

Stephen Stills, The Ballard Of Hollis Brown

(Bob Dylan)

Hollis Brown he lived on the outside of town
Hollis Brown he lived on the outside of town
With his wife and five children
And his cabin broken down

He looked for work and money and he walked a ragged mile
He looked for work and money and he walked a ragged mile
His children are so hungry they've
Forgotten how to smile

Your babies' eyes are crazy they're a tuggin' at your sleeve
Your babies' eyes are crazy they're a tuggin' at your sleeve
You walk the floor and wonder why
With every breath you breathe

Rats got to your flour bad blood it got your mare
Rats got to your flour bad blood it got your mare
Is there anyone that knows
Is there anyone that cares

Way out in the wilderness a cold coyote calls
Way out in the wilderness a cold coyote calls
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That's a hangin' on the wall

Your brain is a bleedin' and your legs can't seem to stand
Your brain is a bleedin' and your legs can't seem to stand
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That you're holdin' in your hand

There's seven breezes blowin' all around a cabin door
There's seven breezes blowin' all around a cabin door
Seven shots ring out
Like the ocean's pounding roar

There's seven people dead on a South Dakota farm
There's seven people dead on a South Dakota farm
Somewhere in the distance
There's seven new people born