Bob Dylan

Drake Bell

How may roads must a man walk down
I wish I could write so profound
The words he spoke were blown in the wind
Pick up my air guitar and write like him
Awwww Bob Dylan
I live my life like a Rolling Stone
Feel my words are not my own
You can't tell me what to sing
But the times they are changing
Awwww Bob Dylan
Awwww Bob Dylan
Look out kid
There's something you did
God knows when but you're doin' it again

Searchin' around for dignity
A little less of Bob and a little more of me
Awwww
How does it feel to be on your own
Lower than a complete unknown
Searchin' for poetry in all the wrong places
Looking for acceptance it strangers faces
Awwww Bob Dylan
Awwww Bob Dylan
Awwww Bob Dylan
Awwww Bob Dylan
Bob Dylan
Bob Dylan, yeah
Oooh Bob Dylan
Bob Dylan

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