

Bob Dylan, Tweedle Dee And Tweedle Dum

Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee
They're throwin' knives into the tree
Two big bags of dead man's bones
Got their noses to the grind stone
Livin' in the Land of Nod
Trustin' their fate to the hands of God
They pass by so silently
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee

Well, they're goin' to the country, they're goin' to retire
They're takin' a streetcar named Desire
Lookin' at a window with a pecan pie
Lot of things they'd like they would never buy
Neither of them .want. to turn and run
They're makin' a noise to the Sun
"His Master's Voice is calling me"
Said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle Dee

Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum
I'll have more than thumb
They walk among the stately trees
They know the secrets of the breeze
Tweedle Dum said to Tweedle Dee,
"Your presence is obnoxious to me.
Feel like baby sittin' on a woman's knee."
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee

Well, the rain beat'n' down on a window pane
I got love for you, and it's all in vain
Brains in a pot, they're beginning to boil
They're drippin' with garlic and olive oil
Tweedle Dee is on his hands and his knees
Sayin', "Throw me something, Mister, please!"
"What's good for you is good for me,"
Said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle Dee.

Well, they're living in a happy harmony
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee
They're one day older and a dollar short
They got a prayer permit and a police escort
They're lyin' low and they're makin' hay
They seem determined to go all the way
They run a brick 'n' tile company
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee

Well, the timeless stream has a deaf last meal
And the noble truth is a sacred creed
My pretty baby, she's looking around
She's wearin' a multi-thousand dollar gown
Tweedle Dee is a low down sorry old man
Tweedle Dum he'll stab you where you stand
"I've had too much of your company,"
said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle Dee.