

# Jolene

## Bob Dylan

Well, you're comin' down High Street walkin' in the sun

You make a dead man rise and holler she's the one

Jolene, Jolene

Baby I am the king and you're the queen

Well, it's a long old highway that don't ever end

I got a Saturday Night Special, I'm back again

I'll sleep by your door, lay my life on the line

You probably don't know but I'm gonna make you mine

Jolene, Jolene

Baby I am the king and you is the queen

I keep my hands in my pocket, I'm movin' along

People think they know but they're all wrong

You're something nice, I'm gonna bet my dice

I can't say I haven't paid the price

Jolene, Jolene

Baby I am the king and you is the queen

Well, I found out the hard way, I've had my fill

You can't fight somebody with his back to a hill

Those big brown eyes they set off a spark

If you hold me in your arms things don't look so dark

Jolene, Jolene

Baby I am the king and you're the queen

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