

# The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll

Bob Dylan

William Zanzinger killed poor Hattie Carroll  
With a cane that he twirled around his diamond ring finger  
At a Baltimore hotel society gath'rin'  
And the cops were called in and his weapon took from him  
As they rode him in custody down to the station  
And booked William Zanzinger for first-degree murder  
But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears  
Take the rag away from your face  
Now ain't the time for your tears.

William Zanzinger who at twenty-four years  
Owns a tobacco farm of six hundred acres  
With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him  
And high office relations in the politics of Maryland  
Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders  
And swear words and sneering and his tongue it was snarling  
In a matter of minutes on bail was out walking  
But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears  
Take the rag away from your face  
Now ain't the time for your tears.

Hattie Carroll was a maid in the kitchen  
She was fifty-one years old and gave birth to ten children  
Who carried the dishes and took out the garbage  
And never sat once at the head of the table  
And didn't even talk to the people at the table  
Who just cleaned up all the food from the table  
And emptied the ashtrays on a whole other level  
Got killed by a blow, lay slain by a cane  
That sailed through the air and came down through the room  
Doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle  
And she never done nothing to William Zanzinger  
And you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears  
Take the rag away from your face  
Now ain't the time for your tears.

In the courtroom of honor, the judge pounded his gavel  
To show that all's equal and that the courts are on the level  
And that the strings in the books ain't pulled and persuaded  
And that even the nobles get properly handled  
Once that the cops have chased after and caught 'em  
And that ladder of law has no top and no bottom  
Stared at the person who killed for no reason  
Who just happened to be feelin' that way witout warnin'  
And he spoke through his cloak, most deep and distinguished  
And handed out strongly, for penalty and repentance  
William Zanzinger with a six-month sentence  
Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears  
Bury the rag deep in your face  
For now's the time for your tears.