

From a Buick 6

Bob Dylan

I got this graveyard woman, you know she keeps my kids

 But my soulful mama you know she keeps me hid

 She's a junkyard angel and she always gives me bread

Well if I go down dyin' you know she's bound to put a blanket on my bedWell when the pipeline gets broken
 and I'm lost on the river bridge

 I'm all cracked up on the highway and in the waters edge

 And then she comes down the thruway ready to sew me up with a thread

Well if I go down dyin' you know she's bound to put a blanket on my bedWell she don't make me nervous, she
 don't talk too much

 She walks like Bo Diddley and she don't need no crutch

 She keeps this four-ten all loaded with lead

 Well if I go down dyin' you know she's bound to put a blanket on my bed
 Come onWell you know I need a steam-shovel mama to keep away the dead

 I need a dump truck baby to unload my head

 She brings me everything and more and just like I said

 Well if I go down dyin' you know she's bound to put a blanket on my bed

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