

**Dylan Bob****"Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window?"**

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by Bob Dylan

He sits in your room, his tomb, with a fist full of tacks  
Preoccupied with his vengeance  
Cursing the dead that can't answer him back  
I'm sure that he has no intentions  
Of looking your way, unless it's to say  
That he needs you to test his inventions.

Can you please crawl out your window?  
Use your arms and legs it won't ruin you  
How can you say he will haunt you?  
You can go back to him any time you want to.

He looks so truthful, is this how he feels  
Trying to peel the moon and expose it  
With his businesslike anger and his bloodhounds that  
kneel  
If he needs a third eye he just grows it  
He just needs you to talk or to hand him his chalk  
Or pick it up after he throws it.

Can you please crawl out your window?  
Use your arms and legs it won't ruin you  
How can you say he will haunt you?  
You can go back to him any time you want to.

Why does he look so righteous while your face is so  
changed  
Are you frightened of the box you keep him in  
While his genocide fools and his friends rearrange  
Their religion of the little ten women  
That backs up their views but your face is so bruised  
Come on out the dark is beginning.

Can you please crawl out your window?  
Use your arms and legs it won't ruin you  
How can you say he will haunt you?  
You can go back to him any time you want to.

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