

Subterranean Homesick Blues – Bob Dylan



Johny's in the basement Mixing up the medicine I'm on the pavement
Thinking about the government The man in the trench coat
Badge out, laid off Says he's got a bad cough Wants to get it paid off

Look out kid It's somethin' you did God knows when But you're doin' it again
You better duck down the alley way Lookin' for a new friend
The man in the coon-skip cap In the big pen Wants eleven dollar bills
You only got ten.

Maggie comes fleet foot Face full of black soot Talkin' that the heat put
Plants in the bed but The phone's tapped anyway Maggie says that many say
They must bust in early May Orders from the DA

Look out kid Don't matter what you did Walk on your tip toes Don't try, 'No Doz'
Better stay away from those That carry around a fire hose Keep a clean nose
Watch the plain clothes You don't need a weather man
To know which way the wind blows.

Get sick, get well Hang around an ink well Ring bell, hard to tell
If anything is goin' to sell Try hard, get barred Get back, write Braille
Get jailed, jump bail Join the army, if you failed

Look out kid You're gonna get hit But losers, cheaters Six-time users
Hang around the theaters Girl by the whirlpool Lookin' for a new fool
Don't follow leaders Watch the parkin' meters.

Ah get born, keep warm Short pants, romance, learn to dance
Get dressed, get blessed Try to be a success Please her, please him, buy gifts
Don't steal, don't lift Twenty years of schoolin' And they put you on the day shift

Look out kid They keep it all hid Better jump down a manhole
Light yourself a candle Don't wear sandals Try to avoid the scandals
Don't wanna be a bum You better chew gum The pump don't work
'Cause the vandals took the handles.