

## **Bob Dylan**

# **"Workingman's Blues #2"**

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There's an evenin' haze settlin' over town  
Starlight by the edge of the creek  
The buyin' power of the proletariat's gone down  
Money's gettin' shallow and weak

Well, the place I love best is a sweet memory  
It's a new path that we trod  
They say low wages are a reality  
If we want to compete abroad

My cruel weapons have been put on the shelf  
Come sit down on my knee  
You are dearer to me than myself  
As you yourself can see

While I'm listening to the steel rails hum  
Got both eyes tight shut  
Just sitting here trying to keep the hunger from  
Creeping it's way into my gut

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind  
Bring me my boots and shoes  
You can hang back or fight your best on the front line  
Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

Well, I'm sailin' on back, ready for the long haul  
Tossed by the winds and the seas  
I'll drag 'em all down to hell and I'll stand 'em at the  
wall  
I'll sell 'em to their enemies

I'm tryin' to feed my soul with thought  
Gonna sleep off the rest of the day  
Sometimes no one wants what we got  
Sometimes you can't give it away

Now the place is ringed with countless foes  
Some of them may be deaf and dumb  
No man, no woman knows  
The hour that sorrow will come

In the dark I hear the night birds call

I can feel a lover's breath  
I sleep in the kitchen with my feet in the hall  
Sleep is like a temporary death

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind  
Bring me my boots and shoes  
You can hang back or fight your best on the front line  
Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

Well, they burned my barn and they stole my horse  
I can't save a dime  
I got to be careful, I don't want to be forced  
Into a life of continual crime

I can see for myself that the sun is sinking  
How I wish you were here to see  
Tell me now, am I wrong in thinking  
That you have forgotten me?

Now they worry and they hurry and they fuss and they fret  
They waste your nights and days  
Them I will forget  
But you I'll remember always

Old memories of you to me have clung  
You've wounded me with your words  
Gonna have to straighten out your tongue  
It's all true, everything you've heard

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind  
Bring me my boots and shoes  
You can hang back or fight your best on the front line  
Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

In you, my friend, I find no blame  
Wanna look in my eyes, please do  
No one can ever claim  
That I took up arms against you

All across the peaceful sacred fields  
They will lay you low  
They'll break your horns and slash you with steel  
I say it so it must be so

Now I'm down on my luck and I'm black and blue  
Gonna give you another chance  
I'm all alone and I'm expecting you  
To lead me off in a cheerful dance

I got a brand new suit and a brand new wife

I can live on rice and beans  
Some people never worked a day in their life  
Don't know what work even means

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind  
Bring me my boots and shoes  
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