

## **Dylan Bob**

### **"Don't Ya Tell Henry"**

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by Bob Dylan

Don't ya tell Henry,  
Apple's got your fly.

I went down to the river on a Saturday morn,  
A-lookin' around just to see who's born.  
I found a little chicken down on his knees,  
I went up and yelled to him,  
"Please, please, please!"  
He said, "Don't ya tell Henry,  
Don't ya tell Henry,  
Don't ya tell Henry,  
Apple's got your fly."

I went down to the corner at a-half past ten,  
I's lookin' around, I wouldn't say when.  
I looked down low, I looked above,  
And who did I see but the one I love.  
She said, "Don't ya tell Henry,  
Don't ya tell Henry,  
Don't ya tell Henry,  
Apple's got your fly."

Now, I went down to the beanery at half past twelve,  
A-lookin' around just to see myself.  
I spotted a horse and a donkey, too,  
I looked for a cow and I saw me a few.  
They said, "Don't ya tell Henry,  
Don't ya tell Henry,  
Don't ya tell Henry,  
Apple's got your fly."

Now, I went down to the pumphouse the other night,  
A-lookin' around, it was outa sight.  
I looked high and low for that big ol' tree,  
I did go upstairs but I didn't see nobody but me.  
I said, "Don't ya tell Henry,  
Don't ya tell Henry,  
Don't ya tell Henry, Apple's got your fly."

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