

He Was a Friend of Mine

Bob Dylan

He was a friend of mine
He was a friend of mine
Every time I think about him now
Lord, I just can't keep from cryin'
'Cause he was a friend of mine He died on the road
He died on the road
He never had enough money
To pay his room or board
And he was a friend of mine I stole away and cried
I stole away and cried
'Cause I never had too much money
And I never been quite satisfied
And he was a friend of mine He never done no wrong
He never done no wrong
A thousand miles from home
And he never harmed no one
And he was a friend of mine

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