# Bob Dylan
# "Man On The Street"

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Well, I'll sing you a song, it ain't very long
About an old man, he never done wrong
How he died nobody can say
They found him dead in the street one day

And the crowd, they gathered one fine morn
At the man whose clothes 'n' shoes were torn
There on the sidewalk he did lay
They stopped an' stared and they went their way

Well, the policeman come and he looked around
"Get up, old man, or I'm takin' you down"
He jabbed him once with his billy club
The old man then rolled off the curb

Well, he jabbed him again and loudly said
"Call the wagon, this man is dead"
The wagon come, they loaded him in
I never saw the man again

Well, I've sung you my song, it ain't very long
About an old man who never done wrong
How he died nobody can say
They found him dead in the street one day

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