

## Bob Dylan

# "Stuck Inside Of A Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again"

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Oh, the ragman draws circles  
Up and down the block  
I'd ask him what the matter was  
But I know that he don't talk  
And the ladies treat me kindly  
And furnish me with tape  
But deep inside my heart  
I know I can't escape  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Well Shakespeare he's in the alley  
With his pointed shoes and his bells  
Speaking to some French girl  
Who says she knows me well  
And I would send a message  
To find out if she's talked  
But the post office has been stolen  
And the mailbox is locked  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Mona tried to tell me  
To stay away from the train line  
She said that all the railroad men  
Just drink up your blood like wine  
And I said "Oh I didn't know that  
But then again there's only one I've met  
And he just smoked my eyelids  
And punched my cigarette"  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.  
Grandpa died last week  
And now he's buried in the rocks  
But everybody still talks about  
How badly they were shocked  
But me, I expected it to happen  
I knew he'd lost control

When he built a fire on Main Street  
And shot it full of holes  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the senator came down here  
Showing ev'ryone his gun  
Handing out free tickets  
To the wedding of his son  
And me, I nearly get bursted  
And wouldn't it be my luck  
To get caught without a ticket  
And be discovered beneath a truck  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the preacher looked so baffled  
When I asked him why he dressed  
With twenty pounds of headlines  
Stapled to his chest  
But he cursed me when I proved it to him  
Then I whispered, "Not even you can hide  
You see, you're just like me  
I hope you're satisfied"  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.  
Now the rainman gave me two cures  
Then he said, "Jump right in"  
The one was Texas medicine  
The other was just railroad gin  
And like a fool I mixed them  
And it strangled up my mind  
And now, people just get uglier  
And I have no sense of time  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

When Ruthie says come see her  
In her honky-tonk lagoon  
Where I can watch her waltz for free  
'Neath her Panamanian moon  
And I say, "Aw come on now  
You know you know about my debutante"  
And she says, "Your debutante just knows what you  
need  
But I know what you want"  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end

To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the bricks lay on Grand Street  
Where the neon madmen climb  
They all fall there so perfectly  
It all seems so well timed  
And here I sit so patiently  
Waiting to find out what price  
You have to pay to get out of  
Going through all these things twice  
Oh, Mama, is this really the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

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