Dylan

Lyla Foy

I pray for rain because I'm trying
To find god and make him cry
Because I'm dying in a fire beneath my covers
And somewhere out across the wayYou ask for salt across a plate
And you can't find a word to say
To your own brotherAnd you could call me over now
And we could fix this with our mouths
But you don't buy the farm
If you can't afford the cowAnd you say Dylan is a sentiment
That you don't want to share
And you say you looked back in anger
And it rose to meet your stareAnd you say I am not the one
Who puts the bullet to your gun
And makes it flare
And you say Dylan is a sentiment to you
And you don't want to shareYou say you're looking for the truth
Like you got rifles in your books
But up above your parents' roof
I saw no star tonightOnly the black from whence you came
And where they'll send you back again
And no blue plaque will keep your name
From falling out of sightAnd you can wage this war of one
And I am still the only one
Who will remember you when you are goneAnd you say Dylan is a sentiment
That you don't want to share
And you say you looked back in anger
And it rose to meet your stareAnd you say I am not the one
Who puts the bullet to your gun
And makes it flare
And you say Dylan is a sentiment to you
And you don't want to shareOh, and all the things you talk about
But never say to me
And all the things to talk about
That I could say to youLike reading an Italian book
From the thirteenth century
Is not that hard to doAnd I am not the kind
Who puts their toe against the line
And makes it tear, but this could be the thing
That puts the blood into your skin

And keeps it thereAnd you say Dylan is a sentiment
That no one else will ever understand
And you say Dylan is a sentiment to you
But you are only just a man

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