

# 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!