy Cagney and I swear he did look great.  
He tried to find the way back into the life he left behind  
To the boss he said, "I have returned and now I want what's mine."

Joey, Joey,  
King of the streets, child of clay.  
Joey, Joey,  
Why did they have to come and blow you away?  

It was true that in his later years he would not carry a gun  
"I'm around too many children," he'd say, "they should never know of one."  
Yet he walked right into the clubhouse of his lifelong deadly foe,  
Emptied out the register, said, "Tell 'em it was Crazy Joe."

One day they blew him down in a clam bar in New York  
He could see it comin' through the door as he lifted up his fork.  
He pushed the table over to protect his family  
Then he staggered out into the streets of Little Italy.

Joey, Joey,  
King of the streets, child of clay.  
Joey, Joey,  
What made them want to come and blow you away?
Sister Jacqueline and Carmela and mother Mary all did weep.
I heard his best friend Frankie say, "He ain't dead, he's just asleep."
Then I saw the old man's limousine head back towards the grave
I guess he had to say one last goodbye to the son that he could not save.

The sun turned cold over President Street and the town of Brooklyn mourned
They said a mass in the old church near the house where he was born.
And someday if God's in heaven overlookin' His preserve
I know the men that shot him down will get what they deserve.

Joey, Joey,
King of the streets, child of clay.
Joey, Joey,
What made them want to come and blow you away?

Copyright ©1975 Ram's Horn Music

7. Romance In Durango (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)

Hot chili peppers in the blistering sun
Dust on my face and my cape,
Me and Magdalena on the run
I think this time we shall escape.

Sold my guitar to the baker's son
For a few crumbs and a place to hide,
But I can get another one
And I'll play for Magdalena as we ride.

No llores, mi querida
Dios nos vigila
Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
Agarrame, mi vida
Soon the desert will be gone
Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

Past the Aztec ruins and the ghosts of our people
Hoofbeats like castanets on stone.
At night I dream of bells in the village steeple
Then I see the bloody face of Ramon.

Was it me that shot him down in the cantina
Was it my hand that held the gun?
Come, let us fly, my Magdalena
The dogs are barking and what's done is done.

No llores, mi querida
Dios nos vigila
Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
Agarrame, mi vida
Soon the desert will be gone
Soon you will be dancing the fandango.
At the corrida we'll sit in the shade
And watch the young torero stand alone.
We'll drink tequila where our grandfathers stayed
When they rode with Villa into Torreon.

Then the padre will recite the prayers of old
In the little church this side of town.
I will wear new boots and an earring of gold
You'll shine with diamonds in your wedding gown.

The way is long but the end is near
Already the fiesta has begun.
The face of God will appear
With His serpent eyes of obsidian.

No llorar, mi querida
Dios nos vigila
Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
Agarrame, mi vida
Soon the desert will be gone
Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

Was that the thunder that I heard?
My head is vibrating, I feel a sharp pain
Come sit by me, don't say a word
Oh, can it be that I am slain?

Quick, Magdalena, take my gun
Look up in the hills, that flash of light.
Aim well my little one
We may not make it through the night.

No llorar, mi querida
Dios nos vigila
Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
Agarrame, mi vida
Soon the desert will be gone
Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

8. Black Diamond Bay (Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy)

Up on the white veranda
She wears a necktie and a Panama hat.
Her passport shows a face
From another time and place
She looks nothin' like that.
And all the remnants of her recent past
Are scattered in the wild wind.
She walks across the marble floor
Where a voice from the gambling room is callin' her to come on in.
She smiles, walks the other way
As the last ship sails and the moon fades away
From Black Diamond Bay.

As the mornin' light breaks open, the Greek comes down
And he asks for a rope and a pen that will write.
"Pardon, monsieur," the desk clerk says,
Carefully removes his fez,
"Am I hearin' you right?"
And as the yellow fog is liftin'
The Greek is quickly headin' for the second floor.
She passes him on the spiral staircase
Thinkin' he's the Soviet Ambassador,
She starts to speak, but he walks away
As the storm clouds rise and the palm branches sway
On Black Diamond Bay.

A soldier sits beneath the fan
Doin' business with a tiny man who sells him a ring.
Lightning strikes, the lights blow out.
The desk clerk wakes and begins to shout,
"Can you see anything?"
Then the Greek appears on the second floor
In his bare feet with a rope around his neck,
While a loser in the gambling room lights up a candle,
Says, "Open up another deck."
But the dealer says, "Attendez-vous, s'il vous plait,"
As the rain beats down and the cranes fly away
From Black Diamond Bay.

The desk clerk heard the woman laugh
As he looked around the aftermath and the soldier got tough.
He tried to grab the woman's hand,
Said, "Here's a ring, it cost a grand."
She said, "That ain't enough."
Then she ran upstairs to pack her bags
While a horse-drawn taxi waited at the curb.
She passed the door that the Greek had locked,
Where a handwritten sign read, "Do Not Disturb."
She knocked upon it anyway
As the sun went down and the music did play
On Black Diamond Bay.

"I've got to talk to someone quick!"
But the Greek said, "Go away," and he kicked the chair to the floor.
He hung there from the chandelier.
She cried, "Help, there's danger near
Please open up the door!"
Then the volcano erupted
And the lava flowed down from the mountain high above.
The soldier and the tiny man were crouched in the corner
Thinking of forbidden love.
But the desk clerk said, "It happens every day,"
As the stars fell down and the fields burned away
On Black Diamond Bay.
As the island slowly sank
The loser finally broke the bank in the gambling room.
The dealer said, "It's too late now.
You can take your money, but I don't know how
You'll spend it in the tomb."
The tiny man bit the soldier's ear
As the floor caved in and the boiler in the basement blew,
While she's out on the balcony, where a stranger tells her,
"My darling, je vous aime beaucoup."
She sheds a tear and then begins to pray
As the fire burns on and the smoke drifts away
From Black Diamond Bay.

I was sittin' home alone one night in L.A.,
Watchin' old Cronkite on the seven o'clock news.
It seems there was an earthquake that
Left nothin' but a Panama hat
And a pair of old Greek shoes.
Didn't seem like much was happenin',
So I turned it off and went to grab another beer.
Seems like every time you turn around
There's another hard-luck story that you're gonna hear
And there's really nothin' anyone can say
And I never did plan to go anyway
To Black Diamond Bay.

9. Sara

I laid on a dune, I looked at the sky,
When the children were babies and played on the beach.
You came up behind me, I saw you go by,
You were always so close and still within reach.

Sara, Sara,
Whatever made you want to change your mind?
Sara, Sara,
So easy to look at, so hard to define.

I can still see them playin' with their pails in the sand,
They run to the water their buckets to fill.
I can still see the shells fallin' out of their hands
As they follow each other back up the hill.

Sara, Sara,
Sweet virgin angel, sweet love of my life,
Sara, Sara,
Radiant jewel, mystical wife.

Sleepin' in the woods by a fire in the night,
Drinkin' white rum in a Portugal bar,
Them playin' leapfrog and hearin' about Snow White,
You in the marketplace in Savanna-la-Mar.

Sara, Sara,
It's all so clear, I could never forget,
Sara, Sara,
Lovin' you is the one thing I'll never regret.

I can still hear the sounds of those Methodist bells,
I'd taken the cure and had just gotten through,
Stayin' up for days in the Chelsea Hotel,
Writin' "Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands" for you.

Sara, Sara,
Wherever we travel we're never apart.
Sara, oh Sara,
Beautiful lady, so dear to my heart.

How did I meet you? I don't know.
A messenger sent me in a tropical storm.
You were there in the winter, moonlight on the snow
And on Lily Pond Lane when the weather was warm.

Sara, oh Sara,
Scorpio Sphinx in a calico dress,
Sara, Sara,
You must forgive me my unworthiness.

Now the beach is deserted except for some kelp
And a piece of an old ship that lies on the shore.
You always responded when I needed your help,
You gimme a map and a key to your door.

Sara, oh Sara,
Glamorous nymph with an arrow and bow,
Sara, oh Sara,
Don't ever leave me, don't ever go.

Copyright ©1975 Ram's Horn Music

Street Legal (1978)

1. Changing Of The Guards

Sixteen years,
Sixteen banners united over the field
Where the good shepherd grieves.
Desperate men, desperate women divided,
Spreading their wings 'neath the falling leaves.

Fortune calls.
I stepped forth from the shadows, to the marketplace,  
Merchants and thieves, hungry for power, my last deal gone down.  
She's smelling sweet like the meadows where she was born,  
On midsummer's eve, near the tower.

The cold-blooded moon.  
The captain waits above the celebration  
Sending his thoughts to a beloved maid  
Whose ebony face is beyond communication.  
The captain is down but still believing that his love will be repaid.

They shaved her head.  
She was torn between Jupiter and Apollo.  
A messenger arrived with a black nightingale.  
I seen her on the stairs and I couldn't help but follow,  
Follow her down past the fountain where they lifted her veil.

I stumbled to my feet.  
I rode past destruction in the ditches  
With the stitches still mending 'neath a heart-shaped tattoo.  
Renegade priests and treacherous young witches  
Were handing out the flowers that I'd given to you.

The palace of mirrors  
Where dog soldiers are reflected,  
The endless road and the wailing of chimes,  
The empty rooms where her memory is protected,  
Where the angels' voices whisper to the souls of previous times.

She wakes him up  
Forty-eight hours later, the sun is breaking  
Near broken chains, mountain laurel and rolling rocks.  
She's begging to know what measures he now will be taking.  
He's pulling her down and she's clutching on to his long golden locks.

Gentlemen, he said,  
I don't need your organization, I've shined your shoes,  
I've moved your mountains and marked your cards  
But Eden is burning, either brace yourself for elimination  
Or else your hearts must have the courage for the changing of the guards.

Peace will come  
With tranquility and splendor on the wheels of fire  
But will bring us no reward when her false idols fall  
And cruel death surrenders with its pale ghost retreating  
Between the King and the Queen of Swords.

Copyright ©1978 Special Rider Music

2. New Pony

Once I had a pony, her name was Lucifer  
I had a pony, her name was Lucifer
She broke her leg and she needed shooting  
I swear it hurt me more than it could ever have hurted her

Sometimes I wonder what's going on in the mind of Miss X  
Sometimes I wonder what's going on in the mind of Miss X  
You know she got such a sweet disposition  
I never know what the poor girl's gonna do to me next

I got a new pony, she knows how to fox-trot, lope and pace  
Well, I got a new pony, she knows how to fox-trot, lope and pace  
She got great big hind legs  
And long black shaggy hair above her face

Well now, it was early in the mornin', I seen your shadow in the door  
It was early in the mornin', I seen your shadow in the door  
Now, I don't have to ask nobody  
I know what you come here for

They say you're usin' voodoo, your feet walk by themselves  
They say you're usin' voodoo, I seen your feet walk by themselves  
Oh, baby, that god you been prayin' to  
Is gonna give ya back what you're wishin' on someone else

Come over here pony, I, I wanna climb up one time on you  
Come over here pony, I, I wanna climb up one time on you  
Well, you're so bad and nasty  
But I love you, yes I do

Copyright ©1978 Special Rider Music

3. No Time To Think

In death, you face life with a child and a wife  
Who sleep-walks through your dreams into walls.  
You're a soldier of mercy, you're cold and you curse,  
"He who cannot be trusted must fall."

Loneliness, tenderness, high society, notoriety.  
You fight for the throne and you travel alone  
Unknown as you slowly sink  
And there's no time to think.

In the Federal City you been blown and shown pity,  
In secret, for pieces of change.  
The empress attracts you but oppression distracts you  
And it makes you feel violent and strange.

Memory, ecstasy, tyranny, hypocrisy  
Betrayed by a kiss on a cool night of bliss  
In the valley of the missing link  
And you have no time to think.

Judges will haunt you, the country priestess will want you
Her worst is better than best.
I've seen all these decoys through a set of deep turquoise eyes
And I feel so depressed.

China doll, alcohol, duality, mortality.
Mercury rules you and destiny fools you
Like the plague, with a dangerous wink
And there's no time to think.

Your conscience betrayed you when some tyrant waylaid you
Where the lion lies down with the lamb.
I'd have paid off the traitor and killed him much later
But that's just the way that I am.

Paradise, sacrifice, mortality, reality.
But the magician is quicker and his game
Is much thicker than blood and blacker than ink
And there's no time to think.

Anger and jealousy's all that he sells us,
He's content when you're under his thumb.
Madmen oppose him, but your kindness throws him
To survive it you play deaf and dumb.

Equality, liberty, humility, simplicity.
You glance through the mirror and there's eyes staring clear
At the back of your head as you drink
And there's no time to think.

Warlords of sorrow and queens of tomorrow
Will offer their heads for a prayer.
You can't find no salvation, you have no expectations
Anytime, anyplace, anywhere.

Mercury, gravity, nobility, humility.
You know you can't keep her and the water gets deeper
That is leading you onto the brink
But there's no time to think.

You've murdered your vanity, buried your sanity
For pleasure you must now resist.
Lovers obey you but they cannot sway you
They're not even sure you exist.

Socialism, hypnotism, patriotism, materialism.
Fools making laws for the breaking of jaws
And the sound of the keys as they clink
But there's no time to think.

The bridge that you travel on goes to the Babylon girl
With the rose in her hair.
Starlight in the East and you're finally released
You're stranded but with nothing to share.
Loyalty, unity, epitome, rigidity.
You turn around for one real last glimpse of Camille
'Neath the moon shinin' bloody and pink
And there's no time to think.

Bullets can harm you and death can disarm you
But no, you will not be deceived.
Stripped of all virtue as you crawl through the dirt,
You can give but you cannot receive.

No time to choose when the truth must die,
No time to lose or say goodbye,
No time to prepare for the victim that's there,
No time to suffer or blink
And no time to think.

Copyright ©1978 Special Rider Music

4. Baby Stop Crying

You been down to the bottom with a bad man, babe,
But you're back where you belong.
Go get me my pistol, babe,
Honey, I can't tell right from wrong.

Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying.
You know, I know, the sun will always shine
So baby, please stop crying 'cause it's tearing up my mind.

Go down to the river, babe,
Honey, I will meet you there.
Go down to the river, babe,
Honey, I will pay your fare.

Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying.
You know, I know, the sun will always shine
So baby, please stop crying 'cause it's tearing up my mind.

If you're looking for assistance, babe,
Or if you just want some company
Or if you just want a friend you can talk to,
Honey, come and see about me.

Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying.
You know, I know, the sun will always shine
So baby, please stop crying 'cause it's tearing up my mind.
You been hurt so many times
And I know what you're thinking of.
Well, I don't have to be no doctor, babe,
To see that you're madly in love.

Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying.
You know, I know, the sun will always shine
So baby, please stop crying 'cause it's tearing up my mind.

5. Is Your Love In Vain?

Do you love me, or are you just extending goodwill?
Do you need me half as bad as you say, or are you just feeling guilt?
I've been burned before and I know the score
So you won't hear me complain.
Will I be able to count on you
Or is your love in vain?

Are you so fast that you cannot see that I must have solitude?
When I am in the darkness, why do you intrude?
Do you know my world, do you know my kind
Or must I explain?
Will you let me be myself
Or is your love in vain?

Well I've been to the mountain and I've been in the wind,
I've been in and out of happiness.
I have dined with kings, I've been offered wings
And I've never been too impressed.

All right, I'll take a chance, I will fall in love with you
If I'm a fool you can have the night, you can have the morning too.
Can you cook and sew, make flowers grow,
Do you understand my pain?
Are you willing to risk it all
Or is your love in vain?

6. Señor (Tales Of Yankee Power)

Senor, senor, do you know where we're headin'?
Lincoln County Road or Armageddon?
Seems like I been down this way before.
Is there any truth in that, senor?

Senor, senor, do you know where she is hidin'?
How long are we gonna be ridin'?
How long must I keep my eyes glued to the door?
Will there be any comfort there, senor?

There's a wicked wind still blowin' on that upper deck,
There's an iron cross still hanging down from around her neck.
There's a marchin' band still playin' in that vacant lot
Where she held me in her arms one time and said, "Forget me not."

Senor, senor, I can see that painted wagon,
I can smell the tail of the dragon.
Can't stand the suspense anymore.
Can you tell me who to contact here, senor?

Well, the last thing I remember before I stripped and kneeled
Was that trainload of fools bogged down in a magnetic field.
A gypsy with a broken flag and a flashing ring
Said, "Son, this ain't a dream no more, it's the real thing."

Senor, senor, you know their hearts is as hard as leather.
Well, give me a minute, let me get it together.
I just gotta pick myself up off the floor.
I'm ready when you are, senor.

Senor, senor, let's disconnect these cables,
Overturn these tables.
This place don't make sense to me no more.
Can you tell me what we're waiting for, senor?

Copyright ©1978 Special Rider Music

7. True Love Tends To Forget

I'm getting weary looking in my baby's eyes
When she's near me she's so hard to recognize.
I finally realize there's no room for regret,
True love, true love, true love tends to forget.

Hold me, baby be near,
You told me that you'd be sincere.
Every day of the year's like playin' Russian roulette,
True love, true love, true love tends to forget.

I was lyin' down in the reeds without any oxygen
I saw you in the wilderness among the men.
Saw you drift into infinity and come back again
All you got to do is wait and I'll tell you when.

You're a tearjerker, baby, but I'm under your spell,
You're a hard worker, baby, and I know you well.
But this weekend in hell is making me sweat,
True love, true love, true love tends to forget,
True love, true love, true love tends to forget.

I was lyin' down in the reeds without any oxygen
I saw you in the wilderness among the men.  
Saw you drift into infinity and come back again  
All you got to do is wait and I'll tell you when.

You belong to me, baby, without any doubt,  
Don't forsake me, baby, don't sell me out.  
Don't keep me knockin' about from Mexico to Tibet,  
True love, true love, true love tends to forget.

Copyright ©1978 Special Rider Music

8. We Better Talk This Over

I think we better talk this over  
Maybe when we both get sober  
You'll understand I'm only a man  
Doin' the best that I can.

This situation can only get rougher.  
Why should we needlessly suffer?  
Let's call it a day, go our own different ways  
Before we decay.

You don't have to be afraid of looking into my face,  
We've done nothing to each other time will not erase.

I feel displaced, I got a low-down feeling  
You been two-faced, you been double-dealing.  
I took a chance, got caught in the trance  
Of a downhill dance.

Oh, child, why you wanna hurt me?  
I'm exiled, you can't convert me.  
I'm lost in the haze of your delicate ways  
With both eyes glazed.

You don't have to yearn for love, you don't have to be alone,  
Somewheres in this universe there's a place that you can call home.

I guess I'll be leaving tomorrow  
If I have to beg, steal or borrow.  
It'd be great to cross paths in a day and a half  
Look at each other and laugh.

But I don't think it's liable to happen  
Like the sound of one hand clappin'.  
The vows that we kept are now broken and swept  
'Neath the bed where we slept.

Don't think of me and fantasize on what we never had,  
Be grateful for what we've shared together and be glad.

Why should we go on watching each other through a telescope?
Eventually we'll hang ourselves on all this tangled rope.

Oh, babe, time for a new transition
I wish I was a magician.
I would wave a wand and tie back the bond
That we've both gone beyond.

Copyright ©1978 Special Rider Music


There's a long-distance train rolling through the rain, tears on the letter I write.
There's a woman I long to touch and I miss her so much but she's drifting like a satellite. There's a neon light ablaze in this green smoky haze, laughter down on Elizabeth Street
And a lonesome bell tone in that valley of stone where she bathed in a stream of pure heat. Her father would emphasize you got to be more than street-wise but he practiced what he preached from the heart.
A full-blooded Cherokee, he predicted to me the time and the place that the trouble would start.

There's a babe in the arms of a woman in a rage
And a longtime golden-haired stripper onstage
And she winds back the clock and she turns back the page
Of a book that no one can write.
Oh, where are you tonight?

The truth was obscure, too profound and too pure, to live it you have to explode.
In that last hour of need, we entirely agreed, sacrifice was the code of the road.
I left town at dawn, with Marcel and St. John, strong men belittled by doubt.
I couldn't tell her what my private thoughts were but she had some way of finding them out. He took dead-center aim but he missed just the same, she was waiting, putting flowers on the shelf.
She could feel my despair as I climbed up her hair and discovered her invisible self.

There's a lion in the road, there's a demon escaped,
There's a million dreams gone, there's a landscape being raped,
As her beauty fades and I watch her undrape,
I won't, but then again, maybe I might.
Oh, if I could just find you tonight.

I fought with my twin, that enemy within, 'til both of us fell by the way.
Horseplay and disease is killing me by degrees while the law looks the other way.
Your partners in crime hit me up for nickels and dimes, the guy you were lovin' couldn't stay clean.
It felt outa place, my foot in his face, but he should-a stayed where his money was green.
I bit into the root of forbidden fruit with the juice running down my leg.
Then I dealt with your boss, who'd never known about loss and who always was too proud to beg.
There's a white diamond gloom on the dark side of this room and a pathway that leads up to the stars.
If you don't believe there's a price for this sweet paradise, remind me to show you the
scars.

There's a new day at dawn and I've finally arrived.
If I'm there in the morning, baby, you'll know I've survived.
I can't believe it, I can't believe I'm alive,
But without you it just doesn't seem right.
Oh, where are you tonight?

Copyright © 1978 Special Rider Music

**Slow Train (1979)**

1. Gotta Serve Somebody

You may be an ambassador to England or France,
You may like to gamble, you might like to dance,
You may be the heavyweight champion of the world,
You may be a socialite with a long string of pearls

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody,
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

You might be a rock 'n' roll addict prancing on the stage,
You might have drugs at your command, women in a cage,
You may be a business man or some high degree thief,
They may call you Doctor or they may call you Chief

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody,
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

You may be a state trooper, you might be a young Turk,
You may be the head of some big TV network,
You may be rich or poor, you may be blind or lame,
You may be living in another country under another name

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody,
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

You may be a construction worker working on a home,
You may be living in a mansion or you might live in a dome,
You might own guns and you might even own tanks,
You might be somebody's landlord, you might even own banks

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody,
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

You may be a preacher with your spiritual pride,
You may be a city councilman taking bribes on the side,
You may be workin' in a barbershop, you may know how to cut hair,
You may be somebody's mistress, may be somebody's heir

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody,
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

Might like to wear cotton, might like to wear silk,
Might like to drink whiskey, might like to drink milk,
You might like to eat caviar, you might like to eat bread,
You may be sleeping on the floor, sleeping in a king-sized bed

But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody,
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

You may call me Terry, you may call me Timmy,
You may call me Bobby, you may call me Zimmy,
You may call me R.J., you may call me Ray,
You may call me anything but no matter what you say

You're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
You're gonna have to serve somebody.
Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

Copyright ©1979 Special Rider Music

2. Precious Angel

Precious angel, under the sun,
How was I to know you'd be the one
To show me I was blinded, to show me I was gone
How weak was the foundation I was standing upon?

Now there's spiritual warfare and flesh and blood breaking down.
Ya either got faith or ya got unbelief and there ain't no neutral ground.
The enemy is subtle, how be it we are so deceived
When the truth's in our hearts and we still don't believe?

Shine your light, shine your light on me
Shine your light, shine your light on me
Shine your light, shine your light on me
Ya know I just couldn't make it by myself.
I'm a little too blind to see.
My so-called friends have fallen under a spell.
They look me squarely in the eye and they say, "All is well."
Can they imagine the darkness that will fall from on high
When men will beg God to kill them and they won't be able to die?

Sister, lemme tell you about a vision I saw.
You were drawing water for your husband, you were suffering under the law.
You were telling him about Buddha, you were telling him about Mohammed
in the same breath.
You never mentioned one time the Man who came and died a criminal's death.

Shine your light, shine your light on me
Shine your light, shine your light on me
Shine your light, shine your light on me
Ya know I just couldn't make it by myself.
I'm a little too blind to see.

Precious angel, you believe me when I say
What God has given to us no man can take away.
We are covered in blood, girl, you know our forefathers were slaves.
Let us hope they've found mercy in their bone-filled graves.

You're the queen of my flesh, girl, you're my woman, you're my delight,
You're the lamp of my soul, girl, and you torch up the night.
But there's violence in the eyes, girl, so let us not be enticed
On the way out of Egypt, through Ethiopia, to the judgment hall of Christ.

Shine your light, shine your light on me
Shine your light, shine your light on me
Shine your light, shine your light on me
Ya know I just couldn't make it by myself.
I'm a little too blind to see.

3. I Believe In You

They ask me how I feel
And if my love is real
And how I know I'll make it through.
And they, they look at me and frown,
They'd like to drive me from this town,
They don't want me around
'Cause I believe in you.

They show me to the door,
They say don't come back no more
'Cause I don't be like they'd like me to,
And I walk out on my own
A thousand miles from home
But I don't feel alone
'Cause I believe in you.
I believe in you even through the tears and the laughter,
I believe in you even though we be apart.
I believe in you even on the morning after.
Oh, when the dawn is nearing
Oh, when the night is disappearing
Oh, this feeling is still here in my heart.

Don't let me drift too far,
Keep me where you are
Where I will always be renewed.
And that which you've given me today
Is worth more than I could pay
And no matter what they say
I believe in you.

I believe in you when winter turn to summer,
I believe in you when white turn to black,
I believe in you even though I be outnumbered.
Oh, though the earth may shake me
Oh, though my friends forsake me
Oh, even that couldn't make me go back.

Don't let me change my heart,
Keep me set apart
From all the plans they do pursue.
And I, I don't mind the pain
Don't mind the driving rain
I know I will sustain
'Cause I believe in you.

Copyright ©1979 Special Rider Music

4. Slow Train

Sometimes I feel so low-down and disgusted
Can't help but wonder what's happenin' to my companions,
Are they lost or are they found, have they counted the cost it'll take to bring down
All their earthly principles they're gonna have to abandon?
There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

I had a woman down in Alabama,
She was a backwoods girl, but she sure was realistic,
She said, "Boy, without a doubt, have to quit your mess and straighten out,
You could die down here, be just another accident statistic."
There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

All that foreign oil controlling American soil,
Look around you, it's just bound to make you embarrassed.
Sheiks walkin' around like kings, wearing fancy jewels and nose rings,
Deciding America's future from Amsterdam and to Paris
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.
Man's ego is inflated, his laws are outdated, they don't apply no more,
You can't rely no more to be standin' around waitin'
In the home of the brave, Jefferson turnin' over in his grave,
Fools glorifying themselves, trying to manipulate Satan
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

Big-time negotiators, false healers and woman haters,
Masters of the bluff and masters of the proposition
But the enemy I see wears a cloak of decency,
All non-believers and men stealers talkin' in the name of religion
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

People starving and thirsting, grain elevators are bursting
Oh, you know it costs more to store the food than it do to give it.
They say lose your inhibitions, follow your own ambitions,
They talk about a life of brotherly love, show me someone who knows how to live it.
There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

Well, my baby went to Illinois with some bad-talkin' boy she could destroy
A real suicide case, but there was nothin' I could do to stop it,
I don't care about economy, I don't care about astronomy
But it sure do bother me to see my loved ones turning into puppets,
There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

Copyright ©1979 Special Rider Music

5. Gonna Change My Way Of Thinking

Gonna change my way of thinking,
Make myself a different set of rules.
Gonna change my way of thinking,
Make myself a different set of rules.
Gonna put my good foot forward,
And stop being influenced by fools.

So much oppression,
Can't keep track of it no more.
So much oppression,
Can't keep track of it no more.
Sons becoming husbands to their mothers,
And old men turning young daughters into whores.

Stripes on your shoulders,
Stripes on your back and on your hands.
Stripes on your shoulders,
Stripes on your back and on your hands.
Swords piercing your side,
Blood and water flowing through the land.

Well don't know which one is worse,
Doing your own thing or just being cool.
Well don't know which one is worse,
Doing your own thing or just being cool.
You remember only about the brass ring,
You forget all about the golden rule.

You can mislead a man,
You can take ahold of his heart with your eyes.
You can mislead a man,
You can take ahold of his heart with your eyes.
But there's only one authority,
And that's the authority on high.

I got a God-fearing woman,
One I can easily afford.
I got a God-fearing woman,
One I can easily afford.
She can do the Georgia crawl,
She can walk in the spirit of the Lord.

Jesus said, "Be ready,
For you know not the hour in which I come."
Jesus said, "Be ready,
For you know not the hour in which I come."
He said, "He who is not for Me is against Me,"
Just so you know where He's coming from.

There's a kingdom called Heaven,
A place where there is no pain of birth.
There's a kingdom called Heaven,
A place where there is no pain of birth.
Well the Lord created it, mister,
About the same time He made the earth.

Copyright ©1979 Special Rider Music

6. Do Right To Me Baby (Do Unto Others)

Don't wanna judge nobody, don't wanna be judged,
Don't wanna touch nobody, don't wanna be touched.
Don't wanna hurt nobody, don't wanna be hurt,
Don't wanna treat nobody like they was dirt.

But if you do right to me, baby,
I'll do right to you, too.
Ya got to do unto others
Like you'd have them, like you'd have them, do unto you.

Don't wanna shoot nobody, don't wanna be shot,
Don't wanna buy nobody, don't wanna be bought.
Don't wanna bury nobody, don't wanna be buried,
Don't wanna marry nobody if they're already married.

But if you do right to me, baby,
I'll do right to you, too.
Ya got to do unto others
Like you'd have them, like you'd have them, do unto you.

Don't wanna burn nobody, don't wanna be burned,
Don't wanna learn from nobody what I gotta unlearn.
Don't wanna cheat nobody, don't wanna be cheated,
Don't wanna defeat nobody if they already been defeated.

But if you do right to me, baby,
I'll do right to you, too.
Ya got to do unto others
Like you'd have them, like you'd have them, do unto you.

Don't wanna wink at nobody, don't wanna be winked at,
Don't wanna be used by nobody for a doormat.
Don't wanna confuse nobody, don't wanna be confused,
Don't wanna amuse nobody, don't wanna be amused.

But if you do right to me, baby,
I'll do right to you, too.
Ya got to do unto others
Like you'd have them, like you'd have them, do unto you.

Don't wanna betray nobody, don't wanna be betrayed,
Don't wanna play with nobody, don't wanna be waylaid.
Don't wanna miss nobody, don't wanna be missed,
Don't put my faith in nobody, not even a scientist.

But if you do right to me, baby,
I'll do right to you, too.
Ya got to do unto others
Like you'd have them, like you'd have them, do unto you.

Copyright © 1979 Special Rider Music

7. When You Gonna Wake Up?

God don't make no promises that He don't keep.
You got some big dreams, baby, but in order to dream you gotta still be asleep.

When you gonna wake up, when you gonna wake up
When you gonna wake up and strengthen the things that remain?

Counterfeit philosophies have polluted all of your thoughts.
Karl Marx has got ya by the throat, Henry Kissinger's got you tied up in knots.

When you gonna wake up, when you gonna wake up
When you gonna wake up and strengthen the things that remain?

You got innocent men in jail, your insane asylums are filled,
You got unrighteous doctors dealing drugs that'll never cure your ills.

When you gonna wake up, when you gonna wake up
When you gonna wake up and strengthen the things that remain?
You got men who can't hold their peace and women who can't control their tongues,
The rich seduce the poor and the old are seduced by the young.

When you gonna wake up, when you gonna wake up
When you gonna wake up and strengthen the things that remain?

Adulterers in churches and pornography in the schools,
You got gangsters in power and lawbreakers making rules.

When you gonna wake up, when you gonna wake up
When you gonna wake up and strengthen the things that remain?

Spiritual advisors and gurus to guide your every move,
Instant inner peace and every step you take has got to be approved.

When you gonna wake up, when you gonna wake up
When you gonna wake up and strengthen the things that remain?

Do you ever wonder just what God requires?
You think He's just an errand boy to satisfy your wandering desires.

When you gonna wake up, when you gonna wake up
When you gonna wake up and strengthen the things that remain?

You can't take it with you and you know that it's too worthless to be sold,
They tell you, "Time is money" as if your life was worth its weight in gold.

When you gonna wake up, when you gonna wake up
When you gonna wake up and strengthen the things that remain?

There's a Man up on a cross and He's been crucified.
Do you have any idea why or for who He died?

When you gonna wake up, when you gonna wake up
When you gonna wake up and strengthen the things that remain?

Copyright © 1979 Special Rider Music

8. Man Gave Names To All The Animals

Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, in the beginning.
Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, long time ago.

He saw an animal that liked to growl,
Big furry paws and he liked to howl,
Great big furry back and furry hair.
"Ah, think I'll call it a bear."

Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, in the beginning.
Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, long time ago.

He saw an animal up on a hill
Chewing up so much grass until she was filled.
He saw milk comin' out but he didn't know how.
"Ah, think I'll call it a cow."

Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, in the beginning.
Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, long time ago.

He saw an animal that liked to snort,
Horns on his head and they weren't too short.
It looked like there wasn't nothin' that he couldn't pull.
"Ah, think I'll call it a bull."

Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, in the beginning.
Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, long time ago.

He saw an animal leavin' a muddy trail,
Real dirty face and a curly tail.
He wasn't too small and he wasn't too big.
"Ah, think I'll call it a pig."

Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, in the beginning.
Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, long time ago.

Next animal that he did meet
Had wool on his back and hooves on his feet,
Eating grass on a mountainside so steep.
"Ah, think I'll call it a sheep."

Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, in the beginning.
Man gave names to all the animals
In the beginning, long time ago.

He saw an animal as smooth as glass
Slithering his way through the grass.
Saw him disappear by a tree near a lake . . .

Copyright ©1979 Special Rider Music

9. When He Returns

The iron hand it ain't no match for the iron rod,
The strongest wall will crumble and fall to a mighty God.
For all those who have eyes and all those who have ears
It is only He who can reduce me to tears.
Don't you cry and don't you die and don't you burn
For like a thief in the night, He'll replace wrong with right
When He returns.

Truth is an arrow and the gate is narrow that it passes through,
He unleashed His power at an unknown hour that no one knew.
How long can I listen to the lies of prejudice?
How long can I stay drunk on fear out in the wilderness?
Can I cast it aside, all this loyalty and this pride?
Will I ever learn that there'll be no peace, that the war won't cease
Until He returns?

Surrender your crown on this blood-stained ground, take off your mask,
He sees your deeds, He knows your needs even before you ask.
How long can you falsify and deny what is real?
How long can you hate yourself for the weakness you conceal?
Of every earthly plan that be known to man, He is unconcerned,
He's got plans of His own to set up His throne
When He returns.

Copyright ©1979 Special Rider Music

Dylan Albums of the Eighties (1980s)

Saved (1980)

1. A Satisfied Mind

How many times have you heard someone say
If I had his money I'd do things my way
Hmm, but little they know
Hmm, it's so hard to find
One rich man in ten with a satisfied mind.

Hmm, once I was wading in fortune and fame
Everything that I dreamed of to get a start in lifes game
But suddenly it happened
Hmm, I lost every dime
But I'm richer by far with a satisfied mind.

Hmm, when my life is over and my time has run out
My friends and my love ones
I'll leave there ain't no doubt
But one thing for certain
When it comes my time
I'll leave this old world with a satisfied mind.
2. Saved

I was blinded by the devil,
Born already ruined,
Stone-cold dead
As I stepped out of the womb.
By His grace I have been touched,
By His word I have been healed,
By His hand I've been delivered,
By His spirit I've been sealed.

I've been saved
By the blood of the lamb,
Saved
By the blood of the lamb,
Saved,
Saved,
And I'm so glad.
Yes, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad,
So glad,
I want to thank You, Lord,
I just want to thank You, Lord,
Thank You, Lord.

By His truth I can be upright,
By His strength I do endure,
By His power I've been lifted,
In His love I am secure.
He bought me with a price,
Freed me from the pit,
Full of emptiness and wrath
And the fire that burns in it.

I've been saved
By the blood of the lamb,
Saved
By the blood of the lamb,
Saved,
Saved,
And I'm so glad.
Yes, I'm so glad,
I'm so glad,
So glad,
I want to thank You, Lord,
I just want to thank You, Lord,
Thank You, Lord.

Nobody to rescue me,
Nobody would dare,
I was going down for the last time,
But by His mercy I've been spared.
Not by works,
But by faith in Him who called,
For so long I've been hindered,
For so long I've been stalled.

I've been saved
By the blood of the lamb,
Saved
By the blood of the lamb,
Saved,
Saved,
And I'm so glad.
Yes, I'm so glad, I'm so glad,
So glad, I want to thank You, Lord,
I just want to thank You, Lord,
Thank You, Lord.

3. Covenant Woman

Covenant woman got a contract with the Lord
Way up yonder, great will be her reward.
Covenant woman, shining like a morning star,
I know I can trust you to stay where you are.

And I just got to tell you
I do intend
To stay closer than any friend.
I just got to thank you
Once again
For making your prayers known
Unto heaven for me
And to you, always, so grateful
I will forever be.

I've been broken, shattered like an empty cup.
I'm just waiting on the Lord to rebuild and fill me up
And I know He will do it 'cause He's faithful and He's true,
He must have loved me so much to send me someone as fine as you.

And I just got to tell you
I do intend
To stay closer than any friend.
I just got to thank you
Once again
For making your prayers known
Unto heaven for me
And to you, always, so grateful
I will forever be.

Covenant woman, intimate little girl
Who knows those most secret things of me that are hidden from the world.
You know we are strangers in a land we're passing through.
I'll always be right by your side, I've got a covenant too.

And I just got to tell you
I do intend
To stay closer than any friend.
I just got to thank you
Once again
For making your prayers known
Unto heaven for me
And to you, always, so grateful
I will forever be.

Copyright ©1980 Special Rider Music

4. What Can I Do For You?

You have given everything to me.
What can I do for You?
You have given me eyes to see.
What can I do for You?

Pulled me out of bondage and You made me renewed inside,
Filled up a hunger that had always been denied,
Opened up a door no man can shut and You opened it up so wide
And You've chosen me to be among the few.
What can I do for You?

You have laid down Your life for me.
What can I do for You?
You have explained every mystery.
What can I do for You?

Soon as a man is born, you know the sparks begin to fly,
He gets wise in his own eyes and he's made to believe a lie.
Who would deliver him from the death he's bound to die?
Well, You've done it all and there's no more anyone can pretend to do.
What can I do for You?

You have given all there is to give.
What can I do for You?
You have given me life to live.
How can I live for You?

I know all about poison, I know all about fiery darts,
I don't care how rough the road is, show me where it starts,
Whatever pleases You, tell it to my heart.
Well, I don't deserve it but I sure did make it through.
What can I do for You?

Copyright ©1980 Special Rider Music
5. Solid Rock

Well, I'm hangin' on to a solid rock
Made before the foundation of the world
And I won't let go, and I can't let go, won't let go
And I can't let go, won't let go, and I can't let go no more.

For me He was chastised, for me He was hated,
For me he was rejected by a world that He created.
Nations are angry, cursed are some,
People are expecting a false peace to come.

Well, I'm hangin' on to a solid rock
Made before the foundation of the world
And I won't let go, and I can't let go, won't let go
And I can't let go, won't let go, and I can't let go no more.

It's the ways of the flesh to war against the spirit
Twenty-four hours a day you can feel it and you can hear it
Using all the devices under the sun.
And He never give up 'til the battle's lost or won.

Well, I'm hangin' on to a solid rock
Made before the foundation of the world
And I won't let go, and I can't let go, won't let go
And I can't let go, won't let go, and I can't let go no more.

6. Pressing On

Well I'm pressing on
Yes, I'm pressing on
Well I'm pressing on
To the higher calling of my Lord.

Many try to stop me, shake me up in my mind,
Say, "Prove to me that He is Lord, show me a sign."
What kind of sign they need when it all come from within,
When what's lost has been found, what's to come has already been?

Well I'm pressing on
Yes, I'm pressing on
Well I'm pressing on
To the higher calling of my Lord.

Shake the dust off of your feet, don't look back.
Nothing now can hold you down, nothing that you lack.
Temptation's not an easy thing, Adam given the devil reign
Because he sinned I got no choice, it run in my vein.

Well I'm pressing on
Yes, I'm pressing on
Well I'm pressing on
To the higher calling of my Lord.

Copyright ©1980 Special Rider Music

7. In The Garden

When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
Did they know He was the Son of God, did they know that He was Lord?
Did they hear when He told Peter, "Peter, put up your sword"?
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?

When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?
When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?
Nicodemus came at night so he wouldn't be seen by men
Saying, "Master, tell me why a man must be born again."
When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?
When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?

When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?
When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?
When He said, "Pick up your bed and walk, why must you criticize?
Same thing My Father do, I can do likewise."
When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?
When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?

Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
The multitude wanted to make Him king, put a crown upon His head
Why did He slip away to a quiet place instead?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?

When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
He said, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth."
Did they know right then and there what that power was worth?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?

When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
He said, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth."
Did they know right then and there what that power was worth?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?

Copyright ©1980 Special Rider Music
8. Saving Grace

If You find it in Your heart, can I be forgiven?
Guess I owe You some kind of apology.
I've escaped death so many times, I know I'm only living
By the saving grace that's over me.

By this time I'd-a thought I would be sleeping
In a pine box for all eternity.
My faith keeps me alive, but I still be weeping
For the saving grace that's over me.

Well, the death of life, then come the resurrection,
Wherever I am welcome is where I'll be.
I put all my confidence in Him, my sole protection
Is the saving grace that's over me.

Well, the devil's shining light, it can be most blinding,
But to search for love, that ain't no more than vanity.
As I look around this world all that I'm finding
Is the saving grace that's over me.

The wicked know no peace and you just can't fake it,
There's only one road and it leads to Calvary.
It gets discouraging at times, but I know I'll make it
By the saving grace that's over me.

Copyright ©1980 Special Rider Music

9. Are You Ready?

Are you ready, are you ready?
Are you ready, are you ready?

Are you ready to meet Jesus?
Are you where you ought to be?
Will He know you when He sees you
Or will He say, "Depart from Me"?

Are you ready, hope you're ready.
Am I ready, am I ready?
Am I ready, am I ready?

Am I ready to lay down my life for the brethren
And to take up my cross?
Have I surrendered to the will of God
Or am I still acting like the boss?

Am I ready, hope I'm ready.

When destruction cometh swiftly
And there's no time to say a fare-thee-well,
Have you decided whether you want to be
In heaven or in hell?
Are you ready, are you ready?

Have you got some unfinished business?
Is there something holding you back?
Are you thinking for yourself
Or are you following the pack?

Are you ready, hope you’re ready.
Are you ready?

Are you ready for the judgment?
Are you ready for that terrible swift sword?
Are you ready for Armageddon?
Are you ready for the day of the Lord?

Are you ready, I hope you’re ready.

Copyright ©1980 Special Rider Music

**Shot Of Love (1981)**

1. Shot Of Love

I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.

Don't need a shot of heroin to kill my disease,
Don't need a shot of turpentine, only bring me to my knees,
Don't need a shot of codeine to help me to repent,
Don't need a shot of whiskey, help me be president.

I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.

Doctor, can you hear me? I need some Medicaid.
I seen the kingdoms of the world and it's makin' me feel afraid.
What I got ain't painful, it's just bound to kill me dead
Like the men that followed Jesus when they put a price upon His head.

I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.

I don't need no alibi when I'm spending time with you.
I've heard all of them rumors and you have heard 'em too.
Don't show me no picture show or give me no book to read,
It don't satisfy the hurt inside nor the habit that it feeds.

I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.

Why would I want to take your life?
You've only murdered my father, raped his wife,
Tattooed my babies with a poison pen,
Mocked my God, humiliated my friends.

I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.

Don't wanna be with nobody tonight Veronica not around nowhere, Mavis just ain't right. There's a man that hates me and he's swift, smooth and near, Am I supposed to set back and wait until he's here?

I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.

What makes the wind wanna blow tonight? Don't even feel like crossing the street and my car ain't actin' right. Called home, everybody seemed to have moved away. My conscience is beginning to bother me today.

I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love.

I need a shot of love, I need a shot of love. If you're a doctor, I need a shot of love.

Copyright ©1981 Special Rider Music

2. Heart Of Mine

Heart of mine be still,  
You can play with fire but you'll get the bill.  
Don't let her know  
Don't let her know that you love her.  
Don't be a fool, don't be blind  
Heart of mine.

Heart of mine go back home,  
You got no reason to wander, you got no reason to roam.  
Don't let her see  
Don't let her see that you need her.  
Don't put yourself over the line  
Heart of mine.

Heart of mine go back where you been,  
It'll only be trouble for you if you let her in.  
Don't let her hear  
Don't let her hear you want her.  
Don't let her know she's so fine  
Heart of mine.

Heart of mine you know that she'll never be true,  
She'll only give to others the love that she's gotten from you.  
Don't let her know  
Don't let her know where you're going.  
Don't untie the ties that bind  
Heart of mine.
Heart of mine so malicious and so full of guile,
Give you an inch and you'll take a mile.
Don't let yourself fall Don't let yourself stumble.
If you can't do the time, don't do the crime
Heart of mine.

Copyright ©1981 Special Rider Music

3. Property Of Jesus

Go ahead and talk about him because he makes you doubt,
Because he has denied himself the things that you can't live without.
Laugh at him behind his back just like the others do,
Remind him of what he used to be when he comes walkin' through.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

Stop your conversation when he passes on the street,
Hope he falls upon himself, oh, won't that be sweet
Because he can't be exploited by superstition anymore
Because he can't be bribed or bought by the things that you adore.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

When the whip that's keeping you in line doesn't make him jump,
Say he's hard-of-hearin', say that he's a chump.
Say he's out of step with reality as you try to test his nerve
Because he doesn't pay no tribute to the king that you serve.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

Say that he's a loser 'cause he got no common sense
Because he don't increase his worth at someone else's expense.
Because he's not afraid of trying, 'cause he don't look at you and smile,
'Cause he doesn't tell you jokes or fairy tales, say he's got no style.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

You can laugh at salvation, you can play Olympic games,
You think that when you rest at last you'll go back from where you came.
But you've picked up quite a story and you've changed since the womb.
What happened to the real you, you've been captured but by whom?

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

Copyright ©1981 Special Rider Music

4. Lenny Bruce

Lenny Bruce is dead but his ghost lives on and on
Never did get any Golden Globe award, never made it to Synanon.
He was an outlaw, that's for sure,
More of an outlaw than you ever were.
Lenny Bruce is gone but his spirit's livin' on and on.

Maybe he had some problems, maybe some things that he couldn't work out
But he sure was funny and he sure told the truth and he knew what he was talkin'
about. Never robbed any churches nor cut off any babies' heads,
He just took the folks in high places and he shined a light in their beds.
He's on some other shore, he didn't wanna live anymore.

Lenny Bruce is dead but he didn't commit any crime
He just had the insight to rip off the lid before its time.
I rode with him in a taxi once, only for a mile and a half,
Seemed like it took a couple of months.
Lenny Bruce moved on and like the ones that killed him, gone.

They said that he was sick 'cause he didn't play by the rules
He just showed the wise men of his day to be nothing more than fools.
They stamped him and they labeled him like they do with pants and shirts,
He fought a war on a battlefield where every victory hurts.
Lenny Bruce was bad, he was the brother that you never had.

Copyright ©1981 Special Rider Music

5. Watered-Down Love

Love that's pure hopes all things,
Believes all things, won't pull no strings,
Won't sneak up into your room, tall, dark and handsome,
Capture your heart and hold it for ransom.

You don't want a love that's pure
You wanna drown love
You want a watered-down love

Love that's pure, it don't make no claims,
Intercedes for you 'stead of casting you blame,
Will not deceive you or lead you to transgression,
Won't write it up and make you sign a false confession.
You don't want a love that's pure
You wanna drown love
You want a watered-down love

Love that's pure won't lead you astray,
Won't hold you back, won't mess up your day,
Won't pervert you, corrupt you with stupid wishes,
It don't make you envious, it don't make you suspicious.

You don't want a love that's pure
You wanna drown love
You want a watered-down love

Love that's pure ain't no accident,
Always on time, is always content,
An eternal flame, quietly burning,
Never needs to be proud, restlessly yearning.

You don't want a love that's pure
You wanna drown love
You want a watered-down love

---

6. The Groom's Still Waiting At The Altar

Prayed in the ghetto with my face in the cement,
Heard the last moan of a boxer, seen the massacre of the innocent
Felt around for the light switch, became nauseated.
She was walking down the hallway while the walls deteriorated.

East of the Jordan, hard as the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the page, Curtain risin' on a new age,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Try to be pure at heart, they arrest you for robbery,
Mistake your shyness for aloofness, your shyness for snobbery,
Got the message this morning, the one that was sent to me
About the madness of becomin' what one was never meant to be.

West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the stage,
Curtain risin' on a new age,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Don't know what I can say about Claudette that wouldn't come back to haunt me,
Finally had to give her up 'bout the time she began to want me.
But I know God has mercy on them who are slandered and humiliated.
I'd a-done anything for that woman if she didn't make me feel so obligated.

West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the cage,
Curtain risin' on a new stage,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Put your hand on my head, baby, do I have a temperature?
I see people who are supposed to know better standin' around like furniture.
There's a wall between you and what you want and you got to leap it,
Tonight you got the power to take it, tomorrow you won't have the power to keep it.

West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the stage, Curtain risin' on a new age,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Cities on fire, phones out of order,
They're killing nuns and soldiers, there's fighting on the border.
What can I say about Claudette?
Ain't seen her since January,
She could be respectably married or running a whorehouse in Buenos Aires.

West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the stage,
Curtain risin' on a new age,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Copyright ©1981 Special Rider Music

7. Dead Man, Dead Man

Uttering idle words from a reprobate mind,
Clinging to strange promises, dying on the vine,
Never bein' able to separate the good from the bad,
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it,
It's makin' me feel so sad.

Dead man, dead man,
When will you arise?
Cobwebs in your mind,
Dust upon your eyes.

Satan got you by the heel, there's a bird's nest in your hair.
Do you have any faith at all? Do you have any love to share?
The way that you hold your head, cursin' God with every move,
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it,
What are you tryin' to prove?

Dead man, dead man,
When will you arise?
Cobwebs in your mind,
Dust upon your eyes.

The glamour and the bright lights and the politics of sin,
The ghetto that you build for me is the one you end up in,
The race of the engine that overrules your heart,
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it,
Pretending that you're so smart.

Dead man, dead man,
When will you arise?
Cobwebs in your mind,
Dust upon your eyes.

What are you tryin' to overpower me with, the doctrine or the gun?
My back is already to the wall, where can I run?
The tuxedo that you're wearin', the flower in your lapel,
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it,
You wanna take me down to hell.

Dead man, dead man,
When will you arise?
Cobwebs in your mind,
Dust upon your eyes.

Copyright ©1981 Special Rider Music

8. In The Summertime

I was in your presence for an hour or so
Or was it a day? I truly don't know.
Where the sun never set, where the trees hung low
By that soft and shining sea.
Did you respect me for what I did
Or for what I didn't do, or for keeping it hid?
Did I lose my mind when I tried to get rid
Of everything you see?

In the summertime, ah in the summertime,
In the summertime when you were with me.

I got the heart and you got the blood,
We cut through iron and we cut through mud.
Then came the warnin' that was before the flood
That set everybody free.
Fools they made a mock of sin,
Our loyalty they tried to win
But you were closer to me than my next of kin
When they didn't want to know or see.

In the summertime, ah in the summertime,
In the summertime when you were with me.

Strangers, they meddled in our affairs,
Poverty and shame was theirs.
But all that sufferin' was not to be compared
With the glory that is to be.
And I'm still carrying the gift you gave,
It's a part of me now, it's been cherished and saved,
It'll be with me unto the grave
And then unto eternity.

In the summertime, ah in the summertime,
In the summertime when you were with me.

Copyright ©1981 Special Rider Music

9. Trouble

Trouble in the city, trouble in the farm,
You got your rabbit's foot, you got your good-luck charm.
But they can't help you none when there's trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Trouble in the water, trouble in the air,
Go all the way to the other side of the world, you'll find trouble there.
Revolution even ain't no solution for trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Drought and starvation, packaging of the soul,
Persecution, execution, governments out of control.
You can see the writing on the wall inviting trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Put your ear to the train tracks, put your ear to the ground,
You ever feel like you're never alone even when there's nobody else around?
Since the beginning of the universe man's been cursed by trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Nightclubs of the broken-hearted, stadiums of the damned,
Legislature, perverted nature, doors that are rudely slammed.
Look into infinity, all you see is trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Copyright ©1981 Special Rider Music
10. Every Grain Of Sand

In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need
When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed
There's a dyin' voice within me reaching out somewhere,
Tolling in the danger and in the morals of despair.

Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake,
Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break.
In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand
In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.

Oh, the flowers of indulgence and the weeds of yesteryear,
Like criminals, they have choked the breath of conscience and good cheer.
The sun beat down upon the steps of time to light the way
To ease the pain of idleness and the memory of decay.

I gaze into the doorway of temptation's angry flame
And every time I pass that way I always hear my name.
Then onward in my journey I come to understand
That every hair is numbered like every grain of sand.

I have gone from rags to riches in the sorrow of the night
In the violence of a summer's dream, in the chill of a wintry light,
In the bitter dance of loneliness fading into space,
In the broken mirror of innocence on each forgotten face.

I hear the ancient footsteps like the motion of the sea
Sometimes I turn, there's someone there, other times it's only me.
I am hanging in the balance of the reality of man
Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand.

Copyright ©1981 Special Rider Music

Infidels (1983)

1. Jokerman

Standing on the waters casting your bread
While the eyes of the idol with the iron head are glowing.
Distant ships sailing into the mist,
You were born with a snake in both of your fists while a hurricane was blowing.
Freedom just around the corner for you
But with the truth so far off, what good will it do?

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

So swiftly the sun sets in the sky,
You rise up and say goodbye to no one.
Fools rush in where angels fear to tread,
Both of their futures, so full of dread, you don't show one.
Shedding off one more layer of skin,
Keeping one step ahead of the persecutor within.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

You're a man of the mountains, you can walk on the clouds,
Manipulator of crowds, you're a dream twister.
You're going to Sodom and Gomorrah
But what do you care? Ain't nobody there would want to marry your sister.
Friend to the martyr, a friend to the woman of shame,
You look into the fiery furnace, see the rich man without any name.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

Well, the Book of Leviticus and Deuteronomy,
The law of the jungle and the sea are your only teachers.
In the smoke of the twilight on a milk-white steed,
Michelangelo indeed could've carved out your features.
Resting in the fields, far from the turbulent space,
Half asleep near the stars with a small dog licking your face.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh. oh. oh. Jokerman.

Well, the rifleman's stalking the sick and the lame,
Preacherman seeks the same, who'll get there first is uncertain.
Nightsticks and water cannons, tear gas, padlocks,
Molotov cocktails and rocks behind every curtain,
False-hearted judges dying in the webs that they spin,
Only a matter of time 'til night comes steppin' in.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

It's a shadowy world, skies are slippery gray,
A woman just gave birth to a prince today and dressed him in scarlet.
He'll put the priest in his pocket, put the blade to the heat,
Take the motherless children off the street
And place them at the feet of a harlot.
Oh, Jokerman, you know what he wants,
Oh, Jokerman, you don't show any response.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.
2. Sweetheart Like You

Well, the pressure's down, the boss ain't here,
He gone North, he ain't around,
They say that vanity got the best of him
But he sure left here after sundown.
By the way, that's a cute hat,
And that smile's so hard to resist
But what's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

You know, I once knew a woman who looked like you,
She wanted a whole man, not just a half,
She used to call me sweet daddy when I was only a child,
You kind of remind me of her when you laugh.
In order to deal in this game, got to make the queen disappear,
It's done with a flick of the wrist.
What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

You know you can make a name for yourself,
You can hear them tires squeal,
You can be known as the most beautiful woman
Whoever crawled across cut glass to make a deal.

You know news of you has come down the line
Even before ya came in the door.
They say in your father's house, there's many mansions
Each one of them got a fireproof floor.
Snap out of it, baby, people are jealous of you,
They smile to your face, but behind your back they hiss.
What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

Got to be an important person to be in here, honey,
Got to have done some evil deed,
Got to have your own harem when you come in the door,
Got to play your harp until your lips bleed.

They say that patriotism is the last refuge
To which a scoundrel clings.
Steal a little and they throw you in jail,
Steal a lot and they make you king.
There's only one step down from here, baby,
It's called the land of permanent bliss.
What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

Copyright ©1983 Special Rider Music

3. Neighborhood Bully

Well, the neighborhood bully, he's just one man,
His enemies say he's on their land.
They got him outnumbered about a million to one,
He got no place to escape to, no place to run.
He's the neighborhood bully.

The neighborhood bully just lives to survive,
He's criticized and condemned for being alive.
He's not supposed to fight back, he's supposed to have thick skin,
He's supposed to lay down and die when his door is kicked in.
He's the neighborhood bully.

The neighborhood bully been driven out of every land,
He's wandered the earth an exiled man.
Seen his family scattered, his people hounded and torn,
He's always on trial for just being born.
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, he knocked out a lynch mob, he was criticized,
Old women condemned him, said he should apologize.
Then he destroyed a bomb factory, nobody was glad.
The bombs were meant for him.
He was supposed to feel bad.
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, the chances are against it and the odds are slim
That he'll live by the rules that the world makes for him,
'Cause there's a noose at his neck and a gun at his back
And a license to kill him is given out to every maniac.
He's the neighborhood bully.

He got no allies to really speak of.
What he gets he must pay for, he don't get it out of love.
He buys obsolete weapons and he won't be denied
But no one sends flesh and blood to fight by his side.
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, he's surrounded by pacifists who all want peace,
They pray for it nightly that the bloodshed must cease.
Now, they wouldn't hurt a fly.
To hurt one they would weep.
They lay and they wait for this bully to fall asleep.
He's the neighborhood bully.

Every empire that's enslaved him is gone,
Egypt and Rome, even the great Babylon.
He's made a garden of paradise in the desert sand,
In bed with nobody, under no one's command.
He's the neighborhood bully.

Now his holiest books have been trampled upon,
No contract he signed was worth what it was written on.
He took the crumbs of the world and he turned it into wealth,
Took sickness and disease and he turned it into health.
He's the neighborhood bully.

What's anybody indebted to him for?
Nothin', they say.
He just likes to cause war.
Pride and prejudice and superstition indeed,
They wait for this bully like a dog waits to feed.
He's the neighborhood bully.

What has he done to wear so many scars?
Does he change the course of rivers?
Does he pollute the moon and stars?
Neighborhood bully, standing on the hill,
Running out the clock, time standing still,
Neighborhood bully.

Copyright ©1983 Special Rider Music

4. License To Kill

Man thinks 'cause he rules the earth he can do with it as he please
And if things don't change soon, he will.
Oh, man has invented his doom,
First step was touching the moon.

Now, there's a woman on my block,
She just sit there as the night grows still.
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?

Now, they take him and they teach him and they groom him for life
And they set him on a path where he's bound to get ill,
Then they bury him with stars,
Sell his body like they do used cars.

Now, there's a woman on my block,
She just sit there facin' the hill.
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?

Now, he's hell-bent for destruction, he's afraid and confused,
And his brain has been mismanaged with great skill.
All he believes are his eyes
And his eyes, they just tell him lies.

But there's a woman on my block,
Sitting there in a cold chill.
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?
Ya may be a noisemaker, spirit maker,  
Heartbreaker, backbreaker,  
Leave no stone unturned.  
May be an actor in a plot,  
That might be all that you got  
'Til your error you clearly learn.

Now he worships at an altar of a stagnant pool  
And when he sees his reflection, he's fulfilled.  
Oh, man is opposed to fair play,  
He wants it all and he wants it his way.

Now, there's a woman on my block,  
She just sit there as the night grows still.  
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?

Copyright ©1983 Special Rider Music

5. Man Of Peace

Look out your window, baby, there's a scene you'd like to catch,  
The band is playing "Dixie," a man got his hand outstretched.  
Could be the Fuhrer  
Could be the local priest.  
You know sometimes  
Satan comes as a man of peace.

He got a sweet gift of gab, he got a harmonious tongue,  
He knows every song of love that ever has been sung.  
Good intentions can be evil,  
Both hands can be full of grease.  
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Well, first he's in the background, then he's in the front,  
Both eyes are looking like they're on a rabbit hunt.  
Nobody can see through him,  
No, not even the Chief of Police.  
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Well, he catch you when you're hoping for a glimpse of the sun,  
Catch you when your troubles feel like they weigh a ton.  
He could be standing next to you,  
The person that you'd notice least.  
I hear that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Well, he can be fascinating, he can be dull,  
He can ride down Niagara Falls in the barrels of your skull.  
I can smell something cooking,  
I can tell there's going to be a feast.  
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

He's a great humanitarian, he's a great philanthropist,
He knows just where to touch you, honey, and how you like to be kissed. 
He'll put both his arms around you, 
You can feel the tender touch of the beast. 
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Well, the howling wolf will howl tonight, the king snake will crawl, 
Trees that've stood for a thousand years suddenly will fall. 
Wanna get married? Do it now, 
Tomorrow all activity will cease. 
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Somewhere Mama's weeping for her blue-eyed boy, 
She's holding them little white shoes and that little broken toy 
And he's following a star, 
The same one them three men followed from the East. 
I hear that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

6. Union Sundown

Well, my shoes, they come from Singapore, 
My flashlight's from Taiwan, 
My tablecloth's from Malaysia, 
My belt buckle's from the Amazon. 
You know, this shirt I wear comes from the Philippines 
And the car I drive is a Chevrolet, 
It was put together down in Argentina 
By a guy makin' thirty cents a day.

Well, it's sundown on the union 
And what's made in the U.S.A. 
Sure was a good idea 
'Til greed got in the way.

Well, this silk dress is from Hong Kong 
And the pearls are from Japan. 
Well, the dog collar's from India 
And the flower pot's from Pakistan. 
All the furniture, it says "Made in Brazil" 
Where a woman, she slaved for sure 
Bringin' home thirty cents a day to a family of twelve, 
You know, that's a lot of money to her.

Well, it's sundown on the union 
And what's made in the U.S.A. 
Sure was a good idea 
'Til greed got in the way.

Well, you know, lots of people complainin' that there is no work. 
I say, "Why you say that for 
When nothin' you got is U.S.-made?"
They don't make nothin' here no more,
You know, capitalism is above the law.
It say, "It don't count 'less it sells."
When it costs too much to build it at home
You just build it cheaper someplace else.

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
'Til greed got in the way.

Well, the job that you used to have,
They gave it to somebody down in El Salvador.
The unions are big business, friend,
And they're goin' out like a dinosaur.
They used to grow food in Kansas
Now they want to grow it on the moon and eat it raw.
I can see the day coming when even your home garden
Is gonna be against the law.

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
'Til greed got in the way.

Democracy don't rule the world,
You'd better get that in your head.
This world is ruled by violence
But I guess that's better left unsaid.
From Broadway to the Milky Way,
That's a lot of territory indeed
And a man's gonna do what he has to do
When he's got a hungry mouth to feed.

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
'Til greed got in the way.

7. I And I

Been so long since a strange woman has slept in my bed.
Look how sweet she sleeps, how free must be her dreams.
In another lifetime she must have owned the world, or been faithfully wed
To some righteous king who wrote psalms beside moonlit streams.

I and I
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives.
I and I
One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives.

Think I'll go out and go for a walk,
Not much happenin' here, nothin' ever does.
Besides, if she wakes up now, she'll just want me to talk
I got nothin' to say, 'specially about whatever was.

I and I
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives.
I and I
One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives.

Took an untrodden path once, where the swift don't win the race,
It goes to the worthy, who can divide the word of truth.
Took a stranger to teach me, to look into justice's beautiful face
And to see an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

I and I
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives.
I and I
One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives.

Outside of two men on a train platform there's nobody in sight,
They're waiting for spring to come, smoking down the track.
The world could come to an end tonight, but that's all right.
She should still be there sleepin' when I get back.

I and I
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives.
I and I
One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives.

Noontime, and I'm still pushin' myself along the road, the darkest part,
Into the narrow lanes, I can't stumble or stay put.
Someone else is speakin' with my mouth, but I'm listening only to my heart.
I've made shoes for everyone, even you, while I still go barefoot.

I and I
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives.
I and I
One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives.

8. Don't Fall Apart On Me Tonight

Just a minute before you leave, girl,
Just a minute before you touch the door.
What is it that you're trying to achieve, girl?
Do you think we can talk about it some more?
You know, the streets are filled with vipers
Who've lost all ray of hope,
You know, it ain't even safe no more
In the palace of the Pope.

Don't fall apart on me tonight,
I just don't think that I could handle it.
Don't fall apart on me tonight,
Yesterday's just a memory,
Tomorrow is never what it's supposed to be
And I need you, yeah.

Come over here from over there, girl,
Sit down here. You can have my chair.
I can't see us goin' anywhere, girl.
The only place open is a thousand miles away and I can't take you there.
I wish I'd have been a doctor,
Maybe I'd have saved some life that had been lost,
Maybe I'd have done some good in the world
'Stead of burning every bridge I crossed.

Don't fall apart on me tonight,
I just don't think that I could handle it.
Don't fall apart on me tonight,
Yesterday's just a memory,
Tomorrow is never what it's supposed to be
And I need you, oh, yeah.

I ain't too good at conversation, girl,
So you might not know exactly how I feel,
But if I could, I'd bring you to the mountaintop, girl,
And build you a house made out of stainless steel.
But it's like I'm stuck inside a painting
That's hanging in the Louvre,
My throat start to tickle and my nose itches
But I know that I can't move.

Don't fall apart on me tonight,
I just don't think that I could handle it.
Don't fall apart on me tonight,
Yesterday's gone but the past lives on,
Tomorrow's just one step beyond
And I need you, oh, yeah.

Who are these people who are walking towards you?
Do you know them or will there be a fight?
With their humorless smiles so easy to see through,
Can they tell you what's wrong from what's right?

Do you remember St. James Street
Where you blew Jackie P.'s mind?
You were so fine, Clark Gable would have fell at your feet
And laid his life on the line.

Let's try to get beneath the surface waste, girl,
No more booby traps and bombs,
No more decadence and charm,
No more affection that's misplaced, girl,
No more mudcake creatures lying in your arms.
What about that millionaire with the drumsticks in his pants?
He looked so baffled and so bewildered
When he played and we didn't dance.

Don't fall apart on me tonight,
I just don't think that I could handle it.
Don't fall apart on me tonight,
Yesterday's just a memory,
Tomorrow is never what it's supposed to be
And I need you, yeah.

Copyright ©1983 Special Rider Music

Empire Burlesque (1985)

1. Tight Connection To My Heart (Has Anybody Seen My Love)

Well, I had to move fast
And I couldn't with you around my neck.
I said I'd send for you and I did
What did you expect?
My hands are sweating
And we haven't even started yet.
I'll go along with the charade
Until I can think my way out.
I know it was all a big joke
Whatever it was about.
Someday maybe
I'll remember to forget.

I'm gonna get my coat,
I feel the breath of a storm.
There's something I've got to do tonight,
You go inside and stay warm.

Has anybody seen my love,
Has anybody seen my love,
Has anybody seen my love.
I don't know,
Has anybody seen my love?

You want to talk to me,
Go ahead and talk.
Whatever you got to say to me
Won't come as any shock.
I must be guilty of something,
You just whisper it into my ear.
Madame Butterfly
She lulled me to sleep,
In a town without pity
Where the water runs deep.
She said, "Be easy, baby,
There ain't nothin' worth stealin' in here."

You're the one I've been looking for,
You're the one that's got the key.
But I can't figure out whether I'm too good for you
Or you're too good for me.

Has anybody seen my love,
Has anybody seen my love,
Has anybody seen my love.
I don't know,
Has anybody seen my love?

Well, they're not showing any lights tonight
And there's no moon.
There's just a hot-blooded singer
Singing "Memphis in June,"
While they're beatin' the devil out of a guy
Who's wearing a powder-blue wig.
Later he'll be shot
For resisting arrest,
I can still hear his voice crying
In the wilderness.
What looks large from a distance,
Close up ain't never that big.

Never could learn to drink that blood
And call it wine,
Never could learn to hold you, love,
And call you mine.

Copyright ©1985 Special Rider Music

2. Seeing The Real You At Last

Well, I thought that the rain would cool things down
But it looks like it don't.
I'd like to get you to change your mind
But it looks like you won't.

From now on I'll be busy,
Ain't goin' nowhere fast.
I'm just glad it's over
And I'm seeing the real you at last.

Well, didn't I risk my neck for you,
Didn't I take chances?
Didn't I rise above it all for you,
The most unfortunate circumstances?

Well, I have had some rotten nights,
 Didn't think that they would pass.
I'm just thankful and grateful
To be seeing the real you at last.

I'm hungry and I'm irritable
And I'm tired of this bag of tricks.
At one time there was nothing wrong with me
That you could not fix.

Well, I sailed through the storm
Strapped to the mast,
But the time has come
And I'm seeing the real you at last.

When I met you, baby,
You didn't show no visible scars.
You could ride like Annie Oakley,
You could shoot like Belle Starr.

Well, I don't mind a reasonable amount of trouble,
Trouble always comes to pass
But all I care about now
Is that I'm seeing the real you at last.

Well, I'm gonna quit this baby talk now,
I guess I should have known.
I got troubles, I think maybe you got troubles,
I think maybe we'd better leave each other alone.

Whatever you gonna do,
Please do it fast.
I'm still trying to get used to
Seeing the real you at last.

Copyright ©1985 Special Rider Music

3. I'll Remember You

I'll remember you
When I've forgotten all the rest,
You to me were true,
You to me were the best.
When there is no more,
You cut to the core
Quicker than anyone I knew.
When I'm all alone
In the great unknown,
I'll remember you.

I'll remember you
At the end of the trail,
I had so much left to do,
I had so little time to fail.
There's some people that
You don't forget,
Even though you've only seen'm
One time or two.
When the roses fade
And I'm in the shade,
I'll remember you.

Didn't I, didn't I try to love you?
Didn't I, didn't I try to care?
Didn't I sleep, didn't I weep beside you
With the rain blowing in your hair?

I'll remember you
When the wind blows through the piney wood.
It was you who came right through,
It was you who understood.
Though I'd never say
That I done it the way
That you'd have liked me to.
In the end,
My dear sweet friend,
I'll remember you.

Copyright ©1985 Special Rider Music

4. Clean-Cut Kid

Everybody wants to know why he couldn't adjust
Adjust to what, a dream that bust?

He was a clean-cut kid
But they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

They said what's up is down, they said what isn't is
They put ideas in his head he thought were his

He was a clean-cut kid
But they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

He was on the baseball team, he was in the marching band
When he was ten years old he had a watermelon stand

He was a clean-cut kid
But they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

He went to church on Sunday, he was a Boy Scout
For his friends he would turn his pockets inside out

He was a clean-cut kid
But they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did
They said, "Listen boy, you're just a pup"
They sent him to a napalm health spa to shape up

They gave him dope to smoke, drinks and pills,
A jeep to drive, blood to spill

They said "Congratulations, you got what it takes"
They sent him back into the rat race without any brakes

He was a clean-cut kid
But they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

He bought the American dream but it put him in debt
The only game he could play was Russian roulette

He drank Coca-Cola, he was eating Wonder Bread,
Ate Burger Kings, he was well fed

He went to Hollywood to see Peter O'Toole
He stole a Rolls Royce and drove it in a swimming pool

They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

He could've sold insurance, owned a restaurant or bar
Could've been an accountant or a tennis star

He was wearing boxing gloves, took a dive one day
Off the Golden Gate Bridge into China Bay

His mama walks the floor, his daddy weeps and moans
They gotta sleep together in a home they don't own

They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

Well, everybody's asking why he couldn't adjust
All he ever wanted was somebody to trust

They took his head and turned it inside out
He never did know what it was all about

He had a steady job, he joined the choir
He never did plan to walk the high wire

They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did
5. Never Gonna Be The Same Again

Now you're here beside me, baby,
You're a living dream.
And every time you get this close
It makes me want to scream.
You touched me and you knew
That I was warm for you and then,
I ain't never gonna be the same again.

Sorry if I hurt you, baby,
Sorry if I did.
Sorry if I touched the place
Where your secrets are hid.
But you meant more than everything,
And I could not pretend,
I ain't never gonna be the same again.

You give me something to think about, baby,
Every time I see ya.
Don't worry, baby, I don't mind leaving,
I'd just like it to be my idea.

You taught me how to love you, baby,
You taught me, oh, so well.
Now, I can't go back to what was, baby,
I can't unring the bell.
You took my reality
And cast it to the wind
And I ain't never gonna be the same again.

Copyright ©1985 Special Rider Music

6. Trust Yourself

Trust yourself,
Trust yourself to do the things that only you know best.
Trust yourself,
Trust yourself to do what's right and not be second-guessed.
Don't trust me to show you beauty
When beauty may only turn to rust.
If you need somebody you can trust, trust yourself.

Trust yourself,
Trust yourself to know the way that will prove true in the end.
Trust yourself,
Trust yourself to find the path where there is no if and when.
Don't trust me to show you the truth
When the truth may only be ashes and dust.
If you want somebody you can trust, trust yourself.

Well, you're on your own, you always were,
In a land of wolves and thieves.
Don't put your hope in ungodly man
Or be a slave to what somebody else believes.

Trust yourself
And you won't be disappointed when vain people let you down.
Trust yourself
And look not for answers where no answers can be found.
Don't trust me to show you love
When my love may be only lust.
If you want somebody you can trust, trust yourself.

Copyright ©1985 Special Rider Music

7. Emotionally Yours

Come baby, find me, come baby, remind me of where I once begun.
Come baby, show me, show me you know me, tell me you're the one.
I could be learning, you could be yearning to see behind closed doors.
But I will always be emotionally yours.

Come baby, rock me, come baby, lock me into the shadows of your heart.
Come baby, teach me, come baby, reach me, let the music start.
I could be dreaming but I keep believing you're the one I'm livin' for.
And I will always be emotionally yours.

It's like my whole life never happened,
When I see you, it's as if I never had a thought.
I know this dream, it might be crazy,
But it's the only one I've got.

Come baby, shake me, come baby, take me, I would be satisfied.
Come baby, hold me, come baby, help me, my arms are open wide.
I could be unraveling wherever I'm traveling, even to foreign shores.
But I will always be emotionally yours.

Copyright ©1985 Special Rider Music

8. When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky

Look out across the fields, see me returning,
Smoke is in your eye, you draw a smile.
From the fireplace where my letters to you are burning,
You've had time to think about it for a while.

Well, I've walked two hundred miles, now look me over,
It's the end of the chase and the moon is high.
It won't matter who loves who,
You'll love me or I'll love you
When the night comes falling from the sky.

I can see through your walls and I know you're hurting,
Sorrow covers you up like a cape.
Only yesterday I know that you've been flirting
With disaster that you managed to escape.

I can't provide for you no easy answers,
Who are you that I should have to lie?
You'll know all about it, love,
It'll fit you like a glove
When the night comes falling from the sky.

I can hear your trembling heart beat like a river,
You must have been protecting someone last time I called.
I've never asked you for nothing you couldn't deliver,
I've never asked you to set yourself up for a fall.

I saw thousands who could have overcome the darkness,
For the love of a lousy buck, I've watched them die.
Stick around, baby, we're not through,
Don't look for me, I'll see you
When the night comes falling from the sky.

In your teardrops, I can see my own reflection,
It was on the northern border of Texas where I crossed the line.
I don't want to be a fool starving for affection,
I don't want to drown in someone else's wine.

For all eternity I think I will remember
That icy wind that's howling in your eye.
You will seek me and you'll find me in the wasteland of your mind
When the night comes falling from the sky.

Well, I sent you my feelings in a letter
But you were gambling for support.
This time tomorrow I'll know you better
When my memory is not so short.

This time I'm asking for freedom,
Freedom from a world which you deny.
And you'll give it to me now,
I'll take it anyhow
When the night comes falling from the sky.

Copyright ©1985 Special Rider Music

9. Something's Burning, Baby

Something is burning, baby, are you aware?
Something is the matter, baby, there's smoke in your hair
Are you still my friend, baby, show me a sign
Is the love in your heart for me turning blind?

You've been avoiding the main streets for a long, long while
The truth that I'm seeking is in your missing file
What's your position, baby, what's going on?
Why is the light in your eyes nearly gone?
I know everything about this place, or so it seems
Am I no longer a part of your plans or your dreams?
Well, it is so obvious that something has changed
What's happening, baby, to make you act so strange?

Something is burning, baby, here's what I say
Even the bloodhounds of London couldn't find you today
I see the shadow of a man, baby, makin' you blue
Who is he, baby, and what's he to you?

We've reached the edge of the road, baby, where the pasture begins
Where charity is supposed to cover up a multitude of sins
But where do you live, baby, and where is the light?
Why are your eyes just staring off in the night?

I can feel it in the night when I think of you
I can feel it in the light and it's got to be true
You can't live by bread alone, you won't be satisfied
You can't roll away the stone if your hands are tied

Got to start someplace, baby, can you explain?
Please don't fade away on me, baby, like the midnight train
Answer me, baby, a casual look will do
Just what in the world has come over you?

I can feel it in the wind and it's upside down
I can feel it in the dust as I get off the bus on the outskirts of town
I've had the Mexico City blues since the last hairpin curve
I don't wanna see you bleed, I know what you need but it ain't what you deserve

Something is burning, baby, something's in flames
There's a man going 'round calling names
Ring down when you're ready, baby, I'm waiting for you
I believe in the impossible, you know that I do

10. Dark Eyes

Oh, the gentlemen are talking and the midnight moon is on the riverside,
They're drinking up and walking and it is time for me to slide.
I live in another world where life and death are memorized,
Where the earth is strung with lovers' pearls and all I see are dark eyes.

A cock is crowing far away and another soldier's deep in prayer,
Some mother's child has gone astray, she can't find him anywhere.
But I can hear another drum beating for the dead that rise,
Whom nature's beast fears as they come and all I see are dark eyes.

They tell me to be discreet for all intended purposes,
They tell me revenge is sweet and from where they stand, I'm sure it is.
But I feel nothing for their game where beauty goes unrecognized,
All I feel is heat and flame and all I see are dark eyes.

Oh, the French girl, she's in paradise and a drunken man is at the wheel,
Hunger pays a heavy price to the falling gods of speed and steel.
Oh, time is short and the days are sweet and passion rules the arrow that flies,
A million faces at my feet but all I see are dark eyes.

Knocked Out Loaded (1986)

1. You Wanna Ramble

Well I told my baby
I said "Baby, I know
where you been
Well, I know who you are
And what league you played in"
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn.

Well, the night is so empty
So quit and still
For only fifteen
hundred dollars
You can have anybody killed
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn.

Well, I told my baby
Further down the line
I said, "What happens tomorrow
Is on your head, not mine"
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn.
2. They Killed Him

There was a man named Hatma Gandi  
He would not bow down he would not fight  
He knew the deal was down and dirty  
And nothing wrong could make it right away  
But he knew his duty and the prize he had to pay  
Just another holy man who tried to be a friend  
My God, they killed him.

Another man from Atlanta, Georgia  
By name of Martin Luther King  
He shook the land like the rolling thunder  
And made the bells of freedom ring today  
With a dream of beauty that they could not burn away  
Just another holy man who dared to make a stand  
My God, they killed him.

The only Son of God Almighty  
The holy one called Jesus Christ  
He healed the lame and fed the hungry  
And for his love they took his life away  
On the road to glory where the story never ends  
Just the holy Son of Man we'll never understand  
My God, they killed him.

There was a man named Mahatma Gandi  
A man named Martin Luther King  
The only Son of God Almighty  
The only one called Jesus Christ  
On the road to glory where the story never ends  
Just the holy Son of Man we'll never understand  
My God, they killed him.

There was a man named Mahatma Gandi  
A man named Martin Luther King  
The only Son of God Almighty  
The only one called Jesus Christ  
On the road to glory where the story never ends  
Just the holy Son of Man we'll never understand  
My God, they killed him.

3. Driftin’ Too Far From Shore

Driftin' Too Far From Shore

I didn't know that you'd be leavin'  
Or who you thought you were talkin' to.  
I figure maybe we're even  
Or maybe I'm one up on you.

I send you all my money
Just like I did before.
I tried to reach you honey,
But you're driftin' too far from shore.

Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore

I ain't gonna get lost in this current,
I don't like playing cat and mouse.
No gentleman likes making love to a servant.
Especially when he's in his father's house.

I never could guess your weight, baby,
Never needed to call you my whore.
I always thought you were straight, baby,
But you're driftin' too far from shore.

Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore

Well these times and these tunnels are haunted,
The bottom of the barrel is too.
I waited years sometimes for what I wanted.
Everybody can't be as lucky as you.

Never no more do I wonder,
Why you don't never play with me anymore.
At any moment you could go under,
'Cause you're driftin' too far from shore.

Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore

You and me we had completeness,
I give you all of what I could provide
We weren't on the wrong side, sweetness,
We were the wrong side.

I've already ripped out the phones, honey.
You can't walk the streets in a war.
I can finish this alone, honey,
You're driftin' too far from shore.

Copyright ©1986 Special Rider Music
4. Precious Memories

As I travel down life's pathway,
Know not what the years may hold.
As I ponder, hopes grow fonder,
Precious memories flood my soul

Precious father, loving mother,
Glide across the lonely years.
And old homes scenes of my childhood
In fond memory appears.

Precious memories, how they linger
How they ever flood my soul.
In the stillness of the midnight,
Precious sacred scenes unfold.

Copyright © 1986 Special Rider Music

5. Maybe Someday

Maybe someday you'll be satisfied
When you've lost everything you'll have nothing left to hide.
When you're through running over things like you're walking 'cross the tracks,
Maybe you'll beg me to take you back.
Maybe someday you'll find out everybody's somebody's fool,
Maybe then you'll realize what it would have taken to keep me cool.
Maybe someday when you're by yourself alone
You'll know the love that I had for you was never my own.

Maybe someday you'll have nowhere to turn,
You'll look back and wonder 'bout the bridges you have burned.
You'll look back sometime when the lights grow dim
And you'll see you look much better with me than you do with him.
Through hostile cities and unfriendly towns,
Thirty pieces of silver, no money down.
Maybe someday, you will understand
That something for nothing is everybody's plan.

Maybe someday you'll remember what you felt
When there was blood on the moon in the cotton belt.
When both of us, baby, were going though some sort of a test
Neither one of us could do what we do best.
I should have known better, baby, I should have called your bluff.
I guess I was too off the handle, not sentimental enough.
Maybe someday, you'll believe me when I say
That I wanted you, baby, in every kind of way.

Maybe someday you'll hear a voice from on high
Sayin' "For whose sake did you live, for whose sake did you die?"
Forgive me, baby, for what I didn't do
For not breakin' down no bedroom door to get at you.
Always was a sucker for the right cross.
Never wanted to go home 'til the last cent was lost.
Maybe someday you will look back and see
That I made it so easy for you to follow me.

Maybe someday there'll be nothing to tell.
I’m just as happy as you, baby, I just can’t say it so well.
Never slumbered or slept or waited for lightning to strike.
There’s no excuse for you to say that we don't think alike.
You said you were going' to Frisco, stay a couple of months.
I always liked San Francisco, I was there for a party once.
Maybe someday you'll see that it's true
There was no greater love than what I had for you.

Copyright ©1986 Special Rider Music

6. Brownsville Girl

Well, there was this movie I seen one time,
About a man riding 'cross the desert and it starred Gregory Peck.
He was shot down by a hungry kid trying to make a name for himself.
The townspeople wanted to crush that kid down and string him up by the neck.

Well, the marshal, now he beat that kid to a bloody pulp
as the dying gunfighter lay in the sun and gasped for his last breath.
Turn him loose, let him go, let him say he outdrew me fair and square,
I want him to feel what it's like to every moment face his death.

Well, I keep seeing this stuff and it just comes a-rolling in
And you know it blows right through me like a ball and chain.
You know I can't believe we’ve lived so long and are still so far apart.
The memory of you keeps callin' after me like a rollin' train.

I can still see the day that you came to me on the painted desert
In your busted down Ford and your platform heels
I could never figure out why you chose that particular place to meet
Ah, but you were right. It was perfect as I got in behind the wheel.

Well, we drove that car all night into San Anton'
And we slept near the Alamo, your skin was so tender and soft.
Way down in Mexico you went out to find a doctor and you never came back.
I would have gone on after you but I didn't feel like letting my head get blown off.

Well, we’re drivin' this car and the sun is comin' up over the Rockies,
Now I know she ain't you but she's here and she's got that dark rhythm in her soul.
But I’m too over the edge and I ain't in the mood anymore to remember the times when I
was your only man
And she don't want to remind me. She knows this car would go out of control.

Brownsville girl with your Brownsville curls, teeth like pearls shining like the moon above
Brownsville girl, show me all around the world, Brownsville girl, you're my honey love.

Well, we crossed the panhandle and then we headed towards Amarillo
We pulled up where Henry Porter used to live.
He owned a wreckin' lot outside of town about a mile. 
Ruby was in the backyard hanging clothes, she had her red hair tied back. 
She saw us come rolling up in a trail of dust. 
She said, "Henry ain't here but you can come on in, he'll be back in a little while."

Then she told us how times were tough and about how she was thinkin' of bummin' a ride back to where she started. 
But ya know, she changed the subject every time money came up. 
She said, "Welcome to the land of the living dead." You could tell she was so broken-hearted. 
She said, "Even the swap meets around here are getting pretty corrupt."

"How far are y'all going?" Ruby asked us with a sigh. 
"We're going all the way 'til the wheels fall off and burn, 'Til the sun peels the paint and the seat covers fade and the water moccasin dies." 
Ruby just smiled and said, "Ah, you know some babies never learn."

Something about that movie though, well I just can't get it out of my head But I can't remember why I was in it or what part I was supposed to play. 
All I remember about it was Gregory Peck and the way people moved And a lot of them seemed to be lookin' my way.

Brownsville girl with your Brownsville curls, teeth like pearls shining like the moon above Brownsville girl, show me all around the world, Brownsville girl, you're my honey love.

Well, they were looking for somebody with a pompadour. 
I was crossin' the street when shots rang out. 
I didn't know whether to duck or to run, so I ran. 
"We got him cornered in the churchyard," I heard somebody shout.

Well, you saw my picture in the Corpus Christi Tribune. Underneath it, it said, "A man with no alibi."
You went out on a limb to testify for me, you said I was with you. 
Then when I saw you break down in front of the judge and cry real tears, It was the best acting I saw anybody do.

Now I've always been the kind of person that doesn't like to trespass but sometimes you just find yourself over the line. 
Oh if there's an original thought out there, I could use it right now. 
You know, I feel pretty good, but that ain't sayin' much. I could feel a whole lot better, If you were just here by my side to show me how.

Well, I'm standin' in line in the rain to see a movie starring Gregory Peck, Yeah, but you know it's not the one that I had in mind. 
He's got a new one out now, I don't even know what it's about But I'll see him in anything so I'll stand in line.

Brownsville girl with your Brownsville curls, teeth like pearls shining like the moon above Brownsville girl, show me all around the world, Brownsville girl, you're my honey love.

You know, it's funny how things never turn out the way you had 'em planned. 
The only thing we knew for sure about Henry Porter is that his name wasn't Henry Porter. And you know there was somethin' about you baby that I liked that was always too good for this world
Just like you always said there was something about me you liked that I left behind in the French Quarter.

Strange how people who suffer together have stronger connections than people who are most content.
I don't have any regrets, they can talk about me plenty when I'm gone.
You always said people don't do what they believe in, they just do what's most convenient, then they repent.
And I always said, "Hang on to me, baby, and let's hope that the roof stays on."

There was a movie I seen one time, I think I sat through it twice.
I don't remember who I was or where I was bound.
All I remember about it was it starred Gregory Peck, he wore a gun and he was shot in the back.
Seems like a long time ago, long before the stars were torn down.

Brownsville girl with your Brownsville curls, teeth like pearls shining like the moon above Brownsville girl, show me all around the world, Brownsville girl, you're my honey love.

Copyright ©1986 Special Rider Music

7. Got My Mind Made Up

Don't ever try to change me,
I been in this thing too long.
There's nothin' you can say or do
To make me think I'm wrong.

Well, I'm goin' off to Libya,
There's a guy I gotta see.
He's been living there three years now,
In an oil refinery.
I've got my mind made up.
Oh, I've got my mind made up.

Call your Ma in Tallahassee
Tell her her baby's on the line.
Tell her not to worry
Everything is gonna be fine.

Well, I gave you all my money
All my connections, too.
There ain't nothin' in this world, girl
You can say I didn't give to you.
I've got my mind made up.
I've got my mind made up.

You will be alright, girl,
Someone's watchin' over you.
He won't do nothin' to you
Baby that I wouldn't do.

Well, if you don't want to see me,
Look the other way.
You don't have to feed me,
I ain't your dog that's gone astray.
I got my mind made up
I got my mind made up
I got my mind made up
I got my mind made up
I got my mind made up

Copyright ©1986 Special Rider Music

8. Under Your Spell

Something about you that I can't shake,
Don't know how much of this I can take,
Baby I'm under your spell.

I was knocked out and loaded in the naked night.
When my last dream exploded, I noticed your light.
Baby, oh what a story I could tell.

It's been nice seeing you, you read me like a book
If you ever want to reach me, you know where to look.
Baby, I'll be at the same hotel.

I'd like to help you but I'm in a bit of a jam,
I'll call you tomorrow if there's phones where I am.
Baby, caught between heaven and hell.

But I will be back, I will survive,
You'll never get rid of me as long as you're alive.
Baby, can't you tell.

Well it's four in the morning by the sound of the birds,
I'm starin' at your picture, I'm hearin' your words.
Baby, they ring in my head like a bell.

Everywhere you go it's enough to break hearts
Someone always gets hurt, a fire always starts.
You were too hot to handle, you were breaking every vow.
I trusted you, baby, you can trust me now.

Turn back, baby, wipe your eye,
Don't think I'm leaving you here without a kiss goodbye.
Baby, is there anything left to tell?

I'll see you later when I'm not so out of my head,
Maybe next time I'll let the dead bury the dead.
Baby, what more can I tell?

Well the desert is hot, the mountain is cursed,
Pray that I don't die of thirst,
Baby, two feet from the well.
Down In The Groove (1988)

1. Let's Stick Together

Well, a young marriage vow, you know, it's very sacred
The man put us together, now, you wanna make it
Stick together
Come on, come on, stick together.

You know, you made a vow, not to leave one another, never
Well, ya never miss you water till your well runs dry
Come one, baby, give our love a try, let's stick together
Come on, come on, stick together
We made a vow, not to leave one another, never.

Well, ya never miss your water till your well runs dry
Come one, baby, give our love a try, let's stick together
Come on, come on, stick together
You know, we made a vow, not to leave one another, never.

It might be tough for a while, but consider the child
Cannot be happy without his mom and his pappy
Let's stick together
Come on, come on, stick together
You know, we made a vow, not to leave one another, never.

2. When Did You Leave Heaven?

When Did You Leave Heaven? (W. Bullock - R. Whiting)

When did you leave heaven?
How could they let you go?
How's every thing in heaven?
I'd like to know.

Why did you trade heaven?
For all these earthly things?
Where on earth you hide halo?
Where did you lose your wings?

Have they missed you?
Can you get back in?
If I kiss you would it be a sin?
I am only human but you are so divine.
When did you leave heaven angel mine?

3. Sally Sue Brown
Sally Sue Brown (J. Alexander - E. Montgomery - T. Stafford)

Look who's back in town
Ain't nobody but Sally Sue Brown
All you boys better run for cover
If you don't a-wanna be a hearted broken lover.

See her in that very tight skirt
Got what it takes
Just to make you hurt
Don't you see by those big bright eyes
Prefer to treat her nasty and low down lies.

Makes no difference where she's been
I'm go in south and doin' them things again
Bake in a hot tub, down the line
I'd rather see you ruin this a-heart of mine.

I'll go see them come down my way
Like a fool you're gonna hear me say:
"I'll lay at your bed Sally Sue Brown
Please let me love you, baby
Don't put me down".

Makes no difference where she's been
I'm go in south and doin' them things again
Bake in a hot tub, down the line
I'd rather see you ruin this a-heart of mine.

I'll go see them come down my way
Like a fool you're gonna hear me say:
"I'll lay at your bed Sally Sue Brown
Please let me love you, baby
Don't put me down".

4. Death Is Not The End

When you're sad and when you're lonely and you haven't got a friend
Just remember that death is not the end
And all that you've held sacred, falls down and does not mend
Just remember that death is not the end
Not the end, not the end
Just remember that death is not the end

When you're standing at the crossroads that you cannot comprehend
Just remember that death is not the end
And all your dreams have vanished and you don't know what's up the bend
Just remember that death is not the end
Not the end, not the end
Just remember that death is not the end

When the storm clouds gather 'round you, and heavy rains descend
Just remember that death is not the end
And there's no one there to comfort you, with a helpin' hand to lend
Just remember that death is not the end
Not the end, not the end
Just remember that death is not the end

Oh, the tree of life is growing
Where the spirit never dies
And the bright light of salvation shines
In dark and empty skies

When the cities are on fire with the burning flesh of men
Just remember that death is not the end
And you search in vain to find just one law abiding citizen
Just remember that death is not the end
Not the end, not the end
Just remember that death is not the end

Copyright ©1988 Special Rider Music

5. Had A Dream About You, Baby

I got to see you baby, I don't care
It may be someplace, baby, you say where.

I had a dream about you, baby
Had a dream about you, baby
Late last night you come a-rollin' across my mind

You got the crazy rhythm when you walk
You make me nervous when you start to talk

I had a dream about you, baby
Had a dream about you, baby
Late last night you come a-rollin' across my mind

Standin' on the highway, you flag me down
Said, take me daddy, to the nearest town

I had a dream about you, baby
Had a dream about you, baby
Late last night you come a-rollin' across my mind

The joint is jumpin'
It's really somethin'
The beat is pumpin'
My heart is thumpin'
Spent my money on you honey
My limbs are shakin'
My heart is breakin'

You kiss me, baby, in the coffee shop
You make me nervous, you gotta stop
I had a dream about you, baby
Had a dream about you, baby
Late last night you come a-rollin' across my mind

You got a rag wrapped around your head
Wearing a long dress fire engine red

I had a dream about you, baby
Had a dream about you, baby
Late last night you come a-rollin' across my mind

Copyright ©1987 Special Rider Music

6. Ugliest Girl In The World

The woman that I love she got a hook in her nose
her eyebrows meet, she wears second hand clothes
She speaks with a stutter and she walks with a hop
I don't know why I love her but I just can't stop

You know I love her
Yeah I love her
I'm in love with the Ugliest Girl in the World

If I ever lose her I will go insane
I go half crazy when she calls my name
When she says babababababy I l-l-love you
There ain't nothing in the world that I wouldn't do

You know I love her
Yeah I love her
I'm in love with the Ugliest Girl in the World

The woman that I love she got two flat feet
Her knees knock together walking down the street
She cracks her knuckles and she snores in bed
She ain't much to look at but like I said

You know I love her
Yeah I love her
I'm in love with the Ugliest Girl in the World

I don't mean to say that she got nothing goin'
She got a weird sense of humor that's all her own
When I get low she sets me on my feet
Got a five inch smile but her breath is sweet

You know I love her
Yeah I love her
I'm in love with the Ugliest Girl in the World

The woman that I love she a got a prizefighter nose
Cauliflower ears and a run in her hose
She speaks with a stutter and she walks with a hop
I don't know why I love her but I just can't stop

Copyright ©1987 Special Rider Music

7. Silvio

Stake my future on a hell of a past
Looks like tomorrow is coming on fast
Ain't complaining 'bout what I got
Seen better times, but who has not?

Silvio
Silver and gold
Won't buy back the beat of a heart grown cold
Silvio
I gotta go
Find out something only dead men know

Honest as the next jade rolling that stone
When I come knocking don't throw me no bone
I'm an old boll weevil looking for a home
If you don't like it you can leave me alone

I can snap my fingers and require the rain
From a clear blue sky and turn it off again
I can stroke your body and relieve your pain
And charm the whistle off an evening train

I give what I got until I got no more
I take what I get until I even the score
You know I love you and furthermore
When it's time to go you got an open door

I can tell you fancy, I can tell you plain
You give something up for everything you gain
Since every pleasure's got an edge of pain
Pay for your ticket and don't complain

One of these days and it won't be long
Going down in the valley and sing my song
I will sing it loud and sing it strong
Let the echo decide if I was right or wrong

Silvio
Silver and gold
Won't buy back the beat of a heart grown cold
Silvio
I gotta go
Find out something only dead men know

Copyright ©1988 Special Rider Music
8. Ninety Miles An Hour (Down A Dead End Street)

I took you home from a party and we kissed in fun
A few stolen kisses and no harm was done
Instead of stopping when we could we went right on
Till suddenly we found that the brakes were gone.

You belong to someone else, and I do too
It's just crazy bein' here with you
As a bad motorcycle with the devil in the seat
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.

I didn't want to want you, but now I have no choice
It's too late to listen to that warning voice
All I hear is thunder of two hearts beat
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.

You're not free to belong to me
And you know I could never be your own
Your lips on mine are like a sweet, sweet wine
But we're heading for a wall of stone.

Warning signs are flashing ev'ry where, but we pay no heed
'Stead of slowing down the place, we keep a pickin' up speed
Disaster's getting closer ev'ry time we meet
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Yeah, ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Well, ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.

9. Shenandoah

Shenandoah (trad, arr. by Bob Dylan)

Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Look away, you rollin' river
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
Look away. We're bound away
Across the wide Missouri

Now the Missouri is a mighty river
Look away, you rollin' river.
Indians camp along her border
Look away. We're bound away
Across the wide Missouri

Well a white man loved an Indian maiden
Look away, you rollin' river
With notions his canoe was laden
Look away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri
Oh Shenandoah, I love your daughter
Look away, you rollin' river
It was for her I'd cross the water.
Look away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri

For seven long years I courted Sally
Look away, you rollin' river
Seven more years I longed to have her
Look away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri

Well, it's fare-thee-well, my dear,
I'm bound to leave you
Look away you rollin' river
Shenandoah, I will not deceive you
Look away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri

Copyright © 1987 Special Rider Music

10. Rank Strangers To Me

I wandered again to my home in the mountain
Where in youth's early days I was happy and free
I looked for my friends but I never could find them
I found they were all rank strangers to me.

Ev'rybody I met seemed to be a rank stranger
No mother or dad not a friend could I see
They knew not my name and I knew not their faces
I found they were all rank strangers to me.

They all moved a way, said a voice of a stranger
"To that beautiful home by the bright crystal sea"
Some beautiful day I'll meet 'em in heaven
Where no one will be a stranger to me.

Ev'rybody I met seemed to be a rank stranger
No mother or dad not a friend could I see
They knew not my name and I knew not their faces
I found they were all rank strangers to me.

Oh Mercy (1989)

1. Political World

We live in a political world,
Love don't have any place.
We're living in times where men commit crimes
And crime don’t have a face

We live in a political world,
Icicles hanging down,
Wedding bells ring and angels sing,
clouds cover up the ground.

We live in a political world,
Wisdom is thrown into jail,
It rots in a cell, is misguided as hell
Leaving no one to pick up a trail.

We live in a political world
Where mercy walks the plank,
Life is in mirrors, death disappears
Up the steps into the nearest bank.

We live in a political world
Where courage is a thing of the past
Houses are haunted, children are unwanted
The next day could be your last.

We live in a political world.
The one we can see and can feel
But there's no one to check, it's all a stacked deck,
We all know for sure that it's real.

We live in a political world
In the cities of lonesome fear,
Little by little you turn in the middle
But you're never why you're here.

We live in a political world
Under the microscope,
You can travel anywhere and hang yourself there
You always got more than enough rope.

We live in a political world
Turning and a'thrashing about,
As soon as you're awake, you're trained to take
What looks like the easy way out.

We live in a political world
Where peace is not welcome at all,
It's turned away from the door to wander some more
Or put up against the wall.

We live in apolitical world
Everything is hers or his,
Climb into the frame and shout God's name
But you're never sure what it is.
2. Where Teardrops Fall

Far Away where the soft wind blow,
Far away from it all,
There is a place you go
Where teardrops fall.

Far away in the stormy night,
Far away and over the wall,
You are there in the flickering light
Where teardrops fall.

We banged the drum slowly
And played the fife lowly
You know the song in my heart
Bridge: In the turning of twilight
In the shadows of moonlight
You can show me a new place to start

I've torn my clothes and I've drained the cup
Strippin' away at it all,
Thinking of you when the sun comes up
Where teardrops fall.

By rivers of blindness,
In love and with kindness
We could hold up a toast if we meet
Bridge: To the cuttin' of fences
To sharpen the senses
That linger in the fireball heat.

Roses are red, violets are blue
And time is beginning to crawl,
I just might have to come see you
Where teardrops fall.

Copyright ©1989 Special Rider Music

3. Everything Is Broken

Broken lines, broken strings,
Broken threads, broken springs,
Broken idols, broken heads,
People sleeping in broken beds.
Ain't no use jiving
Ain't no use joking
Everything is broken.

Broken bottles, broken plates,
Broken switches, broken gates,
Broken dishes, broken parts,
Streets are filled with broken hearts.
Broken words never meant to be spoken,
Everything is broken.

Seem like every time you stop and turn around
Something else just hit the ground

Broken cutters, broken saws,
Broken buckles, broken laws,
Broken bodies, broken bones,
Broken voices on broken phones.
Take a deep breath, feel like you're chokin',
Everything is broken.

Every time you leave and go off someplace
Things fall to pieces in my face

Broken hands on broken ploughs,
Broken treaties, broken vows,
Broken pipes, broken tools,
People bending broken rules.
Hound dog howling, bull frog croaking,
Everything is broken.

Copyright ©1989 Special Rider Music

4. Ring Them Bells

Ring them bells, ye heathen
From the city that dreams,
Ring them bells from the sanctuaries
Cross the valleys and streams,
For they're deep and they're wide
And the world's on its side
And time is running backwards
And so is the bride.

Ring them bells St. Peter
Where the four winds blow,
Ring them bells with an iron hand
So the people will know.
Oh it's rush hour now
On the wheel and the plow
And the sun is going down
Upon the sacred cow.

Ring them bells Sweet Martha,
For the poor man's son,
Ring them bells so the world will know
That God is one.
Oh the shepherd is asleep
Where the willows weep
And the mountains are filled
With lost sheep.

Ring them bells for the blind and the deaf,
Ring them bells for all of us who are left,
Ring them bells for the chosen few
Who will judge the many when the game is through.
Ring them bells, for the time that flies,
For the child that cries
When innocence dies.

Ring them bells St. Catherine
From the top of the room,
Ring them from the fortress
For the lilies that bloom.
Oh the lines are long
And the fighting is strong
And they're breaking down the distance
Between right and wrong.

Copyright ©1989 Special Rider Music

5. Man In The Long Black Coat

Crickets are chirpin', the water is high,
There's a soft cotton dress on the line hangin' dry,
Window wide open, African trees
Bent over backwards from a hurricane breeze.
Not a word of goodbye, note even a note,
She gone with the man
In the long black coat.

Somebody seen him hanging around
At the old dance hall on the outskirts of town,
He looked into her eyes when she stopped to ask
If he wanted to dance, he had a face like a mask.
Somebody said from the Bible he'd quote
There was dust on the man
In the long black coat.

Preacher was a talkin' there's a sermon he gave,
He said every man's conscience is vile and depraved,
You cannot depend on it to be your guide
When it's you who must keep it satisfied.
It ain't easy to swallow, it sticks in the throat,
She gave her heart to the man
In the long black coat.

There are no mistakes in life some people say
It is true sometimes you can see it that way.
Bridge: But people don't live or die, people just float.
She went with the man
In the long black coat.
There's smoke on the water, it's been there since June,
Tree trunks uprooted, 'neath the high crescent moon
Feel the pulse and vibration and the rumbling force
Somebody is out there beating the dead horse.
She never said nothing there was nothing she wrote,
She gone with the man
In the long black coat.

Copyright ©1989 Special Rider Music

6. Most Of The Time

Most of the time
I'm clear focused all around,
Most of the time
I can keep both feet on the ground,
Most of the time
I can follow the path, I can read the signs,
Most of the time
I can handle whatever I stumble upon,
Most of the time
I don't even notice she's gone,
Most of the time.

Most of the time
It's well understood,
Most of the time
I wouldn't change it if I could,
Most of the time
I can make it all match up, I can hold my own,
Most of the time
I can deal with the situation right down to the bone,
Most of the time
I can survive, I can endure
And I don't even think about her
Most of the time.

Most of the time
My head is on straight,
Most of the time
I'm strong enough not to hate.
Most of the time
I don't build up illusion 'till it makes me sick,
Most of the time
I ain't afraid of confusion no matter how thick
Most of the time
I can smile in the face of mankind.
Don't even remember what her lips felt like on mine
Most of the time.

Most of the time
She ain't even in my mind,
Most of the time
I wouldn't know her if I saw her
Most of the time
She's that far behind.
Most of the time
I can't even be sure
Most of the time
If she was ever with me
Most of the time
Or if I was with her.

Most of the time
I'm halfway content,
Most of the time
I know exactly where I went,
I don't cheat on myself, I don't run and hide,
Hide from the feelings, that are buried inside,
I don't compromised and I don't pretend,
I don't even care if I ever see her again
Most of the time.

Copyright ©1989 Special Rider Music

7. What Good Am I?

What good am I if I'm like all the rest,
If I just turned away, when I see how you're dressed,
If I shut myself off so I can't hear you cry,
What good am I?

What good am I if I know and don't do,
If I see and don't say, if I look right through you,
If I turn a deaf ear to the thunderin' sky,
What good am I?

What good am I while you softly weep
And I hear in my head what you say in your sleep,
And I freeze in the moment like the rest who don't try,
What good am I?

What good am I then to others and me
If I've had every chance and yet still fail to see
If my hands tied must I not wonder within
Who tied them and why and where must I have been

What good am I if I say foolish things
And I laugh in the face of what sorrow brings
And I just turn my back while you silently die,
What good am I?

Copyright ©1989 Special Rider Music

8. Disease Of Conceit

There's a whole lot of people suffering tonight
From the disease of conceit.
Whole lot of people struggling tonight
From the disease of conceit.
Comes right down the highway,
Straight down the line,
Rips into your senses
Through your body and your mind.
Nothing about it that's sweet,
The disease of conceit.
There's a whole lot of hearts breaking tonight
From the disease of conceit,
Whole lot of hearts shaking tonight
From the disease of conceit.
Steps into your room,
Eats your soul,
Over your senses
You have no control.
Ain't nothing too discreet
About of disease of conceit.

There's a whole lot of people dying tonight
From the disease of conceit,
Whole lot of people crying tonight
From the disease of conceit,
Comes right out of nowhere
And you're down for the count
From the outside world,
The pressure will mount,
Turn you into a piece of meat,
The disease of conceit.

Conceit is a disease
That the doctors got no cure
They've done a lot of research on it
But what it is, they're still not sure

There's a whole lot of people in trouble tonight
From the disease of conceit,
Whole lot of people seeing double tonight
From the disease of conceit,
Give ya delusions of grandeur
And a evil eye
Give you idea that
You're too good to die,
Then they bury you from your head to your feet
From the disease of conceit.

9. What Was It You Wanted

What was it you wanted?
Tell me again so I'll know.
What's happening in there,
What's going on in your show.
What was it you wanted,
Could you say it again?
I'll be back in a minute
You can get it together by then.

What was it you wanted
You can tell me, I'm back,
We can start it all over
Get it back on the track,
You got my attention,
Go ahead, speak.
What was it you wanted
When you were kissing my cheek?

Was there somebody looking
When you give me that kiss
Someone there in the shadows
Someone that I might have missed?
Is there something you needed,
Something I don’t understand.
What was it you wanted,
Do I have it here in my hand?

Whatever you wanted
Slipped out of my mind,
Would you remind me again
If you’d be so kind.
Has the record been breaking,
Did the needle just skip,
Is there somebody waitin’,
Was there a slip of the lip?

What was it you wanted
I ain't keepin' score
Are you the same person
That was here before?
Is it something important?
Maybe not.
What was it you wanted?
Tell me again I forgot.

Whatever you wanted
What could it be
Did somebody tell you
That you could get it from me,
Is it something that comes natural
Is it easy to say,
Why do you want it,
Who are you anyway?

Is the scenery changing,
Am I getting it wrong,
Is the whole thing going backwards,
Are they playing our song?
Where were you when it started
Do you want it for free
What was it you wanted
Are you talking to me?
10. Shooting Star

   Seen a shooting star tonight
   And I thought of you.
   You were trying to break into another world
   A world I never knew.
   I always kind of wondered
   If you ever made it through.
   Seen a shooting star tonight
   And I thought of you.

   Seen a shooting star tonight
   And I thought of me.
   If I was still the same
   If I ever became what you wanted me to be
   Did I miss the mark or
   Over-step the line
   That only you could see?
   Seen a shooting star tonight
   And I thought of me.

   Listen to the engine, listen to the bell
   As the last fire truck from hell
   Goes rolling by, all good people are praying,
   It's the last temptation
   The last account
   The last time you might hear the sermon on the mount,
   The last radio is playing.

   Seen a shooting star tonight
   Slip Away.
   Tomorrow will be another day.
   Guess it's too late to say the things to you
   That you needed to hear me say.
   Seen a shooting star tonight
   Slip away.

Copyright ©1989 Special Rider Music
Dylan Albums of the Nineties (1990s)

Under the Red Sky (1990)

1. Wiggle Wiggle

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a gypsy queen,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle all dressed in green,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle 'til the moon is blue,
Wiggle 'til the moon sees you.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle in your boots and shoes,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, you got nothing to lose,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, like a swarm of bees,
Wiggle on your hands and knees.

Bridge #1:
Wiggle to the front, wiggle to the rear,
Wiggle 'til you wiggle right out of here,
Wiggle 'til it opens, wiggle 'til it shuts,
Wiggle 'til it bites, wiggle 'til it cuts.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a bowl of soup,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a rolling hoop,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a ton of lead,
Wiggle - you can raise the dead.

Bridge #2:
Wiggle 'til you're high, wiggle 'til you're higher,
Wiggle 'til you vomit fire,
Wiggle 'til it whispers, wiggle 'til it hums,
Wiggle 'til it answers, wiggle 'til it comes.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like satin and silk,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a pail of milk,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, rattle and shake,
Wiggle like a big fat snake.

Copyright ©1990 Special Rider Music

2. Under The Red Sky

There was a little boy and there was a little girl
And they lived in an alley under the red sky.
There was a little boy and there was a little girl
And they lived in an alley under the red sky.

There was an old man and he lived in the moon,
One summer's day he came passing by.
There was an old man and he lived in the moon,
And one day he came passing by.

Bridge #1:
Someday little girl, everything for you is gonna be new
Someday little girl you'll have a diamond as big as your shoe

Let the wind blow low, let the wind blow high.
One day the little boy and the little girl were both baked in a pie.
Let the wind blow low, let the wind blow high.
One day the little boy and the little girl were both baked in a pie.

Bridge #2:
This is the key to the kingdom and this is the town
This is the blind horse that leads you around

Let the bird sing, let the bird fly,
One day the man in the moon went home and the river went dry.
Let the bird sing, let the bird fly,
The man in the moon went home and the river went dry.

Copyright ©1990 Special Rider Musi

3. Unbelievable

It's unbelievable, it's strange but true,
It's inconceivable it could happen to you.
You go north and you go south
Just like bait in the fish's mouth.
Ya must be livin' in the shadow of some kind of evil star.
It's unbelievable it would get this far.

It's undeniable what they'd have you to think,
It's indescribable it can drive you to drink.
They said it was the land of milk and honey,
now they say it's the land of money.
Who ever thought they could ever make that stick.
It's unbelievable you can get this rich this quick.

Bridge #1:
Every head is so dignified, every moon is so sanctified,
Every urge is so satisfied as long as you're with me.
All the silver, all the gold, all the sweethearts you can hold
That don't come back with stories untold, are hanging on a tree.

It's unbelievable like a lead balloon,
It's so impossible to even learn the tune.
Kill that beast and feed that swine,
Scale that wall and smoke that vine,
Feed that horse and saddle up the drum.
It's unbelievable, the day would finally come.

Bridge #2:
Once there was a man who had no eyes,
Every lady in the land told him lies,
He stood beneath the silver skies
And his heart began to bleed.
Every brain is civilized,
Every nerve is analyzed,
Everything is criticized when you are in need.

It's unbelievable, it's fancy-free,
So interchangeable, so delightful to see.
Turn your back, wash your hands,
There's always someone who understands
It don't matter no more what you got to say
It's unbelievable it would go down this way.

Copyright ©1990 Special Rider Music

4. Born In Time

In the lonely night
In the blinking stardust of a pale blue light
You're comin' thru to me in black and white
When we were made of dreams.

You're blowing down the shaky street,
You're hearing my heart beat
In the record breaking heat
Where we were born in time.

Not one more night, not one more kiss,
Not this time baby, no more of this,
Takes too much skill, takes too much will,
It's revealing.
You came, you saw, just like the law
You married young, just like your ma,
You tried and tried, you made me slide
You left me reelin' with this feelin'.

On the rising curve
Where the ways of nature will test every nerve,
You won't get anything you don't deserve
Where we were born in time.

You pressed me once, you pressed me twice,
You hang the flame, you'll pay the price,
Oh babe, that fire
Is still smokin'.
You were snow, you were rain
You were striped, you were plain,
Oh babe, truer words
Have not been spoken or broken.

In the hills of mystery,
In the foggy web of destiny,
You can have what's left of me,
Where we were born in time.

Copyright ©1990 Special Rider Music

5. T.V. Talkin' Song

One time in London I'd gone out for a walk,
Past a place called Hyde park where people talk
'Bout all kinds of different gods, they have their point of view
To anyone passing by, that's who they're talking to.

There was someone on a platform talking to the folks
About the T.V. god and all the pain that it invokes.
"It's too bright a light", he said, "For anybody's eyes,
If you've never seen one it's a blessing in disguise."

I moved in closer, got up on my toes,
Two men in front of me were coming to blows
The man was saying something 'bout children when they're young
Being sacrificed to it while lullabies are being sung.

"The news of the day is on all the time,
All the latest gossip, all the latest rhyme,
Your mind is your temple, keep it beautiful and free,
Don't let an egg get laid in it by something you can't see."

"Pray for peace!". he said, you could feel it in the crowd.
My thoughts began to wander. His voice was ringing loud,
"It will destroy your family, your happy home is gone
No one can protect you fro it once you turn it on."

"It will led you into some strange pursuits,
Lead you to the land of forbidden fruits.
It will scramble up your head and drag your brain about,
Sometimes you gotta do like Elvis did and shoot the damn thing out."

"It's all been designed", he said, "To make you lose your mind,
And when you go back to find it, there's nothing there to find."
"Everytime you look at it, your situation's worse,
If you feel it grabbing out for you, send for the nurse."

The crowd began to riot and they grabbed hold of the man,
There was pushing, there was shoving and everybody ran.
The T.V. crew was there to film it, they jumped right over me,
Later on that evening, I watched it on T.V..

Copyright ©1990 Special Rider Music

6. 10,000 Men

Ten thousand men on a hill,
Ten thousand men on a hill,
Some of 'm goin' down, some of 'm gonna get killed.

Ten thousand men dressed in oxford blue,
Ten thousand men dressed in oxford blue,
Drummin' in the morning, in the evening they'll be coming for you.

Ten thousand men on the move,
Ten thousand men on the move,
None of them doing nothin' that your mama wouldn't disapprove.

Ten thousand men digging for silver and gold,
Ten thousand men digging for silver and gold,
All clean shaven, all coming in from the cold.

Hey! Who could your lover be?
Hey! Who could your lover be?
Let me eat off his head so you can really see!

Ten thousand women all dressed in white,
Ten thousand women all dressed in white,
Standin' at my window wishing me goodnight.

Ten thousand men looking so lean and frail,
Ten thousand men looking so lean and frail,
Each one of 'em got seven wives, each one of 'em just out of jail.

Ten thousand women all sweepin' my room,
Ten thousand women all sweepin' my room,
Spilling my buttermilk, sweeping it up with a broom.

Ooh, baby, thank you for my tea!
Baby, thank you for my tea!
It's so sweet of you to be so nice to me.

Copyright ©1990 Special Rider Music

7.2 x 2

One by one, they followed the sun,
One by one, until there were none.
Two by two, to their lovers they flew,
Two by two, into the foggy dew.
Three by three, they danced on the sea,
Four by four, they danced on the shore,
Five by five, they tried to survive,
Six by six, they were playing with tricks.

How many paths did they try and fail?
How many of their brothers and sisters lingered in jail?
How much poison did they inhale?
How many black cats crossed their trail?

Seven by seven, they headed for heaven,
Eight by eight, they got to the gate,
Nine by nine, they drank the wine,
Ten by ten, they drank again.

How many tomorrow's have are they given away?
How many compared to yesterday?
How many more without any reward?
How many more can they afford?

Two by two, they stepped into the ark,
Two by two, they step in the dark.
Three by three, they're turning the key,
Four by four, they turn it some more,
One by one, they follow the sun,
Two by two, to another rendezvous.

God knows you ain't pretty,
God knows it's true.
God knows there ain't anybody
Ever gonna take the place of you.

God knows it's a struggle,
God knows it's a crime,
God knows there's gonna be no more water
But fire next time.

God didn't call it treason,
God didn't call it wrong,
It was supposed to last a season
But it's been so strong for so long.

God knows it's fragile,
God knows everything,
God knows it could snap apart right now
Just like putting scissors to a string.

God knows it's terrifying,
God sees it all unfold,
There's a million reasons for you to be crying
You been so bold and so cold.

God knows that when you see it,
God knows you've got to weep,
God knows the secrets of your heart,
He'll tell them to you when you're asleep.

God knows there's a river,
God knows how to make it flow,
God knows you ain't gonna be taking
Nothing with you when you go.

God knows there's a purpose,
God knows there's a chance,
God knows you can rise above the darkest hour
Of any circumstance.

God knows there's a heaven,
God knows it's out of sight,
God knows we can get all the way from here to there
Even if we've got to walk a million miles by candlelight.

9. Handy Dandy

Handy dandy, controversy surrounds him
He been around the world and back again
Something in the moonlight still hounds him
Handy dandy, just like sugar and candy

Handy dandy, if every bone in his body was broken he would never admit it
He got an all girl orchestra and when he says
"Strike up the band", they hit it
Handy dandy, handy dandy

You say, "What are ya made of?"
He says, "Can you repeat what you said?"
You'll say, "What are you afraid of?"
He'll say, "Nothin' neither 'live nor dead."

Handy dandy, he got a stick in his hand and a pocket full of money
He says, "Darling, tell me the truth, how much time I got?"
She says, "You got all the time in the world, honey."
Handy dandy, Handy dandy

He's got that clear crystal fountain
He's got that soft silky skin
He's got that fortress on the mountain
With no doors, no windows, no thieves can break in

Handy dandy, sitting with a girl named Nancy in a garden feelin' kind of lazy
He says, "Ya want a gun? I'll give you one." She says, "Boy, you talking crazy."
Handy dandy, just like sugar and candy
Handy dandy, pour him another brandy

Handy dandy, he got a basket of flowers and a bag full or sorrow
He finishes his drink, he gets up from the table he says,
"Okay, boys, I'll see you tomorrow."
Handy dandy, handy dandy, just like sugar and candy
Handy dandy, just like sugar and candy
10. Cat’s In The Well

The cat's in the well, the wolf is looking down.
The cat's in the well, the wolf is looking down.
He got his big bushy tail dragging all over the ground.

The cat's in the well, the gentle lady is asleep.
Cat's in the well, the gentle lady is asleep.
She ain't hearing a thing, the silence is a-stickin' her deep.

Bridge #1:
The cat's in the well and grief is showing its face
The world's being slaughtered and it's such a bloody disgrace.

The cat's in the well, the horse is going bumpety bump.
The cat's in the well, and the horse is going bumpety bump.
Back alley Sally is doing the American jump.

Bridge #2:
The cat's in the well, and pappa is reading the news.
His hair is falling out and all of his daughters need shoes.

The cat's in the well and the barn is full of bull
The cat's in the well and the barn is full of bull
The night is so long and the table is oh, so full

Bridge #3:
The cat's in the well and the servant is at the door.
The drinks are ready and the dogs are going to war.

The cat's in the well, the leaves are starting to fall
The cat's in the well, leaves are starting to fall
Goodnight, my love, may the lord have mercy on us all.

Copyright ©1990 Special Rider Music

Time Out Of Mind (1997)

1. Love Sick

I'm walking through streets that are dead
Walking, walking with you in my head
My feet are so tired, my brain is so wired
And the clouds are weeping

Did I hear someone tell a lie?
Did I hear someone's distant cry?
I spoke like a child; you destroyed me with a smile
While I was sleeping
I'm sick of love but I'm in the thick of it
This kind of love I'm so sick of it

I see, I see lovers in the meadow
I see, I see silhouettes in the window
I watch them 'til they're gone and they leave me hanging on
To a shadow

I'm sick of love; I hear the clock tick
This kind of love; I'm love sick

Sometimes the silence can be like the thunder
Sometimes I wanna take to the road and plunder
Could you ever be true?
I think of you
And I wonder

I'm sick of love; I wish I'd never met you
I'm sick of love; I'm trying to forget you

Just don't know what to do
I'd give anything to
Be with you

Copyright ©1997 Special Rider Music

2. Dirt Road Blues

Gon' walk down that dirt road, 'til someone lets me ride
Gon' walk down that dirt road, 'til someone lets me ride
If I can't find my baby, I'm gonna run away and hide

I been pacing around the room hoping maybe she'd come back
Pacing 'round the room hoping maybe she'd come back
Well, I been praying for salvation laying 'round in a one room country shack

Gon' walk down that dirt road until my eyes begin to bleed
Gon' walk down that dirt road until my eyes begin to bleed
'Til there's nothing left to see, 'til the chains have been shattered and I've been freed

I been lookin' at my shadow, I been watching the colors up above
Lookin' at my shadow watching the colors up above
Rolling through the rain and hail, looking for the sunny side of love

Gon' walk on down that dirt road 'til I'm right beside the sun
Gon' walk on down until I'm right beside the sun
I'm gonna have to put up a barrier to keep myself away from everyone.

Copyright ©1997 Special Rider Music

3. Standing In The Doorway

I'm walking through the summer nights
Jukebox playing low
Yesterday everything was going too fast
Today, it's moving too slow
I got no place left to turn
I got nothing left to burn
Don't know if I saw you, if I would kiss you or kill you
It probably wouldn't matter to you anyhow
You left me standing in the doorway, crying
I got nothing to go back to now

The light in this place is so bad
Making me sick in the head
All the laughter is just making me sad
The stars have turned cherry red
I'm strumming on my gay guitar
Smoking a cheap cigar
The ghost of our old love has not gone away
Don't look like it will anytime soon
You left me standing in the doorway crying
Under the midnight moon

Maybe they'll get me and maybe they won't
But not tonight and it won't be here
There are things I could say but I don't
I know the mercy of God must be near
I've been riding the midnight train
Got ice water in my veins
I would be crazy if I took you back
It would go up against every rule
You left me standing in the doorway crying
Suffering like a fool

When the last rays of daylight go down
Buddy, you'll roll no more
I can hear the church bells ringing in the yard
I wonder who they're ringing for
I know I can't win
But my heart just won't give in
Last night I danced with a stranger
But she just reminded me you were the one
You left me standing in the doorway crying
In the dark land of the sun

I'll eat when I'm hungry, drink when I'm dry
And live my life on the square
And even if the flesh falls off of my face
I know someone will be there to care
It always means so much
Even the softest touch
I see nothing to be gained by any explanation
There are no words that need to be said
You left me standing in the doorway crying
Blues wrapped around my head
4. Million Miles

You took a part of me that I really miss
I keep asking myself how long it can go on like this
You told yourself a lie; that's all right mama, I told myself one too
I'm trying to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

You took the silver, you took the gold
You left me standing out in the cold
People ask about you; I didn't tell them everything I knew
Well I'm trying to get closer, but I'm still a million miles from you

I'm drifting in and out of dreamless sleep
Throwing all my memories in a ditch so deep
Did so many things I never did intend to do
Well I'm trying to get closer, but I'm still a million miles from you

I need your love so bad, turn your lamp down low
I need every bit of it for the places that I go
Sometimes I wonder just what it's all coming to
Well I'm tryin' to get closer, but I'm still a million miles from you

Well I don't dare close my eyes and I don't dare wink
Maybe in the next life I'll be able to hear myself think
Feel like talking to somebody but I just don't know who
Well, I'm tryin' to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

The last thing you said before you hit the street
"Gonna find me a janitor to sweep me off my feet"
I said, "That's all right mama.... you..... you do what you gotta do"
Well, I'm tryin' to get closer; I'm still a million miles from you

Rock me, pretty baby, rock me 'til everything gets real
Rock me for a little while, rock me 'til there's nothing left to feel
And I'll rock you too
I'm tryin' to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

Well, there's voices in the night trying to be heard
I'm sitting here listening to every mind polluting word
I know plenty of people who would put me up for a day or two
Yes, I'm tryin' to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

5. Tryin' To Get To Heaven

The air is getting hotter
There's a rumbling in the skies
I've been wading through the high muddy water
With the heat rising in my eyes
Every day your memory grows dimmer
It doesn't haunt me like it did before
I've been walking through the middle of nowhere
Trying to get to heaven before they close the door

When I was in Missouri
They would not let me be
I had to leave there in a hurry
I only saw what they let me see
You broke a heart that loved you
Now you can seal up the book and not write anymore
I've been walking that lonesome valley
Trying to get to heaven before they close the door

People on the platforms
Waiting for the trains
I can hear their hearts a-beatin'
Like pendulums swinging on chains
When you think that you lost everything
You find out you can always lose a little more
I'm just going down the road feeling bad
Trying to get to heaven before they close the door

I'm going down the river
Down to New Orleans
They tell me everything is gonna be all right
But I don't know what "all right" even means
I was riding in a buggy with Miss Mary-Jane
Miss Mary-Jane got a house in Baltimore
I been all around the world, boys
Now I'm trying to get to heaven before they close the door

Gonna sleep down in the parlor
And relive my dreams
I'll close my eyes and I wonder
If everything is as hollow as it seems
Some trains don't pull no gamblers
No midnight ramblers, like they did before
I been to Sugar Town, I shook the sugar down
Now I'm trying to get to heaven before they close the door

Copyright ©1997 Special Rider Music

6. Til I Fell In Love With You

Well my nerves are exploding and my body's tense
I feel like the whole world got me pinned up against the fence
I've been hit too hard; I've seen too much
Nothing can heal me now, but your touch
I don't know what I'm gonna do
I was all right 'til I fell in love with you

Well my house is on fire; burning to the sky
I thought it would rain but the clouds passed by
Now I feel like I'm coming to the end of my way
But I know God is my shield and he won't lead me astray
Still I don't know what I'm gonna do
I was all right 'til I fell in love with you

Boys in the street beginning to play
Girls like birds flying away
When I'm gone you will remember my name
I'm gonna win my way to wealth and fame
I don't know what I'm gonna do
I was all right 'til I fell in love with you

Junk is piling up; taking up space
My eyes feel like they're falling off my face
Sweat falling down, I'm staring at the floor
I'm thinking about that girl who won't be back no more
I don't know what I'm gonna do
I was all right 'til I fell in love with you

Well I'm tired of talking; I'm tired of trying to explain
My attempts to please you were all in vain
Tomorrow night before the sun goes down
If I'm still among the living, I'll be Dixie bound
I just don't know what I'm gonna do
I was all right 'til I fell in love with you.

7. Not Dark Yet

Shadows are falling and I've been here all day
It's too hot to sleep time is running away
Feel like my soul has turned into steel
I've still got the scars that the sun didn't heal
There's not even room enough to be anywhere
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

Well my sense of humanity has gone down the drain
Behind every beautiful thing there's been some kind of pain
She wrote me a letter and she wrote it so kind
She put down in writing what was in her mind
I just don't see why I should even care
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

Well, I've been to London and I've been to gay Paree
I've followed the river and I got to the sea
I've been down on the bottom of a world full of lies
I ain't looking for nothing in anyone's eyes
Sometimes my burden seems more than I can bear
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

I was born here and I'll die here against my will
I know it looks like I'm moving, but I'm standing still
Every nerve in my body is so vacant and numb
I can't even remember what it was I came here to get away from
Don't even hear a murmur of a prayer
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there.

Copyright ©1997 Special Rider Music

8. Cold Irons Bound

I'm beginning to hear voices and there's no one around
Well, I'm all used up and the fields have turned brown
I went to church on Sunday and she passed by
My love for her is taking such a long time to die

I'm waist deep, waist deep in the mist
It's almost like, almost like I don't exist
I'm twenty miles out of town, in cold irons bound

The walls of pride are high and wide
Can't see over to the other side
It's such a sad thing to see beauty decay
It's sadder still, to feel your heart torn away

One look at you and I'm out of control
Like the universe has swallowed me whole
I'm twenty miles out of town in Cold irons bound

There's too many people, too many to recall
I thought some of 'm were friends of mine; I was wrong about 'm all
Well, the road is rocky and the hillside's mud
Up over my head nothing but clouds of blood

I found my world, found my world in you
But your love just hasn't proved true
I'm twenty miles out of town in cold irons bound
Twenty miles out of town in cold irons bound

Oh, the winds in Chicago have torn me to shreds
Reality has always had too many heads
Some things last longer than you think they will
There are some kind of things you can never kill

It's you and you only, I'm been thinking about
But you can't see in and it's hard lookin' out
I'm twenty miles out of town in cold irons bound

Well the fats in the fire and the water's in the tank
The whiskey's in the jar and the money's in the bank
I tried to love and protect you because I cared
I'm gonna remember forever the joy that we shared

Looking at you and I'm on my bended knee
You have no idea what you do to me
I'm twenty miles out of town in cold irons bound
9. Make You Feel My Love

When the rain is blowing in your face
And the whole world is on your case
I could offer you a warm embrace
To make you feel my love

When the evening shadows and the stars appear
And there is no one there to dry your tears
I could hold you for a million years
To make you feel my love

I know you haven't made your mind up yet
But I would never do you wrong
I've known it from the moment that we met
No doubt in my mind where you belong

I'd go hungry, I'd go black and blue
I'd go crawling down the avenue
There's nothing that I wouldn't do
To make you feel my love

The storms are raging on the rollin' sea
And on the highway of regret
The winds of change are blowing wild and free
You ain't seen nothing like me yet

I could make you happy, make your dreams come true
Nothing that I wouldn't do
Go to the ends of the earth for you
To make you feel my love

10. Can't Wait

I can't wait, wait for you to change your mind
It's late; I'm trying to walk the line
Well it's way past midnight and there are people all around
Some on their way up, some on their way down
The air burns and I'm trying to think straight
And I don't know how much longer I can wait

I'm your man; I'm trying to recover the sweet love that we knew
You understand that my heart can't go on beating without you
Well, your loveliness has wounded me, I'm reeling from the blow
I wish I knew what it was keeps me loving you so
I'm breathing hard, standing at the gate
But I don't know how much longer I can wait
Skies are grey, I'm looking for anything that will bring a happy glow
Night or day, it doesn't matter where I go anymore; I just go
If I ever saw you coming I don't know what I would do
I'd like to think I could control myself, but it isn't true
That's how it is when things disintegrate
And I don't know how much longer I can wait

I'm doomed to love you, I've been rolling through stormy weather
I'm thinking of you and all the places we could roam together

It's mighty funny; the end of time has just begun
Oh, honey, after all these years you're still the one
While I'm strolling through the lonely graveyard of my mind
I left my life with you somewhere back there along the line
I thought somehow that I would be spared this fate
But I don't know how much longer I can wait.

Copyright ©1997 Special Rider Music

11. Highlands

Well my heart's in the Highlands gentle and fair
Honeysuckle blooming in the wildwood air
Bluebelles blazing, where the Aberdeen waters flow
Well my heart's in the Highland,
I'm gonna go there when I feel good enough to go

Windows were shakin' all night in my dreams
Everything was exactly the way that it seems
Woke up this morning and I looked at the same old page
Same ol' rat race
Life in the same ol' cage.

I don't want nothing from anyone, ain't that much to take
Wouldn't know the difference between a real blonde and a fake
Feel like a prisoner in a world of mystery
I wish someone would come
And push back the clock for me

Well my heart's in the Highlands wherever I roam
That's where I'll be when I get called home
The wind, it whispers to the buckeyed trees in rhyme
Well my heart's in the Highland,
I can only get there one step at a time.

I'm listening to Neil Young, I gotta turn up the sound
Someone's always yelling turn it down
Feel like I'm drifting
Drifting from scene the scene
I'm wondering what in the devil could it all possibly mean?

Insanity is smashing up against my soul
You can say I was on anything but a roll
If I had a conscience, well I just might blow my top
What would I do with it anyway
Maybe take it to the pawn shop

My heart's in the Highlands at the break of dawn
By the beautiful lake of the Black Swan
Big white clouds, like chariots that swing down low
Well my heart's in the Highlands
Only place left to go

I'm in Boston town, in some restaurant
I got no idea what I want
Well, maybe I do but I'm just really not sure
Waitress comes over
Nobody in the place but me and her

It must be a holiday, there's nobody around
She studies me closely as I sit down
She got a pretty face and long white shiny legs
She says, "What'll it be?"
I say, "I don't know, you got any soft boiled eggs?"

She looks at me, says "I'd bring you some
but we're out of 'm, you picked the wrong time to come"
Then she says, "I know you're an artist, draw a picture of me!"
I say, "I would if I could, but,
I don't do sketches from memory."

"Well", she says, "I'm right here in front of you, or haven't you looked?"
I say, "all right, I know, but I don't have my drawing book!"
She gives me a napkin, she says, "you can do it on that"
I say, "yes I could but,
I don't know where my pencil is at!"

She pulls one out from behind her ear
She says "all right now, go ahead, draw me, I'm standing right here"
I make a few lines, and I show it for her to see
Well she takes a napkin and throws it back
And says "that don't look a thing like me!"

I said, "Oh, kind miss, it most certainly does"
She says, "you must be jokin."
I say, "I wish I was!"
Then she says, "you don't read women authors, do you?"
Least that's what I think I hear her say,
"Well", I say, "how would you know and what would it matter anyway?"

"Well", she says, "you just don't seem like you do!"
I said, "you're way wrong."
She says, "which ones have you read then?" I say, "I read Erica Jong!"
She goes away for a minute and I slide up out of my chair
I step outside back to the busy street, but nobody's going anywhere

Well my heart's in the Highlands, with the horses and hounds
Way up in the border country, far from the towns
With the twang of the arrow and a snap of the bow
My heart's in the Highlands
Can't see any other way to go

Every day is the same thing out the door
Feel further away then ever before
Some things in life, it gets too late to learn
Well, I'm lost somewhere
I must have made a few bad turns

I see people in the park forgetting their troubles and woes
They're drinking and dancing, wearing bright colored clothes
All the young men with their young women looking so good
Well, I'd trade places with any of them
In a minute, if I could

I'm crossing the street to get away from a mangy dog
Talking to myself in a monologue
I think what I need might be a full length leather coat
Somebody just asked me
If I registered to vote

The sun is beginning to shine on me
But it's not like the sun that used to be
The party's over, and there's less and less to say
I got new eyes
Everything looks far away

Well, my heart's in the Highlands at the break of day
Over the hills and far away
There's a way to get there, and I'll figure it out somehow
But I'm already there in my mind
And that's good enough for now

Copyright ©1997 Special Rider Music
Dylan Albums of this Century (2000s)

Love and Theft (2001)

1. Tweedle Dee & Tweedle Dum

Tweedle-dee Dum and Tweedle-dee Dee
They're throwing knives into the tree
Two big bags of dead man's bones
Got their noses to the grindstones

Living in the Land of Nod
Trustin' their fate to the Hands of God
They pass by so silently
Tweedle-dee Dum and Tweedle-dee Dee

Well, they're going to the country, they're gonna retire
They're taking a streetcar named Desire
Looking in the window at the pecan pie
Lot of things they'd like they would never buy

Neither one gonna turn and run
They're making a voyage to the sun
"His Master's voice is calling me,"
Says Tweedle-dee Dum to Tweedle-dee Dee

Tweedle-dee Dee and Tweedle-dee Dum
All that and more and then some
They walk among the stately trees
They know the secrets of the breeze

Tweedle-dee Dum said to Tweedle-dee Dee
"Your presence is obnoxious to me."
They're like babies sittin' on a woman's knee
Tweedle-dee Dum and Tweedle-dee Dee

Well, the rain beating down on my windowpane
I got love for you and it's all in vain
Brains in the pot, they're beginnintog boil
They're dripping with garlic and olive oil

Tweedle-dee Dee - he's on his hands and his knees
Saying, "Throw me somethin', Mister, please."
"What's good for you is good for me,"
Says Tweedle-dee Dum to Tweedle-dee Dee

Well, they're living in a happy harmony
Tweedle-dee Dum and Tweedle-dee Dee
They're one day older and a dollar short
They've got a parade permit and a police escort

They're lying low and they're makin' hay
They seem determined to go all the way
They run a brick and tile company
Tweedle-dee Dum and Tweedle-dee Dee

Well a childish dream is a deathless need
And a noble truth is a sacred creed
My pretty baby, she's lookin' around
She's wearin' a multi-thousand dollar gown

Tweedle-dee Dee is a lowdown, sorry old man
Tweedle-dee Dum, he'll stab you where you stand
"I've had too much of your company,"
Says, Tweedle-dee Dum to Tweedle-dee Dee

2. Mississippi

Every step of the way, we walk the line
Your days are numbered, so are mine
Time is piling up, we struggle and we stray
We're all boxed in, nowhere to escape

City's just a jungle, more games to play
Trapped in the heart of it, tryin' to get away
I was raised in the country, I been working in the town
I been in trouble ever since I set my suitcase down

Got nothing for you, I had nothing before
Don't even have anything for myself anymore
Sky full of fire, came pouring down
Nothing you can sell me, I'll see you around

All my powers of expression and thoughts so sublime
Could never do you justice in reason or rhyme
Only one thing I did wrong
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long

Well, the devil's in the alley, mule's in the stall
Say anything you wanna, I have heard it all
I was thinking about the things that Rosie said
I was dreaming I was sleeping in Rosie's bed

Walking through the leaves, falling from the trees
Feeling like a stranger nobody sees
So many things that we never will undo
I know you're sorry, I'm sorry too
Some people will offer you their hand and some won't
Last night I knew you, tonight I don't
I need something strong to distract my mind
I'm gonna look at you 'til my eyes go blind

Well I got here following the southern star
I crossed that river just to be where you are
Only one thing I did wrong
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long

Well my ship's been split to splinters and it's sinking fast
I'm drowning in the poison, got no future, got no past
But my heart is not weary, it's light and it's free
I've got nothing but affection for all those who sailed with me

Everybody's moving, if they ain't already there
Everybody's got to move somewhere
Stick with me baby, stick with me anyhow
Things should start to get interesting right about now

My clothes are wet, tight on my skin
Not as tight as the corner that I painted myself in
I know that fortune is waiting to be kind
So give me your hand and say you'll be mine

Well, the emptiness is endless, cold as the clay
You can always come back, but you can't come back all the way
Only one thing I did wrong
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long.

3. Summer Days

Summer days, summer nights are gone
Summer days and the summer nights are gone
I know a place where there's still somethin' going on

I got a house on a hill, I got hogs all out on in the mud
I got a house on a hill, I got hogs out lying in the mud
Got a long haired woman, she got royal Indian blood

Everybody get ready - lift up your glasses and sing
Everybody get ready to lift up your glasses and sing
Well, I'm standin' on the table, I'm proposing a toast to the King

Well I'm drivin' in the flats in a Cadillac car
The girls all say, "You're a worn out star"
My pockets are loaded and I'm spending every dime
How can you say you love someone else when you know it's me all the time?

Well, the fog's so thick you can't spy the land
The fog is so thick that you can't even spy the land
What good are you anyway, if you can't stand up to some old businessman?
Wedding bells ringin', the choir is beginning to sing
Yes, the wedding bells are ringing and the choir is beginning to sing
What looks good in the day, at night is another thing

She's looking into my eyes, she's holding my hand
She's looking into my eyes, she's holding my hand
She says, "You can't repeat the past." I say, "You can't? What do you mean, you can't? Of course you can."

Where do you come from? Where do you go?
Sorry that's nothin' you would need to know
Well, my back has been to the wall for so long, it seems like it's stuck
Why don't you break my heart one more time just for good luck

I got eight carburetors, boys I'm using 'em all
Well, I got eight carburetors and boys, I'm using 'em all
I'm short on gas, my motor's starting to stall

My dogs are barking, there must be someone around
My dogs are barking, there must be someone around
I got my hammer ringin', pretty baby, but the nails ain't goin' down

You got something to say, speak or hold your peace
Well, you got something to say, speak now or hold your peace
If it's information you want you can go get it from the police

Politician got on his jogging shoes
He must be running for office, got no time to lose
He been suckin' the blood out of the genius of generosity
You been rolling your eyes - you been teasing me

Standing by God's river, my soul is beginnin' to shake
Standing by God's river, my soul is beginnin' to shake
I'm countin' on you love, to give me a break

Well, I'm leaving in the morning as soon as the dark clouds lift
Yes, I'm leaving in the morning just as soon as the dark clouds lift
Gonna break the roof in - set fire to the place as a parting gift

Summer days, summer nights are gone
Summer days, summer nights are gone
I know a place where there's still somethin' going on

Copyright ©2001 Special Rider Music

4. Bye And Bye

By and by, I'm breathin' a lover's sigh
While I'm sittin' on my watch so I can be on time
I'm singin' love's praises with sugar coated rhyme
By and by, on you I'm castin' my eye
I'm paintin' the town, swingin' my partner around
Well I know who I can depend on, I know who to trust
I'm watchin' the boats, I'm studyin' the dust
I'm paintin' the town, makin' my last go-round
While I'm scufflin' and I'm shufflin' and I'm walkin' on briars
I'm not even acquainted with my old desires
I'm rollin' slow, I'm doin' all I know
I'm tellin' myself I've found true happiness
That I still got a dream that hasn't been repossessed
I'm rollin' slow goin' where the wild roses grow

Well, the future is already a thing of the past
You were my first love and you will be my last
Papa gone mad, Mama she's feelin' sad
Well, I'm gonna baptize you in fire so you can sin no more
I wanna establish my rule through civil war
Gonna make you see just how loyal and true a man can be.

5. Lonesome Day Blues

Well, today has been a sad and lonesome day
Yeah, today has been a sad and lonesome day
I'm just sitting here thinking with my mind a million miles away

Well, they're doing the double shuffle, throwing sand on the floor
They're doing the double shuffle, they're throwing sand on the floor
When I left my longtime darling, she was standing in the door

Well, my pa he died and left me, my brother got killed in the war
Well, my pa he died and left me, my brother got killed in the war
My sister she ran off and got married, never was heard of anymore

Samantha Brown lived in my house for 'bout four or five months
Samantha Brown lived in my house for 'bout four or five months
Don't know how it looked to other people, I never slept with her even once

Well the road washed out, weather not fit for man or beast
Well the road washed out, weather not fit for man or beast
Funny, the things you have the hardest time parting with, are the things you need the least

Well, I'm forty miles from the mill, I'm dropping it into overdrive
I'm forty miles from the mill, I'm dropping it into overdrive
Set my dial on the radio, I wish my mother was still alive

I seen your lover-man coming, coming across the barren fields
I see your lover-man coming, coming across the barren fields
He not a gentleman at all, he's rotten to the core, he's a coward and he's steel

Well my captain he's decorated, he's well-schooled and he's skilled
My captain he's decorated, he's well-schooled and he's skilled
He's not sentimental, don't bother him at all; how many of his pals have been killed.

Last night the wind was whispering, I was trying to make out what it was
Last night the wind was whispering something, I was trying to make out what it was

Yeh I tell myself something's coming, but it never does

I'm going to spare the defeated, I'm going to speak to the crowd
I'm going to spare the defeated, 'cause I'm going to speak to the crowd
I'm going to teach peace to the conquered, I'm going to tame the proud

Well, the leaves are rustling in the wood, things are falling off of the shelf
Leaves are rustling in the wood, things are falling off the shelf
You're gonna need my help sweetheart, you can't make love all by yourself.

6. Floater (Too Much To Ask)

Down over the window
From the dazzling sunlit rays
through the back alleys, through the blinds
another one of them endless days

Honey bees are buzzing
leaves begin to stir
I'm in love with my second cousin
I tell myself I could be happy forever with her

I keep listening for footsteps
but I ain't never hearing any
from the boat, I fish for bullheads
I catch a lot, sometimes too many

A summer breeze is blowin'
a squall is setting in
sometimes it's just plain stupid
to get into any kind of wind

Well the old men 'round here
sometimes they get on bad terms
with the younger men,
old, young, age don't carry weight
it doesn't matter in the end

One of the boss' hangers-on
Sometimes comes to call
At times you least expect
Tryin' to bully you, strongarm you,
inspire you with fear
It has the opposite effect

There's a new grove of trees on the outskirts of town
the old one is long gone
10 foot, 2 foot, 6 across
Burns with the bark still on

They say times are hard
if you don't believe it you can follow your nose
it don't bother me, times are hard anywhere
we'll just have to see how it goes

My old man, he's like some feudal lord
he's got more lives than a cat
I've never seen him quarrel with my mother even once
things come alive or they fall flat

You can smell the pine wood burnin'
you can hear the school bell ring
got to get up near the teacher, if you can
if you wanna learn anything

Romeo, he said to Juliet, you got a poor complexion
it don't give you an appearance or a youthful touch
Juliet said back to Romeo,
why don't you just shove off,
if it bothers you so much

They got outta here any way they could
Cold rain can give you the shivers
they went down the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee,
all the rest of them rebel rivers

If you ever try to interfere with me
or cross my path again,
you do so at the peril of your life
I'm not quite as cool, or forgiving as I sound
I've seen enough heartache and strife

My grandfather was a duck trapper,
he could do it with just dragnets and ropes
my grandmother could sew new dresses out of old cloth,
I don't know if they had any dreams or hopes.

I had 'em once, though I suppose
To go along with all the ring dancing,
Christmas carols and all the Christmas eves
I left all my dreams and hopes
buried under tobacco leaves

Not always easy kicking someone up
got to wait awhile, it can be an unpleasant task
sometimes somebody wants you to give something up
And tears or not, it's too much to ask.

7. High Water (For Charley Patton)

High water risin' - risin' night and day
All the gold and silver are being stolen away
Big Joe Turner lookin' East and West
From the dark room of his mind
He made it to Kansas City
Twelfth Street and Vine
Nothing standing there
High water everywhere

High water risin', the shacks are slidin' down
Folks lose their possessions - folks are leaving town
Bertha Mason shook it - broke it
Then she hung it on a wall
Says, "You're dancin' with whom they tell you to
Or you don't dance at all."
It's tough out there
High water everywhere

I got a cravin' love for blazing speed
Got a hopped up Mustang Ford
Jump into the wagon, love, throw your panties overboard
I can write you poems, make a strong man lose his mind
I'm no pig without a wig
I hope you treat me kind
Things are breakin' up out there
High water everywhere

High water risin', six inches 'bove my head
Coffins droppin' in the street
Like balloons made out of lead
Water pourin' into Vicksburg, don't know what I'm going to do
"Don't reach out for me," she said
"Can't you see I'm drownin' too?"
It's rough out there
High water everywhere

Well, George Lewis told the Englishman, the Italian and the Jew
"You can't open your mind, boys
To every conceivable point of view."
They got Charles Darwin trapped out there on Highway Five
Judge says to the High Sheriff,
"I want him dead or alive
Either one, I don't care."
High Water everywhere

The Cuckoo is a pretty bird, she warbles as she flies
I'm preachin' the Word of God
I'm puttin' out your eyes
I asked Fat Nancy for something to eat, she said, "Take it off the shelf -
As great as you are a man,
You'll never be greater than yourself."
I told her I didn't really care
High water everywhere

I'm getting' up in the morning - I believe I'll dust my broom
Keeping away from the women
I'm givin' 'em lots of room
Thunder rolling over Clarksdale, everything is looking blue
I just can't be happy, love
Unless you're happy too
It's bad out there
High water everywhere

8. Moonlight

Seasons they are turning and my sad heart is yearning
I hear again the songbird weep below his tone
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone

The dusky light the day is losing
Orchards, poppies, black eyed Susan
The earth and sky that melts with flesh and bone
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone

The air is thick and heavy all along the levee
Where the geese into the countryside have flown
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone

Well, I'm preaching peace and harmony
The blessings of tranquility
Yet I know when the time is right to strike
I take you 'cross the river, dear
You no need to linger here
I know the kinds of things you like

The clouds are turning crimson, the leaves fall from the limbs and
The branches cast their shadows over stone
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone

The boulevards of cypress trees, the masquerade of birds and bees
The petals blinking white, the wind has blown
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone

The trailing moss in mystico, the purple blossom soft as snow
My tears keep flowing to the sea
Doctor, lawyer, indian chief, it takes a thief to catch a thief
For whom does the bell toll for, love?
It tells for you and me

Old pulses running through my palm, the sharp hills are rising from
Yellow fields with twisted oaks that grow
Won't you meet me out in the moonlight alone

9. Honest With Me

Well, I'm stranded in the city that never sleeps
Some of these women they just give me the creeps
I'm avoidin' the south side the best I can
These memories I got they can strangle a man
Well, I came ashore in the dead of the night
Lot of things can get in the way when you're tryin' to do what's right

You don't understand it, my feelin' for you
You'd be honest with me if you only knew

I'm not sorry for nothing I've done
I'm glad I fought, I only wish we won
The Siamese twins are comin' to town
People can't wait, they've gathered around
When I left my home the sky split open wide
I never wanted to go back there, I'd rather have died

You don't understand it, my feelin' for you
You'd be honest with me if only you knew

My woman got a face like a teddy bear
She's tossin' a baseball bat in the air
The meat is so tough you can't cut it with a sword
I'm crashin' my car trunk first into the board
They say that my eyes are pretty and my smile is nice
Well, I'd sell it to ya at a reduced price

You don't understand it, my feeling for you
You'd be honest with me if only you knew

Some things are too terrible to be true,
I won't come here no more if it bothers you.
There's a Southern Pacific leaving at 9:45
I'm havin' a hard time, believing some people we're ever alive
I'm stark naked but I don't care
I'm goin' off into the woods I'm hunt'n' bear
You don't understand it, my feeling for you
Well, you'd be honest with me if only you knew

I'm here to create the new imperial empire
I'm gonna do whatever circumstances require
I care so much for you, didn't think I could
I can't tell my heart that you're no good
Well, my parents, they warned me not to risk my years
And I still got their advice oozing out of my ears

You don't understand it, my feeling for you
Well, you'd be honest with me if only you knew

10. Po' Boy

Man came to the door, I say 'for whom were you lookin'?'
Says 'your wife', I say 'she's busy in the kitchen cookin''
Po' boy, where you been?
Already told you, won't tell you again

I say 'how much you want for that, I'll go into the store'
Man says 'three dollars' 'all right', I say 'will you take four'?
Po' boy, never say die
Things will be all right, by and by

Workin' like in a main line, workin' like the devil
The game is the same it's just up on another level
Po' boy, dressed in black
Police at your back

Po' boy in a red hot town
Out beyond the twinklin' stars
Ridin' first class train
Makin' the rounds
Try to keep from fallin' between the cars

Othello told Desdemona "I'm cold, cover me with a blanket"
"By the way, what happened to that poisoned wine?"
She said "I gave it to you, you drank it"
Po' boy, layin' 'em straight
Pickin' up the cherries fallin' off the plate

Time and love has branded me with its claws
Had to go to Florida, dodgin' them Georgia laws
Po' boy in the hotel called the Palace of Bloom
Called down to room service, said 'send up a room

My mother was the daughter of a wealthy farmer
My father was a traveling salesman, I never met him
When my mother died my uncle took me in to run a funeral parlor
He did a lot of nice things for me and I won't forget him

All I know is that I'm thrilled by your kiss
I don't know any more than this
Po' boy, pickin' up sticks
Build you a house out of mortar and bricks

Knockin' on the door, I say 'who is it, where you from?'
Man say 'Freddie', I say 'Freddie who?'
He say 'Freddie or not, here I come'
Po' boy 'neath the stars that shine
Washin' them dishes, feedin' them swine

11. Cry Awhile

Well, I had to go down to see a guy named Mr. Goldsmith
Nasty, dirty, double-crossin', back-stabbin' phony I didn't want to have to deal with
But I did it for you and all you gave me was a smile
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn to cry awhile

I don't carry dead weight, I'm no flash in the pan
All right, I'll set you straight, can't you see I'm a union man
I'm lettin' the cat out of the cage, I'm keepin' a low profile
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile
Feel like a fightin' rooster, feel better than I ever felt
But the Pennsylvania line's in an awful mess and the Denver road is a-goin' to melt
I went to the Church house, everyday I go an extra mile
Well, I cry for you, now your turn, you can cry awhile

Last night, 'cross the alley, there was a poundin' on the wall
It must have been Don Pasquale makin' a 2 a.m. booty call
To break a trusted heart like mine was just your style
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn to cry awhile

I'm on the fringes of the night fightin' back tears that I can't control
Some people they ain't human, they ain't got no heart or soul
But I'm a-cryin' to the Lord, tryin' to be meek and mild
Yes, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Well the preacher's in the pulpit and the babiis in their cribs
I'm longin' for that sweet fat that sticks to your ribs
I'm goin' t' buy me a barrel of whisky, I'll die before I turn senile
Yes, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Well, you bet on the horses, they ran the wrong way
I always said you'd be sorry and today could be the day
I might need a good lawyer, could be a funeral mad trial
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

12. Sugar Baby

I've got my back to the sun 'cause the light is too intense
I can see what everybody in the world is up against
Can't turn back, you can't come back, sometimes we push too far
One day you'll open your eyes and you'll see where we are

Sugar baby get on down the road, you ain't got no brains nohow
You went years without me, might as well keep goin' now

Some of these bootleggers, they make pretty good stuff.
Plenty of places to hide things here if you want to hide them bad enough.
I'm staying with Aunt Sally, but you know she not really my aunt.
Some of these memories, you can learn to live with and some of'em you can't

Sugar baby get on down the line, you ain't got no brains nohow
You went years without me, might as well keep goin' now

The ladies down in Darktown, they're doin' the Darktown strut
Y'always got to be prepared, but you never know for what
There ain't no limit to the amount of trouble women bring
Love is pleasing, love is teasing, love not an evil thing

Sugar baby get on down the road, you ain't got no brains nohow
You went years without me, might as well keep goin' now

Every moment of existence seems like some dirty trick
Happiness can come suddenly and leave just as quick
Any minute of the day, the bubble can burst
Try to make things better for someone sometimes you just end up makin' it thousand times worse

Sugar baby get on down the road, you ain't got no brains nohow
You went years without me, might as well keep goin' now

Your charms have broken many a heart and mine is surely one
You got a way of tearin' the world apart, love, see what you've done
Just as sure as we're livin', just as sure as you're born
Look up, look up, seek your maker, for Gabriel blows his horn

Sugar baby, get on down the line, you ain't got no sense nohow
You went years without me, might as well keep goin' now

Modern Times (2006)

1. Thunder On The Mountain

Thunder on the mountain, fires on the moon
There's a ruckus in the alley and the sun will be here soon
Today's the day, gonna grab my trombone and blow
Well, there's hot stuff here and it's everywhere I go

I was thinkin' 'bout Alicia Keys, couldn't keep from crying
When she was born in Hell's Kitchen, I was living down the line
I'm wondering where in the world Alisha Keys could be
I been looking for her even clear through Tennessee

Feel like my soul is beginning to expand
Look into my heart and you will sort of understand
You brought me here, now you're trying to run me away
The writing's on the wall, come read it, come see what it say

Thunder on the mountain, rolling like a drum
Gonna sleep over there, that's where the music coming from
I don't need any guide, I already know the way
Remember this, I'm your servant both night and day

The pistols are poppin' and the power is down
I'd like to try somethin' but I'm so far from town
The sun keeps shinin' and the North Wind keeps picking up speed
Gonna forget about myself for a while, gonna go out and see what others need

I've been sitting down studying the art of love
I think it will fit me like a glove
I want some real good woman to do just what I say
Everybody got to wonder what's the matter with this cruel world today

Thunder on the mountain rolling to the ground
Gonna get up in the morning walk the hard road down
Some sweet day I'll stand beside my king
I wouldn't betray your love or any other thing

Gonna raise me an army, some tough sons of bitches
I'll recruit my army from the orphanages
I been to St. Herman's church and I've said my religious vows
I've sucked the milk out of a thousand cows

I got the porkchops, she got the pie
She ain't no angel and neither am I
Shame on your greed, shame on your wicked schemes
I'll say this, I don't give a damn about your dreams

Thunder on the mountain heavy as can be
Mean old twister bearing down on me
All the ladies of Washington scrambling to get out of town
Looks like something bad gonna happen, better roll your airplane down

Everybody's going and I want to go too
Don't wanna take a chance with somebody new
I did all I could and I did it right there and then
I've already confessed – no need to confess again

Gonna make a lot of money, gonna go up north
I'll plant and I'll harvest what the earth brings forth
The hammer's on the table, the pitchfork's on the shelf
For the love of God, you ought to take pity on yourself

2. Spirit on the Water

Spirit on the water
Darkness on the face of the deep
I keep thinking about you baby
I can't hardly sleep

I'm traveling by land
Traveling through the dawn of day
You're always on my mind
I can't stay away

I'd forgotten about you
Then you turned up again
I always knew
That we were meant to be more than friends

When you are near
It's just as plain as it can be
I'm wild about you, gal
You ought to be a fool about me

Can't explain
The sources of this hidden pain
You burned your way into my heart
You got the key to my brain

I've been trampling through mud
Praying to the powers above
I'm sweating blood
You got a face that begs for love

Life without you
 Doesn't mean a thing to me
 If I can't have you,
 I'll throw my love into the deep blue sea

Sometimes I wonder
 Why you can't treat me right
 You do good all day
 Then you do wrong all night

When you're with me
 I'm a thousand times happier than I could ever say
 What does it matter
 What price I pay

They brag about your sugar
Brag about it all over town
Put some sugar in my bowl
I feel like laying down

I'm pale as a ghost
Holding a blossom on a stem
You ever seen a ghost? No
But you have heard of them

I see you there
I'm blinded by the colors I see
I take good care
Of what belongs to me

I hear your name
Ringing up and down the line
I'm saying it plain
These ties are strong enough to bind

Your sweet voice
Calls out from some old familiar shrine
I got no choice
Can't believe these things would ever fade from your mind

I could live forever
With you perfectly
You don't ever
Have to make a fuss over me

From East to West
Ever since the world began
I only mean it for the best
I want to be with you any way I can

I been in a brawl
Now I'm feeling the wall
I'm going away baby
I won't be back 'til fall

High on the hill
You can carry all my thoughts with you
You've numbed my will
This love could tear me in two

I wanna be with you in paradise
And it seems so unfair
I can't go back to paradise no more
I killed a man back there

You think I'm over the hill
You think I'm past my prime
Let me see what you got
We can have a whoppin' good time

Copyright © 2006 Special Rider Music

3. Rollin' And Tumblin'

I rolled and I tumbled, I cried the whole night long
I got troubles so hard, I can't stand the strain
Some young lazy slut has charmed away my brains

Well, I did all I know just to keep you off my mind
Well, I get up in the dawn and I go down and lay in the shade

Well, the warm weather is comin' and the buds are on the vine
The warm weather's comin', the buds are on the vine
Ain't nothing so depressing as trying to satisfy this woman of mine

I got up this mornin', saw the rising sun return
Well, I got up this mornin', seen the rising sun return
Sooner or later you too shall burn

The night's filled with shadows, the years are filled with early doom
The night's filled with shadows, the years are filled with early doom
I've been conjuring up all these long dead souls from their crumblin' tombs

Let's forgive each other darlin', let's go down to the greenwood glen
Let's forgive each other darlin', let's go down to the greenwood glen
Let's put our heads together, let's put old matters to an end

Now I rolled and I tumbled and I cried the whole night long
Ah, I rolled and I tumbled, I cried the whole night long
I woke up this morning, I think I must be travelin' wrong

Copyright © 2006 Special Rider Music

4. When The Deal Goes Down

In the still of the night, in the world's ancient light
Where wisdom grows up in strife
My bewildering brain, toils in vain
Through the darkness on the pathways of life
Each invisible prayer is like a cloud in the air
Tomorrow keeps turning around
We live and we die, we know not why
But I'll be with you when the deal goes down

We eat and we drink, we feel and we think
Far down the street we stray
I laugh and I cry and I'm haunted by
Things I never meant nor wished to say
The midnight rain follows the train
We all wear the same thorny crown
Soul to soul, our shadows roll
And I'll be with you when the deal goes down

The moon gives light and shines by night
I scarcely feel the glow
We learn to live and then we forgive
O'er the road we're bound to go
More frailer than the flowers, these precious hours
That keep us so tightly bound
You come to my eyes like a vision from the skies
And I'll be with you when the deal goes down

I picked up a rose and it poked through my clothes
I followed the winding stream
I heard the deafening noise, I felt transient joys
I know they're not what they seem
In this earthly domain, full of disappointment and pain
You'll never see me frown
I owe my heart to you, and that's sayin' it true
And I'll be with you when the deal goes down

5. Someday Baby

I don't care what you do, I don't care what you say
I don't care where you go or how long you stay
Someday baby, you ain't gonna worry po' me any more

Well you take my money and you turn me out
You fill me up with nothin' but self doubt
Someday baby, you ain't gonna worry po' me anymore

When I was young, driving was my crave
You drive me so hard, almost to the grave
Someday baby, you ain't gonna worry po' me anymore

I'm so hard pressed, my mind tied up in knots
I keep recycling the same old thoughts
Someday baby you ain't gonna worry po' me anymore

So many good things in life that I overlooked
I don't know what to do now, you got me so hooked
Someday baby you ain't gonna worry po' me any more

Well, I don't want to brag, but I'm gonna ring your neck
When all else fails I'll make it a matter of self respect
Someday baby, you ain't gonna worry po' me anymore

You can take your clothes put 'm in a sack
You goin' down the road, baby and you can't come back
Someday baby you ain't gonna worry po' me any more

I try to be friendly, I try to be kind
Now I'm gonna drive you from your home, just like I was driven from mine
Someday baby you ain't gonna worry po' me any more

Living this way ain't a natural thing to do
Why was I born to love you?
Someday baby, you ain't gonna worry po' me any more.

6. Workingman's Blues #2

There's an evenin' haze settlin' over the town
Starlight by the edge of the creek
The buyin' power of the proletariat's gone down
Money's gettin' shallow and weak
The place I love best is a sweet memory
It's a new path that we trod
They say low wages are a reality
If we want to compete abroad

My cruel weapons have been put on the shelf
Come sit down on my knee
You are dearer to me than myself
As you yourself can see
I'm listenin' to the steel rails hum
Got both eyes tight shut
Just sitting here trying to keep the hunger from
Creeping it's way into my gut
Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
Bring me my boots and shoes
You can hang back or fight your best on the front line
Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

Now, I'm sailin' on back, ready for the long haul
Tossed by the winds and the seas
I'll drag 'em all down to hell and I'll stand 'em at the wall
I'll sell 'em to their enemies
I'm tryin' to feed my soul with thought
Gonna sleep off the rest of the day
Sometimes no one wants what we got
Sometimes you can't give it away

Now the place is ringed with countless foes
Some of them may be deaf and dumb
No man, no woman knows
The hour that sorrow will come
In the dark I hear the night birds call
I can hear a lover's breath
I sleep in the kitchen with my feet in the hall
Sleep is like a temporary death

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
Bring me my boots and shoes
You can hang back or fight your best on the front line
Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

Well, they burned my barn, they stole my horse
I can't save a dime
I got to be careful, I don't want to be forced
Into a life of continual crime
I can see for myself that the sun is sinking
How I wish you were here to see
Tell me now, am I wrong in thinking
That you have forgotten me?

Now they worry and they hurry and they fuss and they fret
They waste your nights and days
Them I will forget
But you I'll remember always
Old memories of you to me have clung
You've wounded me with words
Gonna have to straighten out your tongue
It's all true, everything you have heard

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
Bring me my boots and shoes
You can hang back or fight your best on the front line
Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

In you, my friend, I find no blame
Wanna look in my eyes, please do
No one can ever claim
That I took up arms against you
All across the peaceful sacred fields
They will lay you low
They'll break your horns and slash you with steel
I say it so it must be so

Now I'm down on my luck and I'm black and blue
Gonna give you another chance
I'm all alone and I'm expecting you
To lead me off in a cheerful dance
Got a brand new suit and a brand new wife
I can live on rice and beans
Some people never worked a day in their life
Don't know what work even means

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
Bring me my boots and shoes
You can hang back or fight your best on the front line
Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

Copyright © 2006 Special Rider Music

7. Beyond The Horizon

Beyond the horizon, behind the sun
At the end of the rainbow life has only begun
In the long hours of twilight 'neath the stardust above
Beyond the horizon it is easy to love

My wretched heart's pounding
I felt an angel's kiss
My memories are drowning
In mortal bliss

Beyond the horizon, in the Springtime or Fall
Love waits forever for one and for all

Beyond the horizon across the divide
'Round about midnight, we'll be on the same side
Down in the valley the water runs cold
Beyond the horizon someone prayed for your soul

I'm touched with desire
What don't I do?
I'll throw the logs on the fire
I'll build my world around you

Beyond the horizon, at the end of the game
Every step that you take, I'm walking the same

Beyond the horizon the night winds blow
The theme of a melody from many moons ago
The bells of St. Mary, how sweetly they chime
Beyond the horizon I found you just in time

It's dark and it's dreary
I ponder in vain
I'm weakened, I'm weary
My repentance is plain

Beyond the horizon o'er the treacherous sea
I still can't believe that you've set aside your love for me
Beyond the horizon, 'neath crimson skies
In the soft light of morning I'll follow you with my eyes
Through countries and kingdoms and temples of stone
Beyond the horizon right down to the bone

It's late in the season
Never knew, never cared
Whatever the reason
Someone's life has been spared

Beyond the horizon the sky is so blue
I've got more than a lifetime to live lovin' you

Copyright © 2006 Special Rider Music

8. Nettie Moore

Lost John sittin' on a railroad track
Something's out of wack
Blues this morning falling down like hail
Gonna leave a greasy trail

Gonna travel the world is what I'm gonna do
Then come back and see you
All I ever do is struggle and strive
If I don't do anybody any harm, I might make it back home alive

I'm the oldest son of a crazy man
I'm in a cowboy band
Got a pile of sins to pay for and I ain't got time to hide
I'd walk through a blazing fire, baby, if I knew you was on the other side
Oh, I miss you Nettie Moore
And my happiness is o'er
Winter's gone, the river's on the rise
I loved you then and ever shall
But there's no one here that's left to tell
The world has gone black before my eyes

The world of research has gone berserk
Too much paperwork
Albert's in the grave-yard, Frankie's raising hell
I'm beginning to believe what the scriptures tell

I'm going where the Southern crosses the yellow dog
Get away from all these demagogues
And these bad luck women stick like glue
It's either one or the other or neither of the two

She says, "look out daddy, don't want you to tear your pants.
You can get wrecked in this dance."
They say whiskey will kill ya, but I don't think it will
I'm riding with you to the top of the hill

Oh, I miss you Nettie Moore
And my happiness is o'er
Winter's gone, the river's on the rise
I loved you then and ever shall
But there's no one here that's left to tell
The world has gone black before my eyes

Don't know why my baby never looked so good before
I don't have to wonder no more
She been cooking all day and it's gonna take me all night
I can't eat all that stuff in a single bite

The Judge is coming in, everybody rise
Lift up your eyes
You can do what you please, you don't need my advice
Before you call me any dirty names you better think twice

Getting light outside, the temperature dropped
I think the rain has stopped
I'm going to make you come to grips with fate
When I'm through with you, you'll learn to keep your business straight

Oh, I miss you Nettie Moore
And my happiness is o'er
Winter's gone, the river's on the rise
I loved you then and ever shall
But there's no one here that's left to tell
The world has gone black before my eyes

The bright spark of the steady lights
Has dimmed my sights
When you're around all my grief gives 'way
A lifetime with you is like some heavenly day

Everything I've ever known to be right has proven wrong
I'll be drifting along
The woman I'm lovin', she rules my heart
No knife could ever cut our love apart

Today I'll stand in faith and raise
The voice of praise
The sun is strong, I'm standing in the light
I wish to God that it were night

Oh, I miss you Nettie Moore
And my happiness is o'er
Winter's gone, the river's on the rise
I loved you then and ever shall
But there's no one here that's left to tell
The world has gone black before my eyes

Copyright © 2006 Special Rider Music

9. The Levee's Gonna Break'

If it keep on raining, the levee's gonna break
If it keep on raining, the levee's gonna break
Everybody saying this is a day only the Lord could make

Well, I worked on the levee, mama, both night and day
I worked on the levee, mama, both night and day
I got to the river and I threw my clothes away

I paid my time and now I'm good as new,
I paid my time and now I'm as good as new.
They can't take me back unless I want them to

If it keep on raining, the levee's gonna break
If it keep on raining, the levee's gonna break
Some of these people gonna strip you of all they can take

I can't stop here I ain't ready to unload
I can't stop here I ain't ready to unload
Riches and salvation can be waiting behind the next bend in the road

I picked you up from the gutter and this is the thanks I get
I picked you up from the gutter and this is the thanks I get
You say you want me to quit you, I told you, 'No, not just yet.'

Well, I look in your eyes, I see nobody other than me
I look in your eyes, I see nobody other than me
I see all that I am and all I hope to be

If it keep on raining, the levee's gonna break
If it keep on raining, the levee's gonna break
Some of these people don't know which road to take

When I'm with you, I forget I was ever blue
When I'm with you, I forget I was ever blue
Without you there's no meaning in anything I do

Some people on the road carrying everything that they own
Some people on the road carrying everything they own
Some people got barely enough skin to cover their bones

Put on your cat clothes, mama, put on your evening dress
Put on your cat clothes, mama, put on your evening dress
Few more years of hard work, then there'll be a 1,000 years of happiness

If it keep on raining, the levee's gonna break
If it keep on raining, the levee's gonna break
I tried to get you to love me, but I won't repeat that mistake

If it keep on raining, the levee's gonna break
If it keep on raining, the levee's gonna break
Plenty of cheap stuff out there and still around that you take

I woke up this morning, butter and eggs in my bed
I woke up this morning, butter and eggs in my bed
I ain't got enough room to even raise my head.

Come back, baby, say we never more will part
Come back, baby, say we never more will part
Don't be a stranger with no brain or heart

If it keep on raining, the levee's gonna break.

Copyright © 2006 Special Rider Music

10. Ain't Talkin'

As I walked out tonight in the mystic garden
The wounded flowers were dangling from the vines
I was passing by yon cool and crystal fountain
Someone hit me from behind

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
Through this weary world of woe
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
No one on earth would ever know

They say prayer has the power to help
So pray from the mother
In the human heart an evil spirit can dwell
I'm trying to love my neighbor and do good unto others
But oh, mother, things ain't going well
Ain't talkin', just walkin'
I'll burn that bridge before you can cross
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
They'll be no mercy for you once you've lost

Now I'm all worn down by weepin'
My eyes are filled with tears, my lips are dry
If I catch my opponents ever sleepin'
I'll just slaughter them where they lie

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
Through the world mysterious and vague
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
Walking through the cities of the plague

The whole world is filled with speculation
The whole wide world which people say is round
They will tear your mind away from contemplation
They will jump on your misfortune when you're down

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
Eatin' hog eyed grease in hog eyed town
Heart burnin' – still yearnin'
Someday you'll be glad to have me around

They will crush you with wealth and power
Every waking moment you could crack
I'll make the most of one last extra hour
I'll avenge my father's death then I'll step back

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
Hand me down my walkin' cane
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
Got to get you out of my miserable brain

All my loyal and much loved companions
They approve of me and share my code
I practice a faith that's been long abandoned
Ain't no altars on this long and lonesome road

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
My mule is sick, my horse is blind
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
Thinkin' 'bout that gal I left behind

It's bright in the heavens and the wheels are flying
Fame and honor never seem to fade
The fire's gone out but the light is never dying
Who says I can't get heavenly aid?

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
Carrying a dead man's shield
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
Walkin' with a toothache in my heel
The suffering is unending
Every nook and cranny has it's tears
I'm not playing, I'm not pretending
I'm not nursing any superfluous fears

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
Walkin' ever since the other night
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
Walkin' 'til I'm clean out of sight

As I walked out in the mystic garden
On a hot summer day, hot summer lawn
Excuse me, ma'am I beg your pardon
There's no one here, the gardener is gone

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
Up the road around the bend
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
In the last outback, at the world's end

Copyright © 2006 Special Rider Music

Together Through Life (2009)

1. Beyond Here Lies Nothing

Oh well I love you pretty baby
You're the only love I've ever known
Just as long as you stay with me
The whole world is my throne
Beyond here lies nothin'
Nothin' we could call our own

Well I'm movin' after midnight
Down boulevards of broken cars
Don't know what I'd do without it
Without this love that we call ours
Beyond here lies nothin'
Nothin' but the moon and stars

Down every street there's a window
And every window made of glass
We'll keep on lovin' pretty baby
For as long as love will last
Beyond here lies nothin'
But the mountains of the past

Well my ship is in the harbour
And the sails are spread
A-Listen to me pretty baby
Lay your hand upon my head
Beyond here lies nothin'
Nothin' done and nothin' said

2. Life Is Hard

The evening winds are still
I've lost the way and will
Can't tell you where they went
I just know what they meant

I'm always on my guard
Admitting life is hard
Without you near me

The friend you used to be
So near and dear to me
You slipped so far away
Where did we go astray?

I passed the old school yard
Admitting life is hard
Without you near me

Ever since the day
The day you went away
I felt that emptiness so wide
I don't know what's wrong or right
I just know I need strength to fight
Strength to fight that world outside

Since we've been out of touch
I haven't felt that much
From day to barren day
My heart stays locked away

I walk the boulevard
Admitting life is hard
Without you near me

The sun is sinking low
I guess it's time to go
I feel a chilly breeze
In place of memories

My dreams are locked and barred
Admitting life is hard
Without you near me

3. My Wife's Hometown

Well I didn’t come here, dear, with a doggone thing
I just came here to hear the drummer’s cymbal ring
There ain’t no way you can put me down
I just wanna say that hell’s my wife’s home town

Well there’s reasons for that and reasons for this
I can’t think of any just now, but I know they exist
I’m sittin in the sun ‘till my skin turns brown
I just wanna say that hell’s my wife’s home town, home town, home town

She can make you steal, make you rob
Give you the hives, make you lose your job
Make things bad, she can make things worse
She got stuff more potent than a gypsy curse

One of these days I’ll end up on the run
I’m pretty sure she’ll make me kill someone
I’m going inside, roll the shutters down
I just wanna say that hell’s my wife’s home town

Well there’s plenty to remember, plenty to forget
I still can remember the day we met
I lost my reasons long ago
My love for her is all I know

State gone broke, the county’s dry
Don’t be lookin’ at me with that evil eye
Keep on walking, don’t be hanging around
I’m tellin you again that hell’s my wife’s home town
Home town, ha ha, home town

4. If You Ever Go to Houston

If you ever go to Houston
Better walk right
Keep your hands in your pockets
And your gun belt tight

If you’re asking for trouble
If you’re looking for a fight
If you ever go to Houston
Boy, you better walk right

If you’re ever down there
On back near Lamar
You better watch out for
The man with the shining star

Better know where you’re going
Or stay where you are
If you’re ever down there
On back near Lamar

Well I know these streets
I've been here before
I nearly got killed here
During the Mexican War

Something always
Keeps me coming back for more
I know these streets
I’ve been here before

If you ever go to Dallas
Say hello to Mary Ann
Say I’m still looking along the trigger
Hanging on the best I can

If you see her sister Lucy
Say I’m sorry I’m not there
Tell her other sister Nancy
To pray the sinner's prayer

I got a restless fever
Burnin' in my brain
Gotta keep right forward
Can’t spoil the game

The same way I'll leave here
Will be the way that I came
Got a restless fever
Burnin' in my brain

Mister policeman
Can you help me find my gal?
Last time I saw her
Was at the Magnolia Motel

If you help me find her
You can be my pal
Mister policeman
Can you help me find my gal?

If you ever go to Austin
Fort Worth or San Anton'
Find the barrooms I got lost in
And send my memories home

Put my tears in a bottle
Screw the top on tight
If you ever go to Houston
Buddy, you’d better walk right

5. Forgetful Hearts

Forgetful heart
Lost your power of recall
Every little detail
You don’t remember at all
The times we knew
Who would remember better than you?

Forgetful heart
We laughed and had a good time, you and I
It’s been so long
Now you’re content to let the days go by
When you were there
You were the answer to my prayer

Forgetful heart
We loved with all the love that life can give
What can I say?
Without you it’s so hard to live
Can’t take much more
Why can’t we love like we did before?

Forgetful heart
Like a walking shadow in my brain
All night long
I lay awake and listen to the sound of pain
The door has closed forevermore
If indeed there ever was a door

6. Jolene

Well you’re coming down High Street walking in the sun
You make a dead man rise and holler she’s the one
Jolene, Jolene
Baby I am the king and you’re the queen

Well it’s a long old highway that don’t ever end
I got a Saturday Night Special, I’m back again
I’ll sleep by your door, lay my life on the line
You probably don’t know but I’m gonna make you mine

Jolene, Jolene
Baby I am the king and you is the queen

I keep my hands in my pocket, I’m movin’ along
People think they know, but they’re all wrong
You’re something nice, I’m gonna bet my dice
I can’t say I haven’t paid the price

Jolene, Jolene
Baby I am the king and you is the queen

Well I found out the hard way, I’ve had my fill
You can’t fight somebody with his back to a hill
Those big brown eyes, they set off a spark
If you hold me in your arms, things don’t look so dark
Jolene, Jolene  
Baby I am the king and you’re the queen

7. This Dream of You

How long can I stay  
In this nowhere café ‘fore night turns into day  
I wonder why I’m so frightened of dawn  
All I have and all I know  
Is this dream of you which keeps me living on

There’s a moment when  
All old things become new again  
But that moment might have come and gone  
All I have and all I know  
Is this dream of you which keeps me living on

I look away but I keep seeing it  
I don’t want to believe but I keep believing it  
Shadows dance upon the wall  
Shadows that seem to know it all

Am I too blind to see  
Is my heart playing tricks on me  
I’m lost in the crowd, all my tears are gone  
All I have and all I know  
Is this dream of you which keeps me living on

Everything I touch seems to disappear  
Everywhere I turn, you are always here  
I’ll run this race until my earthly death  
I’ll defend this place with my dying breath

From a cheerless room  
In a curtain gloom, I saw a star from Heaven fall  
I turned and looked again but it was gone  
All I have and all I know  
Is this dream of you which keeps me living on

8. Shake, Shake Mama

I get the blues for you baby when I look up at the sun  
I get the blues for you baby when I look up at the sun  
Come back here, we can have some real fun

Well it’s early in the evening and everything is still  
Well it’s early in the evening and everything is still  
One more time, I’m walking up around the hill

Shake shake Mama like a ship going out to sea  
Shake shake Mama like a ship going out to sea
You took all my money and you gave it to Richard Lee

Down by the river judge Simpson's walking around
Down by the river judge Simpson's walking around
Nothing shocks me more than that old clown

Some of you women, you really know your stuff
Some of you women, you really know your stuff
But your clothes are all torn and your language is a little too rough

Shake shake Mama, shake until the break of day
Shake shake Mama, shake until the break of day
I'm right here baby, I'm not that far away

I'm motherless, fatherless, almost friendless too
I'm motherless, fatherless, almost friendless too
It's Friday morning going to Franklin Avenue

Shake shake mama, raise your voice and bay
Shake shake mama, raise your voice and bay
If you're goin' on home, better go the shortest way

9. I Feel a Change Comin' On

Well I'm lookin the world over
Looking far off into the east
And i see my baby comin'
she's walking with the village beast
I feel a change comin' on
and the last part of the day's already gone

We got so much in common
we strive for the same old ends
And I just can't wait
wait for us to become friends
I feel a change comin' on
and the fourth part of the day's already gone

Well life is for love
And they say that love is blind
If you wanna live easy
Baby, pack your clothes with mine
I feel a change comin' on
and the fourth part of the day's already gone

Well now what's the use in dreaming
You got better things to do
Dreams never did work for me anyway
Even when they did come true

You are as porous as ever
Baby you can start a fire
I must be losing my mind
You're the object of my desire  
I feel a change comin' on  
and the fourth part of the day's already gone  

I'm listening to Billy Joe Shaver  
And i'm reading James Joyce  
Some people they tell me  
I got the blood of the land in my voice  

Everybody got all the money  
Everybody got all the beautiful clothes  
Everybody got all the flowers  
I don't have one single rose  
I feel a change comin' on  
and the fourth part of the day's already gone

10. It's All Good

Talk about me babe, if you must  
Throw on the dirt, pile on the dust  
I'd do the same thing if I could  
You know what they say, they say it's all good  
All good, it's all good  

Big politicians telling lies  
Restaurant kitchen, all full of flies  
Don't make a bit of difference  
Don't see why it should  
But it's all right, 'cause it's all good  
It's all good, it's all good  

Wives are leaving their husbands, they're beginning to roam  
They leave the party, and they never get home  
I wouldn't change it, even if I could  
You know what they say man, it's all good  
It's all good, all good  

Brick by brick they tear you down  
A teacup of water is enough to drown  
You oughta know if they could, they would  
Whatever going down, it's all good  
All good, say it's all good  

People in the country, people on the land  
Some of 'em so sick, they can hardly stand  
Everybody would move away, if they could  
It's hard to believe, but it's all good  
Yeah  

The widows cry, the orphans plea  
Everywhere you look there's more misery  
Come along with me babe, I wish you would  
You know what I'm saying, it's all good
All good, I said it's all good, all good

A cold blooded killer stalking the town
Cop cars blinkin', something bad going down
Buildings are crumbling in the neighborhood
But there's nothing to worry about, 'cause it's all good
It's all good, I say it's all good, whoo

I'm gonna pluck off your beard and blow it in your face
This time tomorrow I'll be rolling in your place
I wouldn't change a thing, even if I could
You know what they say, they say it's all good
It's all good, oh yeah

Bob Dylan Songwriting is for informational purposes.
The Dylan eBooks are free and cannot be resold or reproduced.

More Bob Dylan Stuff

For Stories, Articles, Highlights,

PLEASE VISIT our Website

TRW Storytelling
trwheeler.com/dylan.html