

Bob Dylan

"Too Much To Ask"

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Words and music by Bob Dylan

Down over the window
From the dazzling sunlit place
Through the back alleys, through the blinds
Another one of the Memphis days

Honey bees are buzzing
Leaves begin to stir
I'm in love with my second cousin
I tell myself I could be happy forever with her

I keep listening for footsteps
But I ain't never hearing any
From the boat, I fish for bullheads
I catch a lot, sometimes too many

A summer breeze is blowin'
A squall is setting in
Sometimes it's just plain stupid
To get into any kind of wind

Well the old men 'round here
Sometimes they get on bad terms
With the younger men,
Old, young, age don't carry weight
It doesn't matter in the end

One of the boss' hangers-on
Sometimes comes to call
At times you least expect
Tryin' to bully you, strongarm you,
Inspire you with fear
It has the opposite effect

There's a new grove of trees on the outskirts of town
The other one is long gone
10 foot, 2 foot, 6 across
Burns with the bark still on

They say times are hard

If you don't believe it you can follow your nose
It don't bother me, times are hard anywhere
We'll just have to see how it goes

My old man, he's like some feudal lord
He's got more lives than a cat
I've never seen him quarrel with my mother even once
Things come alive or they fall flat

You can smell the pine wood burnin'
You can hear the school bell ring
Got to get up near the teacher, if you can
If you wanna learn anything

Romeo, he said to Juliet, you got a poor complexion
That don't give your appearance a very youthful touch

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