Bastard Son (Album Version)

John Wesley Harding

Bob dylan is my father, joan baez is my mother
And I'm their bastard son
Though my roots show through I'm just 22
I don't belong to anyone
When the band was disbanded, I was disowned
I got a number you can ring me on but I ain't got no phone
Got a forwarding address, baby I ain't got no home
I got no direction home
That's the style of a bastard child
This is the song of a bastard sonUncle lenny used to make me laugh
Took away my nightmares, tore my daydreams in half
Showed them to me reflected upside-down
In the mirror that suzanne vega found
Lenny's still doing his tricks today
Only goes to show that growing up might payBruce and james were family friends
Took my mind to carolina through the new jersey bends
Gave me a harmonica when I was three
Nailed a banjo to my knees
Now bruce is a foreman and james is a slave
Bruce gave in and james just gave upMy family didn't grow up too well with technology
And I think this is why they disowned me
But now I wanna get back into the fold
I don't wanna be a black sheep, I don't wanna grow old
Here's to warren, neil, t-bone, andy, lou, townes, elliott
Tom, steve, elizabeth, elvia, dave
You're singing something good and it's gotta be saved
I think so!I've only just started playing guitar and already they say
I'm a has-been
Say my songs are too long, words are too strong, shoes
Aren't clean
See the synthesizer's broken, the 12 inch does not exist
It's gonna take a blessed life to get on to the hitlist
I'm gonna need a blessed life to get on to the hitlist
But I'm singing for the men, for the women and the kids
Who grew up like me with seven basic instincts hidBob dylan is my father, joan baez is my mother
And I'm their bastard son.

Songwriters
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