

Song to bob

Frank Turner

Well I'm out here a thousand miles from my home,
Walking a road many men have gone down.
I'm seeing your world of people and things,
Of paupers and peasants and princes and kings.

Well hey hey Bob Dylan, I covered your song.
About a funny old world that is coming along.
Seems sick and it's hungry, and it's tired and it's torn,
And it feels like it's dying and it's hardly been born.

Hey hey Bob Dylan, but I know that you know
All the things that I'm saying and a many times more.
I'm singing this song but I can't sing enough,
Because there's not many men that've done the things that you've done.

Here's to Springsteen and Cohen and Neil Young too,
And to all the good people who traveled with you.
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men
Who come with the dust and are gone with the wind.

I'm leaving tomorrow but I could leave today,
Somewhere down the road someday.
The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is to say I've been hitting some hard travelling too.