

If You Ever Go To Houston

Bob Dylan

If you ever go to Houston better walk right
Keep your hands in your pockets and your gun-belts tied
If you're asking for drama, if you're looking for a fight
If you ever go to Houston, boy you better walk right

If you're ever down there on Bagby and Lamar
You better watch out for the man with the shining star
Better know where you're going or stay where you are
If you're ever down there on Bagby and Lamar

Well I know these streets I've been here before
I nearly got killed here during the Mexican War
Something always keeps me coming back for more
I know these streets I've been here before

If you ever go to Dallas, say hello to Mary-Ann
Say I'm still looking along the trigger, hanging on the best I
can
If you see her sister Lucy, say I'm sorry I'm not there
Tell her other sister Nancy to pray the sinner's prayer

I gotta rest this fever bury it in my brain
Better keep right forward, can't spoil the game
The same way I'll leave here will be the way that I came
Gotta rest this fever bury it in my brain

Mr. policeman, can you help me find my gal
Last time I saw her was at the Magnolia Motel
If you help me find her, you can be my pal
Mr. policeman, can you help me find my gal

If you ever go to Austin, Fort Worth or San Anton'
Find the barrooms I got lost in and send my memories home
Put my tears in a bottle screw the top on tight
If you ever go to Houston, buddy you'd better walk right