

Bob Dylan, Quit Your Low Down Ways

Oh, you can read out your Bible,
You can fall down on your knees, pretty mama,
And pray to the Lord
But it ain't gonna do no good.

You're gonna need
You're gonna need my help someday
Well, if you can't quit your sinnin'
Please quit your low down ways.

Well, you can run down to the White House,
You can gaze at the Capitol Dome, pretty mama,
You can pound on the President's gate
But you oughta know by now it's gonna be too late.

You're gonna need
You're gonna need my help someday
Well, if you can't quit your sinnin'
Please quit your low down ways.

Well, you can run down to the desert,
Throw yourself on the burning sand.
You can raise up your right hand, pretty mama,
But you better understand you done lost your one good man.

You're gonna need
You're gonna need my help someday
Well, if you can't quit your sinnin'
Please quit your low down ways.

And you can hitchhike on the highway,
You can stand all alone by the side of the road.
You can try to flag a ride back home, pretty mama,
But you can't ride in my car no more.

You're gonna need
You're gonna need my help someday
Well, if you can't quit your sinnin'
Please quit your low down ways.

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