

# Bob Dylan, Ballad Of Donald White

My name is Donald White, you see,  
I stand before you all.  
I was judged by you a murderer  
And the hangman's knot must fall.  
I will die upon the gallows pole  
When the moon is shining clear,  
And these are my final words  
That you will ever hear.

I left my home in Kansas  
When I was very young,  
I landed in the old Northwest,  
Seattle, Washington  
Although I'd a-traveled many miles,  
I never made a friend,  
For I could never get along in life  
With people that I met.

If I had some education  
To give me a decent start,  
I might have been a doctor or  
A master in the arts.  
But I used my hands for stealing  
When I was very young,  
And they locked me down in jailhouse cells,  
That's how my life begun.

Oh, the inmates and the prisoners,  
I found they were my kind,  
And it was there inside the bars  
I found my peace of mind.  
But the jails they were too crowded,  
Institutions overflowed,  
So they turned me loose to walk upon  
Life's hurried tangled road.

And there's danger on the ocean  
Where the salt sea waves split high,  
And there's danger on the battlefield  
Where the shells of bullets fly,  
And there's danger in this open world  
Where men strive to be free,  
And for me the greatest danger  
Was in society.

So I asked them to send me back  
To the institution home.  
But they said they were too crowded,  
For me they had no room.  
I got down on my knees and begged,  
"Oh, please put me away,"  
But they would not listen to my plea  
Or nothing I would say.

And so it was on Christmas eve  
In the year of '59,  
It was on that night I killed a man,  
I did not try to hide,  
The jury found me guilty  
And I won't disagree,  
For I knew that it would happen  
If I wasn't put away.

And I'm glad I've had no parents

To care for me or cry,  
For now they will never know  
The horrible death I die.  
And I'm also glad I've had no friends  
To see me in disgrace,  
For they'll never see that hangman's hood  
Wrap around my face.

Farewell unto the old north woods  
Of which I used to roam,  
Farewell unto the crowded bars  
Of which've been my home,  
Farewell to all you people  
Who think the worst of me,  
I guess you'll feel much better when  
I'm on that hanging tree.

But there's just one question  
Before they kill me dead,  
I'm wondering just how much  
To you I really said  
Concerning all the boys that come  
Down a road like me,  
Are they enemies or victims  
Of your society?