Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window?

Bob Dylan

He sits in your room, his tomb, with a fist full of tacks
Preoccupied with his vengeance
Cursing the dead that can't answer him back
He knows that he has no intentions
Of looking your way, unless it's to say
That he needs you to test his inventions
Hey come crawl out your window
Use your hands and legs it won't ruin you
How can you say he will haunt you?
You can go back to him any time you want to
He looks so truthful, is this how he feels?
Trying to peel the moon and expose it
With his business like anger and his bloodhounds that kneel
If he needs a third eye he just grows it
He just needs you to talk or to hand him his chalk
Or I pick it up after he throws it
Hey, please crawl out your window
Oh, use your hands and legs it won't ruin you
How can you say he will haunt you?
You can go back to him any time you want to
He look so righteous while your face is so changed
As you sit on the box, you keep him in
While his genocide fools and his friends rearrange
Their religion of the little ten women
That backs up their views but your face is so bruised
Come on out the dark is just beginning
Hey, please come out your window
Oh, use your hands and legs it won't ruin you
How can you say he will haunt you?
When you can go back to him any time as you want to
You got a lot of them say, you are my friend
if you want to come out of the window
Yes come out of your window
Oh Mike

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