

Sitting On a Barbed Wire Fence

Bob Dylan

I paid fifteen million dollars, twelve hundred and seventy-two cents
I paid one thousand two hundred twenty-seven dollars and fifty-five cents
See my bull dog bite a rabbit
And my hound dog's sittin' on a barbed-wire fence, alright Well, my temperature rises and my feet can't walk so
hot
Yes, my temperature rises and my feet can't walk so hot
Well, this Arabian doctor comes in, gives me a shot
But wouldn't tell what it was that I got Well, this woman I've got, she's killing me alive
Yes, this woman I've got, she's killing me alive
She is making me into an old man
And, man, I'm not even twenty-five Of course, you're gonna think this song is a riff
I know you're gonna think this song is a riff
Unless you've been inside a tunnel
And fell down sixty nine, seventy feet over a barbed-wire fence
Alright!

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