

Fourth Time Around

Bob Dylan

When she said, "Don't waste your words, they're just lies"
I cried she was deaf
And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes
And saying "What else you got left?" It was then that I got up to leave
But she said, "Don't forget
Everybody must give something back
For something they get" I stood there and hummed, I tapped on her drum
I asked her how come
And she buttoned her boot, and straightened her suit
And she said, "Don't be cute" So I forced my hands in my pockets
And felt with my thumbs
And gallantly handed her my very last piece of gum She threw me outside, I stood in the dirt
Where everyone walked
But, when finding out I'd forgotten my shirt
I went back and knocked I waited in the hallway, she went to get it
And I tried to make sense
Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair
That leaned up against Her Jamaican rum, and when she did come
I asked her for some
She said, "No, dear", I said, "Your words are not clear
You'd better spit out your gum" She screamed till her face got so red
Then she fell on the floor
I covered her up and then went and looked through her drawer And, when I was through, I filled up my shoe
And brought it to you
And you, you took me in, you loved me then
You didn't waste time
And I, I never took much, I never asked for your crutch
Now don't ask for mine

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