

Bob Dylan

"Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues"

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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
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 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
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, 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
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 must 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, can this really be the end
To be stuck inside of mobile With the Memphis blues
again

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