

## **Bob Dylan**

# **"Where Are You Tonight?"**

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There's a long-distance train rolling through the rain,  
tears on the letter I write.  
There's a woman I long to touch and I miss her so much  
but she's drifting like a  
satellite. There's a neon light ablaze in this green  
smoky haze, laughter down on  
Elizabeth Street  
And a lonesome bell tone in that valley of stone where  
she bathed in a stream of pure  
heat. Her father would emphasize you got to be more  
than street-wise but he practiced  
what he preached from the heart.  
A full-blooded Cherokee, he predicted to me the time  
and the place that the trouble would start.

There's a babe in the arms of a woman in a rage  
And a longtime golden-haired stripper onstage  
And she winds back the clock and she turns back the  
page  
Of a book that no one can write.  
Oh, where are you tonight?

The truth was obscure, too profound and too pure, to  
live it you have to explode.  
In that last hour of need, we entirely agreed, sacrifice  
was the code of the road.  
I left town at dawn, with Marcel and St. John, strong  
men belittled by doubt.  
I couldn't tell her what my private thoughts were but  
she had some way of finding  
them out. He took dead-center aim but he missed just  
the same, she was waiting,  
putting flowers on the shelf.  
She could feel my despair as I climbed up her hair and  
discovered her invisible self.

There's a lion in the road, there's a demon escaped,  
There's a million dreams gone, there's a landscape  
being raped,  
As her beauty fades and I watch her undrape,  
I won't, but then again, maybe I might.  
Oh, if I could just find you tonight.

I fought with my twin, that enemy within, 'til both of us  
fell by the way.  
Horseplay and disease is killing me by degrees while  
the law looks the other way.  
Your partners in crime hit me up for nickels and dimes,  
the guy you were lovin'  
couldn't stay clean.  
It felt outa place, my foot in his face, but he should-a  
stayed where his money was  
green.  
I bit into the root of forbidden fruit with the juice  
running down my leg.  
Then I dealt with your boss, who'd never known about  
loss and who always was  
too proud to beg.  
There's a white diamond gloom on the dark side of this  
room and a pathway that leads  
up to the stars.  
If you don't believe there's a price for this sweet  
paradise, remind me to show you the  
scars.

There's a new day at dawn and I've finally arrived.  
If I'm there in the morning, baby, you'll know I've  
survived.  
I can't believe it, I can't believe I'm alive,  
But without you it just doesn't seem right.  
Oh, where are you tonight?

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