

# Bob Dylan, See That My Grave Is Kept Clean

Well there's one kind of flavor I'll ask for you  
Well there's one kind of flavor I'll ask for you  
There's just one kind of flavor I'll ask for you  
You can see that my grave is kept clean.

And there's two white horses following me  
And there's two white horses following me  
I got two white horses following me  
Waiting on my burying ground.

Did you ever hear that coffin sound  
Did you ever hear that coffin sound  
Did you ever hear that coffin sound  
Means another poor boy is under the ground.

Did you ever hear them church bells toll  
Did you ever hear them church bells toll  
Did you ever hear them church bells toll  
Means another poor boy is dead and gone.

And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold  
And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold  
And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold  
And I believe what the father told.

And there's one last flavor I'll ask for you  
And there's one last flavor I'll ask for you  
And just one last flavor I'll ask for you  
You can see that my grave is kept clean.