

Dylan Bob**"Dirge"**

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by Bob Dylan

I hate myself for lovin' you and the weakness that it
showed
You were just a painted face on a trip down Suicide
Road.
The stage was set, the lights went out all around the
old hotel,
I hate myself for lovin' you and I'm glad the curtain fell.

I hate that foolish game we played and the need that
was expressed
And the mercy that you showed to me, who ever would
have guessed?
I went out on Lower Broadway and I felt that place
within,
That hollow place where martyrs weep and angels play
with sin.

Heard your songs of freedom and man forever
stripped,
Acting out his folly while his back is being whipped.
Like a slave in orbit, he's beaten 'til he's tame,
All for a moment's glory and it's a dirty, rotten shame.

There are those who worship loneliness, I'm not one of
them,
In this age of fiberglass I'm searching for a gem.
The crystal ball up on the wall hasn't shown me nothing
yet,
I've paid the price of solitude, but at last I'm out of
debt.

Can't recall a useful thing you ever did for me
'Cept pat me on the back one time when I was on my
knees.
We stared into each other's eyes 'til one of us would
break,
No use to apologize, what diff'rence would it make?

So sing your praise of progress and of the Doom

Machine,
The naked truth is still taboo whenever it can be seen.
Lady Luck, who shines on me, will tell you where I'm at,
I hate myself for lovin' you, but I should get over that.

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