

# I Shall Be Free

Bob Dylan

Well, I took me a woman late last night,  
I's three-fourths drunk, she looked uptight.  
She took off her wheel, took off her bell,  
Took off her wig, said, "How do I smell?"  
I hot-footed it . . . bare-naked . . .  
Out the window!

Well, sometimes I might get drunk,  
Walk like a duck and stomp like a skunk.  
Don't hurt me none, don't hurt my pride  
'Cause I got my little lady right by my side.  
(Right there  
Proud as can be)

I's out there paintin' on the old woodshed  
When a can a black paint it fell on my head.  
I went down to scrub and rub  
But I had to sit in back of the tub.  
(Cost a quarter  
And I had to get out quick . . .  
Someone wanted to come in and take a sauna)

Well, my telephone rang it would not stop,  
It's President Kennedy callin' me up.  
He said, "My friend, Bob, what do we need to make the country grow?"  
I said, "My friend, John, Brigitte Bardot,  
Anita Ekberg,  
Sophia Loren."  
(Put 'em all in the same room with Ernest Borgnine!)

Well, I got a woman sleeps on a cot,  
She yells and hollers and squeals a lot.  
Licks my face and tickles my ear,  
Bends me over and buys me beer.  
(She's a honeymooner  
A June crooner  
A spoon feeder  
And a natural leader)

Oh, there ain't no use in me workin' so heavy,  
I got a woman who works on the levee.  
Pumping that water up to her neck,  
Every week she sends me a monthly check.  
(She's a humdinger  
Folk singer  
Dead ringer  
For a thing-a-muh jigger)

Late one day in the middle of the week,  
Eyes were closed I was half asleep.  
I chased me a woman up the hill,  
Right in the middle of an air raid drill.  
It was Little Bo Peep!  
(I jumped a fallout shelter  
I jumped a bean stalk  
I jumped a ferris wheel)

Now, the man on the stand he wants my vote,  
He's a-runnin' for office on the ballot note.  
He's out there preachin' in front of the steeple,  
Tellin' me he loves all kinds-a people.  
(He's eatin' bagels  
He's eatin' pizza  
He's eatin' chitlins  
He's eatin' bullshit!)

Oh, set me down on a television floor,  
I'll flip the channel to number four.  
Out of the shower comes a grown-up man  
With a bottle of hair oil in his hand.  
(It's that greasy kid stuff.  
What I want to know, Mr. Football Man, is  
What do you do about Willy Mays and Yul Brynner,  
Charles de Gaulle  
And Robert Louis Stevenson?)

Well, the funniest woman I ever seen  
Was the great-granddaughter of Mr. Clean.  
She takes about fifteen baths a day,  
Wants me to grow a cigar on my face.  
(She's a little bit heavy!)

Well, ask me why I'm drunk alla time,  
It levels my head and eases my mind.  
I just walk along and stroll and sing,  
I see better days and I do better things.  
(I catch dinosaurs  
I make love to Elizabeth Taylor . . .  
Catch hell from Richard Burton!)