

# Bob Dylan, Buckets Of Rain

Buckets of rain  
Buckets of tears  
Got all them buckets coming out of my ears  
Buckets of moonbeams in my hand  
You got all the love honey baby  
I can stand.

I been meek  
And hard like and oak  
I seen pretty people disappear like smoke  
Friends will arrive friends will disappear  
If you want me honey baby  
I'll be there.

I like your smile  
And your fingertips  
I like the way that you move your lips  
I like the cool way you look at me  
Everything about you is bringing me  
Misery.

Little red wagon  
Little red bike  
I ain't no monkey but I know what I like  
I like the way you love me strong and slow  
I'm taking you with me honey baby  
When I go.

Life is sad  
Life is a bust  
All ya can do is do what you must  
You do what you must do and ya do it well  
I'll do it for you honey baby  
Can't you tell ?