

# Po' Boy

Bob Dylan

Man came to the door, I say, "For whom were you lookin'?"  
Says, "Your wife", I say, "She's busy in the kitchen cookin'"  
Po' boy, where you been? I already told you, won't tell you again I say, "How much you want for that, I'll go  
into the store"  
Man says, "Three dollars all right", I say, "Will you take four?"  
Po' boy, never say die, things will be all right, by and by Workin' like in a main line, workin' like the devil  
The game is the same, it's just upon another level  
Po' boy, dressed in black, police at your back Po' boy in a red hot town, out beyond the twinklin' stars  
Ridin' first class train, makin' the rounds  
Try to keep from fallin' between the cars Othello told Desdemona, "I'm cold, cover me with a blanket  
By the way, what happened to that poisoned wine?"  
She said, "I gave it to you drank it"  
Po' boy, layin' 'em straight, pickin' up the cherries fallin' off the plate Time and love has branded me with its  
claws  
Had to go to Florida, dodgin' them Georgia laws  
Po' boy in the hotel called the 'Palace of Gloom'  
Called down to room service, says, "Send up a room" My mother was the daughter of a wealthy farmer  
My father was a travelin' salesman, I never met him  
When my mother died my uncle took me in to run a funeral parlor  
He did a lot of nice things for me and I won't forget him All I know is that I'm thrilled by your kiss  
I don't know any more than this  
Po' boy, pickin' up sticks, build you a house out of mortar and bricks Knockin' on the door, I say, "Who is it,  
where you from?"  
Man say, "Freddie", I say, "Freddie who?"  
He say, "Freddie or not, here I come"  
Po' boy 'neath the stars that shine  
Washin' them dishes, feedin' them swine

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