

My Wife's Home Town

[Bob Dylan](#)

Well, I didn't come here to deal with a doggone thing
I just came here to hear the drop of cymbaline
There ain't no way you can put me down
I just wanna say that hell's my wife's home town Well, there's reasons for that, and reasons for this
I can't think of any just now, but I know they exist
I'm sittin in the sun 'till my skin turns brown
I just wanna say that hell's my wife's home town
Home town
Home town She can make you steal, make you rob
Give you the hives, make you lose your job
Make things bad, she can make things worse
She got stuff more potent than a gypsy curse One of these days I'll end up on the run
I'm pretty sure she'll make me kill someone
I'm going inside, roll the shutters down
I just wanna say that hell's my wife's home town Well, there's plenty to remember, plenty to forget
I still can remember the day we met
I lost my reasons a-long ago
My love for her is all I know State gone broke, the county's dry
Don't be lookin' at me with that evil eye
Keep on walking, don't be hanging around
I'm tellin you again that hell's my wife's home town
Home town
Home town

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