

## Enrique Bunbury

### "Ballad of a thin man"

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(Tema original de Bob Dylan)

You walk into the room  
With your pencil in your hand  
You see somebody naked  
And you say, "Who is that man?"  
You try so hard  
But you don't understand  
Just what you'll say  
When you get home

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

You raise up your head  
And you ask, "Is this where it is?"  
And somebody points to you and says  
"It's his"  
And you say, "What's mine?"  
And somebody else says, "Where what is?"  
And you say, "Oh my God  
Am I here all alone?"

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

You hand in your ticket  
And you go watch the geek  
Who immediately walks up to you  
When he hears you speak  
And says, "How does it feel  
To be such a freak?"  
And you say, "Impossible"  
As he hands you a bone

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

You have many contacts  
Among the lumberjacks  
To get you facts  
When someone attacks your imagination  
But nobody has any respect  
Anyway they already expect you  
To just give a check  
To tax-deductible charity organizations

You've been with the professors  
And they've all liked your looks  
With great lawyers you have  
Discussed lepers and crooks  
You've been through all of  
Scott Fitzgerald's books  
You're very well read  
It's well known

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

Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to you  
And then he kneels  
He crosses himself  
And then he clicks his high heels  
And without further notice  
He asks you how it feels  
And he says, "Here is your throat back  
Thanks for the loan"

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

Now you see this one-eyed midget  
Shouting the word "Now"  
And you say, "For what reason?"  
And he says, "How?"  
And you say, "What does this mean?"  
And he screams back, "You're a cow  
Give me some milk  
Or else go home"

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

Well, you walk into the room  
Like a camel and then you frown  
You put your eyes in your pocket

And your nose on the ground  
There ought to be a law  
Against you comin' around  
You should be made  
To wear earphones

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

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