

Oxford Town

[Bob Dylan](#)

Oxford Town, Oxford Town
Everybody's got their heads bowed down
The sun don't shine above the ground
Ain't a-goin' down to Oxford Town
He went down to Oxford Town
Guns and clubs followed him down
All because his face was brown
Better get away from Oxford Town
Oxford Town around the bend
Come to the door, he couldn't get in
All because of the color of his skin
What do you think about that, my friend?
Me and my gal, my gal's son
We got met with a tear gas bomb
I don't even know why we come
Goin' back where we come from

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