

## **Bob Dylan**

### **"10.000 Men"**

Visit "[10.000 Men](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

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

