

# Idiot Wind

Bob Dylan

Someone's got it in for me  
They're planting stories in the press  
Whoever it is I wish they'd cut it out quick  
But when they will I can only guess  
They say I shot a man named Gray  
And took his wife to Italy  
She inherited a million bucks  
And when she died it came to me  
I can't help it if I'm lucky  
People see me all the time  
And they just can't remember how to act  
Their minds are filled with big ideas  
Images and distorted facts  
Even you, yesterday  
You had to ask me where it was at  
I couldn't believe after all these years  
You didn't know me better than that  
Sweet lady  
Idiot wind  
Blowing every time you move your mouth  
Blowing down the back roads headin' south  
Idiot wind  
Blowing every time you move your teeth  
You're an idiot, babe  
It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe  
I ran into the fortune-teller  
Who said beware of lightning that might strike  
I haven't known peace and quiet  
For so long I can't remember what it's like  
There's a lone soldier on the cross  
Smoke pourin' out of a boxcar door  
You didn't know it, you didn't think it could be done  
In the final end he won the wars  
After losin' every battle  
I woke up on the roadside  
Daydreamin' 'bout the way things sometimes are  
Visions of your chestnut mare  
Shoot through my head and are makin' me see stars  
You hurt the ones that I love best  
And cover up the truth with lies  
One day you'll be in the ditch  
Flies buzzin' around your eyes  
Blood on your saddle  
Idiot wind

Blowing through the flowers on your tomb

Blowing through the curtains in your room

Idiot wind

Blowing every time you move your teeth

You're an idiot, babe

It's a wonder that you still know how to breatheIt was gravity which pulled us down

And destiny which broke us apart

You tamed the lion in my cage

But it just wasn't enough to change my heart

Now everything's a little upside down

As a matter of fact the wheels have stopped

What's good is bad, what's bad is good

You'll find out when you reach the top

You're on the bottomI noticed at the ceremony

Your corrupt ways had finally made you blind

I can't remember your face anymore

Your mouth has changed

Your eyes don't look into mine

The priest wore black on the seventh day

And sat stone-faced while the building burned

I waited for you on the running boards

Near the cypress trees, while the springtime turned

Slowly into autumnIdiot wind

Blowing like a circle around my skull,

From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol

Idiot wind

Blowing every time you move your teeth

You're an idiot, babe.

It's a wonder that you still know how to breatheI can't feel you anymore

I can't even touch the books you've read

Every time I crawl past your door

I been wishin' I was somebody else instead

Down the highway, down the tracks

Down the road to ecstasy

I followed you beneath the stars

Hounded by your memory

And all your ragin' gloryI been double-crossed now

For the very last time and now I'm finally free

I kissed goodbye the howling beast

On the borderline which separated you from me

You'll never know the hurt I suffered

Nor the pain I rise above,

And I'll never know the same about you

Your holiness or your kind of love

And it makes me feel so sorryIdiot wind

Blowing through the buttons of our coats  
Blowing through the letters that we wrote  
    Idiot wind  
Blowing through the dust upon our shelves  
    We're idiots, babe  
It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves

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