

Dylan Bob

"Slow Train"

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by Bob Dylan

Sometimes I feel so low-down and disgusted
Can't help but wonder what's happenin' to my
companions,
Are they lost or are they found, have they counted the
cost it'll take to bring
down
All their earthly principles they're gonna have to
abandon?
There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

I had a woman down in Alabama,
She was a backwoods girl, but she sure was realistic,
She said, "Boy, without a doubt, have to quit your mess
and straighten out,
You could die down here, be just another accident
statistic."
There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

All that foreign oil controlling American soil,
Look around you, it's just bound to make you
embarrassed.
Sheiks walkin' around like kings, wearing fancy jewels
and nose rings,
Deciding America's future from Amsterdam and to
Paris
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the
bend.

Man's ego is inflated, his laws are outdated, they don't
apply no more,
You can't rely no more to be standin' around waitin'
In the home of the brave, Jefferson turnin' over in his
grave,
Fools glorifying themselves, trying to manipulate Satan
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the
bend.

Big-time negotiators, false healers and woman haters,
Masters of the bluff and masters of the proposition

But the enemy I see wears a cloak of decency,
All non-believers and men stealers talkin' in the name
of religion
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the
bend.

People starving and thirsting, grain elevators are
bursting
Oh, you know it costs more to store the food than it do
to give it.
They say lose your inhibitions, follow your own
ambitions,
They talk about a life of brotherly love, show me
someone who knows how to
live it. There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the
bend.

Well, my baby went to Illinois with some bad-talkin' boy
she could destroy
A real suicide case, but there was nothin' I could do to
stop it,
I don't care about economy, I don't care about
astronomy
But it sure do bother me to see my loved ones turning
into puppets,
There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

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