

## Dylan Bob

### "Positively 4th Street"

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by Bob Dylan

You got a lotta nerve  
To say you are my friend  
When I was down  
You just stood there grinning

You got a lotta nerve  
To say you got a helping hand to lend  
You just want to be on  
The side that's winning

You say I let you down  
You know it's not like that  
If you're so hurt  
Why then don't you show it

You say you lost your faith  
But that's not where it's at  
You had no faith to lose  
And you know it

I know the reason  
That you talk behind my back  
I used to be among the crowd  
You're in with

Do you take me for such a fool  
To think I'd make contact  
With the one who tries to hide  
What he don't know to begin with

You see me on the street  
You always act surprised  
You say, "How are you?" "Good luck"  
But you don't mean it

When you know as well as me  
You'd rather see me paralyzed  
Why don't you just come out once  
And scream it

No, I do not feel that good  
When I see the heartbreaks you embrace  
If I was a master thief  
Perhaps I'd rob them

And now I know you're dissatisfied  
With your position and your place  
Don't you understand  
It's not my problem

I wish that for just one time  
You could stand inside my shoes  
And just for that one moment  
I could be you

Yes, I wish that for just one time  
You could stand inside my shoes You'd know what a  
drag it is To see you

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