

# Clean Cut Kid

## Bob Dylan

Everybody wants to know why he couldn't adjust  
Adjust to what, a dream that bust?  
He was a clean-cut kid  
But they made a killer out of him,  
That's what they did  
They said what's up is down, they said what isn't is  
They put ideas in his head he thought were his  
He was a clean-cut kid  
But they made a killer out of him,  
That's what they did  
He was on the baseball team, he was in the marching band  
When he was ten years old he had a watermelon stand  
He was a clean-cut kid  
But they made a killer out of him,  
That's what they did  
He went to church on Sunday, he was a Boy Scout  
For his friends he would turn his pockets inside out  
He was a clean-cut kid  
But they made a killer out of him,  
That's what they did  
They said, "Listen boy, you're just a pup"  
They sent him to a napalm health spa to shape up  
They gave him dope to smoke, drinks and pills,  
A jeep to drive, blood to spill  
They said "Congratulations, you got what it takes"  
They sent him back into the rat race without any brakes  
He was a clean-cut kid  
But they made a killer out of him,  
That's what they did  
He bought the American dream but it put him in debt  
The only game he could play was Russian roulette  
He drank Coca-Cola, he was eating Wonder Bread,  
Ate Burger Kings, he was well fed  
He went to Hollywood to see Peter O'Toole  
He stole a Rolls Royce and drove it in a swimming pool  
They took a clean-cut kid  
And they made a killer out of him,  
That's what they did  
He could've sold insurance, owned a restaurant or bar

Could've been an accountant or a tennis star  
He was wearing boxing gloves, took a dive one day  
Off the Golden Gate Bridge into China Bay  
His mama walks the floor, his daddy weeps and moans  
They gotta sleep together in a home they don't own  
They took a clean-cut kid  
And they made a killer out of him,  
That's what they did  
Well, everybody's asking why he couldn't adjust  
All he ever wanted was somebody to trust  
They took his head and turned it inside out  
He never did know what it was all about  
He had a steady job, he joined the choir  
He never did plan to walk the high wire  
They took a clean-cut kid  
And they made a killer out of him,  
That's what they did

Songwriters

BOB DYLAN Published by

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