

## Mixed-Up Confusion

Bob Dylan

I got mixed up confusion  
Man, it's a-killin' me

Well, there's too many people  
And they're all too hard to please

Well, my hat's in my hand  
Babe, I'm walkin' down the line

An' I'm lookin' for a woman  
Whose head's mixed up like mine

Well, my head's full of questions  
My temp'rature's risin' fast

Well, I'm lookin' for some answers  
But I don't know who to ask

But I'm walkin' and wonderin'  
And my poor feet don't ever stop

Seein' my reflection  
I'm hung over, hung down, hung up!