

Drifter's Escape

Bob Dylan

Oh, help me in my weakness
I heard the drifter say
As they carried him from the courtroom
And were taking him away
My trip hasn't been a pleasant one
And my time it isn't long
And I still do not know
What it was that I've done wrong
Well, the judge, he cast his robe aside
A tear came to his eye
You fail to understand, he said
Why must you even try
Outside, the crowd was stirring
You could hear it from the door
Inside, the judge was stepping down
While the jury cried for more
Oh, stop that cursed jury
Cried the attendant and the nurse
The trial was bad enough
But this is ten times worse
Just then a bolt of lightning
Struck the courthouse out of shape
And while everybody knelt to pray
The drifter did escape

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