

Bob Dylan

"Jolene"

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"Jolene"

Well you're coming down High Street walking in the sun
You make a dead man rise and holler she's the one
Jolene, Jolene
Baby I am the king and you're the queen

Well it's a long old highway that don't ever end
I got a Saturday Night Special, I'm back again
I'll sleep by your door, lay my life on the line
You probably don't know but I'm gonna make you mine

Jolene, Jolene
Baby I am the king and you is the queen

I keep my hands in my pocket, I'm movin' along
People think they know, but they're all wrong
You're something nice, I'm gonna bet my dice
I can't say I haven't paid the price

Jolene, Jolene
Baby I am the king and you is the queen

Well I found out the hard way, I've had my fill
You can't fight somebody with his back to a hill
Those big brown eyes, they set off a spark
If you hold me in your arms, things don't look so dark

Jolene, Jolene
Baby I am the king and you're the queen

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