

Duncan & Brady

Bob Dylan

Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, little star
Up comes Brady in a 'lectric car
Got a mean look all 'round his eye
Gonna shoot somebody jus' to see them die

Duncan, Duncan was tending the bar
In walked Brady with a shining star
And Brady says, "Duncan you are under arrest
And Duncan shot a hole in Brady's breast.

Brady, Brady carried a '45,
Said it would shoot half a mile,
Duncan had a '44
That what laid Mr. Brady so low.

Brady fell down on the barroom floor,
"Please Mr. Duncan don' shoot me no more
Women all cryin, ain't it a shame,
Shot King Brady, goin' shoot him again.

"Brady, Brady, Brady, you know you done wrong
Walkin' in the room when the game was goin' on
Knockin down windows, breakin' down the door
Now you lyin' dead on the grocery [barroom] floor.

Women all heard that Brady was dead,
Goes back home and they dresses in red.
Come a snifflin' and a sighin' down the street,
In their big mother hubbards and their stockin' feet