

# Bob Dylan, Ballad For A Friend

Sad I'm sittin' on the railroad track,  
Watchin' that old smokestack.  
Train is a-leavin' but it won't be back.

Years ago we hung around,  
Watchin' trains roll through the town.  
Now that train is a-graveyard bound.

Where we go up in that North Country,  
Lakes and streams and mines so free,  
I had no better friend than he.

Something happened to him that day,  
I thought I heard a stranger say,  
I hung my head and stole away.

A diesel truck was rollin' slow,  
Pullin' down a heavy load.  
It left him on a Utah road.

They carried him back to his home town,  
His mother cried, his sister moaned,  
Listin' to them church bells tone.