

Ballad of a Thin Man

Bob Dylan

You walk into the room
With your pencil in your hand
You see somebody naked
And you say who is that man?
You try so hard
But you don't understand
Just what you would've said
When you get homeSomething is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you Mister Jones?You sneak into the window
And you say, "Is this where it is?"
Somebody points his finger at you
And says, "It's his"
And you say, "What's mine?"
Someone else says, "Where what is?"
And you say, "Oh my God, am I here all alone?"Something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you Mister Jones?You hand in your ticket
And you go see the geek
Who walks up to you
When he hears you speak
And says, "How does it feel
To be such a freak?"
And you say, "Impossible"
As he hands you a boneSomething is happening
And you don't know what it is
Do you Mister Jones?You have many contacts
Out there among the lumberjacks
To get you facts
When someone attacks your imagination
But no one has any respect
Anyway they just expect
You to hand over your check
To tax deductible charity organizationsThe sword swallower walks up to you
And he kneels
He crosses himself
And then he clicks his high heels
And without further notice
Asks you how it feels

And says, "Here's your throat back
Thanks for the loan"Something is happening
And you don't know what it is
Do you Mister Jones?You crawl into the room
Like a camel and you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket
And you put your nose into the ground
There ought to be a law
Against you comin' around
You got to be made
To be wearing a telephoneBut something is happening
And you don't know what it is
Do you Mister Jones?Something is happening here
And you don't know what it is
Do you Mister Jones?

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