

## **Bob Dylan**

# **"Bob Dylan's Blues"**

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Unlike most of the songs nowadays  
Have been written up town in Tinpine Alley  
That's where most of the folk songs come from  
nowadays  
Now this, this is a song this one's written up there  
This is written somewhere down in the United States

Well, the Lone Ranger and Tonto  
They are ridin' down the line  
Fixin' everybody's troubles  
Everybody's except mine  
Someone musta told 'em that I was doin' fine

All you five and ten cent women  
With nothin' in your heads  
I got a real gal I'm in love  
Lord, and 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, look it 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

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