

# Mr. Tambourine Man

Judy Collins

Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
I'm not sleepy and there ain't no place I'm going to  
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me  
In the jingle-jangle morning I'll come following you

Though I know that evening's empire  
Has returned into sand  
Vanished from my hand  
Left me blindly here to stand  
But still not sleeping

My weariness amazes me  
I'm branded on my feet  
I have no one to meet  
And the ancient empty street's  
Too dead for dreaming

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Take me on a trip upon your  
Magic swirling ship  
My senses have been stripped  
My hands can't feel to grip  
My toes too numb to step  
Wait only for my boot heels to be wandering

I'm ready to go anywhere  
I'm ready for to fade  
Into my own parade  
Cast your dancing spell my way  
I promise to go under it

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Though you might hear laughing, spinning, swinging  
Madly through the sun  
It's not aimed at anyone  
It's just escaping on the run  
And but for the sky, there are no fences facing

And if you hear vague traces  
Of skipping reels of rhyme  
To your tambourine in time  
I wouldn't pay it any mind  
It's just a ragged clown behind  
And if to you he looks blind  
I wouldn't worry, it's just a shadow that he's seeing that he's chasing

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In the jingle-jangle morning I'll come following you

Take me disappearing  
Through the smoke rings of my mind  
Down the foggy ruins of time  
Far past the frozen leaves  
The haunted, sheltered trees  
Out to the windy beach  
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow

Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky  
With one hand waving free  
Silhouetted by the sea  
Circled by the circus sands  
With memory and fate  
Driven deep beneath the waves  
Let me forget about today until tomorrow

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