

I opened the paper, there was your picture,
Gone, gone, gone by your own hand.
I couldn't believe it, the paper was shakin',
Gone, gone, gone by your own hand.

I know I'm gonna spend the rest of my lifetime wondering why,
You found yourself so badly hurt you had to die.

I opened the paper, there was your picture,
Gone, gone, gone by your own hand.
The phone started ringing, had I heard about it?
I shook every time I heard it ring.
What was my reaction? I put the phone down.
That was the only news that was fit to sing.

They ask about Dylan, about MacDougal Street and Third.
Question piled on question and each question more absurd.

I opened the paper, there was your picture,
Gone, gone, gone by your own hand.

Oh, I remember "There But For Fortune".
There but for fortune you and I would go.
Fortune turned its back on you,
Or so it must have seemed to you,
Christ alone knows what was the final blow.

The last time I saw you, the last time I saw you,
Bleeker Street outside the Other End.
I told you I'd see you. I got distracted.
I never saw your face again.

I heard that you were feeling stronger every day.
I heard that you were well, with good things on their way.

Then I opened the paper, there was your picture,
Gone, gone, gone by your own hand.

[Repeat from "Oh I remember There but for Fortune" to end]