

Floater

Bob Dylan

Down over the window
From the dazzling sunlit place
Through the back alleys, through the blinds
Another one of the Memphis daysHoney bees are buzzing
Leaves begin to stir
I'm in love with my second cousin
I tell myself I could be happy forever with herI keep listening for footsteps
But I ain't never hearing any
From the boat, I fish for bullheads
I catch a lot sometimes too manyA summer breeze is blowin'
A squall is setting in
Sometimes it's just plain stupid
To get into any kind of windWell the old men 'round here sometimes they get on
Bad terms with the younger men
Old, young, age don't carry weight
It doesn't matter in the endOne of the boss' hangers-on sometimes comes to call
At times you least expect
Tryin' to bully you, strong arm you inspire you with fear
It has the opposite effectThere's a new grove of trees on the outskirts of town
The other one is long gone
10 foot, 2 foot, 6 across
Burns with the bark still onThey say times are hard
If you don't believe it you can follow your nose
It don't bother me, times are hard everywhere
We'll just have to see how it goesMy old man, he's like some feudal Lord
He's got more lives than a cat
I've never seen him quarrel with my mother even once
Things come alive or they fall flatYou can smell the pine wood burnin'
You can hear the school bell ring
Got to get up near the teacher, if you can
If you wanna learn anythingRomeo, he said to Juliet, "You got a poor complexion
That don't give your appearance a very youthful touch"
Juliet said back to Romeo
"Why don't you just shove off, if it bothers you so much"They got all got outta here any way they could
Cold rain can give you the shivers
They went down the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee
All rest of them rebel riversIf you ever try to interfere with me or cross my path again
You do so at the peril of your life
I'm not quite as cool, or forgiving as I sound

I've seen enough heartache and strife
My grandfather was a duck trapper
 He could do it with just dragnets and ropes
My grandmother could sew new dresses out of old cloth
I don't know if they had any dreams or hopes
 I had 'em once, though I suppose
 To go along with all the ring dancing
 Christmas carols and all the Christmas eves
I left all my dreams and hopes buried under tobacco leaves
Not always easy kicking someone out
 Got to wait awhile, it can be an unpleasant task
Sometimes somebody wants you to give something up
 And tears or not, it's too much to ask

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