

Bob Dylan

"Positively Fourth Street"

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You got a lotta nerve to say you are my friend
When I was down, you just stood there grinning
You got a lotta nerve to say you gotta helping hand to
lend
You just want to be on the side that's winning

You say I let you down, you know it's not like that
If you're so hurt why then don't you show it?
You say you lost your faith but that's not where it's at
You have no faith to lose and you know it

I know the reason that you talk behind my back
I used to be among the crowd you're in with
Do you take me for such a fool to think I'd make contact
With the one who tries to hide what he don't know to
begin with?

You see me on the street, you always act surprised
You say, "How are you? Good luck," but you don't
mean it
When you know as well as me you'd rather see me
paralyzed
Why don't you just come out once and scream it?

No, I do not feel that good when I see the heartbreaks
you embrace
If I was a master thief perhaps I'd rob them
And now I know you're dissatisfied with your position
and your place
Don't you understand, it's not my problem

I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my
shoes
And just for that one moment, I could be you
Yes, I wish that for just one time, you could stand
inside my shoes
You'd know what a drag it is to see you

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