

## **Bob Dylan**

# **"Brownsville Girl"**

Visit "[Brownsville Girl](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

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 you 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

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

---

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