To Ramona

Bob Dylan

Ramona, come closer shut softly your watery eyes
The pangs of your sadness
Will pass as your senses will rise
The flowers of the city
Though breath like, get deathlike sometimes
And there's no use in tryin' the deal with the dyin'
Though I cannot explain that in lines
Your cracked country lips, I still wish to kiss
As to be by the strength of your skin
Your magnetic movements still capture the minutes I'm in
But it grieves my heart, love to see you tryin' to be a part of
A world that just don't exist
It's all just a dream, babe a vacuum, a scheme, babe
That sucks you into feelin' like this
I can see that your head has been twisted and fed
With worthless foam from the mouth
I can tell you are torn between stayin' and returning
Back to the south
You've been fooled into thinkin' that the finishin' end is at hand
Yet there's no one to beat you, no one to defeat you
Except the thoughts of yourself feeling bad
I've heard you say many times that you're better than no one
And no one is better than you
If you really believe that you know you have
Nothing to win and nothing to lose
From fixtures and forces and friends your sorrow does stem
That hype you and type you making you feel
That you gotta be just like them
I'd forever talk to you but soon my words
Would turn into a meaningless ring
For deep in my heart I know there is no help I can bring
Everything passes, everything changes
Just do what you think you should do
And someday maybe, who knows baby
I'll come and be crying to you

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