

Went to See the Gypsy

Bob Dylan

Went to see the gypsy,
Stayin' in a big hotel.
He smiled when he saw me coming,
And he said, "Well, well, well."
His room was dark and crowded,
Lights were low and dim.
"How are you?" he said to me,
I said it back to him.

I went down to the lobby
To make a small call out.
A pretty dancing girl was there,
And she began to shout,
"Go on back to see the gypsy.
He can move you from the rear,
Drive you from your fear,
Bring you through the mirror.
He did it in Las Vegas,
And he can do it here."

Outside the lights were shining
On the river of tears,
I watched them from the distance
With music in my ears.

I went back to see the gypsy,
It was nearly early dawn.
The gypsy's door was open wide
But the gypsy was gone,
And that pretty dancing girl,
She could not be found.
So I watched that sun come rising
From that little Minnesota town.