

# Bob Dylan, She Belongs To Me

She's got everything she needs  
She's an artist, she don't look back  
She's got everything she needs  
She's an artist, she don't look back  
She can take the dark out of nighttime  
And paint the daytime black.

You will start out standing  
Proud to steal her anything she sees  
You will start out standing  
Proud to steal her anything she sees  
But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole  
Down upon your knees.

She never stumbles  
She's got no place to fall  
She never stumbles  
She's got no place to fall  
She's nobody's child  
The Law can't touch her at all.

She wears an Egyptian ring  
That sparkles before she speaks  
She wears an Egyptian ring  
That sparkles before she speaks  
She's a hypnotist collector  
You are a walking antique.

Bow down to her on Sunday  
Salute her when her birthday comes  
Bow down to her on Sunday  
Salute her when her birthday comes  
For Halloween buy her a trumpet  
And for Christmas, give it a drum.