

Bob Dylan, Dead Man, Dead Man

Uttering idle words from a reprobate mind
Clinging to strange promises, dying on the line
Never being able to separate the good from the bad
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it
It's making me feel so bad.

Dead man, dead man
When will you arise ?
Cobwebs in your mind
Dust upon your eyes.

Satan got you by the heel, there's bird's nest in your hair
Do you have any faith at all ? Do you have any love to share ?
The way that you hold you head, cursing God with every move
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it
What are you trying to prove ?

Dead man, dead man
When will you arise ?
Cobwebs in your mind
Dust upon your eyes.

The glamour and the bright lights, and the politics of sin
The ghetto that you build for me is the one you're living in
The race of the engine that overrules your heart
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it
Pretending that you're so smart.

Dead man, dead man
When will you arise ?
Cobwebs in your mind
Dust upon your eyes.

What are you trying to overpower me with, the doctrine or the gun ?
My back is already to the wall, where can I run ?
The tuxedo that you're wearing, the flower in your lapel
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it
You wanna take me down to hell.

Dead man, dead man
When will you arise ?
Cobwebs in your mind
Dust upon your eyes.