

Sad Eyed Lady of the Lowlands

Bob Dylan

With your mercury mouth
In the missionary times
And your eyes like smoke
And your prayers like rhymes
And your silver cross
And you voice like chimes
Oh, who do they think could bury you?
With your pockets well
Protected at last
And your street-car visions
Which you place on the grass
And your flesh like silk
And your face like glass
Who could forget to carry you?
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums
Should I put them by your gate?
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

With your sheets like metal
And your belt like lace
And your deck of cards
Missing the jack and the ace
And your basement clothes
And your hollow face
Who among them can think he could outguess you?
With your silhouette
When the sunlight dims
Into your eyes
Where the moonlight swims
And your matchbook songs
And your gypsy hymns
Who among them would try to impress you?
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums
Should I put them by your gate?

Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

The kings of Tyrus
With their convict list
Are waiting in line
For their geranium kiss
And you wouldn't know
It would happen like this
But who among them really wants just to kiss you?
With your childhood flames
On your midnight rug
And your Spanish manners
And your mother's drugs
And your cowboy mouth
And your curfew plugs
Who among them do you think could resist you?
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands
Where the prophets say that no man comes
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums
Should I leave them by your gate?
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

Oh, the farmers and the businessman
They all did decide
To show you where the dead angels are
That they used to hide
But why did they pick you
To sympathize with their side?
How could they ever mistake you?
They wished you'd accepted
The blame for the farm
But with the sea at your feet
And the phony false alarm
And with the child of the hoodlum
Wrapped up in your arms
How could they ever have persuaded you?
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands
Where the sad-eyed prophets say that no man's come
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums
Should I leave them by your gate?
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

With your sheet metal memory
Of Cannery Row
And your magazine husband

Who one day just had to go
And your gentleness now
Which you just can't help but show
Who among them do you think would employ you?
Now you stand with your thief
You're on his parole
With your holy medallion
And your fingertips now that fold
And your saintlike face
And your ghostlike soul
Who among them could ever think he could destroy you?
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands
Where the sad-eyed prophets say that no man comes
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums
Should I leave them by your gate?
Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

Lyrics submitted by Emmet.

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