

# Fixin' to Die

[Bob Dylan](#)

Feeling funny in my mind, Lord  
I believe I'm fixing to die  
Feeling funny in my mind, Lord  
I believe I'm fixing to die Well, I don't mind dying  
But I hate to leave my children crying Well, I look over yonder to that burying ground  
Look over yonder to that burying ground  
Sure seems lonesome, Lord  
When the sun goes down Feeling funny in my eyes, Lord  
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die  
Feeling funny in my eyes, Lord  
I believe I'm fixing to die Well, I don't mind dying but  
I hate to leave my children crying Well there's a black smoke rising, Lord  
It's rising up above my head, up above my head  
Well there's a black smoke rising, Lord  
It's rising up above my head  
And tell Jesus make up my dying bed I'm walking kind of funny, Lord  
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die  
Yes I'm walking kind of funny, Lord  
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die, fixing to die Well, I don't mind dying  
But I hate to leave my children crying

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