

## From A Buick 6

Bob Dylan

I got this graveyard woman, you know she keeps my kid  
But my soulful mama, you know she keeps me hid  
She's a junkyard angel and she always gives me bread  
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket o  
n my bed.

Well, when the pipeline gets broken and I'm lost on the river b  
ridge  
I'm cracked up on the highway and on the water's edge  
She comes down the thruway ready to sew me up with thread  
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket o  
n my bed.

Well, she don't make me nervous, she don't talk too much  
She walks like Bo Diddley and she don't need no crutch  
She keeps this four-ten all loaded with lead  
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket o  
n my bed.

Well, you know I need a steam shovel mama to keep away the dead  
I need a dump truck mama to unload my head  
She brings me everything and more, and just like I said  
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket o  
n my bed.