

# Bob Dylan, Floater (Too Much To Ask)

Down over the window  
From the dazzling sunlit rays  
through the back alleys, through the blinds  
another one of them endless days

Honey bees are buzzing  
leaves begin to stir  
I'm in love with my second cousin  
I tell myself I could be happy forever with her

I keep listening for footsteps  
but I ain't never hearing any  
from the boat, I fish for bullheads  
I catch a lot, sometimes too many

A summer breeze is blowin'  
a squall is setting in  
sometimes it's just plain stupid  
to get into any kind of wind

Well the old men 'round here  
sometimes they get on bad terms  
with the younger men,  
old, young, age don't carry weight  
it doesn't matter in the end

One of the boss' hangers-on  
Sometimes comes to call  
At times you least expect  
Tryin' to bully you, strongarm you,  
inspire you with fear  
It has the opposite effect

There's a new grove of trees on the outskirts of town  
the old one is long gone  
10 foot, 2 foot, 6 across  
Burns with the bark still on

They say times are hard  
if you don't believe it you can follow your nose  
it don't bother me, times are hard anywhere  
we'll just have to see how it goes

My old man, he's like some feudal lord  
he's got more lives than a cat  
I've never seen him quarrel with my mother even once  
things come alive or they fall flat

You can smell the pine wood burnin'  
you can hear the school bell ring  
got to get up near the teacher, if you can  
if you wanna learn anything

Romeo, he said to Juliet, you got a poor complexion  
it don't give you an appearance or a youthful touch  
Juliet said back to Romeo,  
why don't you just shove off,  
if it bothers you so much

They got outta here any way they could  
Cold rain can give you the shivers  
they went down the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee,  
all the rest of them rebel rivers

If you ever try to interfere with me  
or cross my path again,  
you do so at the peril of your life  
I'm not quite as cool, or forgiving as I sound  
I've seen enough heartache and strife

My grandfather was a duck trapper,  
he could do it with just dragnets and ropes (?)  
my grandmother could sew new dresses out of old cloth,  
I don't know if they had any dreams or hopes.

I had 'em once, though I suppose  
To go along with all the ring dancing,  
Christmas carols and all the Christmas eves  
I left all my dreams and hopes  
buried under tobacco leaves

Not always easy kicking someone up  
got to wait awhile, it can be an unpleasant task  
sometimes somebody wants you to give something up  
And tears or not, it's too much to ask.