

# If You Ever Go to Houston

Bob Dylan

If you ever go to Houston  
Better walk right  
Keep your hands in your pockets  
And your gun-belts tied  
If you're asking for drama  
If you're looking for a fight  
If you ever go to Houston  
Boy you better walk right If you're ever down there  
On Bagby and Lamar  
You better watch out for  
The man with the shining star  
Better know where you're going  
Or stay where you are  
If you're ever down there  
On Bagby and Lamar Well, I know these streets  
I've been here before  
I nearly got killed here  
During the Mexican War  
Something always  
Keeps me coming back for more  
I know these streets  
I've been here before If you ever go to Dallas  
Say hello to Mary-Ann  
Say I'm still looking along the trigger  
Hanging on the best I can  
If you see her sister Lucy  
Say I'm sorry I'm not there  
Tell her other sister Nancy  
To pray the sinner's prayer I gotta a restless fever  
Burnin' in my brain  
Got to keep right forward  
Can't spoil the game  
The same way I'll leave here  
Will be the way that I came  
I gotta a restless fever  
Burnin' it in my brain Mr. policeman  
Can you help me find my gal?  
Last time I saw her  
Was at the Magnolia Motel

If you help me find her  
You can be my pal  
Mr. policeman  
Can you help me find my gal? If you ever go to Austin  
Fort Worth or San Anton'  
Find the barrooms I got lost in  
And send my memories home  
Put my tears in a bottle  
Screw the top on tight  
If you ever go to Houston  
Boy you'd better walk right

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