

## Dylan Bob

# "Motorpsycho Nightmare"

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by Bob Dylan

I pounded on a farmhouse  
Lookin' for a place to stay.  
I was mighty, mighty tired,  
I had gone a long, long way.  
I said, "Hey, hey, in there,  
Is there anybody home?"  
I was standin' on the steps  
Feelin' most alone.  
Well, out comes a farmer,  
He must have thought that I was nuts.  
He immediately looked at me  
And stuck a gun into my guts.

I fell down  
To my bended knees,  
Saying, "I dig farmers,  
Don't shoot me, please!"  
He cocked his rifle  
And began to shout,  
"You're that travelin' salesman  
That I have heard about."  
I said, "No! No! No!  
I'm a doctor and it's true,  
I'm a clean-cut kid  
And I been to college, too."

Then in comes his daughter  
Whose name was Rita.  
She looked like she stepped out of  
La Dolce Vita.  
I immediately tried to cool it  
With her dad,  
And told him what a  
Nice, pretty farm he had.  
He said, "What do doctors  
Know about farms, pray tell?"  
I said, "I was born  
At the bottom of a wishing well."

Well, by the dirt 'neath my nails  
I guess he knew I wouldn't lie.  
"I guess you're tired,"  
He said, kinda sly.  
I said, "Yes, ten thousand miles  
Today I drove."  
He said, "I got a bed for you  
Underneath the stove.  
Just one condition  
And you go to sleep right now,  
That you don't touch my daughter  
And in the morning, milk the cow."

I was sleepin' like a rat  
When I heard something jerkin'.  
There stood Rita  
Lookin' just like Tony Perkins.  
She said, "Would you like to take a shower?  
I'll show you up to the door."  
I said, "Oh, no! no!  
I've been through this before."  
I knew I had to split  
But I didn't know how,  
When she said,  
"Would you like to take that shower, now?"

Well, I couldn't leave  
Unless the old man chased me out,  
'Cause I'd already promised  
That I'd milk his cows.  
I had to say something  
To strike him very weird,  
So I yelled out,  
"I like Fidel Castro and his beard."  
Rita looked offended  
But she got out of the way,  
As he came charging down the stairs  
Sayin', "What's that I heard you say?"

I said, "I like Fidel Castro,  
I think you heard me right,"  
And ducked as he swung  
At me with all his might.  
Rita mumbled something  
'Bout her mother on the hill,  
As his fist hit the icebox,  
He said he's going to kill me  
If I don't get out the door  
In two seconds flat,  
"You unpatriotic, Rotten doctor Commie rat."

Well, he threw a Reader's Digest  
At my head and I did run,  
I did a somersault  
As I seen him get his gun  
And crashed through the window  
At a hundred miles an hour,  
And landed fully blast  
In his garden flowers.  
Rita said, "Come back!"  
As he started to load  
The sun was comin' up  
And I was runnin' down the road.

Well, I don't figure I'll be back  
There for a spell,  
Even though Rita moved away  
And got a job in a motel.  
He still waits for me,  
Constant, on the sly.  
He wants to turn me in  
To the F.B.I. Me, I romp and stomp, Thankful as I romp,  
Without freedom of speech, I might be in the swamp.

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