

Dylan Bob

"Floater"

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(Words and Music by Bob Dylan)

Down over the window
Come the dazzling sunlit rays
Through the back alleys, through the blinds
Another one of them endless days

Honey bees are buzzing
Leaves begin to stir
I'm in love with my second cousin
I tell myself I could be happy forever with her

I keep listening for footsteps
But I ain't never hearing any
From the boat, I fish for bullheads
I catch a lot, sometimes too many

A summer breeze is blowin'
A squall is setting in
Sometimes it's just plain stupid
To get into any kind of wind

Well the old men 'round here
Sometimes they get on bad terms
With the younger men,
Old, young, age don't carry weight
It doesn't matter in the end

One of the boss' hangers-on
Sometimes comes to call
At times you least expect
Tryin' to bully you, strongarm you,
Inspire you with fear
It has the opposite effect

There's a new grove of trees on the outskirts of town
The other one is long gone
10 foot, 2 foot, 6 across
Burns with the bark still on

They say times are hard

If you don't believe it you can follow your nose
It don't bother me, times are hard anywhere
We'll just have to see how it goes

My old man, he's like some feudal lord
He's got more lives than a cat
I've never seen him quarrel with my mother even once
Things come alive or they fall flat

You can smell the pine wood burnin'
You can hear the school bell ring
Got to get up near the teacher, if you can
If you wanna learn anything

Romeo, he said to Juliet, you got a poor complexion
That don't give your appearance a very youthful touch
Juliet said back to Romeo,
Why don't you just shove off,
If it bothers you so much

They all got outta here any way they could
Cold rain can give you the shivers
They went down the Ohio, the Cumberland, the
Tennessee,
All the rest of them rebel rivers

If you ever try to interfere with me
Or cross my path again,
You do so at the peril of your life
I'm not quite as cool, or forgiving as I sound
I've seen enough heartache and strife

My grandfather was a duck trapper,
He could do it with just dragnets and ropes
My grandmother could sew new dresses out of old
cloth,
I don't know if they had any dreams or hopes

I had 'em once, though I suppose
To go along with all the ring dancing,
Christmas carols and all the Christmas eves
I left all my dreams and hopes
Buried under tobacco leaves

Not always easy kicking someone out
Got to wait awhile, it can be an unpleasant task
Sometimes somebody wants you to give something up
And tears or not, it's too much to ask

