

# Subterranean Homesick Blues

## Bob Dylan

Johnny's in the basement, mixing up the medicine  
I'm on the pavement, thinking about the government  
The man in the trench coat, badge out, laid off  
Says "He's got a bad cough, wants to get it paid off" Look out kid, it's somethin' you did  
God knows when but you're doin' it again  
You better duck down the alley way, lookin' for a new friend  
The man in the coon-skin cap, in the big pen  
Wants eleven dollar bills, you only got ten Maggie comes fleet foot face full of black soot  
Talkin' that the heat put, plants in the bed but  
The phone's tapped anyway, Maggie says that many say  
"They must bust in early May, orders from the D.A" Look out kid, don't matter what you did  
But walk on your tip toes don't tie no bows  
Better stay away from those that carry around a fire hose  
Keep a clean nose, watch the plain clothes  
You don't need a weather man to know which way the wind blows Oh get sick, get well, hang around a ink well  
Ring bell, hard to tell, if anything is goin' to sell  
Try hard, get barred, get back, write Braille  
Get jailed, jump bail, join the army if you fail Look out kid, you're gonna get hit  
But losers, cheaters, six-time users  
Hangin' around the theaters  
Girl by the whirlpool, lookin' for a new fool  
Don't follow leaders, watch your parkin' meters Oh get born, keep warm, short pants, romance  
Learn to dance, get dressed, get blessed, try to be a success  
Please her, please him, buy gifts, don't steal, don't lift  
Twenty years of schoolin' and they put you on the day shift Look out kid, they keep it all hid  
Better jump down a manhole, light yourself a candle  
Don't wear sandals, try to avoid the scandals  
Don't wanna be a bum you better chew gum  
The pump don't work, 'cause the vandals took the handles

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