

# Bob Dylan, Summer Days

Summer days, summer nights are gone  
Summer days and summer nights are gone  
I know a place where there's still somethin' going on

I've got a house on the hill, I got hogs out in the mud  
I've got a house on the hill, I got hogs all out in the mud  
I've got a long haired woman, she got royal Indian blood

Everybody get ready, lift up your glasses and sing  
Everybody get ready, lift up your glasses and sing  
Well I'm standin' on the table, I'm proposin' a toast to the king

I'm driving in the flats in a Cadillac car  
The girls all say "You're a worn out star"  
My pockets are loaded, and I'm spending every dime  
How can you say you love someone else,  
you know it's me all the time

Well the fog's so thick you can't spy the land  
Well the fog's so thick that you can't even spy the land  
what good are you anyway if you can't stand up to some old businessman

Weddin' bells are ringin' and the choir is beginning to sing  
Yes, the weddin' bells are ringin' and the choir's beginning to sing  
What looks good in the day, at night is another thing

She's looking in to my eyes, and she's a-holding my hand  
She looks in to my eyes, she's holding my hand  
she say, "you can't repeat the past,"  
I say "You can't? What do you mean you can't?  
Of course you can."

Where do you come from, where do you go?  
Sorry, that is nothing you would need to know  
Well, my back's been to the wall so long it seems like it's stuck  
Why don't you break my heart one more time, just for good luck

I got eight carburators and boys I'm usin' 'em all  
well, I got eight carburators and boys I'm usin' 'em all  
I'm short on gas, my motor's startin' to stall

My dogs are barking, there must be someone around  
My dogs are barking, there must be someone around  
I got my hammer ringin' pretty baby, but the nails ain't goin' down

If you got something to say, speak or hold your peace  
Well, if you got something to say, speak now or hold your peace  
If it's information you want, you can get it from the police

Politician's got on his joggin' shoes  
he must be runnin' for office, got no time to lose  
suckin' the blood out of the genius of generosity  
you been rollin' your eyes, you been teasin' me

Standin' by God's river my soul's beginning to shake  
Standin' by God's river my soul's beginning to shake  
I'm countin' on you, love, to gimme a break

I'm leaving in the morning, as soon as the dark clouds lift  
I'm leaving in the morning, as soon as the dark clouds lift  
I'm breakin' the roof, set fire to the place as a partin' gift

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I know a place where there's still something goin' on.