

# Bob Dylan, Fixin' To Die

Feeling funny in my mind, Lord,  
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die  
Feeling funny in my mind, Lord  
I believe I'm fixing to die  
Well, I don't mind dying  
But I hate to leave my children crying  
Well, I look over yonder to that burying ground  
Look over yonder to that burying ground  
Sure seems lonesome, Lord, when the sun goes down

Feeling funny in my eyes, Lord,  
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die  
Feeling funny in my eyes, Lord  
I believe I'm fixing to die  
Well, I don't mind dying but  
I hate to leave my children crying  
There's a black smoke rising, Lord  
It's rising up above my head, up above my head  
It's rising up above my head, up above my head  
And tell Jesus make up my dying bed.

I'm walking kind of funny, Lord  
I believe I'm fixing to die, fixing to die  
Yes I'm walking kind of funny, Lord  
I believe I'm fixing to die  
Fixing to die, fixing to die  
Well, I don't mind dying  
But I hate to leave my children crying.