

Lonesome Day Blues

Bob Dylan

Well, today has been
A sad and lonesome day
Yeah, today has been
A sad and lonesome day
I'm just sitting here thinking
With my mind a million miles away Well, they're doing the double shuffle
Throwing sand on the floor
They're doing the double shuffle
They're throwing sand on the floor
When I left my longtime darling
She was standing in the door Well, my pa, he died and left me
My brother got killed in the war
Well, my pa, he died and left me
My brother got killed in the war
My sister, she ran off and got married
Never was heard of anymore Samantha Brown lived in my house
For 'bout four or five months
Samantha Brown lived in my house
For 'bout four or five months
Don't know how it looked to other people
I never slept with her even once Well, the road's washed out
Weather not fit for man or beast
Well, the road's washed out
Weather not fit for man or beast
Funny, the things you have the hardest time parting with
Are the things you need the least And I'm forty miles from the mill
I'm dropping it into overdrive
I'm forty miles from the mill
I'm dropping it into overdrive
Set my dial on the radio
I wish my mother was still alive I seen your lover-man comin'
Comin' across the barren fields
I see your lover-man comin'
Comin' across the barren fields
He not a gentleman at all, he's rotten to the core
He's a coward and he steals Well, my captain, he's decorated
He's well-schooled and he's skilled
My captain, he's decorated
He's well-schooled and he's skilled

He's not sentimental, don't bother him at all
How many of his pals have been killed
Last night the wind was whispering
I was trying to make out what it was
Last night the wind was whispering something
I was trying to make out what it was
Yeah, I tell myself some thing's coming
But it never does
I'm gonna spare the defeated
I'm gonna speak to the crowd
I'm gonna spare the defeated
'Cause I'm going to speak to the crowd
I'm gonna teach peace to the conquered
I'm going to tame the proud
Well, the leaves are rustling in the wood
Things are falling off of the shelf
Leaves are rustling in the wood
Things are falling off the shelf
You're gonna need my help, sweetheart
You can't make love all by yourself

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