

# It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding) [Live]

Bob Dylan

Darkness at the break of noon  
Shadows even the silver spoon  
The handmade blade, the child's balloon  
Eclipses both the sun and moon  
To understand you know too soon, there is no sense in trying  
Pointed threats, they bluff with scorn  
Suicide remarks are torn  
From the fool's gold mouthpiece the hollow horn  
Plays wasted words proves to warn  
That he not busy being born is busy dying  
Temptation's page flies out the door  
You follow, find yourself at war  
Watch waterfalls of pity roar  
You feel to moan but unlike before  
You discover that you'd just be one more person crying  
So don't fear if you hear  
A foreign sound to your ear  
It's alright, Ma, I'm only sighing  
As some warn victory, some downfall  
Private reasons great or small  
Can be seen in the eyes of those that call  
To make all that should be killed to crawl  
While others say don't hate nothing at all, except hatred  
Disillusioned words like bullets bark  
As human gods aim for their mark  
Made everything from toy guns that spark  
To flesh-colored Christs that glow in the dark  
It's easy to see without looking too far that not much is really sacred  
Our preachers preach of evil fates  
Teachers teach that knowledge waits  
Can lead to hundred-dollar plates  
Goodness hides behind its gates  
But even the President of the United States  
Sometimes must have to stand naked  
An' all the rules of the road have been lodged  
It's only people's games that you got to dodge  
And it's alright, Ma, I can make it  
Advertising signs that con you  
Into thinking you're the one  
That can do what's never been done  
That can win what's never been won  
Meantime life outside goes on all around you  
You lose yourself, you reappear  
You suddenly find you got nothing to fear  
Alone you stand with nobody near  
When a trembling distant voice, unclear  
Startles your sleeping ears to hear  
That somebody thinks they really found you  
A question in your nerves is lit

Yet you know there is no answer fit  
To satisfy insure you not to quit  
To keep it in your mind and not forget  
That it is not he or she or them or it that you belong to  
Although the masters make the rules  
For the wise men and the fools  
I got nothing, Ma, to live up to  
For them that must obey authority  
That they do not respect in any degree  
Who despise their jobs, their destinies  
Speak jealously of them that are free  
Do what they do just to be  
Nothing more than something they invest in  
While some on principles baptized  
To strict party platform ties  
Social clubs in drag disguise  
Outsiders they can freely criticize  
Tell nothing except who to idolize and say, "God bless him"  
While one who sings with his tongue on fire  
Gargles in the rat race choir  
Bent out of shape from society's pliers  
Cares not to come up any higher  
But rather get you down in the hole that he's in  
But I mean no harm nor put fault  
On anyone that lives in a vault  
But it's alright, Ma, if I can't please him  
Old lady judges watch people in pairs  
Limited in sex, they dare  
To push fake morals, insult and stare  
While money doesn't talk, it swears  
Obscenity, who really cares propaganda, all is phony  
While them that defend what they cannot see  
With a killer's pride, security  
It blows the minds most bitterly  
For them that think death's honesty  
Won't fall upon them naturally  
Life sometimes must get lonely  
My eyes collide head-on with stuffed graveyards  
False goals, I scuff at pettiness which plays so rough  
Walk upside-down inside handcuffs  
Kick my legs to crash it off  
Say, "Okay, I have had enough, what else can you show me?"  
And if my thought dreams could be seen  
They'd probably put my head in a guillotine  
But it's alright, Ma, it's life, and life only

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