

Bob Dylan & The Band

"Ballad Of A Thin Man"

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You walk into the room
With your pencil in your hand
See somebody naked
You say, "Who is that man?"

You try so hard
But you don't understand
What you gonna say
When you get home?

'Cause something is happening
And you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You raise up your head
Say, "Is this where it is?"
Somebody points to you
And says, "It's his"

You say, "What's mine?"
Someone else says, "Where what is?"
You say, "Oh, my God
Am I here all alone?"

But something is happening
And you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You hand in your ticket
To go see the geek
Who walks up to you
When he hears you speak

Says, "How does it feel
To be such a freak?"
You say, "Impossible"
As he hands you the bone

And something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You have many contacts
Out among the lumberjacks
To get your facts
When someone attacks your imagination

No one has any respect
Anyway they expect
You to give your check
To tax-deductible charity organizations

You've been with professors
They've all liked your looks
With great lawyers
You discussed lepers and crooks

You've been through all of
F. Scott Fitzgerald's books
You're very well read
It's well known

But still something's happening
And you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You crawl into the room
Like a camel and you frown
Put your eyes in your pocket
And your nose on the ground

There ought to be a law
Against ya' comin' around
You should be made
To be wearing ear telephones

Oh, something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

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