

# Talking New Bob Dylan

Loudon Wainwright III

Hey, Bob Dylan, I wrote you a song  
Today is your birthday if I'm not wrong  
If I'm not mistaken, you're 50 today  
How are you doin', Bob? What do you say?

Well, it musta been about '62  
I heard you on record, you were brand new  
And some had some doubts about the way you sang  
But the truth came through and loudly it rang

Yeah, you were hipper than Mitch Miller  
And Johnny Mathis put together

So I got some boots, a harmonica rack  
A D-21, and I was on the right track  
But I didn't start writing until '68  
It was too damn daunting, you were too great  
I won a whole lot of Bob Dylan imitation contests, though, huh

Yeah, times were a changin', you brought it all home  
'Blonde On Blonde', 'Like A Rolling Stone'  
The real world is crazy, you were deranged  
And when you went electric, Bob, everything changed  
A shock to the system

Had a commission at her motorcycle wreck  
Holed up in Woodstock with a broken neck  
And the labels were signin' up guys with guitars  
Out to make millions, lookin' for stars

Well, I figured it was time to make my move  
Songs from the West Chester County Delta country

Yeah, I got a deal and so did John Prine  
Steve Forbert and Springsteen, all in a line  
They were lookin' for you, signin' up others  
We were new Bob Dylans, your dumb ass kid brothers

Well, we still get together every week at Bruce's house  
Why, he's got quite a spread I tell ya, it's a twelve step program

Yeah, but we were just us and of course you were you  
And "John Wesley Harding" sure sounded new  
And then, "Nashville Skyline" was even newer  
'Blood On the Tracks' an' the ringin' got truer

Let's see, there was another one in there somewhere[Incomprehensible]  
Oh, I got it, I got it, "Self Portrait"  
Well, it was an interesting effort

Yeah, had to stop listening, times were too tough  
Me bein' the new me was hard enough  
You keep right on changin' like you always do  
An' what's best is the old stuff still all sounds new

Yeah, today is your birthday, have a great one, Bob  
Bein' the new you is one hell of a job

My kid cranked up her boom box to almost grown  
When I heard you screamin' from her room  
"Everybody must get stoned", thanks a lot, Bob  
Happy birthday, Bob