

Bob Dylan, Mixed-Up Confusion

I got mixed up confusion
Man, it's a-killin' me

Well, there's too many people
And they're all too hard to please

Well, my hat's in my hand
Babe, I'm walkin' down the line

An' I'm lookin' for a woman
Whose head's mixed up like mine

Well, my head's full of questions
My temp'rature's risin' fast

Well, I'm lookin' for some answers
But I don't know who to ask

But I'm walkin' and wonderin'
And my poor feet don't ever stop

Seein' my reflection
I'm hung over, hung down, hung up!