

I Want You (Live At Cornell)

Bob Dylan

The guilty undertaker sighs
The lonesome organ grinder cries
The silver saxophones say I should refuse you
The cracked bells and washed-out horns
Blow into my face with scorn, but it's
Not that way, I wasn't born to lose you I want you
I want you
I want you, so bad
Honey, I want you The drunken politician leaps
Upon the street where mothers weep
And the saviors who are fast asleep, they wait for you
And I wait for them to interrupt
Me drinkin' from my broken cup
And ask me to open up the gate for you I want you
I want you
Yes I want you, so bad
Honey, I want you How all my fathers, they've gone down
True love they've been without it
But all their daughters put me down
'cause I don't think about it Well, I return to the Queen of Spades
And talk with my chambermaid
She knows that I'm not afraid to look at her
She is good to me and there's
Nothing she doesn't see
She knows where I'd like to be but it doesn't
Matter I want you
I want you
Yes I want you, so bad
Honey, I want you Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit he
Spoke to me, I took his flute
No, I wasn't very cute to him, was I?
But I did it, because he lied and
Because he took you for a ride
And because time was on his side and
Because I Want you
I want you
Yes I want you, so bad
Honey, I want you

Songwriters

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