

# Bob Dylan, Ballad In Plain D

I once loved a girl, her skin it was bronze  
With the innocence of a lamb, she was gentle like a fawn  
I courted her proudly, but now she is gone  
Gone as the season she's taken.

Through young summer's breeze, I stole her away  
From her mother and sister, though close did they stay  
Each one of them suffering from the failures of their day  
With strings of guilt they tried hard to guide us.

Of the two sister, I loved the young  
With sensitive instincts, she was the creative one  
The constant scapegoat, she was easily undone  
By the jealousy of others around her.

For her parasite sister, I had no respect  
Bound by her boredom, her pride to protect  
Countless visions of the other she'd reflect  
As a crutch for her scenes and her society.

Myself, for what I did, I cannot be excused  
The changes I was going through can't even be used  
For the lies that I told her in hopes not to lose  
The could-be dream-lover of my lifetime.

With unseen consciousness, I possessed in my grip  
A magnificent mantelpiece, though its heart being chipped  
Noticing not that I'd already slipped  
To a sin of love's false security.

From silhouetted anger to manufactured peace  
Answers of emptiness, voice vacancies  
Till the tombstones of damage read me no question but, "Please  
What's wrong and what's exactly the matter?"

And so it did happen, like it could have been foreseen  
The timeless explosion of fantasy's dream  
At the peak of the night, the king and the queen  
Tumbled all down into pieces.

"The tragic figure" her sister did shout  
"Leave her alone, God damn you, get out"  
And I in my armor, turning about  
And nailing her in the ruins of her pettiness.

Beneath a bare light bulb the plaster did pound  
Her sister and I in a screaming battleground  
And she in between, the victim of sound  
Soon shattered as a child to the shadows.

All is gone, all is gone, admit it, take flight  
I gagged in contradiction, tears blinding my sight  
My mind it was mangled, I ran into the night  
Leaving all of love's ashes behind me.

The wind knocks my window, the room it is wet  
The words to say I'm sorry, I haven't found yet  
I think of her often and hope whoever she's met  
Will be fully aware of how precious she is.

Ah, my friends from the prison, they ask unto me  
"How good, how good does it feel to be free?"  
And I answer them most mysteriously  
"Are birds free from the chains of the skyway?"

