

Pay in Blood

Bob Dylan

Well I'm grinding my life out, steady and sure
Nothing more wretched than what I must endure
I'm drenched in the light that shines from the sun
I could stone you to death for the wrongs that you done
Sooner or later you make a mistake,
I'll put you in a chain that you never will break
Legs and arms and body and bone
I pay in blood, but not my own.

Night after night, Day after day
They strip your useless hopes away
The more I take the more I give
The more I die the more I live
I got something in my pocket make your eyeballs swim
I got dogs could tear you limb from limb
I'm circlin' around the Southern Zone
I pay in blood, but not my own.

Low cards are what I've got
But I'll play this hand whether I like it or not
I'm sworn to uphold the laws of God
You could put me out in front of a firing squad
I've been out and around with the rising men
Just like you my handsome friend
My head's so hard, must be made of stone
I pay in blood, but not my own.

Another politician pumping out the piss
Another angry beggar blowing you a kiss
You got the same eyes that your mother does
If only you could prove who your father was
Someone must to slipped a drug in your wine
You gulped it down and you cross the line
Man can't live by bread alone
I pay in blood, but not my own.

How I made it back home, nobody knows
Or how I survived so many blows
I've been thru Hell, What good did it do?
You bastard! I'm supposed to respect you!
I'll give you justice, I'll fatten your purse
Show me your moral virtue first
Hear me holler and hear me moan
I pay in blood but not my own.

You get your lover in the bed
Come here I'll break your lousy head
Our nation must be saved and freed
You've been accused of murder, how do you plead?
This is how I spend my days
I came to bury, not to praise
I'll drink my fill and sleep alone
I play in blood, but not my own.