

## **Bob Dylan**

# **"Lonesome Day Blues"**

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Well, today has been  
A sad and lonesome day  
Yeah, today has been  
A sad and lonesome day  
I'm just sitting here thinking  
With my mind a million miles away

Well, they're doing the double shuffle  
Throwing sand on the floor  
They're doing the double shuffle  
They're throwing sand on the floor  
When I left my longtime darling  
She was standing in the door

Well, my pa, he died and left me  
My brother got killed in the war  
Well, my pa, he died and left me  
My brother got killed in the war  
My sister, she ran off and got married  
Never was heard of anymore

Samantha Brown lived in my house  
For 'bout four or five months  
Samantha Brown lived in my house  
For 'bout four or five months  
Don't know how it looked to other people  
I never slept with her even once

Well, the road's washed out  
Weather not fit for man or beast  
Well, the road's washed out  
Weather not fit for man or beast  
Funny, the things you have the hardest time parting  
with  
Are the things you need the least

And I'm forty miles from the mill  
I'm dropping it into overdrive  
I'm forty miles from the mill  
I'm dropping it into overdrive  
Set my dial on the radio  
I wish my mother was still alive

I seen your lover-man comin'  
Comin' across the barren fields  
I see your lover-man comin'  
Comin' across the barren fields  
He not a gentleman at all, he's rotten to the core  
He's a coward and he steals

Well, my captain, he's decorated  
He's well-schooled and he's skilled  
My captain, he's decorated  
He's well-schooled and he's skilled  
He's not sentimental, don't bother him at all  
How many of his pals have been killed

Last night the wind was whispering  
I was trying to make out what it was  
Last night the wind was whispering something  
I was trying to make out what it was  
Yeah, I tell myself some thing's coming  
But it never does

I'm gonna spare the defeated  
I'm gonna speak to the crowd  
I'm gonna spare the defeated  
'Cause I'm going to speak to the crowd  
I'm gonna teach peace to the conquered  
I'm going to tame the proud

Well, the leaves are rustling in the wood  
Things are falling off of the shelf  
Leaves are rustling in the wood  
Things are falling off the shelf  
You're gonna need my help, sweetheart  
You can't make love all by yourself

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