Bob Dylan, Can't Escape From You

Oh the evening train is rolling
All along the [homeward] way
All my hopes are over the horizon
All my dreams have gone [astray/away/in vain]
. . . The hillside darkly [shaded/shading]
. . . Stars fall from above
. . . All the joys of earth [are/have] [faded/fading]
. . . The night's untouched [by/my] love
I'll be here 'til tomorrow
Beneath a shroud of grey
I pretend I'm free of sorrow
My heart is miles away
. . . The dead bells are ringing
. . . My train is overdue
. . . To your memory I'm clinging
. . . I can't escape from you

Well I hear the sound of thunder
Roaring loud and long
Sometimes you've got to wonder
God knows I've done no wrong
. . . You've wasted all your power
. . . You threw out the Christmas pie
. . . Now you're withering like a flower
. . . You'll play the fool and die
I'm neither sad nor sorry
I'm all dressed up in black
I fought for fame and glory
You tried to break my back
. . . In the far off sweet forever
. . . The sunshine peeking through
. . . We should have walked together
. . . I can't escape from you

I cannot grasp the shadows
That gather near the door
Rain falls round my window
I wish I'd seen you more
. . . The path is ever winding
. . . The stars they never age
. . . The morning light is blinding
. . . All the world's a stage
Should be the time of gladness
Happy faces everywhere
The mystery of madness
Is propagating in the air
. . . I don't like the city
. . . Not like some folks do
. . . Isn't it a pity
. . . I can't escape from you

We ploughed the fields of heaven
Right down to the end
I hope I can be forgiven
If any words of mine offend
. . . All our days were splendid
. . . They were simple, they were plain
. . . It never should have ended
. . . I should have kissed you in the rain
I've been thinking things all over
All the moments full of grace
The primrose and the clover
Your everchanging face
. . . Can't help looking at you

. . . You made love with god-knows-who
. . . Never found a girl to match you
. . . I can't escape from you