

# Bob Dylan, Little Maggie

Oh, where is little Maggie ?  
Over yonder she stands  
Rifle on her shoulder  
Six-shooter in her hand.

How can I ever stand it  
Just to see them two blue eyes  
Shinin' like some diamonds  
Like some diamonds in the sky.

Rather be in some lonely hollow  
Where the sun don't ever shine  
Than to see you be another man's darling  
And to know that you'll never be mine.

Well, it's march me away to the station  
With my suitcase in my hand  
Yes, march me away to the station  
I'm off to some far-distant land.

Sometimes I have a nickel  
And sometimes I have a dime  
Sometimes I have ten dollars  
Just to pay for little Maggie's wine.

Pretty flowers are made for blooming  
Pretty stars are made to shine  
Pretty girls are made for boy's love  
Little Maggie was made for mine.

Well, yonder stands little Maggie  
With a dram glass in her hand  
She's a-drinkin' down her troubles  
Over courtin' some other man.