

I'm Not There Movie

"The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll"

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At a Baltimore hotel society gath'rin'.

And the cops were called in and his weapon took from him

As they rode him in custody down to the station

And booked William Zanzinger for first-degree murder.

But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears,

Take the rag away from your face.

Now ain't the time for your tears.

William Zanzinger, who at twenty-four years

Owens a tobacco farm of six hundred acres

With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him

And high office relations in the politics of Maryland,

Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders

And swear words and sneering, and his tongue it was snarling,

In a matter of minutes on bail was out walking.

But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears,

Take the rag away from your face.

Now ain't the time for your tears.

Hattie Carroll was a maid of the kitchen.

She was fifty-one years old and gave birth to ten

children

Who carried the dishes and took out the garbage

And never sat once at the head of the table

And didn't even talk to the people at the table

Who just cleaned up all the food from the table

And emptied the ashtrays on a whole other level,

Got killed by a blow, lay slain by a cane

That sailed through the air and came down through the
room,

Doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle.

And she never done nothing to William Zanzinger.

But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all
fears,

Take the rag away from your face.

Now ain't the time for your tears.

In the courtroom of honor, the judge pounded his gavel

To show that all's equal and that the courts are on the
level

And that the strings in the books ain't pulled and
persuaded

And that even the nobles get properly handled

Once that the cops have chased after and caught 'em

And that the ladder of law has no top and no bottom,

Stared at the person who killed for no reason

Who just happened to be feelin' that way without
warnin'.

And he spoke through his cloak, most deep and
distinguished,

And handed out strongly, for penalty and repentance,

William Zanzinger with a six-month sentence.

Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all
fears,

Bury the rag deep in your face

For now's the time for your tears.

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