

## **Bob Dylan**

### **"Huck's Tune"**

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Well, I wandered alone through a desert of stone  
And I dreamt of my future wife  
My sword's in my hand and I'm next in command  
In this version of death called life

My plate and my cup are right straight up  
I took a rose from the hand of a child  
When I kiss your lips, the honey drips  
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

Everyday we meet on any old street  
And you're in your girlish prime  
The short and the tall are coming to the ball  
I go there all the time

Behind every tree, there's something to see  
The river is wider than a mile  
I tried you twice, you can't be nice  
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

Here come the nurse with money in her purse  
Here come the ladies and men  
You push it all in and you've no chance to win  
You play 'em on down to the end

I'm laying in the sand, getting a sunshine tan  
Moving along, riding in style  
From my toes to my head you knock me dead  
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

I count the years and I shed no tears  
I'm blinded to what might have been  
Nature's voice makes my heart rejoice  
Play me the wild song of the wind

I found hopeless love in the room above  
When the sun and the weather were mild  
You're as fine as wine, I ain't handing you no line  
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

All the merry little elves can go hang themselves  
My faith is as cold as can be

I'm stacked high to the roof and I'm not without proof  
If you don't believe me, come see

You think I'm blue, I think so too  
In my words you'll find no guile  
The game's gotten old, the deck's gone cold  
And I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

The game's gotten old, the deck's gone cold  
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

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