

## Dylan Bob

### "Up to Me"

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by Bob Dylan

Everything went from bad to worse, money never  
changed a thing,  
Death kept followin', trackin' us down, at least I heard  
your bluebird sing.  
Now somebody's got to show their hand, time is an  
enemy,  
I know you're long gone,  
I guess it must be up to me.

If I'd thought about it I never would've done it, I guess I  
would've let it slide,  
If I'd lived my life by what others were thinkin', the  
heart inside me would've died.  
I was just too stubborn to ever be governed by  
enforced insanity,  
Someone had to reach for the risin' star,  
I guess it was up to me.

Oh, the Union Central is pullin' out and the orchids are  
in bloom,  
I've only got me one good shirt left and it smells of  
stale perfume.  
In fourteen months I've only smiled once and I didn't  
do it consciously,  
Somebody's got to find your trail,  
I guess it must be up to me.

It was like a revelation when you betrayed me with your  
touch,  
I'd just about convinced myself that nothin' had  
changed that much.  
The old Rounder in the iron mask slipped me the  
master key,  
Somebody had to unlock your heart,  
He said it was up to me.

Well, I watched you slowly disappear down into the  
officers' club,  
I would've followed you in the door but I didn't have a

ticket stub.

So I waited all night 'til the break of day, hopin' one of  
us could get free,  
When the dawn came over the river bridge,  
I knew it was up to me.

Oh, the only decent thing I did when I worked as a  
postal clerk  
Was to haul your picture down off the wall near the  
cage where I used to work.  
Was I a fool or not to try to protect your identity?  
You looked a little burned out, my friend,  
I thought it might be up to me.

Well, I met somebody face to face and I had to remove  
my hat,  
She's everything I need and love but I can't be swayed  
by that.  
It frightens me, the awful truth of how sweet life can  
be,  
But she ain't a-gonna make me move,  
I guess it must be up to me.

We heard the Sermon on the Mount and I knew it was  
too complex,  
It didn't amount to anything more than what the broken  
glass reflects.  
When you bite off more than you can chew you pay the  
penalty,  
Somebody's got to tell the tale,  
I guess it must be up to me.

Well, Dupree came in pimpin' tonight to the  
Thunderbird Cafe,  
Crystal wanted to talk to him, I had to look the other  
way.  
Well, I just can't rest without you, love, I need your  
company,  
But you ain't a-gonna cross the line,  
I guess it must be up to me.

There's a note left in the bottle, you can give it to  
Estelle,  
She's the one you been wond'rin' about, but there's  
really nothin' much to tell.  
We both heard voices for a while, now the rest is  
history,  
Somebody's got to cry some tears,  
I guess it must be up to me.

So go on, boys, and play your hands, life is a

pantomime,  
The ringleaders from the county seat say you don't  
have all that much time.  
And the girl with me behind the shades, she ain't my  
property,  
One of us has got to hit the road,  
I guess it must be up to me.

And if we never meet again, baby, remember me,  
How my lone guitar played sweet for you that old-time  
melody.  
And the harmonica around my neck, I blew it for you,  
free, No one else could play that tune, You know it was  
up to me.

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