

Song for Bob Dylan (2015 Remastered Version)

David Bowie

Oh, hear this Robert Zimmerman
I wrote a song for you
About a strange young man called Dylan
With a voice like sand and glue
Some words had truthful vengeance
That could pin us to the floor
Brought a few more people on
And put the fear in a whole lot more

Ah, here she comes
Here she comes, here she comes again
The same old painted lady
From the brow of the superbrain
She'll scratch this world to pieces
As she comes on like a friend
Couple of songs from your old scrapbook
Could send her home again

Gave your heart to every bedsit room, at least a
Picture on my wall
And you sat behind a million pair of eyes
And told them how they saw
Then we lost your train of thought
Your paintings are all your own
While troubles are rising, we'd rather be scared
Together than alone

Ah, here she comes
Here she comes, here she comes again
The same old painted lady
From the brow of the superbrain
She'll scratch this world to pieces
As she comes on like a friend
But a couple of songs from your old scrapbook
Could send her home again

Now hear this, Robert Zimmerman
Though I don't suppose we'll meet
Ask your good friend Dylan
If he'd gaze a while down the old street

Tell him we've lost his poems
So we're writing on the walls
 Give us back our unity
 Give us back our family
 You're every nation's refugee
 Don't leave us with their sanity

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 Could send her home again

 Ah, couple of songs from your old scrapbook
 Could send her home again
 Oh, here she comes
Here she comes, and here she comes

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