

Bob Dylan's Blues

Bob Dylan

Well, the Lone Ranger and Tonto
They are ridin' down the line
Fixin' everybody's troubles
Everybody's except mine
Someone musta told them that I was doin' fine
Oh, you five-and-ten cent women
With nothin' in your heads
I got a real gal I'm lovin'
Lord, I'll love her till I'm dead
Go away from my door and my window, too
Right now Lord, I ain't goin' down to no race track
See no sports car run
I don't have no sports car
And I don't even care to have one
I can walk anytime around the block
Well, the wind keeps a-blowin' me
Up and down the street
With my hat in my hand
And my boots on my feet
Watch out so you don't step on me

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