

# Highlands

Bob Dylan

Well my heart's in the Highlands gentle and fair  
Honeysuckle blooming in the wildwood air  
Bluebellies blazing, where the Aberdeen waters flow  
Well my heart's in the Highland,  
I'm gonna go there when I feel good enough to go

Windows were shakin' all night in my dreams  
Everything was exactly the way that it seems  
Woke up this morning and I looked at the same old page  
Same ol' rat race  
Life in the same ol' cage.

I don't want nothing from anyone, ain't that much to take  
Wouldn't know the difference between a real blonde and a fake  
Feel like a prisoner in a world of mystery  
I wish someone would come  
And push back the clock for me

Well my heart's in the Highlands wherever I roam  
That's where I'll be when I get called home  
The wind, it whispers to the buckeyed trees in rhyme  
Well my heart's in the Highland,  
I can only get there one step at a time.

I'm listening to Neil Young, I gotta turn up the sound  
Someone's always yelling turn it down  
Feel like I'm drifting  
Drifting from scene the scene  
I'm wondering what in the devil could it all possibly mean?

Insanity is smashing up against my soul  
You can say I was on anything but a roll  
If I had a conscience, well I just might blow my top  
What would I do with it anyway  
Maybe take it to the pawn shop

My heart's in the Highlands at the break of dawn  
By the beautiful lake of the Black Swan  
Big white clouds, like chariots that swing down low  
Well my heart's in the Highlands  
Only place left to go

I'm in Boston town, in some restaurant  
I got no idea what I want  
Well, maybe I do but I'm just really not sure  
Waitress comes over  
Nobody in the place but me and her

It must be a holiday, there's nobody around  
She studies me closely as I sit down  
She got a pretty face and long white shiny legs  
I said "tell me what I want"  
She says, "You probably want, hard boiled eggs?"

I say "That's right, bring me some"  
She says "We aint got any, you picked the wrong time to come"  
Then she says, "I know you're an artist, draw a picture of me!"

I say, "I would if I could, but,  
I don't do sketches from memory."

"Well", she says, "I'm right here in front of you, or haven't you looked?"  
I say, "all right, I know, but I don't have my drawing book!"  
She gives me a napkin, she says, "you can do it on that"  
I say, "yes I could but,  
I don't know where my pencil is at!"

She pulls one out from behind her ear  
She says "all right now, go ahead, draw me, I'm standing right here"  
I make a few lines, and I show it for her to see  
Well she takes a napkin and throws it back  
And says "that don't look a thing like me!"

I said, "Oh, kind miss, it most certainly does"  
She says, "you must be jokin.'" I say, "I wish I was!"  
Then she says, "you don't read women authors, do you?"  
Least that's what I think I hear her say,  
"Well", I say, "how would you know and what would it matter anyway?"

"Well", she says, "you just don't seem like you do!"  
I said, "you're way wrong."  
She says, "which ones have you read then?" I say, "I read Erica Jong!"  
She goes away for a minute and I slide up out of my chair  
I step outside back to the busy street, but nobody's going anywhere

Well my heart's in the Highlands, with the horses and hounds  
Way up in the border country, far from the towns  
With the twang of the arrow and a snap of the bow  
My heart's in the Highlands  
Can't see any other way to go

Every day is the same thing out the door  
Feel further away then ever before  
Some things in life, it gets too late to learn  
Well, I'm lost somewhere  
I must have made a few bad turns

I see people in the park forgetting their troubles and woes  
They're drinking and dancing, wearing bright colored clothes  
All the young men with their young women looking so good  
Well, I'd trade places with any of them  
In a minute, if I could

I'm crossing the street to get away from a mangy dog  
Talking to myself in a monologue  
I think what I need might be a full length leather coat  
Somebody just asked me  
If I registered to vote

The sun is beginning to shine on me  
But it's not like the sun that used to be  
The party's over, and there's less and less to say  
I got new eyes  
Everything looks far away

Well, my heart's in the Highlands at the break of day  
Over the hills and far away  
There's a way to get there, and I'll figure it out somehow  
But I'm already there in my mind  
And that's good enough for now

