

# Syd Barrett, Bob Dylan Blues

Got the Bob Dylan blues  
And the Bob Dylan shoes  
And my clothes and my hair's in a mess  
But you know I just couldn't care less

Goin' to write me a song  
'Bout what's right and what's wrong  
'Bout god and my god and all that  
Quiet while I make like a cat

'Cause I'm a poet, don't ya know it  
And the wind, you can blow it  
Cause I'm Mr. Dylan, the king  
And I'm free as a bird on the wing

Roam from town to town  
Guess I get people down  
But I don't care too much about that  
'Cause my gut and my wallet are fat

Make a whole lotta dough  
But I deserve it though  
I've got soul and a good heart of gold  
So I'll sing about war in the cold

'Cause I'm a poet, don't ya know it  
And the wind, you can blow it  
Cause I'm Mr. Dylan, the king  
And I'm free as a bird on the wing

Well I sing about dreams  
And I rhymes it with "seems";  
'Cause it seems that my dream always means  
That I can prophesy all kinds of things

Well the guy that digs me  
Should try hard to see  
That he buys all my discs and a hat  
And when I'm in town, go see that

'Cause I'm a poet, don't ya know it  
And the wind, you can blow it  
Cause I'm Mr. Dylan, the king  
And I'm free as a bird on the wing