

Bob Dylan, If I Don't Be There By Morning

Blue sky upon the horizon,
Private eye on my trail,
And if I don't be there by morning
She'll know that I must've spent the night in jail.

I been runnin' from Memphis to L.A.,
Had an appointment set sometime for today
And if I don't be there by morning
She'll know that I must have gone the other way.

Finding my way home to you, girl, lonely and blue, mistreated too,
Sometimes I think about you, girl, is it true that you think of me too?

I got a woman living in L.A.,
I got a woman waiting for my pay,
And if I don't be there by morning
Pack my clothes, get down on your knees and pray.

I left my woman with a twenty-dollar bill,
Left her waiting, hope she's waiting for me still.
But if I don't be there by morning
I guess that I never will.

Finding my way home to you, girl, lonely and blue, mistreated too,
Sometimes I think about you, girl, is it true that you think of me too?

I left my woman with a twenty-dollar bill,
Left her waiting, hope she's waiting for me still.
Well, if I don't be there by morning
I guess that I never will.