

Bob Dylan

"4Th Time Around"

Visit "[4Th Time Around](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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 hummel
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 dont ask for mine.

Visit [Bob Dylan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.