

Dylan Bob

"Idiot Wind"

Visit "[Idiot Wind](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

by Bob Dylan

Someone's got it in for me, they're planting stories in
the press
Whoever it is I wish they'd cut it out but when they will I
can only guess.
They say I shot a man named Gray and took his wife to
Italy,
She inherited a million bucks and when she died it
came to me.
I can't help it if I'm lucky.

People see me all the time and they just can't
remember how to act
Their minds are filled with big ideas, images and
distorted facts.
Even you, yesterday you had to ask me where it was at,
I couldn't believe after all these years, you didn't know
me better than that
Sweet lady.

Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your mouth,
Blowing down the backroads headin' south.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
You're an idiot, babe.
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

I ran into the fortune-teller, who said beware of
lightning that might strike
I haven't known peace and quiet for so long I can't
remember what it's like.
There's a lone soldier on the cross, smoke pourin' out
of a boxcar door,
You didn't know it, you didn't think it could be done, in
the final end he won the wars
After losin' every battle.

I woke up on the roadside, daydreamin' 'bout the way
things sometimes are
Visions of your chestnut mare shoot through my head
and are makin' me see stars.

You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth
with lies.
One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your
eyes,
Blood on your saddle.

Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb,
Blowing through the curtains in your room.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
You're an idiot, babe.
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

It was gravity which pulled us down and destiny which
broke us apart
You tamed the lion in my cage but it just wasn't enough
to change my heart.
Now everything's a little upside down, as a matter of
fact the wheels have stopped,
What's good is bad, what's bad is good, you'll find out
when you reach the top
You're on the bottom.

I noticed at the ceremony, your corrupt ways had finally
made you blind
I can't remember your face anymore, your mouth has
changed, your eyes
don't look into mine.
The priest wore black on the seventh day and sat
stone-faced while the building
burned.
I waited for you on the running boards, near the
cypress trees, while the springtime
turned Slowly into autumn.

Idiot wind, blowing like a circle around my skull,
From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol.
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
You're an idiot, babe.
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

I can't feel you anymore, I can't even touch the books
you've read
Every time I crawl past your door, I been wishin' I was
somebody else instead.
Down the highway, down the tracks, down the road to
ecstasy,
I followed you beneath the stars, hounded by your
memory
And all your ragin' glory.

I been double-crossed now for the very last time and

now I'm finally free,
I kissed goodbye the howling beast on the borderline
which separated you from me.
You'll never know the hurt I suffered nor the pain I rise
above,
And I'll never know the same about you, your holiness
or your kind of love,
And it makes me feel so sorry.

Idiot wind, blowing through the buttons of our coats,
Blowing through the letters that we wrote.
Idiot wind, blowing through the dust upon our shelves,
We're idiots, babe.
It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves.

Visit [Dylan Bob](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.