

Day of the Locusts

Bob Dylan

Oh the benches were stained with tears and perspiration
The birdies were flying from tree to tree
There was little to say, there was no conversation
As I stepped to the stage to pick up my degree
And the locusts sang off in the distance
Yeah the locusts sang such a sweet melody
Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance
Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me.

I glanced into the chamber where the judges were talking
Darkness was everywhere, it smelled like a tomb
I was ready to leave, I was already walkin'
But the next time I looked there was light in the room
And the locusts sang, yeah, it give me a chill
Oh, the locusts sang such a sweet melody
Oh, the locusts sang their high whinning trill
Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me.

Outside of the gates the trucks were unloadin'
The weather was hot, a-nearly 90 degrees
The man standin' next to me, his head was exploding
Well, I was prayin' the pieces wouldn't fall on me
Yeah, the locusts sang off in the distance
Yeah the locusts sang such a sweet melody
Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance
And the locusts sang and they were singing for me.

I put down my robe, picked up my diploma
Took hold of my sweetheart and away we did drive
Straight for the hills, the black hills of Dakota
Sure was glad to get out of there alive
And the locusts sang, yeah, it give me a chill
Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody
And the locusts sang with a high whinning trill
Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me
Singing for me, well, singing for me.