

Dylan Bob

"Lonesome Day Blues"

Visit "[Lonesome Day Blues](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(Words and Music by Bob Dylan)

Well, today has been a sad and lonesome day
Yeah, today has been a sad and lonesome day
I'm just sitting here thinking with my mind a million
miles away

Well, they're doing the double shuffle, throwing sand
on the floor
They're doing the double shuffle, they're throwing
sand on the floor
When I left my longtime darling, she was standing in
the door

Well, my pa he died and left me, my brother got killed
in the war
Well, my pa he died and left me, my brother got killed
in the war
My sister she ran off and got married, never was heard
of anymore

Samantha Brown lived in my house for 'bout four or
five months
Samantha Brown lived in my house for 'bout four or
five months
Don't know how it looked to other people, I never slept
with her even once

Well the road washed out, weather not fit for man or
beast
Well the road's washed out, weather not fit for man or
beast
Funny, the things you have the hardest time parting
with, are the things you need the least

Well, I'm forty miles from the mill, I'm dropping it into
overdrive
I'm forty miles from the mill, I'm dropping it into
overdrive
Set my dial on the radio I wish my mother was still alive

I seen your lover-man comin', comin' across the barren
fields
I see your lover-man comin', comin' 'cross the barren
fields
He not a gentleman at all, he's rotten to the core, he's a
coward and he steals

Well my captain he's decorated, he's well-schooled
and he's skilled
My captain he's decorated, he's well-schooled and he's
skilled
He's not sentimental, don't bother him at all; how many
of his pals have been killed.

Last night the wind was whispering, I was trying to
make out what it was
Last night the wind was whispering something, I was
trying to make out what it was
Yeah I tell myself something's coming, but it never
does

I'm going to spare the defeated, I'm going to speak to
the crowd
I'm going to spare the defeated, boys I'm going to
speak to the crowd
I'm going to teach peace to the conquered, I'm going
to tame the proud

Well, the leaves are rustling in the wood, things are
falling off of the shelf
Leaves are rustling in the wood, things are falling off
the shelf
You're gonna need my help sweetheart, you can't make
love all by yourself.

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