

Bob Dylan, Poor Boy Blues

Mm, tell mama,
Where'd ya sleep last night?
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm.

Hey, tell me baby,
What's the matter here?
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm.

Hey, stop you ol' train,
Let a poor boy ride.
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm.

Hey, Mister Bartender,
I swear I'm not too young.
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm.

Blow your whistle, policeman,
My poor feet are trained to run.
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm.

Long-distance operator,
I hear this poor call is on the house.
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm.

Ashes and diamonds,
The difference I cain't see.
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm.

Mister Judge and Jury,
Cain't you see the shape I'm in?
Don't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm.

Mississippi River,
You a-runnin' too fast for me.
Cain't ya hear me cryin'?
Hm, hm, hm.