

# Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window?

Bob Dylan

He sits in your room, his tomb with a fist full of tacks  
Preoccupied with his vengeance  
Cursin' the dead that can't answer him back  
You know that he has no intentions  
Of looking your way, unless it's to say  
That he needs you to test his inventions  
Hey, come crawl out your window  
Use your hands and legs it won't ruin you  
How can you say he will haunt you?  
You can go back to him any time you want to  
He looks so truthful, is this how he feels?  
Trying to peel the moon and expose it  
With his business-like anger and bloodhounds that kneel  
If he needs a third eye he just grows it  
He just needs you to talk or to hand him his chalk  
Or pick it up after he throws it  
Hey, please crawl out your window  
Oh, use your hands and legs it won't ruin you  
How can you say he will haunt you?  
You can go back to him any time you want to  
He looks so righteous while your face is so changed  
As you sit on the box you keep him in  
While his genocide fools and friends rearrange  
Their religion of the little ten women  
That backs up their views but your face is so bruised  
Come on out the dark is just beginning  
Hey, please come out your window  
Oh, use your hands and legs it won't ruin you  
How can you say he will haunt you?  
When you can go back to him any time that you want to  
You've got a lot of nerve to say you are my friend  
If you won't come out your window  
Yes, come out your window

Songwriters

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