

Pretty Saro

Bob Dylan

Down in some lone valley
In a sad lonesome place
Where the wild birds do all
Their notes to increase Farewell pretty Saro
I bid you Adieu
But I dream of pretty Saro
Wherever I go Well my love she won't have me
So I understand
She wants a freeholder
Who owns a house and land I cannot maintain her
With silver and gold
And all of the fine things
That a big house can hold If I was a poet
And could write a fine hand
I'd write my love a letter
That she'd understand And write it by the river
Where the waters overflow
But I dream of pretty Saro
Wherever I go

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