

Bob Dylan

"Dusty Old Fairgrounds"

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by Bob Dylan

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,
Hit the old highway by the morning
And it's ride yourself blind for the next town on time
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

As the harmonicas whined in the lonesome nighttime
Drinking red wine as we're rolling,
Many a turnin' I turn, many a lesson I learn
From following them fairgrounds a-calling.

And it's roll back down to St. Petersburg
Tie down the trailers and camp 'em

And the money that we made will pay for the space

From following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling.

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