

# Dead Man, Dead Man

Bob Dylan

Uttering idle words from a reprobate mind  
Clinging to strange promises, dying on the line  
Never being able to separate the good from the bad  
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it  
It's making me feel so bad.

Dead man, dead man  
When will you arise ?  
Cobwebs in your mind  
Dust upon your eyes.

Satan got you by the heel, there's bird's nest in your hair  
Do you have any faith at all ? Do you have any love to share ?  
The way that you hold you head, cursing God with every move  
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it  
What are you trying to prove ?

Dead man, dead man  
When will you arise ?  
Cobwebs in your mind  
Dust upon your eyes.

The glamour and the bright lights, and the politics of sin  
The ghetto that you build for me is the one you're living in  
The race of the engine that overrules your heart  
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it  
Pretending that you're so smart.

Dead man, dead man  
When will you arise ?  
Cobwebs in your mind  
Dust upon your eyes.

What are you trying to overpower me with, the doctrine or the gun ?  
My back is already to the wall, where can I run ?  
The tuxedo that you're wearing, the flower in your lapel  
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it  
You wanna take me down to hell.

Dead man, dead man  
When will you arise ?  
Cobwebs in your mind  
Dust upon your eyes.