

Dylan Bob

"Bob Dylan's New Orleans Rag"

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by Bob Dylan

I was sittin' on a stump
Down in New Orleans,
I was feelin' kinda low down,
Dirty and mean.
Along came a fella
And he didn't even ask.
He says, "I know of a woman
That can fix you up fast."
I didn't think twice,
I said like I should,
"Let's go find this lady
That can do me some good."
We walked across the river
On a sailin' spree
And we came to a door
Called one-oh-three.

I was just about ready
To give it a little knock
When out comes a fella
Who couldn't even walk.
He's linkin' and a-slinkin',
Couldn't stand on his feet,
And he moaned and he groaned
And he shuffled down the street.
Well, out of the door
There comes another man.
He wiggled and he wobbled,
He couldn't hardly stand.
He had this frightened
Look in his eyes,
Like he just fought a bear,
He was ready to die.

Well, I peeked through the key crack,
Comin' down the hall
Was a long-legged man
Who couldn't hardly crawl.
He muttered and he uttered

In broken French,
And he looked like he'd been through
A monkey wrench.

Well, by this time
I was a-scared to knock,
I was a-scared to move,
I's in a state of shock.
I hummed a little tune
And I shuffled my feet
And I started walkin' backwards
Down that broad street.
Well, I got to the corner,
I tried my best to smile.
I turned around the corner
And I ran a bloody mile.
Man, I wasn't runnin'
'Cause I was sick,
I was just a-runnin'
To get out of there quick.

Well, I tripped right along
And I'm a-wheezin' in my chest.
I musta run a mile
In a minute or less.
I walked on a log
And I tripped on a stump,
I caught a fast freight
With a one-arm jump.
So, if you're travelin' down
Louisiana way,
And you feel kinda lonesome
And you need a place to stay,
Man, you're better off In your misery Than to tackle that
lady At one-oh-three.

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