

Bob Dylan, 32-20 Blues

When I send for my baby, man, and she don't come
Send for my baby, man, and she don't come
All the doctors in Hot Springs sure ain't gonna help her none

If she gets unruly, thinks she don't want you
If she gets unruly and thinks she don't want you
Take my 32-20 now and break her half in two

She got a .38 special, but I believe it's much too light
She got a .38 special, but I believe it's much too light
I got a 32-30, makes the camp all right

If I send for my baby, man, and she don't come
Send for my baby, man, and she don't come
All the doctors in Hot Springs sure ain't gonna help her none

Gonna shoot my pistol, shoot my Gatling gun
Gonna shoot my pistol, got to shoot my Gatling gun
You made me love you, now your man has come

Aw baby, where'd you stay last night?
Aw baby, where'd you stay last night?
You got your hair all tangled and you ain't talking right

Her .38 special, boys, it do very well
Her .38 special, boys, it do very well
I got a 32-20 now it's a burning hell

If I send for my baby, man, and she don't come
Send for my baby, man, and she don't come
All the doctors in [...] sure ain't gonna help her none

Hey hey baby, where'd you stay last night?
Hey hey baby, where'd you stay last night?
Didn't come home till the sun was shining bright

Oh boys, I just can't take my rest
Oh boys, I just can't take my rest
With this 32-20 laying up and down my breast