

# It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)

Bob Dylan

Darkness at the break of noon  
Shadows even the silver spoon  
The handmade blade, the child's balloon  
Eclipses both the sun and moon  
To understand you know too soon  
There is no sense in trying.

Pointed threats, they bluff with scorn  
Suicide remarks are torn  
From the fools gold mouthpiece  
The hollow horn plays wasted words  
Proved to warn  
That he not busy being born  
Is busy dying.

Temptation's page flies out the door  
You follow, find yourself at war  
Watch waterfalls of pity roar  
You feel to moan but unlike before  
You discover  
That you'd just be  
One more person crying.

So don't fear if you hear  
A foreign sound to you ear  
It's alright, Ma, I'm only sighing.

As some warn victory, some downfall  
Private reasons great or small  
Can be seen in the eyes of those that call  
To make all that should be killed to crawl  
While others say don't hate nothing at all  
Except hatred.

Disillusioned words like bullets bark  
As human gods aim for their marks  
Made everything from toy guns that sparks  
To flesh-colored Christs that glow in the dark  
It's easy to see without looking too far  
That not much  
Is really sacred.

While preachers preach of evil fates  
Teachers teach that knowledge waits  
Can lead to hundred-dollar plates  
Goodness hides behind it's gates  
But even the President of the United States  
Sometimes must have  
To stand naked.

An' though the rules of the road have been lodged  
It's only people's games that you got to dodge  
And it's alright, Ma, I can make it.

Advertising signs that con you  
Into thinking you're the one  
That can do what's never been done

That can win what's never been won  
Meantime life outside goes on  
All around you.

You loose yourself, you reappear  
You suddenly find you got nothing to fear  
Alone you stand without nobody near  
When a trembling distant voice, unclear  
Startles your sleeping ears to hear  
That somebody thinks  
They really found you.

A question in your nerves is lit  
Yet you know there is no answer fit to satisfy  
Insure you not to quit  
To keep it in your mind and not forget  
That it is not he or she or them or it  
That you belong to.

Although the masters make the rules  
For the wise men and the fools  
I got nothing, Ma, to live up to.

For them that must obey authority  
That they do not respect in any degree  
Who despite their jobs, their destinies  
Speak jealously of them that are free  
Cultivate their flowers to be  
Nothing more than something  
They invest in.

While some on principles baptized  
To strict party platforms ties  
Social clubs in drag disguise  
Outsiders they can freely criticize  
Tell nothing except who to idolize  
And then say God Bless him.

While one who sings with his tongue on fire  
Gargles in the rat race choir  
Bent out of shape from society's pliers  
Cares not to come up any higher  
But rather get you down in the hole  
That he's in.

But I mean no harm nor put fault  
On anyone that lives in a vault  
But it's alright, Ma, if I can't please him.

Old lady judges, watch people in pairs  
Limited in sex, they dare  
To push fake morals, insult and stare  
While money doesn't talk, it swears  
Obscenity, who really cares  
Propaganda, all is phony.

While them that defend what they cannot see  
With a killer's pride, security  
It blows the minds most bitterly  
For them that think death's honesty  
Won't fall upon them naturally  
Life sometimes  
Must get lonely.

My eyes collide head-on with stuffed graveyards  
False gods, I scuff  
At pettiness which plays so rough  
Walk upside-down inside handcuffs  
Kick my legs to crash it off  
Say okay, I have had enough  
What else can you show me ?

And if my thought-dreams could been seen  
They'd probably put my head in a guillotine  
But it's alright, Ma, it's life, and life only.