

Bob Dylan, The Wandering Kind

She's like sweet water that runs down my face,
I keep her posted in diamonds and lace.
I give her freedom and what else I can find,
But I know she's restless in her mind
And the wandering kind.

Way down in Texas many years ago,
She traveled with me to ease my heavy load.
Some big shot saw her 'cause she looked so fine,
How was he to know she was restless in her mind
And the wandering kind.

A strange bedfellow wandered in her room
She was more unfaithful than I ever could assume
She took his money and slayed him from behind
'Cause she knew she was restless in her mind
She's the wander kind.

Down at the border with new plans of my own
Don't need no woman I'll go it alone
I miss my baby and I can't keep from cryin'
'Cause I know she's restless in her mind
And the wandering kind.

I should have known better than to get mixed up with her
I guess I'll never know for sure
For better or worse the situation now is reversed
And I'm broke 'cause she is no longer first in my heart.

I wrote this letter before leaving the hotel
To where she's staying in that dark adobe cell
I tried to help her but she knows I'm not blind
And because I'm not restless in my mind
I'm the wandering kind.