

# Dusty Old Fairgrounds

Bob Dylan

Well, it's all up from Florida at the start of the spring,  
The trucks and the trailers will be winding  
Like a bullet we'll shoot for the carnival route.  
We're following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling.

From the Michigan mud past the Wisconsin sun  
'Cross that Minnesota border, keep 'em scrambling  
Through the clear county lakes and the lumberjack lands,  
We're following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling.

Hit Fargo on the jump and down to Aberdeen  
'Cross them old Black Hills, keep 'em rolling  
Through the cow country towns and the sands of old Montana.  
We're following them fairgrounds a-calling.

As the white line on the highway sails under your wheels,  
I've gazed from the trailer window laughing.  
Oh, our clothes they was torn but the colors they was bright.  
Following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling.

It's a-many a friend that follows the bend,  
The jugglers, the hustlers, the gamblers.  
Well, I've spent my time with the fortune-telling kind  
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

Oh, it's pound down the rails and it's tie down the tents,  
Get that canvas flag a-flying.  
Well, let the caterpillars spin, let the ferris wheel wind  
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

Well, it's roll into town straight to the fairgrounds  
Just behind the posters that are hanging  
And it's fill up every space with a different kind of face  
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

Get the dancing girls in front, get the gambling show behind,  
Hear that old music box a-banging.  
Hear them kids, faces, smiles, up and down the midway aisles  
We're following them fairgrounds a-calling.

It's a-drag it on down by the deadline in the town,  
Hit the old highway by the morning  
And it's ride yourself blind for the next town on time  
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

As the harmonicas whined in the lonesome nighttime  
Drinking red wine as we're rolling,  
Many a turnin' I turn, many a lesson I learn  
From following them fairgrounds a-calling.

And it's roll back down to St. Petersburg  
Tie down the trailers and camp 'em  
And the money that we made will pay for the space  
From following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling.