

# Bob Dylan, 4th Time Around

When she said  
&quot;Don't waste your words, they're just lies&quot;  
I cried she was deaf  
And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes  
Then said, &quot;What else you got left&quot;  
It was then that I got up to leave  
But she said, &quot;Don't forget  
Everybody must give something back  
For something they get&quot;.

I stood there and hummel  
I tapped on her drum and asked her how come  
And she buttoned her boot  
And straightened her suit  
Then she said, &quot;Don't get cute&quot;  
So I forced my hands in my pockets  
And felt with my thumbs  
And gallantly handed her  
My very last piece of gum.

She threw me outside  
I stood in the dirt where ev'ryone walked  
And after finding I'd  
Forgotten my shirt  
I went back and knocked  
I waited in the hallway, she went to get it  
And I tried to make sense  
Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair  
That leaned up against ...

Her Jamaican rum  
And when she did come, I asked her for some  
She said, &quot;No dear&quot;  
I said, &quot;Your words aren't clear  
You'd better spit out your gum&quot;  
She screamed till her face got so red  
Then she fell on the floor  
And I covered her up and then  
Thought I'd go look through her drawer.  
And when I was through  
I filled up my shoe  
And brought it to you  
And you, you took me in  
You loved me then  
You didn't waste time  
And I, I never took much  
I never asked for your crutch  
Now dont ask for mine.