

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 ?