

Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again

Bob Dylan

Oh, the ragman draws circles
Up and down the block
I'd ask him what the matter was
But I know that he don't talk And the ladies treat me kindly
And they furnish me with tape
But deep inside my heart
I know I can't escape Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end?
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again Well, Shakespeare, he's in the alley
With his pointed shoes and his bells
Speaking to some French girl
Who says she knows me well And I would send a message
To find out if she's talked
But the post office has been stolen
And the mailbox is locked Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end?
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again Mona tried to tell me
To stay away from the train line
She said that all the railroad men
Just drink up your blood like wine An' I said, "Oh, I didn't know that
But then again there's only one I've met
An' he just smoked my eyelids
An' punched my cigarette" Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end?
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again Grandpa died last week
And now he's buried in the rocks
But everybody still talks about
How badly they were shocked But me, I expected it to happen
I knew he'd lost control
When I speed built a fire on Main Street
And shot it full of holes Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end?
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again Now the senator came down here
Showing everyone his gun
Handing out free tickets

To the wedding of his sonAn' me, I nearly got busted
An' wouldn't it be my luck
To get caught without a ticket
And be discovered beneath a truck?Oh, Mama
Is this really the end?
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues againNow the T-Precacher looked so baffled
When I asked him why he dressed
With twenty pounds of headlines
Stapled to his chestBut he cursed me when I proved to him
Then I whispered and said "Not even you can hide
You see, you're just like me
I hope you're satisfied"Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end?
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues againNow the rainman gave me two cures
Then he said, "Jump right in"
The one was Texas medicine
The other was just railroad ginAn' like a fool I mixed them
An' it strangled up my mind
An' now people just get uglier
An' I have no sense of timeOh, Mama
Can this really be the end?
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues againWhen Ruthie says come see her
In her honky-tonk lagoon
Where I can watch her waltz for free
'Neath her Panamanian moonAn' I say, "Aw, come on now
You know you know about my debutante"
An' she says, "Your debutante just knows what you need
But I know what you want"Oh, Mama
Can this really be the end?
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues againNow the bricks lay on Grand Street
Where the neon madmen climb
They all fall there so perfectly
It all seems so well timedAn' here I sit so patiently
Waiting to find out what price
You have to pay to get out of
Going through all these things twiceOh, Mama
Is this really the end?
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again

Lyrics provided by
<https://damnlyrics.com/>