

From a Buick 6

Bob Dylan

I got this graveyard woman, you know she keeps my kids
But my soulful mama, you know she keeps me hid
She's a junkyard angel and she always gives me bread
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she's bound to put a blanket on my bed
Well, when the pipeline gets broken
and I'm lost on the river bridge
I'm all cracked up on the highway and in the water's edge
And then she comes down a thruway, ready to sew me up with a thread
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she's bound to put a blanket on my bed
Well, she don't make me nervous,
she don't talk too much
She walks like Bo Diddley and she don't need no crutch
She keeps this four-ten all loaded with lead
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she's bound to put a blanket on my bed, c'mon
Well, you know I need a
steam shovel, mama, to keep away the dead
I need a dump truck, baby, to unload my head
She brings me everything and more, and just like I said
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she's bound to put a blanket on my bed

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