

Bob Dylan, Marchin' To The City

Well I'm sitting in church
In an old wooden chair
I knew nobody
Would look for me there
. . . Sorrow and pity
. . . Rule the earth and the skies
Looking for nothing
Anyone's eyes

Once I had pretty girls
Did me wrong
Now I'm marching to the city
And the road ain't long

Snowflakes are falling
Around my head
Lord have mercy
It feel heavy like lead
. . . I been hit too hard
. . . Seen too much
Nothing can heal me now
But your touch

Once I had a pretty girl
She done me wrong
Now I'm marching to the city
And the road ain't long

Loneliness
Got a mind of its own
The more people around
The more you feel alone
. . . I'm chained to the earth
. . . Like a silent slave
Trying to break free
Out of death's dark cave

Once I had a pretty girl
Done me wrong
Now I'm marching to the city
And the road ain't long

Boys in the street
Beginning to play
Girls like birds
Flying away
. . . I'm carrying the roses
. . . That were given to me
And I'm thinking about paradise
Wondering what it might be

Once I had a pretty girl
She done me wrong
Now I'm marching to the city
And the road ain't long

Go over to London
Maybe gay Paree
Follow the river
You get to the sea
. . . I was hoping we could drink from
. . . Life's clear streams
I was hoping we could dream
Life's pleasant dreams

Once I had a pretty girl
But she done me wrong
Now I'm marching to the city
And the road ain't long

Well the weak get weaker
And the strong stay strong
The train keeps rolling
All night long
. . . She looked at me
. . . With an irresistible glance
With a smile
That could make all the planets dance

Once I had a pretty girl
She did me wrong
Now I'm marching to the city
And the road ain't long

My house is on fire
Burning to the skies
I thought the rain clouds
But the clouds passed by
. . . When I'm gone
. . . You'll remember my name
I'm gonna win my way
To wealth and fame

Once I had a pretty girl
But she did me wrong
Now I'm marching to the city
And the road ain't long

I don't know