

Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum

Bob Dylan

Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee
They're throwin' knives into the tree
Two big bags of dead man's bones
Got their noses to the grind stoneLivin' in the Land of Nod
Trustin' their fate to the hands of God
They pass by so silently
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle DeeWell, they're goin' to the country, they're goin' to retire
They're takin' a street car named Desire
Lookin' at a window with a pecan pie
Lot of things they'd like they would never buy"Neither of them want to turn and run
They're makin' a noise to the sun
His Master's Voice is calling me"
Said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle DeeTweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum
I'll have more than thumb
They walk among the stately trees
They know the secrets of the breezeTweedle Dum said to Tweedle Dee
"Your presence is obnoxious to me
Feel like baby sittin' on a woman's knee"
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle DeeWell, the rain beatin' down on a window pane
I got love for you and it's all in vain
Brains in a pot, they're beginning to boil
They're drippin' with garlic and olive oilTweedle Dee is on his hands and his knees
Sayin', "Throw me something, Mister, please"
"What's good for you is good for me"
Said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle DeeWell, they're living in a happy harmony
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee
They're one day older and a dollar short
They got a prayer permit and a police escortThey're lyin' low and they're makin' hay
They seem determined to go all the way
They run a brick an' tile company
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle DeeWell, the timeless stream has a deaf last meal
And the noble truth is a sacred creed
My pretty baby, she's looking around
She's wearin' a multi-thousand dollar gownTweedle Dee is a low down sorry old man
Tweedle Dum, he'll stab you where you stand
"I've had too much of your company"
Said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle Dee

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