

# Bob Dylan, Silvio

Stake my future on a hell of a past  
Looks like tomorrow is a coming on fast  
Ain't complaining about what I got  
Seen better times but who has not.

Silvio silver and gold  
Won't buy back the beat of a heart grown cold  
Silvio I gotta go  
Find out something only dead men know.

Honest as the next jade rolling that stone  
When I come and knockin' don't throw me no bone  
I'm an old boll weevil looking for a home  
If you don't like it you can leave me alone.

I can snap my fingers and require the rain  
From a clear blue sky and turn it off again  
I can stroke your body and relieve your pain  
And charm the whistle off an evening train.

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Give what I got until I got no more  
I take what I get until I even the score  
You know I love you and further more  
When it is time to go you got an open door.

I can tell your fancy I can tell your plain  
You give something up for ev'rything you gain  
Since ev'ry pleasure's got an edge of pain  
Pay for your ticket and don't complain.

One of these days and it won't be long  
Going down the valley and sing my song  
I will sing it loud and sing it strong  
Let the echo decide if I was right or wrong.

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