

Bob Dylan

"Highway 51"

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Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door
Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door
If I don't get the gal I'm loving
Won't go down Highway 51 no more

Well, I know that highway like I know my hand
Yes, I know that highway like I know the back of my
hand
Running from up Wisconsin way down to no man's land

Well, if I should die 'fore my time should come
And if I should die 'fore my time should come
Won't you bury my body out on Highway 51?

Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door
I said, Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door
If I don't get the gal I'm loving
Won't go down Highway 51 no more

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