Bob Dylan, I'd Hate To Be You On That Dreadful

Well, your clock is gonna stop
At Saint Peter's gate.
Ya gonna ask him what time it is,
He's gonna say, "It's too late."
Hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day.

You're gonna start to sweat
And you ain't gonna stop.
You're gonna have a nightmare
And never wake up.
Hey, hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day.

You're gonna cry for pills
And your head's gonna be in a knot,
But the pills are gonna cost more
Than what you've got.
Hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day.

You're gonna have to walk naked,
Can't ride in no car.
You're gonna let ev'rybody see
Just what you are.
Hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day.

Well, the good wine's a-flowin'
For five cents a quart.
You're gonna look in your moneybags
And find you're one cent short.
Hey, hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day.

You're gonna yell and scream,
"Don't anybody care?"
You're gonna hear out a voice say,
"Shoulda listened when you heard the word down there."
Hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day.