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!   I got mixed up confusion
Man, it's a-killin' me
Well, there's too many people
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I'm hung over, hung down, hung up!