

Floater (Too Much to Ask)

Bob Dylan

Down over the window
Comes the dazzling sunlit rays
Through the back alleys, through the blinds
Another one of them endless daysHoneybees are buzzin'
Leaves begin to stir
I'm in love with my second cousin
I tell myself I could be happy forever with herI keep listenin' for footsteps
But I ain't ever hearing any
From the boat I fish for bullheads
I catch a lot, sometimes too manyA summer breeze is blowing
A squall is settin' in
Sometimes it's just plain stupid
To get into any kind of windWell, the old men 'round here, sometimes they get on
Bad terms with the younger men
Old, young, age don't carry weight
It doesn't matter in the endOne of the boss' hangers-on
Sometimes ome to call at times you least expect
Try to bully ya, strong arm ya, inspire you with fear
It has the opposite effectThere's a new grove of trees on the outskirts of town
The old one is long gone
Timber two-foot six across
Burns with the bark still onThey say times are hard, if you don't believe it
You can just follow your nose
It don't bother me, times are hard everywhere
Well, we'll just have to see how it goesMy old man, he's like some feudal lord
Got more lives than a cat
I never seen him quarrel with my mother even once
Things come alive or they fall flatYou can smell the pine wood burnin'
You can hear the school bell ring
Gotta get up near the teacher if you can
If you want to learn anythingRomeo, he said to Juliet, "You got a poor complexion
It doesn't give your appearance a very youthful touch"
Juliet said back to Romeo, "Why don't you just shove off
If it bothers you so much"They all got out of here any way they could
The cold rain can give you the shivers
They went down the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee
All the rest of them rebel riversIf you ever try to interfere with me or cross my path again
You do so at the peril of your own life
I'm not quite as cool or forgiving as I sound

I've seen enough heartaches and strife
My grandfather was a duck trapper
He could do it with just dragnets and ropes
My grandmother could sew new dresses out of old cloth
I don't know if they had any dreams or hopes
I had 'em once though, I suppose
To go along with all the ring dancin' Christmas carols on all the Christmas Eves
I left all my dreams and hopes
Buried under tobacco leaves
Not always easy kicking someone out
Gotta wait a while, it can be an unpleasant task
Sometimes somebody wants you to give something up
And tears or not, it's too much to ask

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