

Jakob Dylan, I Told You I Couldn't Stop

In my mind's eye
A plantation
In the clearing
Is a platform station
In the distance
Is a kingdom
In to the front line
Is how I'm coming
They say in war
All is fair
I'm heading to the field
In spite of my condition

Whatever you thought
Whatever you thought
You know I told you
I couldn't stop

Now through the desert
Out to the sea
Weather-beaten
Through all four seasons
And there is love
In my creation
I've come back
For all the right reasons
I aint your castle
You're not a queen
It isn't yours
That you're so busy there protecting

Whatever you thought
Whatever you thought
You know I told you
I couldn't stop

All this beauty
Is sticky sweet
This naughty world
Is due for good deeds
Give me your poor
Your tired masses
Bring me the head
Of the mule in my glasses
Sing that lonesome high melody
Roamin young man,
The horror behind me

Whatever you thought
Whatever you thought
You know I told you
I couldn't stop