

Bob Dylan

"Ballad For A Friend"

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by Bob Dylan

Sad I'm sittin' on the railroad track,

Watchin' that old smokestack.

Train is a-leavin' but it won't be back.

Years ago we hung around,

Watchin' trains roll through the town.

Now that train is a-graveyard bound.

Where we go up in that North Country,

Lakes and streams and mines so free,

I had no better friend than he.

Something happened to him that day,

I thought I heard a stranger say,

I hung my head and stole away.

A diesel truck was rollin' slow,

Pullin' down a heavy load.

It left him on a Utah road.

They carried him back to his home town,

His mother cried, his sister moaned,

Listin' to them church bells tone.

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