

# Bob Dylan, Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You

Throw my ticket out the window  
Throw my suitcase out there too  
Throw my troubles out the door  
I don't need them any more  
'Cause tonight I'll be staying here with you.

I should have left this town this morning  
But it was more than I could do  
Oh, your love comes on so strong  
And I've waited all day long  
For tonight when I'll be staying here with you.

Is it really any wonder  
The love that a stranger might receive  
You cast your spell and I went under  
I find it so difficult to leave.

I can hear that whistle blowin'  
I see that stationmaster, too  
If there's a poor boy on the street  
Then let him have my seat  
'Cause tonight I'll be staying here with you.

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