

# Dead Man, Dead Man

Bob Dylan

Uttering idle words from a reprobate mind  
Clinging to strange promises, dying on the vine  
Never bein' able to separate the good from the bad Ooh, I can't stand it  
I can't stand it  
It's makin' me feel so sad Dead man, dead man  
When will you arise?  
Cobwebs in your mind  
Dust upon your eyes Satan got you by the heel, there's a bird's nest in your hair  
Do you have any faith at all, do you have any love to share?  
The way that you hold your head, cursin' God, with every move Ooh, I can't stand it  
I can't stand it  
What are you tryin' to prove? Dead man, dead man  
When will you arise?  
Cobwebs in your mind  
Dust upon your eyes The glamor and the bright lights and the politics of sin  
The ghetto that you build for me is the one you livin' in  
The race of the engine that overrules your heart Ooh, I can't stand it  
I can't stand it  
Pretending that you're so smart Dead man, dead man  
When will you arise?  
Cobwebs in your mind  
Dust upon your eyes What are you tryin' to overpower me with, the doctrine or a gun?  
My back's to the wall, where can I run?  
The tuxedo that you're wearin', the flower in your lapel Ooh, I can't stand it  
I can't stand it  
You're takin' me down to hell Dead man, dead man  
When will you arise?  
Cobwebs in your mind  
Dust upon your eyes Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it  
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it  
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it  
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it  
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it

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