

# Bob Dylan's 115th Dream

## Bob Dylan

I was riding on the Mayflower when I thought I spied some land  
I yelled for to Captain Arab, I'll have ya understand  
Who came running to the deck, said, "Boys, forget the whale  
We're goin' over yonder, cut the engines, change the sails"  
'Haul on that bowline' we sang that melody  
Like all tough sailors do when they're far away at sea "I think I'll call it America." I said as we hit land  
I took a deep breath, I fell down, I could not stand  
Captain Arab, he starting writing out some deeds  
He said, "Let's set up a fort and start buying the place with beads"  
Just then a cop come down the street crazy as a loon  
And throws us all in jail for carryin' harpoons Aw, me, I busted out, don't even ask me how  
I went to get some help, I walked by a Guernsey cow  
Who directed me down to the Bowery slums  
Where people carried signs around sayin' 'Ban the bums'  
I jumped right in line, sayin', "I hope that I'm not late"  
When I realized I hadn't eaten for five days straight I went into a restaurant lookin' for the cook  
I told him I was the editor of a famous etiquette book  
The waitress he was handsome, he wore a powder blue cape  
I ordered up some suzette, I said, "Could you please make that crepe?"  
Just then the whole kitchen exploded from boiling fat  
Food was flyin' everywhere, I left without my hat Now I didn't mean to be nosey but I went into a bank  
To get some bail for Arab and all the boys back in the tank  
They asked me for some collateral and I pulled down my pants  
They threw me in the alley, when up comes this girl from France  
Who invited me to her house, I went, but she had a friend  
Who knocked me out an' robbed my boots an' was I on the street again Well I arrived upon a house with a U.S.  
flag upon display  
I said, "Could you help me out? I got some friends down the way"  
The man says, "Get out of here, I'll tear you limb from limb"  
I said "You know, they refused Jesus, too." He said "You're not him  
Get out of here before I break your bones, I ain't your pop"  
I decided to have him arrested and I went looking for a cop I ran right outside and hopped inside a cab  
I went out the other door, this English man said "Fab!"  
As he saw me leap a hotdog stand and a chariot that stood  
Parked across from a building advertising brotherhood  
I ran right through the front door like a hobo sailor does  
But it was just a funeral parlor and the man asked me who I was I repeated that my friends were all in jail, with a  
sigh  
He gave me his card, he said, "Call me if they die"

I shook his hand and said goodbye, ran out to the street  
When a bowling ball came down the road and knocked me off my feet  
A pay phone was ringin' and it just about blew my mind  
When I picked it up an' said "Hello", this foot came through the line  
Well about this time I was fed up at trying  
to make a stab  
At bringin' back any help for my friends and Captain Arab  
I decided to flip a coin, like either heads or tails  
Would let me know if I should go back to ship or back to jail  
So I hocked my sailor's suit an' I got a coin to flip  
It came up tails, it rhymed with sails, so I made it back to the ship  
Well I got back and took the parking ticket off  
the mast  
I was ripping it to shreds when this Coast Guard boat went past  
They asked me my name and I said, "Captain Kidd"  
They believed me but they wanted to know exactly that I did  
I said, "For the Pope of Eyruke I was employed"  
They let me go right away, they were very paranoid  
Well the last I heard of Arab he was stuck on the whale  
That was married to the Deputy Sheriff of the jail  
But the funniest thing was when I was leavin' the bay  
I saw three ships sailing, they were all heading my way  
So I asked the Captain what his name was  
An' how come he didn't drive a truck?  
He said his name was Columbus an' I just said, "Good luck"

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