

# 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 way You ask for salt across a plate  
And you can't find a word to say  
To your own brother And 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 cow And 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 stare And 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 share You say you're looking for the truth  
Like you got rifles in your books  
But up above your parents' roof  
I saw no star tonight Only 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 sight And you can wage this war of one  
And I am still the only one  
Who will remember you when you are gone And 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 stare And 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 share Oh, and all the things you talk about  
But never say to me  
And all the things to talk about  
That I could say to you Like reading an Italian book  
From the thirteenth century  
Is not that hard to do And 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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