

# Lo and Behold!

Bob Dylan

I pulled out for San Anton  
I never felt so good  
My woman said she'd meet me there  
And of course I knew she would  
The coachman, he hit me for my hook  
And he asked me my name  
I give it to him right away  
Then I hung my head in shame  
Lo and behold ! Lo and behold !  
Lookin' for my lo and behold.  
Get me out here, my dear man.

I come into Pittsburg  
At six-thirty flat  
I found myself a vacant seat  
An' I put down my hat  
?What's the matter Molly dear  
What's the matter with your mound??  
?What's it to ya, Moby Dick ?  
This is chicken town?  
Lo and behold ! Lo and behold !  
Lookin' for my lo and behold.  
Get me out here, my dear man.

I bought myself  
A herd of moose  
One day she could call her own  
Well, she came out the very next day  
To see where they had flown  
I'm goin' down to Tennessee  
Get me a truck or somethin'  
Gonna save my money and rip it up.  
Lo and behold ! Lo and behold !  
Lookin' for my lo and behold.  
Get me out here, my dear man.  
Now, I come in on a ferris wheel  
An' boys, I sure was slink  
I come in like a ton of bricks  
Laid a few tricks on 'em  
Goin' back to Pittsburg  
Count up to thirty  
Round that horn and ride that herd  
Gonna thread up  
Lo and behold ! Lo and behold !  
Lookin' for my lo and behold.  
Get me out here, my dear man.