

Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues

Bob Dylan

Well, I was feelin' sad and kind of blue
I didn't know what I was gonna do
The Communists were comin' around
They was in the air, they were on the ground
They were all over So I ran down most hurriedly
And joined the John Birch Society
I got me a secret membership card
Went back to my backyard
And started looking on the sidewalk
'Neath the rose bush Well, I was lookin' everywhere for them gold darned Reds
I got up in the mornin' and looked under my bed
Looked behind the kitchen, behind the door
Even tore loose the kitchen floor, couldn't find any I looked beneath the sofa, beneath the chair
Looking for them Reds everywhere
I looked way up my chimney hole
Even looked deep inside my toilet bowl
They got away I heard some footsteps by the front porch door
So I grabbed my shotgun from the floor
I snuck around the house with a huff and hiss and
"Hands up, you Communist" it was a mail man
He punched me out Well, I quit my job so I could work alone
I got a magnifying glass like Sherlock Holmes
Followed some clues from my detective bag
And discovered they was red stripes on the American flag
Did you know about Betsy Ross Well, I was sittin' home alone and I started to sweat
I figured they was in my television set
I peeked behind the picture frame
And got a shock from my feet that hit my brain
Them Reds did it, no one's on the hootin' nanny Well, I finally started thinkin' straight
When I run outta things to investigate
I couldn't imagine doin' anything else
So now I'm at home investigatin' myself
Hope, I don't find out too much, good God

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