

**Dylan Bob****"The Groom's Still Waiting at the Altar"**

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by Bob Dylan

Prayed in the ghetto with my face in the cement,  
Heard the last moan of a boxer, seen the massacre of  
the innocent  
Felt around for the light switch, became nauseated.  
She was walking down the hallway while the walls  
deteriorated.

East of the Jordan, hard as the Rock of Gibraltar,  
I see the burning of the page, Curtain risin' on a new  
age,  
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Try to be pure at heart, they arrest you for robbery,  
Mistake your shyness for aloofness, your shyness for  
snobbery,  
Got the message this morning, the one that was sent to  
me  
About the madness of becomin' what one was never  
meant to be.

West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar,  
I see the burning of the stage,  
Curtain risin' on a new age,  
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Don't know what I can say about Claudette that wouldn't  
come back to haunt me,  
Finally had to give her up 'bout the time she began to  
want me.  
But I know God has mercy on them who are slandered  
and humiliated.  
I'd a-done anything for that woman if she didn't make  
me feel so obligated.

West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar,  
I see the burning of the cage,  
Curtain risin' on a new stage,  
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Put your hand on my head, baby, do I have a  
temperature?  
I see people who are supposed to know better standin'  
around like furniture.  
There's a wall between you and what you want and you  
got to leap it,  
Tonight you got the power to take it, tomorrow you  
won't have the power to  
keep it.

West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar,  
I see the burning of the stage, Curtain risin' on a new  
age,  
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Cities on fire, phones out of order,  
They're killing nuns and soldiers, there's fighting on  
the border.  
What can I say about Claudette?  
Ain't seen her since January,  
She could be respectably married or running a  
whorehouse in Buenos Aires.

West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar,  
I see the burning of the stage,  
Curtain risin' on a new age, See the groom still waitin'  
at the altar.

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