

Bob Dylan

"I'd Hate To Be You On That Dreadful Day"

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by Bob Dylan

Well, your clock is gonna stop

At Saint Peter's gate.

Ya gonna ask him what time it is,

He's gonna say, "It's too late."

Hey, hey!

I'd sure hate to be you

On that dreadful day.

You're gonna start to sweat

And you ain't gonna stop.

You're gonna have a nightmare

And never wake up.

Hey, hey, hey!

I'd sure hate to be you

On that dreadful day.

You're gonna cry for pills

And your head's gonna be in a knot,

But the pills are gonna cost more

Than what you've got.

Hey, hey!

I'd sure hate to be you

On that dreadful day.

You're gonna have to walk naked,

Can't ride in no car.

You're gonna let ev'rybody see

Just what you are.

Hey, hey!

I'd sure hate to be you

On that dreadful day.

Well, the good wine's a-flowin'

For five cents a quart.

You're gonna look in your moneybags

And find you're one cent short.

Hey, hey, hey!

I'd sure hate to be you

On that dreadful day.

You're gonna yell and scream,

"Don't anybody care?"

You're gonna hear out a voice say,

"Shoulda listened when you heard the word down
there."

Hey, hey!

I'd sure hate to be you

On that dreadful day.

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