

# Motorpsycho Nightmare

## Bob Dylan

I pounded on a farmhouse  
Lookin' for a place to stay  
I was mighty, mighty tired  
I had come a long, long way I said, "Hey, hey, in there  
Is there anybody home?"  
I was standin' on the steps  
Feelin' most alone Well, out comes a farmer  
He must have thought that I was nuts  
He immediately looked at me  
And stuck a gun into my guts I fell down  
To my bended knees  
Saying, "I dig farmers  
Don't shoot me, please" He cocked his rifle  
And began to shout  
"You're that travelin' salesman  
That I have heard about" I said, "No, no, no  
I'm a doctor and it's true  
I'm a clean cut kid  
And I've been to college, too" Then in comes his daughter  
Whose name was Rita  
She looked like she stepped out of  
La dolce vita I immediately tried to cool it  
With her dad  
And told him what a  
Nice, pretty farm he had He said, "What do doctors  
Know about farms, pray tell?"  
I said, "I was born  
At the bottom of a wishing well" Well, by the dirt neath my nails  
I guess he knew I wouldn't lie  
He said, "I guess you're tired"  
He said it kinda sly I said, "Yes, ten thousand miles  
Today I drove"  
He said, "I got a bed for you  
Underneath the stove Just one condition  
You can go to sleep right now  
That you don't touch my daughter  
And in the morning, milk the cows" I was sleepin' like a rat  
When I heard something jerkin'  
There stood Rita

Lookin' just like Tony Perkins  
She said, "Would you like to take a shower?  
I'll show you up to the door"  
I said, "Oh, no, no  
I've been through this movie before"  
I knew I had to split  
But I did not know how  
When she said  
"Would you like to take that shower, now?"  
Well, I couldn't leave  
Unless the old man chased me out  
'Cause I'd already promised  
That I'd milk his cows  
I had to say something  
To strike him very weird  
So, I yelled out  
"I like Fidel Castro and his beard"  
Rita looked offended  
But she got out of the way  
As he came charging down the stairs  
Sayin', "What's that I heard you say?"  
I said, "I like Fidel Castro  
I think you heard me right"  
And I ducked as he swung  
At me with all his might  
Rita mumbled something  
'Bout her mother on the hill  
As his fist hit the icebox  
He said, he's going to kill me  
If I don't get out the door  
In two seconds flat  
"You unpatriotic, rotten doctor, commie rat"  
Well, he threw a Readers Digest  
At my head and I did run  
I did a somersault  
As I seen him get his gun  
And crashed through the window  
At a hundred miles an hour  
And landed fully blast  
In his garden flowers  
Rita said, "Come back"  
And he started to load  
The sun was comin' up  
And I was runnin' down the road  
Well, I don't figure, I'll be back  
There for a spell  
Even though Rita moved away  
And got a job at a motel  
He still waits for me  
Constant, on the sly  
He wants to turn me in  
To the FBI  
Me, I romp and stomp things  
Thankful as I romp  
Without freedom of speech  
I might be in the swamp

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