

# The Ballad Of A Thin Man

Bob Dylan

You walk into the room with your pencil in your hand  
You see somebody naked and you say "who is that man?"  
You try so hard but you just don't understand  
Just what you will say when you get home  
Because something is happening here  
And you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones

You raise up your head and you ask "is this where it is?"  
And somebody points to you and says "it's his"  
And you say "what's mine?" and somebody else says "well WHAT is"  
And you say "oh my god - am i here all alone?"  
But something is happening here  
And you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones

You hand in you ticket and you go watch the geek  
Who immediately walks up to you when he hears you speak  
Saying "how does it feel to be such a freak?"  
And you say "impossible" as he hands you a bone  
And something is happening here  
But you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones

R: You have many contacts among the lumberjacks  
To get you facts when someone attacks your imagination  
But nobody has any respect, anyway they already expect you  
To all give a check to tax-deductable charity organizations

You've been with the professors, and they all liked your looks  
With great lawyers you have discussed lepers and crooks  
You've read all of F. Scott Fitzgerald's books  
You're very well read, its well known  
But something is happening here  
And you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones

Well, the swordswallower comes up to you and then he kneels  
He crosses himself and he clicks his high heels  
And without further notice he asks you how it feels  
And he says "here is your throat back, thanks for the loan"  
And you know something is happening  
But you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones

Now you see this one-eyed midget saying the word "now"  
And you say "for what reason?" and he says "how?"  
And you say "what does this mean?" and he screams back "you're a cow!  
Give me some milk - or else go home!"  
And you KNOW somethings happening here  
But you dont know what it is, do you, Mister Jones

Well, you walk into the room like a camel and then you frown  
You put your eyes in your pocket and your nose on the ground  
There oughtta be a law against you coming around  
You should be made to wear earphones  
Cause something is happening here  
And you don't know what it is, do you, Mister Jones