

## **Bob Dylan**

### **"I Shall Be Free No. 10"**

Visit "[I Shall Be Free No. 10](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I'm just average, common too  
I'm just like him, the same as you  
I'm everybody's brother and son  
I ain't different than anyone  
It ain't no use a-talking to me  
It's just the same as talking to you

I was shadow-boxing earlier in the day  
I figured I was ready for Cassius Clay  
I said "Fee, fie, fo, fum, Cassius Clay here I come  
26, 27, 28, 29, I'm gonna make your face look just like  
mine  
Five, four, three, two, one, Cassius Clay you'd better  
run  
99, 100 101, 102, Your ma won't even recognize you  
14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, Gonna knock him clean right out  
of his spleenf

Well, I don't know, but I've been told  
The streets in heaven are lined with gold  
I ask you how things could get much worse  
If the Russians happen to get up there first  
Wowiee! pretty scary

Now, I'm liberal, but to a degree  
I want ev'rybody to be free  
But if you think that I'll let Barry Goldwater  
Move in next door and mary my daughter  
You must think I'm crazy  
I wouldn't let him do it for all the farms in Cuba

Well, I set my monkey on the log  
And ordered him to do the Dog  
He wagged his tail and shook his head  
And he went and did the Cat instead  
He's a weird monkey, very funky

I sat with my high-heeled sneakers on  
Waiting to play tennis in the noonday sun  
I had my white shorts rolled up past my waist  
And my wig-hat falling in my face  
But they wouldn't let me on the tennis court

I gotta woman, she's so mean  
She sticks my boots in the washing machine  
Sticks me with buckshot when I'm nude  
Puts bubblegum in my food  
She's funny, wants my money, calls me honey

Now I gotta friend who spends his life  
Stabbing my picture with a bowie-knife  
Dreams of strangling me with a scarf  
When my name comes up he pretends to barf  
I've got a million friends

Now they asked me to read a poem  
At the sorority sister's home  
I got knocked down and my head was swimmin'  
I wound up with the Dean of Women  
Yippee! I'm a poet, and I know it  
Hope I don't blow it

I'm gonna grow my hair down to my feet so strange  
So I look like a walking mountain range  
And I'm gonna ride into Omaha on a horse  
Out to the country club and the golf course  
Carry the New York Times, shoot a few holes, blow their  
minds

You're probably wondering by now  
Just what this song is all about  
What's probably got you baffled more  
What this thing here is for  
It's nothing  
It's something I learned over in England

Visit [Bob Dylan](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.