

# Day of the Locusts

Bob Dylan

Oh the benches were stained with tears and perspiration  
The birdies were flying from tree to tree  
There was little to say, there was no conversation  
As I stepped to the stage to pick up my degree  
And the locusts sang off in the distance  
Yeah the locusts sang such a sweet melody  
Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance  
Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me.

I glanced into the chamber where the judges were talking  
Darkness was everywhere, it smelled like a tomb  
I was ready to leave, I was already walkin'  
But the next time I looked there was light in the room  
And the locusts sang, yeah, it give me a chill  
Oh, the locusts sang such a sweet melody  
Oh, the locusts sang their high whinning trill  
Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me.

Outside of the gates the trucks were unloadin'  
The weather was hot, a-nearly 90 degrees  
The man standin' next to me, his head was exploding  
Well, I was prayin' the pieces wouldn't fall on me  
Yeah, the locusts sang off in the distance  
Yeah the locusts sang such a sweet melody  
Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance  
And the locusts sang and they were singing for me.

I put down my robe, picked up my diploma  
Took hold of my sweetheart and away we did drive  
Straight for the hills, the black hills of Dakota  
Sure was glad to get out of there alive  
And the locusts sang, yeah, it give me a chill  
Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody  
And the locusts sang with a high whinning trill  
Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me  
Singing for me, well, singing for me.