

Dylan Bob

"In the Summertime"

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by Bob Dylan

I was in your presence for an hour or so
Or was it a day? I truly don't know.
Where the sun never set, where the trees hung low
By that soft and shining sea.
Did you respect me for what I did
Or for what I didn't do, or for keeping it hid?
Did I lose my mind when I tried to get rid
Of everything you see?

In the summertime, ah in the summertime,
In the summertime when you were with me.

I got the heart and you got the blood,
We cut through iron and we cut through mud.
Then came the warnin' that was before the flood
That set everybody free.
Fools they made a mock of sin,
Our loyalty they tried to win
But you were closer to me than my next of kin
When they didn't want to know or see.

In the summertime, ah in the summertime,
In the summertime when you were with me.

Strangers, they meddled in our affairs,
Poverty and shame was theirs.
But all that sufferin' was not to be compared
With the glory that is to be.
And I'm still carrying the gift you gave,
It's a part of me now, it's been cherished and saved,
It'll be with me unto the grave
And then unto eternity.

In the summertime, ah in the summertime,
In the summertime when you were with me.

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