

# Bob Dylan, I Shall Be Free

Well, I took me a woman late last night  
I's three-fourths drunk she looked all right  
'Til she started peelin' off her onion gook  
She took off her wig, said, &quot;How do I look&quot; ?  
I's high flyin', bare naked ...Out the window.

Well, sometimes I might get drunk  
Walk like a duck and smell like a skunk  
Don't hurt me none, don't hurt my pride  
'Cause I got my little lady right by my side  
(She's a tryin' a hide pretendin'  
She don't know me).

I's out there paintin' on the old wood shed  
When a can a black paint it fell on my head  
I went down to scrub and rub  
But I had to sit in back of the tub  
(Cost a quarter  
Half price).

Well, my telephone rang it would not stop  
It's President Kennedy callin' me up  
He said, &quot;My friend, Bob, what do we need to make the country grow&quot; ?  
I said, &quot;My friend, John, &quot;Brigitte Bardot,  
Anita Ekberg  
Sophia Loren&quot;  
Country'll grow.

Well, I got a woman five feet short  
She yells and hollers and squeals and snorts  
She tickles my nose pats me on the head  
Blows me over and kicks me out of bed  
(She's a man eater  
Meat grinder  
Bad loser).

Oh, there ain't no use in me workin' alla time  
I got a woman who works herself blind  
Works up to her britches, up to her neck  
Write me letters and sends me checks  
(She's a humdinger  
Folk singer).

Late one day in the middle of the week  
Eyes were closed I was half asleep  
I chased me a woman up the hill  
Right in the middle of an air drill  
(I jumped a fallout shelter  
I jumped the string bean  
I jumped the TV dinner  
I jumped the shot gun).

Now, the man on the stand he wants my vote  
He's a-runnin' for office on the ballot note  
He's out there preachin' in front of the steeple  
Tellin' me he loves all kinds-a people  
(He's eatin' bagels  
He's eatin' pizza  
He's eatin' chitlins).

Oh, set me down on a television floor  
I'll flip the channel to number four  
Out of the shower comes a football man  
With a bottle of oil in his hand

(Greasy kid stuff  
What I want to know, Mr. Football Man, is  
What do you do about Willy Mays  
Martin Luther King  
Olatunji).

Well, the funniest woman I ever seen  
Was the great-granddaughter of Mr. Clean  
She takes about fifteen baths a day  
Wants me to grow a moustache on my face  
(She's insane).

Well, ask me why I'm drunk alla time  
It levels my head and eases my mind  
I just walk along and stroll and sing  
I see better days and I do better things  
(I catch dinosaurs  
I make love to Elizabeth Taylor ...  
Catch hell from Richard Burton !).