

## Syd Barret "Bob Dylan Blues"

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Got the bob dylan blues  
And the bob dylan shoes  
And my clothes and my hair's in a mess

But you know I just couldnt care less

Gonna write me a song 'bout what's right and what's  
wrong  
Got God in my gut and all that

Quiet while I make like a cat

Cause I'm a poet, dont'cha know it  
And the wind you can blow it  
Cause I'm mister dylan the king  
And I'm free as a bird on the wing

Roam from town to town, get to get people down  
But I don't care too much about that  
Cause my gut and my wallet are fat  
Make a whole lot of dough but I deserve it though  
I got soul and a good heart of gold  
So I'll sing about war and the cold

Cause I'm a poet, dont'cha know it  
And the wind you can blow it  
Cause I'm mister dylan the king  
And I'm free as a bird on the wing

Well I sings about dreams and I rhymes it with seams  
Cause it seems that my dream always means

That I can prophesy all kinds of things

But I don't give a damn about that!

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