

# Talkin' New York

Bob Dylan

Rambling out of the wild west  
Leaving the towns I love best  
Thought I'd seen some ups and down  
'Till I come into New York town  
People going down to the ground  
Building going up to the sky.

Wintertime in New York town  
The wind blowing snow around  
Walk around with nowhere to go  
Somebody could freeze right to the bone  
I froze right to the bone  
New York Times said it was the coldest winter in seventeen years  
I didn't feel so cold then.

I swung on to my old guitar  
Grabbed hold of a subway car  
And after a rocking, reeling, rolling ride  
I landed up on the downtown side:  
Greenwich Village.

I walked down there and ended up  
In one of them coffee-houses on the block  
Got on the stage to sing and play  
Man there said, Come back some other day  
You sound like a hillbilly  
We want folksingers here.

Well, I got a harmonica job begun to play  
Blowing my lungs out for a dollar a day  
I blowed inside out and upside down  
The man there said he loved my sound  
He was raving about he loved my sound  
Dollar a day's worth.

After weeks and weeks of hanging around  
I finally got a job in New York town  
In a bigger place, bigger money too  
Even joined the Union and paid my dues.

Now, a very great man once said  
That some people rob you with a fountain pen  
It don't take too long to find out  
Just what he was talking about  
A lot of people don't have much food on their table  
But they got a lot of forks and knives  
And they gotta cut something.

So one morning when the sun was warm  
I rambled out of New York town  
Pulled my cap down over my eyes  
And heated out for the western skies  
So long New York  
Howdy, East Orange.