Days Of 49

Bob Dylan

I'm ol' Tom Moore from the bummers shore in the good old golden days
They call me a bummer and a ginsot too but what cares I for praise
I wander around from town to town just like a rovin' sign
And all the people say, "There goes Tom Moore in the days of 49"
In the days of old, in the days of gold
How often times I repine
For the days of old, when we dug up the gold
In the days of 49
My comrades, they all loved me well, a jolly, saucy crew
A few hard cases I will recall though they all were brave and true
Whatever the pitch they never would flinch
They never would fret or whine
Like good old bricks, they stood the kicks in the days of 49
In the days of old, in the days of gold
How ofttimes I repine
For the days of old, when we dug up the gold
In the days of 49
There was New York Jake, the butcher's boy
He was always getting tight
And every time that he'd get full, he was spoiling for a fight
Then Jake rampaged against a knife in the hands of ol' Bob Stein
And over Jake they held a wake in the days of 49
In the days of old, in the days of gold
How often times I repine
For the days of old, when we dug up the gold
In the days of 49
There was Poker Bill, one of the boys who was always in a game
Whether he lost or whether he won, to him it was always the same
He would ante up and draw his cards and he would you go a hatful blind
In a game with death, Bill lost his breath, in the days of 49
In the days of old, in the days of gold
In the day's times I repine
In the days of old, in the days of gold
Those were days of 49
There was ragshag Bill from Buffalo, I never will forget
He would roar all day and he'd roar all night and I guess he's roarin' yet
One day he fell in a prospect hole in a roaring bad design
And in that hole he roared out his soul in the days of 49
In the days of old, in the days of gold

How ofttimes I repine
For the days of old, when we dug up the gold
In the days of 49
Of the comrades all that I've had, there's none that's left to boast
And I'm left alone in my misery like some ol' poor wandering ghost
And I pass by from town to town, they call me 'The Rambling Sign'
There goes Tom Moore, a bummer sure in the days of 49
In the days of old, in the days of gold
How often times I repine
For the days of old, when we dug up the gold
In the days of 49
In the days of old, when we dug up the gold
How ofttimes I repine
In the days of old, in the days of gold
In the days of 49, oh

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