

## Sybreed

### "Bob Dylan Blues"

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Got the Bob Dylan blues  
And the Bob Dylan shoes  
And my clothes and my hair's in a mess

But you know I just couldn't care less

Gonna write me a song 'bout what's right and what's  
wrong  
Got God and my girl and all that  
Quiet while I make like a cat

Cause I'm a poet, doncha know it  
And the wind you can blow it  
Cause I'm Mr. Dylan the king  
And I'm free as a bird on the wing

Roam from town to town, get to get people down  
But I don't care too much about that  
Cause my gut and my wallet are fat

Make a whole lot of dough but i deserve it though  
I got soul and a good heart of gold  
So I'll sing about war and the cold

Cause I'm a poet, doncha know it  
And the wind you can blow it  
Cause I'm Mr. Dylan the king  
And I'm free as a bird on the wing

Well I sings about dreams and I rhymes it with seams  
Cause it seems that my dream always means  
That I can prophesy all kinds of things

Well the guy that digs me  
Should try hard to see  
That he buys all my discs in a hat.  
And when I'm in town go see that.

Cause I'm a poet, doncha know it  
And the wind you can blow it  
Cause I'm Mr. Dylan the king

And I'm free as a bird on the wing

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