

# I Was Young When I Left Home

Bob Dylan

I was young when i left home  
An' I been out a-ramblin' round  
An' I never wrote a letter to my home  
To my home, lord, to my home  
An' I never wrote a letter to my home.

It was just the other day  
I was bringin' home my pay  
When i met an' old friend i used to know  
Said, "Your mother is dead an' gone  
An' your sisters all gone wrong  
An' your daddy needs you home right away.'"

Not a shirt on my back  
Not a penny on my name  
But I can't go home this a-way  
This a-way, lord, this a-way  
An' I can't go home this a-way.

If you miss the train I'm on  
Count the days I'm gone  
You will hear that whistle blow hundred miles  
Hundred miles, honey baby, lord, lord, lord  
An' you'll hear that whistle blow hundred miles.

An' I'm playin' on a track, ma'd come an' woop me back  
On them trusses down by Ol' Jim McKay's  
When I pay the debt i own to the commissary store  
I will pawn my watch an' chain an' go home  
Go home, lord, lord, lord  
I will pawn my watch an' chain an' go home.

Used to tell my ma sometimes  
When I see them ridin' blind  
Gonna make me a home out in the wind  
In the wind, lord in the wind  
Make me a home out in the wind.

I don't like it in the wind  
I go back home again  
But i can't go home this a-way  
This a-way, lord, lord, lord  
An' i can go home this a-way.

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