

It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)

Bob Dylan & The Band

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 youA 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 toAlthough the masters make the rules
 For the wise men and the fools
I got nothing, Ma, to live up toFor 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 inWhile 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 inBut I mean no harm nor put fault
 On anyone that lives in a vault
But it's alright, Ma, if I can't please himOld 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 phonyWhile 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 lonelyMy 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
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.