

Bob Dylan **"Fixin' To Die"**

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Feeling funny in my mind, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die
Feeling funny in my mind, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die

Well, I don't mind dying
But I hate to leave my children crying

Well, I look over yonder to that burying ground
Look over yonder to that burying ground
Sure seems lonesome, Lord
When the sun goes down

Feeling funny in my eyes, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die
Feeling funny in my eyes, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die

Well, I don't mind dying but
I hate to leave my children crying

Well there's a black smoke rising, Lord
It's rising up above my head, up above my head
Well there's a black smoke rising, Lord
It's rising up above my head
And tell Jesus make up my dying bed

I'm walking kind of funny, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die
Yes I'm walking kind of funny, Lord
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die, fixing to die

Well, I don't mind dying
But I hate to leave my children crying

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