

Bob Dylan, Huck's Tune

Well I wandered alone,
through a desert of stone,
and I dreamt of my future wife.
My sword's in my hand,
and I'm next in command,
in this version of Death called Life.
My plate and my cup,
are right straight up,
I took a rose from the hand of a child.
When I kiss your lips,
the honey drips,
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while.

Every day we meet,
on any old street,
and you're in your girlish prime.
The short and the tall,
are coming to the ball,
I go there all the time.
Behind every tree,
there's something to see,
the river is wider than a mile.
I tried you twice,
you can't be nice,
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while.

Here come the nurse,
with money in her purse,
here come the ladies and men.
You push it all in,
and you've no chance to win,
you play 'em on down to the end.
I'm laying in the sand,
getting a sunshine tan,
Moving along, riding in style.
From my toes to my head,
you knock me dead,
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while.

I count the years,
and I shed no tears,
I'm blinded to what might have been.
Nature's voice,
makes my heart rejoice,
play me the wild song of the wind.
I found hopeless love,
in the room above,
when the sun and the weather were riled.
You're as fine as wine,
I ain't handing you no line,
I'm gonna have to put you down for a while.

All the merry little elves,
can go hang themselves,
my faith is as cold as can be.
I'm stacked high to the roof,
and I'm not without proof,
If you don't believe me, come see.
You think I'm blue,
I think so, too,
in my words you'll find no guile.
The game's gotten old,
the deck's gone cold,
and I'm gonna have to put you down for a while.

The game's gotten old,
the deck's gone cold,
and I'm gonna have to put you down for a while.