

Dylan Bob

"Temporary Like Achilles"

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by Bob Dylan

Standing on your window, honey,
Yes, I've been here before.
Feeling so harmless,
I'm looking at your second door.
How come you don't send me no regards?
You know I want your lovin',
Honey, why are you so hard?

Kneeling 'neath your ceiling,
Yes, I guess I'll be here for a while.
I'm tryin' to read your portrait, but,
I'm helpless, like a rich man's child.
How come you send someone out to have me barred?
You know I want your lovin',
Honey, why are you so hard?

Like a poor fool in his prime,
Yes, I know you can hear me walk,
But is your heart made out of stone, or is it lime,
Or is it just solid rock?

Well, I rush into your hallway,
Lean against your velvet door.
I watch upon your scorpion
Who crawls across your circus floor.
Just what do you think you have to guard?
You know I want your lovin', Honey, but you're so hard.

Achilles is in your alleyway,
He don't want me here,
He does brag.
He's pointing to the sky
And he's hungry, like a man in drag.
How come you get someone like him to be your guard?
You know I want your lovin', Honey. but you're so hard.

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