

Tombstone Blues

Bob Dylan

The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course
The city fathers theyâ€™re trying to endorse
The reincarnation of Paul Revereâ€™s horse
But the town has no need to be nervous

The ghost of Belle Starr she hands down her wits
To Jezebel the nun she violently knits
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who sits
At the head of the chamber of commerce

Mamaâ€™s in the factâ€™ry
She ainâ€™t got no shoes
Daddyâ€™s in the alley
Heâ€™s lookinâ€™ for the fuse
Iâ€™m in the streets
With the tombstone blues

The hysterical bride in the penny arcade
Screaming she moans, â€œIâ€™ve just been madeâ€•
Then sends out for the doctor who pulls down the shade
Says, â€œMy advice is to not let the boys inâ€•

Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside
He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride
â€œStop all this weeping, swallow your pride
You will not die, itâ€™s not poisonâ€•

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Well, John the Baptist after torturing a thief
Looks up at his hero the Commander-in-Chief
Saying, â€œTell me great hero, but please make it brief
Is there a hole for me to get sick in?â€•

The Commander-in-Chief answers him while chasing a fly

Saying, "Death to all those who would whimper and cry"
And dropping a barbell he points to the sky
Saying, "The sun's not yellow it's chicken"

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The king of the Philistines his soldiers to save
Puts jawbones on their tombstones and flatters their graves
Puts the pied pipers in prison and fattens the slaves
Then sends them out to the jungle

Gypsy Davey with a blowtorch he burns out their camps
With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps
With a fantastic collection of stamps
To win friends and influence his uncle

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The geometry of innocence flesh on the bone
Causes Galileo's math book to get thrown
At Delilah who sits worthlessly alone
But the tears on her cheeks are from laughter

Now I wish I could give Brother Bill his great thrill
I would set him in chains at the top of the hill
Then send out for some pillars and Cecil B. DeMille
He could die happily ever after

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Where Ma Rainey and Beethoven once unwrapped their bedroll

Tuba players now rehearse around the flagpole
And the National Bank at a profit sells road maps for the soul
To the old folks home and the college

Now I wish I could write you a melody so plain
That could hold you dear lady from going insane
That could ease you and cool you and cease the pain
Of your useless and pointless knowledge

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