

# Bob Dylan, Tears Of Rage

We carried you in our arms  
On Independence Day  
And now you'd throw us all aside  
And put us on our way  
Oh, what dear daughter 'neath the sun  
Would treat a father so  
To wait upon him hand and foot  
And always tell him "No";  
Tears of rage, tears of grief  
Why am I the one who must be the thief ?  
Come to me now, you know  
We're so alone  
And life is brief.

We pointed out the way to go  
And scratched your name in sand  
Though you just thought that it was nothing more  
Than a place for you to stand  
Now I want you to know that while you watched  
You discover there was no one true  
Must everybody really thought  
It was a childish thing to do  
Tears of rage, tears of grief  
Why am I the one who must be the thief ?  
Come to me now, you know  
We're so alone  
And life is brief.

It was all very painless  
When you went out to receive  
All that false instruction  
Which we never could believe  
And now the heart is filled with gold  
As if it was a purse  
But oh, what kind of love is this  
Which goes from bad to worse ?  
Tears of rage, tears of grief  
Why am I the one who must be the thief ?  
Come to me now, you know  
We're so alone  
And life is brief.