

# I Shall Be Free No.1

Bob Dylan

I'm just average, common too  
I'm just like him, the same as you  
I'm everybody's brother and son  
I ain't different from anyone  
It ain't no use a-talking to me  
It's just the same as talking to you.

I was shadow-boxing earlier in the day  
I figured I was ready for Cassius Clay  
I said "Fee, fie, fo, fum, Cassius Clay, here I come  
26, 27, 28, 29, I'm gonna make your face look just like mine  
Five, four, three, two, one, Cassius Clay you'd better run  
99, 100, 101, 102, your ma won't even recognize you  
14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, gonna knock him clean right out of his spleen."

Well, I don't know, but I've been told  
The streets in heaven are lined with gold  
I ask you how things could get much worse  
If the Russians happen to get up there first.  
Wowee! Pretty scary!

Now, I'm liberal, but to a degree  
I want ev'rybody to be free  
But if you think that I'll let Barry Goldwater  
Move in next door and marry my daughter  
You must think I'm crazy!  
I wouldn't let him do it for all the farms in Cuba.

Well, I set my monkey on the log  
And ordered him to do the Dog  
He wagged his tail and shook his head  
And he went and did the Cat instead  
He's a weird monkey, very funky.

I sat with my high-heeled sneakers on  
Waiting to play tennis in the noonday sun  
I had my white shorts rolled up past my waist  
And my wig-hat was falling in my face  
But they wouldn't let me on the tennis court.

I gotta woman, she's so mean  
She sticks my boots in the washing machine  
Sticks me with buckshot when I'm nude  
Puts bubblegum in my food  
She's funny, wants my money, calls me "honey."

Now I gotta friend who spends his life  
Stabbing my picture with a bowie-knife  
Dreams of strangling me with a scarf  
When my name comes up he pretends to barf.  
I've got a million friends!

Now they asked me to read a poem  
At the sorority sister's home  
I got knocked down and my head was swimmin'  
I wound up with the Dean of Women  
Yippee! I'm a poet, and I know it.

Hope I don't blow it.

I'm gonna grow my hair down to my feet so strange  
So I look like a walking mountain range  
And I'm gonna ride into Omaha on a horse  
Out to the country club and the golf course.  
Carry the New York Times, shoot a few holes, blow their minds.

Now you're probably wondering by now  
Just what this song is all about  
What's probably got you baffled more  
Is what this thing here is for.  
It's nothing  
It's something I learned over in England.