

Abe Lincoln vs. Madison Avenue

Bob Newhart

Dylan Bob

Miscellaneous

Bob Dylan's New Orleans Rag

by Bob Dylan I was sittin' on a stump

Down in New Orleans,

I was feelin' kinda low down,

Dirty and mean.

Along came a fella

And he didn't even ask.

He says, "I know of a woman

That can fix you up fast."

I didn't think twice,

I said like I should,

"Let's go find this lady

That can do me some good."

We walked across the river

On a sailin' spree

And we came to a door

Called one-oh-three.

I was just about ready

To give it a little knock

When out comes a fella

Who couldn't even walk.

He's linkin' and a-slinkin',

Couldn't stand on his feet,

And he moaned and he groaned

And he shuffled down the street.

Well, out of the door

There comes another man.

He wiggled and he wobbled,

He couldn't hardly stand.

He had this frightened

Look in his eyes,

Like he just fought a bear,

He was ready to die.

Well, I peeked through the key crack,

Comin' down the hall

Was a long-legged man

Who couldn't hardly crawl.

He muttered and he uttered
In broken French,
And he looked like he'd been through
A monkey wrench. Well, by this time
I was a-scared to knock,
I was a-scared to move,
I's in a state of shock.
I hummed a little tune
And I shuffled my feet
And I started walkin' backwards
Down that broad street.
Well, I got to the corner,
I tried my best to smile.
I turned around the corner
And I ran a bloody mile.
Man, I wasn't runnin'
'Cause I was sick,
I was just a-runnin'
To get out of there quick. Well, I tripped right along
And I'm a-wheezin' in my chest.
I musta run a mile
In a minute or less.
I walked on a log
And I tripped on a stump,
I caught a fast freight
With a one-arm jump.
So, if you're travelin' down
Louisiana way,
And you feel kinda lonesome
And you need a place to stay,
Man, you're better off
In your misery
Than to tackle that lady
At one-oh-three.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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