

Bob Dylan

"Fourth Time Around"

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When she said, "Don't waste your words, they're just lies"

I cried she was deaf

And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes

Then said, "What else you got left?"

It was then that I got up to leave

But she said, "Don't forget

Everybody must give something back

For something they get"

I stood there and hummed

I tapped on her drum, I asked her how come

And she buttoned her boot

And straightened her suit

Then she said, "Don't get cute"

So I forced my hands in my pockets

And felt with my thumbs

And gallantly handed her

My very last piece of gum

She threw me outside

I stood in the dirt where ev'ryone walked

And after finding I'd forgotten my shirt

I went back and knocked

I waited in the hallway, she went to get it

And I tried to make sense

Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair

That leaned up against

Her Jamaican Rum

And when she did come, I asked her for some

She said, "No dear"

I said, "Your words aren't clear

You'd better spit out your gum"

She screamed 'til her face got so red

Then she fell on the floor

And I covered her up and then

Thought I'd go look through her drawer

And when I was through
I filled up my shoe and brought it to you
And you, you took me in
You loved me then
You never wasted time

And I, I never took much
I never asked for your crutch
Now don't ask for mine

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