

# Subterranean Homesick Blues

Bob Dylan

Johnny'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 bill  
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-skin cap  
and a pig 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  
Maggies says that many say  
They mus bust in early May  
Orders from the D. A.  
Look out kid  
Don't matter what you did  
Walk on your tip toes  
Don't tie no bows  
Better stay away from those  
That carry around a fire hose  
Keep a clean nose  
Be careful of the plain clothes  
You don't need a weather man  
To know which way the wind blows

Get sick, get well  
Hang around a 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 fail  
Look out kid  
You're gonna get hit  
But users, cheaters  
Six-time losers  
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 not chew gum  
The pump don't work  
'Cause the vandals took the handles