

Buckets Of Rain

Bob Dylan

Buckets of rain, buckets of tears,
Got all them buckets comin' out of my ears
Buckets of moonbeams in my hand
You got all the love, honey baby I can stand

I've been meek & hard like an oak
Seen pretty people disappear like smoke
Friends will arrive, friends will disappear
If you want me, honey baby, I'll be here

I like your smile and your fingertips
I like the way that you move your hips
I like the way you love me strong and slow
I'm takin' you with me, honey baby when I go

Little red wagon, little red bike
I ain't no monkey but I know what I like
I like the cool way you look at me
Everything about you is bringing me misery

Life is sad, life is a bust
All you can do, is do what you must
Ya do what ya must do, and ya do it well
I'll do it for you, honey baby can't you tell