

# Bob Dylan, Down in the Flood

Crash on the levee, mama,  
Water's gonna overflow,  
Swamp's gonna rise,  
No boat's gonna row.  
Now, you can train on down  
To Williams Point,  
You can bust your feet,  
You can rock this joint.  
But oh mama, ain't you gonna miss your best friend now?  
You're gonna have to find yourself  
Another best friend, somehow.  
Now, don't you try an' move me,  
You're just gonna lose.  
There's a crash on the levee  
And, mama, you've been refused.  
Well, it's sugar for sugar  
And salt for salt,  
If you go down in the flood,  
It's gonna be your own fault.  
Oh mama, ain't you gonna miss your best friend now?  
You're gonna have to find yourself  
Another best friend, somehow.  
Well, that high tide's risin',  
Mama, don't you let me down.  
Pack up your suitcase,  
Mama, don't you make a sound.  
Now, it's king for king,  
Queen for queen,  
It's gonna be the meanest flood  
That anybody's seen.  
Oh mama, ain't you gonna miss your best friend now?  
Yes, you're gonna have to find yourself  
Another best friend, somehow.