Bob Dylan's Blues

Bob Dylan

Unlike most of the songs nowadays
Have been written up town in Tinpine Alley
That's where most of the folk songs come from nowadays
Now this, this is a song this one's written up there
This is written somewhere down in the United States
Well, the Lone Ranger and Tonto
They are ridin' down the line
Fixin' everybody's troubles
Everybody's except mine
Someone musta told 'em that I was doin' fine
All you five and ten cent women
With nothin' in your heads
I got a real gal I'm in love
Lord, and I'll love her till I'm dead
Go away from my door and my window too, right now
Lord, I ain't goin' down to no race track
See no sports car run
I don't have no sports car
And I don't even care to have one
I can walk anytime around the block
Well, the wind keeps a blowin' me
Up and down the street
With my hat in my hand
And my boots on my feet
Watch out so you don't step on me
Well, look it here buddy
You want to be like me
Pull out your six-shooter
And rob every bank you can see
Tell the judge I said it was all right, yes

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