

Huck's Tune

Bob Dylan

Well, I wandered alone through a desert of stone
And I dreamt of my future wife
My sword's in my hand and I'm next in command
In this version of death called life My plate and my cup are right straight up
I took a rose from the hand of a child
When I kiss your lips, the honey drips
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while Everyday we meet on any old street
And you're in your girlish prime
The short and the tall are coming to the ball
I go there all the time Behind every tree, there's something to see
The river is wider than a mile
I tried you twice, you can't be nice
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while Here come the nurse with money in her purse
Here come the ladies and men
You push it all in and you've no chance to win
You play 'em on down to the end I'm laying in the sand, getting a sunshine tan
Moving along, riding in style
From my toes to my head you knock me dead
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while I count the years and I shed no tears
I'm blinded to what might have been
Nature's voice makes my heart rejoice
Play me the wild song of the wind I found hopeless love in the room above
When the sun and the weather were mild
You're as fine as wine, I ain't handing you no line
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while All the merry little elves can go hang themselves
My faith is as cold as can be
I'm stacked high to the roof and I'm not without proof
If you don't believe me, come see You think I'm blue, I think so too
In my words you'll find no guile
The game's gotten old, the deck's gone cold
And I'm gonna have to put you down for a while The game's gotten old, the deck's gone cold
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while

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