Talking New Bob Dylan

Loudon Wainwright III

Hey, Bob Dylan, I wrote you a song
Today is your birthday if I'm not wrong
If I'm not mistaken, you're 50 today
How are you doin', Bob? What do you say?Well, it musta been about '62
I heard you on record, you were brand new
And some had some doubts about the way you sang
But the truth came through and loudly it rangYeah, you were hipper than Mitch Miller
And Johnny Mathis put togetherSo I got some boots, a harmonica rack
A D-21, and I was on the right track
But I didn't start writing until '68
It was too damn daunting, you were too great
I won a whole lot of Bob Dylan imitation contests, though, huhYeah, times were a changin', you brought it all home
'Blonde On Blonde', 'Like A Rolling Stone'
The real world is crazy, you were deranged
And when you went electric, Bob, everything changed
A shock to the systemHad a commission at her motorcycle wreck
Holed up in Woodstock with a broken neck
And the labels were signin' up guys with guitars
Out to make millions, lookin' for starsWell, I figured it was time to make my move
Songs from the West Chester County Delta countryYeah, I got a deal and so did John Prine
Steve Forbert and Springsteen, all in a line
They were lookin' for you, signin' up others
We were new Bob Dylans, your dumb ass kid brothersWell, we still get together every week at Bruce's house
Why, he's got quite a spread I tell ya, it's a twelve step programYeah, but we were just us and of course you were you
And "John Wesley Harding" sure sounded new
And then, "Nashville Skyline" was even newer
'Blood On the Tracks' an' the ringin' got truerLet's see, there was another one in there somewhere[Incomprehensible]
Oh, I got it, I got it, "Self Portrait"
Well, it was an interesting effortYeah, had to stop listening, times were too tough
Me bein' the new me was hard enough
You keep right on changin' like you always do
An' what's best is the old stuff still all sounds newYeah, today is your birthday, have a great one, Bob
Bein' the new you is one hell of a job
My kid cranked up her boom box to almost grown
When I heard you screamin' from her room
"Everybody must get stoned", thanks a lot, Bob

Happy birthday, Bob

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