

# Highway 51

Bob Dylan

Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door  
Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door  
If I don't get the gal I'm loving  
Won't go down Highway 51 no more

Well, I know that highway like I know my hand  
Yes, I know that highway like I know the back of my hand  
Running from up Wisconsin way down to no man's land

Well, if I should die 'fore my time should come  
And if I should die 'fore my time should come  
Won't you bury my body out on Highway 51?

Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door  
I said, Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door  
If I don't get the gal I'm loving  
Won't go down Highway 51 no more