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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/