

Bob Dylan, Dirge

I hate myself for loving you and the weakness that it showed
You were just a painted face on a trip down to suicide road
The stage was set, the lights went out all around the old hotel
I hate myself for loving you and I'm glad the curtain fell.

I hate that foolish game we played and the need that was expressed
And the mercy that you showed to me, whoever would have guessed
I went out on Lower Broadway and I felt that place within
That hollow place where martyrs weep and angels play with sin.

Heard your songs of freedom and man forever stripped
Acting out his folly while his back is being whipped
Like a slave in orbit he's beaten 'til he's tame
All for a moment's glory and it's a dirty, rotten shame.

There are those who worship loneliness, I'm not one of them
In this age of fiberglass I'm searching for a gem
The crystall ball upon the wall hasn't shown me nothing yet
I've paid the price of solitude but at least I'm out of debt.

I can't recall a useful thing you ever did for me
'Cept pat me on the back one time when I was on my knees
We stared into each other's eyes 'till one of us would break
No use to apologize, what difference would it make ?

So sing your praise of progress and of the Doom Machine
The naked truth is still taboo whenever it can be seen
Lady Luck who shines on me, will tell you where I'm at
I hate myself for loving you but I should get over that.