

# Floater

## Bob Dylan

Down over the window  
From the dazzling sunlit place  
Through the back alleys, through the blinds  
Another one of the Memphis days  
Honey bees are buzzing  
Leaves begin to stir  
I'm in love with my second cousin  
I tell myself I could be happy forever with her  
I keep listening for footsteps  
But I ain't never hearing any  
From the boat, I fish for bullheads  
I catch a lot sometimes too many  
A summer breeze is blowin'  
A squall is setting in  
Sometimes it's just plain stupid  
To get into any kind of wind  
Well the old men 'round here sometimes they get on  
Bad terms with the younger men  
Old, young, age don't carry weight  
It doesn't matter in the end  
One of the boss' hangers-on sometimes comes to call  
At times you least expect  
Tryin' to bully you, strong arm you inspire you with fear  
It has the opposite effect  
There's a new grove of trees on the outskirts of town  
The other one is long gone  
10 foot, 2 foot, 6 across  
Burns with the bark still on  
They say times are hard  
If you don't believe it you can follow your nose  
It don't bother me, times are hard everywhere  
We'll just have to see how it goes  
My old man, he's like some feudal Lord  
He's got more lives than a cat  
I've never seen him quarrel with my mother even once  
Things come alive or they fall flat  
You can smell the pine wood burnin'  
You can hear the school bell ring  
Got to get up near the teacher, if you can  
If you wanna learn anything  
Romeo, he said to Juliet, "You got a poor complexion  
That don't give your appearance a very youthful touch"  
Juliet said back to Romeo  
"Why don't you just shove off, if it bothers you so much"  
They got all got outta here any way they could  
Cold rain can give you the shivers  
They went down the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee  
All rest of them rebel rivers  
If you ever try to interfere with me or cross my path again  
You do so at the peril of your life  
I'm not quite as cool, or forgiving as I sound

I've seen enough heartache and strife  
My grandfather was a duck trapper  
He could do it with just dragnets and ropes  
My grandmother could sew new dresses out of old cloth  
I don't know if they had any dreams or hopes  
I had 'em once, though I suppose  
To go along with all the ring dancing  
Christmas carols and all the Christmas eves  
I left all my dreams and hopes buried under tobacco leaves  
Not always easy kicking someone out  
Got to wait awhile, it can be an unpleasant task  
Sometimes somebody wants you to give something up  
And tears or not, it's too much to ask

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