

## Bob Dylan's Blues

Bob Dylan

Well, the Lone Ranger and Tonto  
They are ridin' down the line  
Fixin' ev'rybody's troubles  
Ev'rybody's 'cept mine  
Somebody musta tol' 'em  
That I was doin' fine

Oh you five and ten cent women  
With nothin' in your heads  
I got a real gal I'm lovin'  
And Lord I'll love her till I'm dead  
Go away from my door and my window too  
Right now

Lord, I ain't goin' down to no race track  
See no sports car run  
I don't have no sports car  
And I don't even care to have one  
I can walk anytime around the block

Well, the wind keeps a-blowin' me  
Up and down the street  
With my hat in my hand  
And my boots on my feet  
Watch out so you don't step on me

Well, lookit here buddy  
You want to be like me  
Pull out your six-shooter  
And rob every bank you can see  
Tell the judge I said it was all right  
Yes!