

I Shall Be Free

Bob Dylan

Well, I took me a woman late last night
I's three-fourths drunk she looked all right
'Till she started peelin' off her onion gook
She took off her wig, said, "How do I look?"
I's high flyin', bare naked, out the window Well, sometimes I might get drunk
Walk like a duck and smell like a skunk
Don't hurt me none, don't hurt my pride
'Cause I got my little lady right by my side
She's a-tryin' to hide
Pretendin' she don't know me I's out there paintin' on the old wood shed
When a can o' black paint it fell on my head
I went down to scrub and rub
But I had to sit in back of the tub
Cost a quarter
Half price Well, my telephone rang it would not stop
It's President Kennedy callin' me up
He said, My friend, Bob, what do we need to make the country grow?
I said my friend, John, Brigitte Bardot
Anita Ekberg
Sophia Loren
Country'll grow Well, I got a woman five feet short
She yells and hollers and squeals and snorts
She tickles my nose pats me on the head
Blows me over and kicks me out of bed
She's a man eater
Meat grinder
Bad loser Oh, there ain't no use in me workin' alla time
I got a woman who works herself blind
Works up to her britches, up to her neck
Write me letters and sends me checks
She's a humdinger
Folk singer Late one day in the middle of the week
Eyes were closed I was half asleep
I chased me a woman up the hill
Right in the middle of an air drill
I jumped a fallout shelter
I jumped the string bean
I jumped the TV dinner
I jumped the shot gun Now, the man on the stand he wants my vote

He's a-runnin' for office on the ballot note
He's out there preachin' in front of the steeple
Tellin' me he loves all kinds-a people
He's eatin' bagels
He's eatin' pizza
He's eatin' chitlins Oh, set me down on a television floor
I'll flip the channel to number four
Out of the shower comes a football man
With a bottle of oil in his hand
Greasy kid stuff
What I want to know, Mr. Football Man, is
What do you do about Willy Mays
Martin Luther King
Olatunji Well, the funniest woman I ever seen
Was the great-granddaughter of Mr. Clean
She takes about fifteen baths a day
Wants me to grow a moustache on my face
She's insane Well, ask me why I'm drunk alla time
It levels my head and eases my mind
I just walk along and stroll and sing
I see better days and I do better things
I catch dinosaurs
I make love to Elizabeth Taylor
Catch hell from Richard Burton

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