

## **Bob Dylan**

# **"Last Thoughts On Woody Guthrie"**

Visit "[Last Thoughts On Woody Guthrie](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

When yer head gets twisted and yer mind grows numb  
When you think you're too old, too young, too smart or  
too dumb  
When yer laggin' behind an' losin' yer pace  
In a slow-motion crawl of life's busy race  
No matter what yer doing if you start givin' up  
If the wine don't come to the top of yer cup  
If the wind's got you sideways with with one hand  
holdin' on  
And the other starts slipping and the feeling is gone  
And yer train engine fire needs a new spark to catch it  
And the wood's easy findin' but yer lazy to fetch it  
And yer sidewalk starts curlin' and the street gets too  
long  
And you start walkin' backwards though you know its  
wrong  
And lonesome comes up as down goes the day  
And tomorrow's mornin' seems so far away  
And you feel the reins from yer pony are slippin'  
And yer rope is a-slidin' 'cause yer hands are a-drippin'  
And yer sun-decked desert and evergreen valleys  
Turn to broken down slums and trash-can alleys  
And yer sky cries water and yer drain pipe's a-pourin'  
And the lightnin's a-flashing and the thunder's a-  
crashin'  
And the windows are rattlin' and breakin' and the roof  
tops a-shakin'  
And yer whole world's a-slammin' and bangin'  
And yer minutes of sun turn to hours of storm  
And to yourself you sometimes say  
"I never knew it was gonna be this way  
Why didn't they tell me the day I was born"  
And you start gettin' chills and yer jumping from sweat  
And you're lookin' for somethin' you ain't quite found  
yet  
And yer knee-deep in the dark water with yer hands in  
the air  
And the whole world's a-watchin' with a window peek  
stare  
And yer good gal leaves and she's long gone a-flying  
And yer heart feels sick like fish when they're fryin'  
And yer jackhammer falls from yer hand to yer feet

And you need it badly but it lays on the street  
And yer bell's bangin' loudly but you can't hear its beat  
And you think yer ears might a been hurt  
Or yer eyes've turned filthy from the sight-blindin' dirt  
And you figured you failed in yesterdays rush  
When you were faked out an' fooled white facing a four  
flush  
And all the time you were holdin' three queens  
And it's makin you mad, it's makin' you mean  
Like in the middle of Life magazine  
Bouncin' around a pinball machine  
And there's something on yer mind you wanna be  
saying  
That somebody someplace oughta be hearin'  
But it's trapped on yer tongue and sealed in yer head  
And it bothers you badly when your layin' in bed  
And no matter how you try you just can't say it  
And yer scared to yer soul you just might forget it  
And yer eyes get swimmy from the tears in yer head  
And yer pillows of feathers turn to blankets of lead  
And the lion's mouth opens and yer staring at his teeth  
And his jaws start closin with you underneath  
And yer flat on your belly with yer hands tied behind  
And you wish you'd never taken that last detour sign  
And you say to yourself just what am I doin'  
On this road I'm walkin', on this trail I'm turnin'  
On this curve I'm hanging  
On this pathway I'm strolling, in the space I'm taking  
In this air I'm inhaling  
Am I mixed up too much, am I mixed up too hard  
Why am I walking, where am I running  
What am I saying, what am I knowing  
On this guitar I'm playing, on this banjo I'm frailin'  
On this mandolin I'm strummin', in the song I'm singin'  
In the tune I'm hummin', in the words I'm writin'  
In the words that I'm thinkin'  
In this ocean of hours I'm all the time drinkin'  
Who am I helping, what am I breaking  
What am I giving, what am I taking  
But you try with your whole soul best  
Never to think these thoughts and never to let  
Them kind of thoughts gain ground  
Or make yer heart pound  
But then again you know why they're around  
Just waiting for a chance to slip and drop down  
"Cause sometimes you hear'em when the night times  
comes creeping  
And you fear that they might catch you a-sleeping  
And you jump from yer bed, from yer last chapter of  
dreamin'  
And you can't remember for the best of yer thinking

If that was you in the dream that was screaming  
And you know that it's something special you're needin'  
And you know that there's no drug that'll do for the  
healin'  
And no liquor in the land to stop yer brain from  
bleeding  
And you need something special  
Yeah, you need something special all right  
You need a fast flyin' train on a tornado track  
To shoot you someplace and shoot you back  
You need a cyclone wind on a steam engine howler  
That's been banging and booming and blowing forever  
That knows yer troubles a hundred times over  
You need a Greyhound bus that don't bar no race  
That won't laugh at yer looks  
Your voice or your face  
And by any number of bets in the book  
Will be rollin' long after the bubblegum craze  
You need something to open up a new door  
To show you something you seen before  
But overlooked a hundred times or more  
You need something to open your eyes  
You need something to make it known  
That it's you and no one else that owns  
That spot that yer standing, that space that you're  
sitting  
That the world ain't got you beat  
That it ain't got you licked  
It can't get you crazy no matter how many  
Times you might get kicked  
You need something special all right  
You need something special to give you hope  
But hope's just a word  
That maybe you said or maybe you heard  
On some windy corner 'round a wide-angled curve

But that's what you need man, and you need it bad  
And yer trouble is you know it too good  
"Cause you look an' you start getting the chills

"Cause you can't find it on a dollar bill  
And it ain't on Macy's window sill  
And it ain't on no rich kid's road map  
And it ain't in no fat kid's fraternity house  
And it ain't made in no Hollywood wheat germ  
And it ain't on that dimlit stage  
With that half-wit comedian on it  
Ranting and raving and taking yer money  
And you thinks it's funny  
No you can't find it in no night club or no yacht club  
And it ain't in the seats of a supper club

And sure as hell you're bound to tell  
That no matter how hard you rub  
You just ain't a-gonna find it on yer ticket stub  
No, and it ain't in the rumors people're tellin' you  
And it ain't in the pimple-lotion people are sellin' you  
And it ain't in no cardboard-box house  
Or down any movie star's blouse  
And you can't find it on the golf course  
And Uncle Remus can't tell you and neither can Santa  
Claus  
And it ain't in the cream puff hair-do or cotton candy  
clothes  
And it ain't in the dime store dummies or bubblegum  
goons  
And it ain't in the marshmallow noises of the chocolate  
cake voices  
That come knockin' and tappin' in Christmas wrappin'  
Sayin' ain't I pretty and ain't I cute and look at my skin  
Look at my skin shine, look at my skin glow  
Look at my skin laugh, look at my skin cry  
When you can't even sense if they got any insides  
These people so pretty in their ribbons and bows  
No you'll not now or no other day  
Find it on the doorsteps made out-a paper mache?  
And inside it the people made of molasses  
That every other day buy a new pair of sunglasses  
And it ain't in the fifty-star generals and flipped-out  
phonies  
Who'd turn yuh in for a tenth of a penny  
Who breathe and burp and bend and crack  
And before you can count from one to ten  
Do it all over again but this time behind yer back  
My friend  
The ones that wheel and deal and whirl and twirl  
And play games with each other in their sand-box world  
And you can't find it either in the no-talent fools  
That run around gallant  
And make all rules for the ones that got talent  
And it ain't in the ones that ain't got any talent but think  
they do  
And think they're foolin' you  
The ones who jump on the wagon  
Just for a while 'cause they know it's in style  
To get their kicks, get out of it quick  
And make all kinds of money and chicks  
And you yell to yourself and you throw down yer hat  
Sayin', "Christ do I gotta be like that  
Ain't there no one here that knows where I'm at  
Ain't there no one here that knows how I feel  
Good God Almighty  
THAT STUFF AIN'T REAL"

No but that ain't yer game, it ain't even yer race  
You can't hear yer name, you can't see yer face  
You gotta look some other place  
And where do you look for this hope that yer seekin'  
Where do you look for this lamp that's a-burnin'  
Where do you look for this oil well gushin'  
Where do you look for this candle that's glowin'  
Where do you look for this hope that you know is there  
And out there somewhere  
And your feet can only walk down two kinds of roads  
Your eyes can only look through two kinds of windows  
Your nose can only smell two kinds of hallways  
You can touch and twist  
And turn two kinds of doorknobs  
You can either go to the church of your choice  
Or you can go to Brooklyn State Hospital  
You'll find God in the church of your choice  
You'll find Woody Guthrie in Brooklyn State Hospital

And though it's only my opinion  
I may be right or wrong  
You'll find them both  
In the Grand Canyon  
At sundown

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

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.