

Bob Dylan, Tombstone Blues

The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course
The city fathers they're trying to endorse
The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse
But the town has no need to be nervous.

The ghost of Belle Star she hands down her wits
To Jezebel the nun she violently knits
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who sits
At the head of the chamber of commerce.

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for fuse
I'm in the kitchen
With the tombstone blues.

The hysterical bride in the penny arcade
Screaming she moans, "I've just been made"
Then sends out for the doctor who pulls down the shade
Says, "My advice is to not let the boys in";.

Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside
He walks with a swagger and he says to be bride
"Stop all this weeping, swallow your pride
You will not die, it's not poison";.

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Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' the fuse
I'm in the kitchen
With the tombstone blues.

Well, John the Baptist after torturing a thief
Looks up at his hero the Commander-in-Chief
Saying, "Tell me great hero, but please make it brief
Is there a hole for me to get sick in ?"
The Commander-in-Chief answers him while chasing a fly
Saying, "Death to all those who would whimper and cry"
And dropping a bar bell he points to the sky
Saying, "The sun's not yellow it's chicken.

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The king of the Philistines his soldiers to save
Put jawbones on their tombstones and flatters their graves
Puts the pied pipers in prison and fattens the slaves
Then sends them out to the jungle.

Gypsy Davey with a blowtorch he bums out their camps
With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps
With a fantastic collection of stamps
To win friends and influence his uncle.

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for fuse

I'm in trouble
With the tombstone blues.

The geometry of innocence flesh on the bone
Causes Galileo's math book to get thrown
At Delilah who sits worthlessly alone
But the tears on her cheeks are from laughter.

Now I wish I could give Brother Bill his great thrill
I would set him in chains at the top of the hill
Then send out for some pillars and Cecil B. DeMille
He could die happily ever after.

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for fuse
I'm in the kitchen
With the tombstone blues.
Where Ma Raney and Beethoven once unwrapped their bed roll
Tuba players now rehearsal around the flagpole
And the National Bank at a profit sells road maps or the soul
To the old folks home in the college.

Now I wish I could write you a melody so plain
That could hold you dear lady from going insane
That could ease you and cool you and cease the pain
Of your useless and pointless knowledge

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