

# Bob Dylan

## "Stuck Inside Of 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 they 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

An' I said, "Oh, I didn't know that  
But then again there's only one I've met  
An' he just smoked my eyelids  
An' 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 I speed 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 everyone his gun  
Handing out free tickets  
To the wedding of his son

An' me, I nearly got busted  
An' wouldn't it be my luck  
To get caught without a ticket  
And be discovered beneath a truck?

Oh, Mama  
Is this really the end?  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again

Now the T-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 to him  
Then I whispered and said "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

An' like a fool I mixed them  
An' it strangled up my mind  
An' now people just get uglier  
An' 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

An' I say, "Aw, come on now  
You know you know about my debutante"  
An' 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

An' 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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