

# Bob Dylan, I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine

I dreamed I saw St. Augustine  
Alive as you or me  
Tearing through these quarters  
In the utmost misery  
With a blanket underneath his arm  
And a coat of solid gold  
Searching for the very souls  
Whom already have been sold.

"Arise, arise", he cried so loud  
With a voice without restraint  
"Come out ye gifted kings and queens  
And hear my sad complaint  
No martyr is among ye now  
Whom you can call your own  
So go on your way accordingly  
But know you're not alone".

I dreamed I saw St. Augustine  
Alive with fiery breath  
And I dreamed I was amongst the ones  
That put him out to death  
Oh, I awoke in anger  
So alone and terrified  
I put my fingers against the glass  
And bowed my head and cried.