

Buckets of Rain

Bob Dylan

Buckets of rain, buckets of tears
Got all them buckets comin' out of my ears
Buckets of moonbeams in my hand
You got all the love, honey baby
I can stand I been meek, and hard like an oak
I seen pretty people disappear like smoke
Friends will arrive, friends will disappear
If you want me, honey baby
I'll be here Like your smile, and your fingertips
Like the way that you move your hips
I like the cool way you look at me
Everything about you is bringing me
Misery Little red wagon, little red bike
I ain't no monkey but I know what I like
I like the way you love me strong and slow
I'm takin' you with me, honey baby
When I go Life is sad, life is a bust
All ya can do is do what you must
You do what you must do and ya do it well
I'll do it for you, honey baby
Can't you tell?

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