

## Dylan Bob

### "From a Buick 6"

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by Bob Dylan

I got this graveyard woman, you know she keeps my  
kid  
But my soulful mama, you know she keeps me hid  
She's a junkyard angel and she always gives me bread  
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a  
blanket on my bed.

Well, when the pipeline gets broken and I'm lost on the  
river bridge  
I'm cracked up on the highway and on the water's edge  
She comes down the thruway ready to sew me up with  
thread  
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a  
blanket on my bed.

Well, she don't make me nervous, she don't talk too  
much  
She walks like Bo Diddley and she don't need no crutch  
She keeps this four-ten all loaded with lead  
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a  
blanket on my bed.

Well, you know I need a steam shovel mama to keep  
away the dead  
I need a dump truck mama to unload my head  
She brings me everything and more, and just like I said  
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a  
blanket on my bed.

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