

## **Bob Dylan** **"Dirge"**

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I hate myself for lovin' you  
And the weakness that it showed  
You were just a painted face  
On a trip down suicide road

The stage was set, the lights went out  
All around the old hotel  
I hate myself for lovin' you  
And I'm glad the curtain fell

I hate that foolish game we played  
And the need that was expressed  
And the mercy that you showed to me  
Who ever would have guessed?

I went out on lower broadway  
And I felt that place within  
That hollow place where martyrs weep  
And angels play with sin

Heard your songs of freedom  
And man forever stripped  
Acting out his folly  
While his back is being whipped

Like a slave in orbit  
He's beaten 'til he's tame  
All for a moment's glory  
And it's a dirty, rotten shame

There are those who worship loneliness  
I'm not one of them  
In this age of fiberglass  
I'm searching for a gem

The crystal ball up on the wall  
Hasn't shown me nothin' yet  
I've paid the price of solitude  
But at last I'm out of debt

I can't recall a useful thing  
You ever did for me

'Cept pat me on the back one time  
When I was on my knees

We stared into each others eyes  
'Til one of us would break  
No use to apologize  
What difference would it make?

So sing your praise of progress  
And of the doom machine  
The naked truth is still taboo  
Whenever it can be seen

Lady luck who shines on me  
Will tell you where I'm at  
I hate myself for lovin' you  
But I should get over that

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