

Bob Dylan, Sitting On A Barbed-Wire Fence

I paid fifteen million dollars, twelve hundred and seventy-two cents
I paid one thousand two hundred twenty-seven dollars and fifty-five cents
See my hound dog bite a rabbit
And my football's sittin' on a barbed-wire fence

Well, my temperature rises and my feet don't walk so fast
Yes, my temperature rises and my feet don't walk so fast
Well, this Arabian doctor came in, gave me a shot
But wouldn't tell me if what I had would last

Well, this woman I've got, she's filling me with her drive
Yes, this woman I've got, she's thrillin' me with her hive
She's calling me Stan
Or else she calls me Mister Clive

Of course, you're gonna think this song is a riff
I know you're gonna think this song is a cliff
Unless you've been inside a tunnel
And fell down 69, 70 feet over a barbed-wire fence

All night!