

Bob Dylan

"Dust Old Fairgrounds"

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Well, it's all up from Florida at the start of the spring,
The trucks and the trailers will be winding
Like a bullet we'll shoot for the carnival route.
We're following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling.

From the Michigan mud past the Wisconsin sun
'Cross that Minnesota border, keep 'em scrambling
Through the clear county lakes and the lumberjack
lands,
We're following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling.

Hit Fargo on the jump and down to Aberdeen
'Cross them old Black Hills, keep 'em rolling
Through the cow country towns and the sands of old
Montana.
We're following them fairgrounds a-calling.

As the white line on the highway sails under your
wheels,
I've gazed from the trailer window laughing.
Oh, our clothes they was torn but the colors they was
bright.
Following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling.

It's a-many a friend that follows the bend,
The jugglers, the hustlers, the gamblers.
Well, I've spent my time with the fortune-telling kind
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

Oh, it's pound down the rails and it's tie down the tents,
Get that canvas flag a-flying.
Well, let the caterpillars spin, let the ferris wheel wind
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

Well, it's roll into town straight to the fairgrounds
Just behind the posters that are hanging
And it's fill up every space with a different kind of face
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

Get the dancing girls in front, get the gambling show
behind,

Hear that old music box a-banging.
Hear them kids, faces, smiles, up and down the
midway aisles
We're following them fairgrounds a-calling.

It's a-drag it on down by the deadline in the town,
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