

Bob Dylan, Drifter's Escape

Oh, help me in my weakness
I heard the drifter say
As they carried him from the courtroom
And were taking him away
"My trip hasn't been a pleasant one
And my time it isn't long
And I still do not know
What it was that I've done wrong.

Well, the judge he cast his robe aside
A tear came to his eye
"You failed to understand", he said
"Why must you even try ?"
Outside the crowd was stirring
You could hear it from the door
Inside the judge was stepping down
While the jury cried for more.

"Oh, stop that cursed jury"
Cried the attendant and the nurse
"The trial was bad enough
But this is ten times worse"
Just then a bolt of lightning
Struck the courthouse out of shape
And while ev'rybody knelt to pray
The drifter did escape.