

Bob Dylan, Under Your Spell

Something about you that I can't shake
Don't know how much more of this I can take
I'm under your spell.

I was knocked out and loaded in the naked night
When my last dream exploded I noticed your light
Baby, oh what a story I could tell.

It's been nice seeing you you red me like a book
If you ever want to reach me you know where to look
Baby, I'll be at the same hotel.

I'd like to help you but I'm in a bit of a jam
I'll call you tomorrow if there's phones where I am
Baby, caught between heaven and hell.

But I will be back I will survive
You'll never get rid of me as long you're alive
Baby, can't you tell.

Well it's four in the morning by the sounds of the birds
I'm staring at your picture I'm hearing your words
Baby, they ring in my head like a bell.

Turn back baby wipe your eye
Don't think I'm leaving here without a kiss goodbye
Baby, is there anything left to tell ?

I'll see you later when I'm not so out of my head
Maybe next time I'll let the dead bury the dead
Baby, what more can I tell ?

Well the desert is hot the mountain is cursed
Pray that I don't die of thirst
Baby, two feet from the well.