Talkin' New York

Bob Dylan

Rambling out of the wild west
Leaving the towns I love the best
Thought I'd seen some ups and down
'Till I come into New York town
People going down to the ground
Building's going up to the skyWintertime in New York town the wind blowing snow around
Walk around with nowhere to go
Somebody could freeze right to the bone
I froze right to the bone, New York Times said
"It was the coldest winter in seventeen years"
I didn't feel so cold thenI swung on to my old guitar
Grabbed hold of a subway car
And after a rocking, reeling, rolling ride
I landed up on the downtown side
Greenwich VillageI walked down there and ended up
In one of them coffee-houses on the block
Got on the stage to sing and play
Man there said, Come back some other day
You sound like a hillbilly
We want folksingers hereWell, I got a harmonica job begun to play
Blowing my lungs out for a dollar a day
I blowed inside out and upside down
The man there said, He loved my sound
He was raving about he loved my sound
Dollar a day's worthAfter weeks and weeks of hanging around
I finally got a job in New York town
In a bigger place, bigger money too
Even joined the Union and paid my duesNow, a very great man once said
That some people rob you with a fountain pen
It don't take too long to find out
Just what he was talking about
A lot of people don't have much food on their table
But they got a lot of forks and knives
And they gotta cut somethingSo one morning when the sun was warm
I rambled out of New York town
Pulled my cap down over my eyes
And headed out for the western skies
So long New York
Howdy, East Orange

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