

# Jolene

Bob Dylan

Well you're coming down High Street walking in the sun  
You make a dead man rise and holler she's the one  
Jolene, Jolene  
Baby I am the king and you're the queen

Well it's a long old highway that don't ever end  
I got a Saturday Night Special, I'm back again  
I'll sleep by your door, lay my life on the line  
You probably don't know but I'm gonna make you mine

Jolene, Jolene  
Baby I am the king and you is the queen

I keep my hands in my pocket, I'm movin' along  
People think they know, but they're all wrong  
You're something nice, I'm gonna bet my dice  
I can't say I haven't paid the price

Jolene, Jolene  
Baby I am the king and you is the queen

Well I found out the hard way, I've had my fill  
You can't fight somebody with his back to a hill  
Those big brown eyes, they set off a spark  
If you hold me in your arms, things don't look so dark

Jolene, Jolene  
Baby I am the king and you're the queen