

Ryan Adams & The Cardinals**"Dylan's Hard Rain"**

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I'm a homeless man with my thumb in the wind
I sure miss my kin but then again,
I'm on the road with a song for you.

I took a step, I lost a bet,
They cut off my tongue now they're full of regret,
Careful what you say if they ain't gonna listen anyway.

Just make the cash, bet on the past,
Everybody's so afraid to be last,
You can't take back everything you leave behind.

Chorus:
Is everybody so ashamed, for letting it all slide.
Is everybody so afraid, Mr. Dylan's hard rain was fair
warning.

On a shake down in the alley,
Breaking people's faces gonna start you up a rally,
I've never seen a day in the sun with gun,
That's loaded for you.

There's some hippies, in the back room,
Rockin' and a rollin' and a smoking to an old tune,
Someone took a guitar and a match, and set peace on
fire.

Hey my brotha, what is wrong,
You lost all your money on the corner rollin' bones,
Give him your cash motherfucker, he's too fast for you.

Chorus: repeat

On the T.V. there's a white man,
Too much make up on his wife with god's plan.
I guess the religious vote, made it to congress.

On the border of Tijuana,
People are growing truck loads of marijuana,
Maybe someday are friends can be American farmers.

There's a necklace, in the south,
A few hopeless people still hanging it around,
The wind is gonna cut you down, in the long run.
Chorus: repeat

So can we save us, from today,
The hands of the wretched are the ones getting paid,
Everything stays the same, if you don't change it.

And all the dreams will bust at the seam,
It all goes down in the mighty machine,
You don't care now, but someday you might need it.

I heard the whistle, start a blowin'
Then I saw the mountain in the back come a tumblin'
Everybody's wishing they could get out of the way,
Everybody's wishing they could dig their ass out of the
grave.

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