

Bob Dylan, I Was Young When I Left Home

I was young when i left home
An' I been out a-ramblin' round
An' I never wrote a letter to my home
To my home, lord, to my home
An' I never wrote a letter to my home.

It was just the other day
I was bringin' home my pay
When i met an' old friend i used to know
Said, "Your mother is dead an' gone
An' your sisters all gone wrong
An' your daddy needs you home right away."

Not a shirt on my back
Not a penny on my name
But I can't go home this a-way
This a-way, lord, this a-way
An' I can't go home this a-way.

If you miss the train I'm on
Count the days I'm gone
You will hear that whistle blow hundred miles
Hundred miles, honey baby, lord, lord, lord
An' you'll hear that whistle blow hundred miles.

An' I'm playin' on a track, ma'd come an' woop me back
On them trusses down by Ol' Jim McKay's
When I pay the debt i own to the commissary store
I will pawn my watch an' chain an' go home
Go home, lord, lord, lord
I will pawn my watch an' chain an' go home.

Used to tell my ma sometimes
When I see them ridin' blind
Gonna make me a home out in the wind
In the wind, lord in the wind
Make me a home out in the wind.

I don't like it in the wind
I go back home again
But i can't go home this a-way
This a-way, lord, lord, lord
An' i can go home this a-way.

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