

Dylan Bob

"Summer Days"

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(Words and Music by Bob Dylan)

Summer days, summer nights are gone
Summer days and summer nights are gone
I know a place where there's still somethin' going on

I've got a house on the hill, I got hogs out in the mud
I've got a house on the hill, I got hogs all out in the mud
I've got a long haired woman, she got royal Indian
blood

Everybody get ready, lift up your glasses and sing
Everybody get ready, lift up your glasses and sing
Well I'm standin' on the table, I'm proposin' a toast to
the king

I'm driving in the flats in a Cadillac car
The girls all say You're a worn out star
My pockets are loaded, and I'm spending every dime
How can you say you love someone else, you know it's
me all the time

Well the fog's so thick you can't spy the land
Well the fog's so thick that you can't even spy the land
What good are you anyway if you can't stand up to
some old businessman?

Weddin' bells are ringin' and the choir is beginning to
sing
Yes, the weddin' bells are ringin' and the choir's
beginning to sing
What looks good in the day, at night is another thing

She's looking in to my eyes, and she's a-holding my
hand
She looks in to my eyes, she's holding my hand
She say, you can't repeat the past,
I say You can't? What do you mean you can't? Of
course you can.

Where do you come from, where do you go?

Sorry, that is nothing you would need to know
Well, my back's been to the wall so long it seems like
it's stuck
Why don't you break my heart one more time, just for
good luck

I got eight carburetors and boys I'm usin' 'em all
Well, I got eight carburetors and boys I'm usin' 'em all
I'm short on gas, my motor's startin' to stall

My dogs are barking, there must be someone around
My dogs are barking, there must be someone around
I got my hammer ringin' pretty baby, but the nails ain't
goin' down

If you got something to say, speak or hold your peace
Well, if you got something to say, speak now or hold
your peace
If it's information you want, you can get it from the
police

Politician's got on his joggin' shoes
He must be runnin' for office, got no time to lose
Suckin' the blood out of the genius of generosity
You been rollin' your eyes, you been teasin' me

Standin' by God's river my soul's beginning to shake
Standin' by God's river my soul's beginning to shake
I'm countin' on you, love, to gimme a break

Well, I'm leaving in the morning, as soon as the dark
clouds lift
Yes, I'm leaving in the morning, just as soon as the
dark clouds lift
I'm breakin' the roof, set fire to the place as a partin'
gift

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