

## **Dylan Bob**

### **"Tombstone Blues"**

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by Bob Dylan

The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course  
The city fathers they're trying to endorse  
The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse  
But the town has no need to be nervous

The ghost of Belle Starr she hands down her wits  
To Jezebel the nun she violently knits  
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who sits  
At the head of the chamber of commerce

Mama's in the fact'ry  
She ain't got no shoes  
Daddy's in the alley  
He's lookin' for the fuse  
I'm in the streets  
With the tombstone blues

The hysterical bride in the penny arcade  
Screaming she moans, "I've just been made"  
Then sends out for the doctor who pulls down the  
shade  
Says, "My advice is to not let the boys in"

Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside  
He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride  
"Stop all this weeping, swallow your pride  
You will not die, it's not poison"

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Well, John the Baptist after torturing a thief  
Looks up at his hero the Commander-in-Chief  
Saying, "Tell me great hero, but please make it brief  
Is there a hole for me to get sick in?"

The Commander-in-Chief answers him while chasing a  
fly  
Saying, "Death to all those who would whimper and  
cry"  
And dropping a bar bell he points to the sky  
Saying, "The sun's not yellow it's chicken"

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The king of the Philistines his soldiers to save  
Put jawbones on their tombstones and flatters their  
graves  
Puts the pied pipers in prison and fattens the slaves  
Then sends them out to the jungle

Gypsy Davey with a blowtorch he burns out their camps  
With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps  
With a fantastic collection of stamps  
To win friends and influence his uncle

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The geometry of innocence flesh on the bone  
Causes Galileo's math book to get thrown  
At Delilah who sits worthlessly alone  
But the tears on her cheeks are from laughter

Now I wish I could give Brother Bill his great thrill  
I would set him in chains at the top of the hill  
Then send out for some pillars and Cecil B. DeMille  
He could die happily ever after

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Where Ma Raney and Beethoven once unwrapped their

bed roll

Tuba players now rehearse around the flagpole  
And the National Bank at a profit sells road maps for  
the soul  
To the old folks home and the college

Now I wish I could write you a melody so plain  
That could hold you dear lady from going insane  
That could ease you and cool you and cease the pain  
Of your useless and pointless knowledge

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