

Dirge

Bob Dylan

I hate myself for lovin' you
And the weakness that it showed
You were just a painted face
On a trip down suicide roadThe stage was set, the lights went out
All around the old hotel
I hate myself for lovin' you
And I'm glad the curtain fellI hate that foolish game we played
And the need that was expressed
And the mercy that you showed to me
Who ever would have guessed?I went out on lower broadway
And I felt that place within
That hollow place where martyrs weep
And angels play with sinHeard your songs of freedom
And man forever stripped
Acting out his folly
While his back is being whippedLike a slave in orbit
He's beaten 'til he's tame
All for a moment's glory
And it's a dirty, rotten shameThere are those who worship loneliness
I'm not one of them
In this age of fiberglass
I'm searching for a gemThe crystal ball up on the wall
Hasn't shown me nothin' yet
I've paid the price of solitude
But at last I'm out of debtI can't recall a useful thing
You ever did for me
'Cept pat me on the back one time
When I was on my kneesWe stared into each others eyes
'Til one of us would break
No use to apologize
What difference would it make?So sing your praise of progress
And of the doom machine
The naked truth is still taboo
Whenever it can be seenLady luck who shines on me
Will tell you where I'm at
I hate myself for lovin' you
But I should get over that

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