Sad Eyed Lady Of The Lowlands

Bob Dylan

With your mercury mouth in the missionary times
And your eyes like smoke and your prayers like rhymes
And your silver cross, and your voice like chimes
Oh, who do they think could bury you ?
With your pockets well protected at last
And your streetcar visions which you place on the grass
And your flesh like silk, And you face like glass
Who among them do they think could carry you ?Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums
Should I put them by your gate
Oh, sad-eyed lady, should I wait ?With your sheets like metal and your belt like lace
And your deck of cards missing the jack and the ace
And your basement clothes and your hollow face
Who among them can think he could outguess you ?
With your silhouette when the sunlight dims
Into your eyes where the moonlight swims
And your match-book songs and your gypsy hymns
Who among them would try to impress you ?Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums
Should I put them by your gate
Oh, sad-eyed lady, should I wait ?The kings of Tyrus with their convict list
Are waiting in line for their geranium kiss
And you wouldn't know it would happen like this
But who among them really wants just to kiss you ?
With your childhood flames on your midnight rug
And your Spanish manners, and your mother's drugs
And your cowboy mouth and your curfew plugs
Who among them do you think could resist you ?Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums
Should I put them by your gate
Oh, sad-eyed lady, should I wait ?Oh, the farmers and the businessmen they all did decide
To show you the dead angels that they used to hide
But why did they pick you to sympathize with their side ?
How could they ever mistake you ?
They wished you'd accepted the blame for the farm
But with the sea at your feet and the phony false alarm

And with the child of a hoodlum wrapped up in your arms
How could they ever, ever persuade you ?Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums
Should I put them by your gate
Oh, sad-eyed lady, should I wait ?With your sheet-metal memory of Cannery Row
And your magazine-husband who one day just had to go
And your gentleness now, which you just can't help but show
Who among them do you think would employ you ?
Now you stand with your thief, you're on his parole
With your holy medallion which your fingertips fold
And your saintlike face and your ghostlike soul
Who among them do you think could destroy you ?Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums
Should I put them by your gate
Oh, sad-eyed lady, should I wait ?

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