

Lonesome Day Blues

Bob Dylan

Well, today has been a sad ol' lonesome day
Yeah, today has been a sad ol' lonesome day
I'm just sittin' here thinking
With my mind a million miles away Well, they're doing the double shuffle, throwin' sand on the floor
They're doing the double shuffle, they're throwin' sand on the floor
When I left my long-time darlin'
She was standing in the door Well, my pa he died and left me, my brother got killed in the war
Well, my pa he died and left me, my brother got killed in the war
My sister, she ran off and got married
Never was heard of any more Samantha Brown lived in my house for about four or five months
Samantha Brown lived in my house for about four or five months
Don't know how it looked to other people
I never slept with her even once Well, the road's washed out, weather not fit for man or beast
Yeah the road's washed out, weather not fit for man or beast
Funny, how the things you have the hardest time parting with
Are the things you need the least And I'm forty miles from the mill I'm droppin' it into overdrive
I'm forty miles from the mill I'm droppin' it into overdrive
Settin' my dial on the radio
I wish my mother was still alive I see your lover-man comin', comin' 'cross the barren field
I see your lover-man comin', comin' 'cross the barren field
He's not a gentleman at all, he's rotten to the core
He's a coward and he steals Well my captain he's decorated, he's well-schooled and he's skilled
My captain, he's decorated, he's well-schooled and he's skilled
He's not sentimental, don't bother him at all
How many of his pals have been killed Last night the wind was whisperin', I was trying to make out what it was
Last night the wind was whisperin', somethin' I was trying to make out what it was
I tell myself something's comin'
But it never does I'm gonna spare the defeated, I'm gonna speak to the crowd
I'm gonna spare the defeated, boys, I'm going to speak to the crowd
I am goin' to teach peace to the conquered
I'm gonna tame the proud Well, the leaves are rustlin' in the wood, things are fallin' off of the shelf
Leaves are rustlin' in the wood, things are fallin' off the shelf
You gonna need my help, sweetheart
You can't make love all by yourself

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