

Subterranean Homesick Blues

Bob Dylan

Johnny's in the basement, mixing up the medicine
I'm on the pavement, thinking about the government
The man in the trench coat, badge out, laid off
Says "He's got a bad cough, wants to get it paid off" Look out kid, it's somethin' you did
God knows when but you're doin' it again
You better duck down the alley way, lookin' for a new friend
The man in the coon-skin cap, in the big pen
Wants eleven dollar bills, you only got ten Maggie comes fleet foot face full of black soot
Talkin' that the heat put, plants in the bed but
The phone's tapped anyway, Maggie says that many say
"They must bust in early May, orders from the D.A" Look out kid, don't matter what you did
But walk on your tip toes don't tie no bows
Better stay away from those that carry around a fire hose
Keep a clean nose, watch the plain clothes
You don't need a weather man to know which way the wind blows Oh get sick, get well, hang around a ink well
Ring bell, hard to tell, if anything is goin' to sell
Try hard, get barred, get back, write Braille
Get jailed, jump bail, join the army if you fail Look out kid, you're gonna get hit
But losers, cheaters, six-time users
Hangin' around the theaters
Girl by the whirlpool, lookin' for a new fool
Don't follow leaders, watch your parkin' meters Oh get born, keep warm, short pants, romance
Learn to dance, get dressed, get blessed, try to be a success
Please her, please him, buy gifts, don't steal, don't lift
Twenty years of schoolin' and they put you on the day shift Look out kid, they keep it all hid
Better jump down a manhole, light yourself a candle
Don't wear sandals, try to avoid the scandals
Don't wanna be a bum you better chew gum
The pump don't work, 'cause the vandals took the handles

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