

Dylan Bob**"Po' Boy"**

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(Words and Music by Bob Dylan)

Man came to the door, I say 'for whom were you
lookin'?'
Says 'your wife', I say 'she's busy in the kitchen cookin''
Po' boy, where you been?
Already told you, won't tell you again

I say 'how much you want for that, I'll go into the store'
Man says 'three dollars' 'all right', I say, 'will you take
four?'
Po' boy, never say die
Things will be all right, by and by

Workin' like in a main line, workin' like the devil
The game is the same it's just up on another level
Po' boy, dressed in black
Police at your back

Po' boy in a red hot town
Out beyond the twinklin' stars
Ridin' first class train
Makin' the rounds
Try to keep from fallin' between the cars

Othello told Desdemona I'm cold, cover me with a
blanket
By the way, what happened to that poisoned wine?
She said I gave it to you, you drank it
Po' boy, layin' 'em straight
Pickin' up the cherries fallin' off the plate

Time and love has branded me with its claws
Had to go to Florida, dodgin' them Georgia laws
Po' boy in the hotel called the Palace of Gloom
Called down to room service, says 'send up a room'

My mother was the daughter of a wealthy farmer
My father was a traveling salesman, I never met him
When my mother died my uncle took me in he run a
funeral parlor

He did a lot of nice things for me and I won't forget him

All I know is that I'm thrilled by your kiss
I don't know any more than this
Po' boy, pickin' up sticks
Build you a house out of mortar and bricks

Knockin' on the door, I say 'who is it, where you from?'
Man say 'Freddie', I say 'Freddie who?'
He say 'Freddie or not, here I come'
Po' boy 'neath the stars that shine Washin' them
dishes, feedin' them swine

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