

## **Dylan Bob**

### **"She's Your Lover Now"**

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by Bob Dylan

The pawnbroker roared  
Also, so, so did the landlord  
The scene was so crazy, wasn't it?  
Both were so glad  
To watch me destroy what I had  
Pain sure brings out the best in people, doesn't it?  
Why didn't you just leave me if you didn't want to stay?  
Why'd you have to treat me so bad?  
Did it have to be that way?  
Now you stand here expectin' me to remember  
somethin' you forgot to say  
Yes, and you, I see you're still with her, well  
That's fine 'cause she's comin' on so strange, can't you  
tell?  
Somebody had better explain  
She's got her iron chain  
I'd do it, but I, I just can't remember how  
You talk to her  
She's your lover now.

I already assumed  
That we're in the felony room  
But I ain't a judge, you don't have to be nice to me  
But please tell that  
To your friend in the cowboy hat  
You know he keeps on sayin' ev'rythin' twice to me  
You know I was straight with you  
You know I've never tried to change you in any way  
You know if you didn't want to be with me  
That you could . . . didn't have to stay.  
Now you stand here sayin' you forgive and forget.  
Honey, what can I say?  
Yes, you, you just sit around and ask for ashtrays, can't  
you reach?  
I see you kiss her on the cheek ev'rytime she gives a  
speech  
With her picture books of the pyramid  
And her postcards of Billy the Kid  
(Why must everybody bow?)

You better talk to her 'bout it  
You're her lover now.

Oh, ev'rybody that cares  
Is goin' up the castle stairs  
But I'm not up in your castle, honey  
It's true, I just can't recall  
San Francisco at all  
I can't even remember El Paso, uh, honey  
You never had to be faithful  
I didn't want you to grieve  
Oh, why was it so hard for you  
If you didn't want to be with me, just to leave?  
Now you stand here while your finger's goin' up my  
sleeve  
An' you, just what do you do anyway? Ain't there nothin'  
you can say?  
She'll be standin' on the bar soon  
With a fish head an' a harpoon  
An' a fake beard plastered on her brow  
You'd better do somethin' quick She's your lover now.

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