

Bob Dylan**"Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Agai"**

Visit "[Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Agai](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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.

Bob Dylan Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis
Blues Again

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

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