

# Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues

Bob Dylan

Well, I was feelin' sad and kind of blue  
I didn't know what I was gonna do  
The Communists were comin' around  
They was in the air, they were on the ground  
They were all over

So I ran down most hurriedly  
And joined the John Birch Society  
I got me a secret membership card  
Went back to my backyard  
And started looking on the sidewalk  
'Neath the rose bush

Well, I was lookin' everywhere for them gold darned Reds  
I got up in the mornin' and looked under my bed  
Looked behind the kitchen, behind the door  
Even tore loose the kitchen floor, couldn't find any

I looked beneath the sofa, beneath the chair  
Looking for them Reds everywhere  
I looked way up my chimney hole  
Even looked deep inside my toilet bowl  
They got away

I heard some footsteps by the front porch door  
So I grabbed my shotgun from the floor  
I snuck around the house with a huff and hiss and  
"Hands up, you Communist" it was a mail man  
He punched me out

Well, I quit my job so I could work alone  
I got a magnifying glass like Sherlock Holmes  
Followed some clues from my detective bag  
And discovered they was red stripes on the American flag  
Did you know about Betsy Ross

Well, I was sittin' home alone and I started to sweat  
I figured they was in my television set  
I peeked behind the picture frame  
And got a shock from my feet that hit my brain  
Them Reds did it, no one's on the hootin' nanny

Well, I finally started thinkin' straight  
When I run outta things to investigate  
I couldn't imagine doin' anything else  
So now I'm at home investigatin' myself  
Hope, I don't find out too much, good God