Bob Dylan Blues

Syd Barrett

Got the Bob Dylan blues
And the Bob Dylan Shoes
And my clothes and my hair's in a mess
But you know I just couldn't care lessGoin' to write me a song
Bout' what's right and what's wrong
Bout' god and my god and all that
Quiet while I make like a catChorus:
Cause I'm a poet
Don't ya know it
And the wind, you can blow it
Cause I'm Mr. Dylan, the king
And I'm free as a bird on the wingRoam from town to town
Guess I get people down
But I don't care too much about that
Cause my gut and my wallet are fatMake a whole lotta dough
But I deserve it though
I've got soul and a good heart of gold
So I'll sing about war in the coldChorus (see above):Well I sing about dreams
And I rhymes it with seems
Cause it seems that my dream always means
That I can prophesy all kinds of thingsWell the guy that digs me
Should try hard to see
That he buys all my discs and a hat
And when I'm in town go see thatChorus (see above):

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