

# Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands

Bob Dylan

With your mercury mouth in the missionary times  
And your eyes like smoke and your prayers like rhymes  
And your silver cross, and your voice like chimes  
Oh, who do they think could bury you ?  
With your pockets well protected at last  
And your streetcar visions which you place on the grass  
And your flesh like silk, And you face like glass  
Who among them do they think could carry you ?  
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands  
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes  
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums  
Should I put them by your gate  
Oh, sad-eyed lady, should I wait ?

With your sheets like metal and your belt like lace  
And your deck of cards missing the jack and the ace  
And your basement clothes and your hollow face  
Who among them can think he could outguess you ?  
With your silhouette when the sunlight dims  
Into your eyes where the moonlight swims  
And your match-book songs and your gypsy hymns  
Who among them would try to impress you ?  
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands  
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes  
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums  
Should I put them by your gate  
Oh, sad-eyed lady, should I wait ?

The kings of Tyrus with their convict list  
Are waiting in line for their geranium kiss  
And you wouldn't know it would happen like this  
But who among them really wants just to kiss you ?  
With your childhood flames on your midnight rug  
And your Spanish manners, and your mother's drugs  
And your cowboy mouth and your curfew plugs  
Who among them do you think could resist you ?  
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands  
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes  
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums  
Should I leave them by your gate  
Oh, sad-eyed lady, should I wait ?  
Oh, the farmers and the businessmen they all did decide  
To show you the dead angels that they used to hide  
But why did they pick you to sympathize with their side ?  
How could they ever mistake you ?  
They wished you'd accepted the blame for the farm  
But with the sea at your feet and the phony false alarm  
And with the child of a hoodlum wrapped up in your arms  
How could they ever, ever persuade you ?  
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands  
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes  
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums  
Should I leave them by your gate  
Oh, sad-eyed lady, should I wait ?

With your sheet-metal memory of Cannery Row  
And your magazine-husband who one day just had to go

And your gentleness now, which you just can't help but show  
Who among them do you think would employ you ?  
Now you stand with your thief, you're on his parole  
With your holy medallion which your fingertips fold  
And your saintlike face and your ghostlike soul  
Who among them do you think could destroy you ?  
Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands  
Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes  
My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums  
Should I leave them by your gate  
Oh, sad-eyed lady, should I wait ?