

Bob Dylan, Duncan & Brady

Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, little star
Up comes Brady in a 'lectric car
Got a mean look all 'round his eye
Gonna shoot somebody jus' to see them die
Duncan, Duncan was tending the bar
In walked Brady with a shining star
And Brady says, "Duncan you are under arrest"
And Duncan shot a hole in Brady's breast
Brady, Brady carried a .45,
Said it would shoot half a mile
Duncan had a .44
That what laid Mr. Brady so low
Brady fell down on the barroom floor,
"Please Mr. Duncan don' shoot me no more"
Women all cryin', ain't it a shame,
Shot King Brady, goin' shoot him again
"Brady, Brady, Brady, you know you done wrong
Walkin' in the room when the game was goin' on
Knockin' down windows, breakin' down the door
Now you lyin' dead on the grocery [barroom] floor
Women all heard that Brady was dead,
Goes back home and they dresses in red
Come a sniffin' and a sighin' down the street,
In their big mother hubbards and their stockin' feet
'Cause he been on the job too long