

Bob Dylan, The Groom's Still Waiting At The Altar

Prayed in the ghetto with my face in the cement
Heard the last moan of a boxer, seen the massacre of the innocent
Felt around for the light switch, became nauseated
She was walking down the hallway while the walls deteriorated.

West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar
I see the burning of the page
Curtain rising on a new age
See the groom still waiting at the altar.

Try to be pure at heart, they arrest you for robbery
Mistake your shyness for aloofness, your shyness for snobbery
Got the message this morning, the one that was sent to me
About the madness of becoming what one was never meant to be.

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I see the burning of the stage
Curtain rising on a new age
See the groom still waiting at the altar.

Don't know what I can say about Claudette that wouldn't come back to haunt me
Finally had to give her up about the time she began to want me
But I know God has mercy on them who are slandered and humiliated
I'd a-done anything for that woman if she didn't make me feel so obligated.

West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar
I see the burning of the cage
Curtain rising on a new age
See the groom still waiting at the altar.

Put your hand on my head, baby, do I have a temperature ?
I see people who are supposed to know better standing around like furniture
There's a wall between you and what you want and you got to leap it
Tonight you got the power to take it, tomorrow you won't have the power to keep it.

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See the groom still waiting at the altar.
Cities on fire, phones out of order
They're killing nuns and soldiers, there's fighting on the border
What can I say about Claudette ? Ain't seen her since January
She could be respectably married or running a whorehouse in Buenos Aires.

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