

Bob Dylan, Kingsport Town

The winter wind is a blowing strong
My hands have got no gloves
I wish to my soul that I could see
The girl I'm a-thinking of

Don't you remember me babe
I remember you quite well
You caused me to leave old Kingsport Town
With a high sheriff on my trail

High sheriff on my trail, boys
High sheriff on my trail
All because I'm falling for
A curly-headed dark-eyed girl

Who's a-gonna stroke your cold black hair
And sandy colored skin
Who's a-gonna kiss your Memphis lips
When I'm out in the wind
When I'm out in the wind, babe
When I'm out in the wind
Who's a-gonna kiss your Memphis mouth
When I'm out in the wind

Who's a-gonna walk you side by side
And tell you everything's alright
Who's a-gonna sing to you all day long
And not just in the night
Who's a-gonna walk you side by side
Who's a-gonna be your man
Who's a-gonna look you straight in the eye
And hold your bad luck hand

Hold your bad luck hand, babe
Hold your bad luck hand
Who's a-gonna hold your hard luck hand
And who's a-gonna be your man

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I wish to my soul I could see
The girl I'm a-thinking of.