

# Went to See the Gypsy

**Bob Dylan**

Went to see the gypsy  
Stayin' in a big hotel  
He smiled when he saw me coming  
And he said "Well, well, well"  
His room was dark and crowded  
Lights were low and dim  
"How are you?" he said to me  
I said it back to him I went down to the lobby  
To make a small call out  
A pretty dancing girl was there  
And she began to shout  
"Go on back to see the gypsy  
He can move you from the rear  
Drive you from your fear  
Bring you through the mirror  
He did it in Las Vegas  
And he can do it here" Outside the lights were shining  
On the river of tears  
I watched them from the distance  
With music in my ears I went back to see the gypsy  
It was nearly early dawn  
The gypsy's door was open wide  
But the gypsy was gone  
And that pretty dancing girl  
She could not be found  
So I watched that sun come rising  
From that little Minnesota town  
From that little Minnesota town

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