

# Bob Dylan, To Ramona

Ramona, come closer  
Shut softly your watery eyes  
The pangs of your sadness  
Will pass as your senses will rise  
The flowers of the city  
Though breathlike, get deathlike at times  
And there's no use in tryin'  
To deal with the dyin'  
Though I cannot explain that in lines.

Your cracked country lips  
I still wish to kiss  
As to be by the strength of you skin  
Your magnetic movements  
Still capture the minutes I'm in  
But it grieves my heart, love  
To see you tryin' to be a part of  
A world that just don't existv It's all just a dream, babe  
A vacuum, a scheme, babe  
That sucks you into feelin' like this.

I can see that your head  
Has been twisted and fed  
With worthless foam from the mouth  
I can tell you are torn  
Between stayin' and returnin'  
Back to the South  
You've been fooled into thinking  
That the finishin' end is at hand  
Yet there's no one to beat you  
No one to defeat you  
'Cept the thoughts of yourself feeling bad

I've heard you say many times  
That you're better 'n no one  
And no one is better 'n you  
If you really believe that  
You know you have  
Nothing to win and nothing to lose  
From fixtures and forces and friends  
Your sorrow does stem  
That hype you and type you  
Making you feel  
That you gotta be just like them.

I'd forever talk to you  
But soon my words  
They would turn into a meaningless ring  
For deep in my heart  
I know there is no help I can bring  
Everything passes  
Everything changes  
Just do what you think you should do  
And someday, maybe  
Who knows, baby  
I'll come and be cryin' to you.