

Bob Dylan, I'm Not There

Things are crashing down
She's all too tight
In my neighborhood
She cried both day and night
I know it because it was there

It's a milestone
But she's down on her luck
And the day makes her lonely
But to make it hard to buck, now and then

I believe that she'd stop him
If she would start to care
I believe that she'd look upon
His side that used to care
And I'd go by the Lord
Anywhere she's on my way
But I don't belong there

No I don't belong to her
I don't belong to every choir
She's my Christ-forsaken angel
But she don't hear me cry
She's a lone-hearted mystic
And she can't carry on
When I'm there, she's all right
But then she's not when I'm gone

Heaven knows that the answer
She don't call no one
She's the way, forsaken beauty
For she's mine, for the one
And I lost her hesitating
By temptation as it runs
But she don't harm me
But I'm not there, I'm gone

Now I'll cry tonight
Like I cried the night before
And I'll feast on the highway
But I'll dream about the door
It's so long, she's forsaken
By her faith, worse to tell
It don't have consternation
She smiles, fare thee well

And without the truth that maybe
I was born to love her
But she knows that the kingdom awaits
So high above her
And I run a better race
But it's not too fast still
But I'll not deceive her
I'm not there, I'm gone

Well it's all about diffusion
And I cry for her veil
I don't need anybody now
Beside me to tell
And it's all affirmation
I receive but it's not
She's a lone-hearted universe
She don't like a spot
And she calls

Yeah, she's gone like the rain
Below the shining yesterday
But now she's home beside me
And I'd like her here to stay
She's a lone, forsaken beauty
And she don't trust anyone
And I wish I was beside her
But I'm not there, I'm gone

Well, it's too hard to stay here
And I don't want to leave
It's so bad, for so few
See, but she's a heart too hard to need
It's alone, it's a crime
The way she mauls me around
But she don't fall to hate me
But tears are gone, a painted clown

Yes, I believe that it's rightful
Oh, I believe it in my mind
I've been told like I said one night before
Carry on the cryin'
And the sole gypsy told her
Like I said, carry on
I wish I was there to help her
But I'm not there, I'm gone