

# Tombstone Blues (Alternate Take)

Bob Dylan

The sweet pretty things are in bed now, of course  
The city fathers, they're trying to endorse  
The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse  
But the town has no need to be nervous  
The ghost of Belle Starr, she hands down her wits  
To Jezebel the nun, she violently knits  
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper, who sits  
At the head of the Chamber of Commerce  
Mama's in the factory, she ain't got no shoes  
Daddy's in the alley, he's lookin' for food  
I'm in the kitchen with the tombstone blues  
The hysterical bride in the penny arcade  
Screaming, she moans, "I've just been made"  
Then sends out for the doctor, who pulls down the shade  
And says, "My advice is to not let the boys in"  
Now, the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside  
He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride  
"Stop all this weeping, swallow your pride  
You will not die, it's not poison"  
Mama's in the factory, she ain't got no shoes  
Daddy's in the alley, he's lookin' for food  
I'm in the kitchen with the tombstone blues  
Well, John the Baptist, after torturing a thief  
Looks up at his hero, the Commander-in-Chief  
Saying, "Tell me, great hero, but please make it brief  
Is there a hole for me to get sick in?"  
The Commander-in-Chief answers him while chasing a fly  
Saying, "Death to all those who would whimper and cry"  
And, dropping a barbell, he points to the sky  
Saying, "The sun's not yellow, it's chicken"  
Mama's in the factory, she ain't got no shoes  
Daddy's in the alley, he's lookin' for food  
I'm in the kitchen with the tombstone blues  
The king of the Philistines, his soldiers to save  
Puts jawbones on their tombstones and flatters their graves  
Puts the pied pipers in prison and fattens the slaves  
Then sends them out to the jungle  
Gypsy Davey with a blowtorch, he burns out their camps  
With his faithful slave Pedro behind him, he tramps  
With a fantastic collection of stamps  
To win friends and influence his uncle  
Mama's in the factory, she ain't got no shoes  
Daddy's in the alley, he's lookin' for food  
I'm in trouble with the tombstone blues  
The geometry of innocence, flesh on the bone  
Causes Galileo's math book to get thrown  
At Delilah, who's sitting worthlessly alone  
But the tears on her cheeks are from laughter  
I wish I could give Brother Bill his great thrill  
I would set him in chains at the top of the hill  
Then send out for some pillars and Cecil B. DeMille  
He could die happily ever after  
Mama's in the factory, she ain't got no shoes

Daddy's in the alley, he's lookin' for food  
I'm in the kitchen with the tombstone blues  
Where Ma Rainey and Beethoven once unwrapped their bedroll  
Tuba players now rehearse around the flagpole  
And the National Bank at a profit sells road maps for the soul  
To the old folks' home and the college  
Now, I wish I could write you a melody so plain  
That could hold you, dear lady, from going insane  
That could ease you and cool you and cease the pain  
Of your useless and pointless knowledge  
Mama's in the factory, she ain't got no shoes  
Daddy's in the alley, he's lookin' for food  
I'm in the kitchen with the tombstone blues, oh right

Songwriters

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