

Lo and Behold!

Bob Dylan

I pulled out for San Anton
I never felt so good
My woman said she'd meet me there
And of course I knew she would
The coachman, he hit me for my hook
And he asked me my name
I give it to him right away
Then I hung my head in shame
Lo and behold ! Lo and behold !
Lookin' for my lo and behold.
Get me out here, my dear man.

I come into Pittsburg
At six-thirty flat
I found myself a vacant seat
An' I put down my hat
?What's the matter Molly dear
What's the matter with your mound??
?What's it to ya, Moby Dick ?
This is chicken town?
Lo and behold ! Lo and behold !
Lookin' for my lo and behold.
Get me out here, my dear man.

I bought myself
A herd of moose
One day she could call her own
Well, she came out the very next day
To see where they had flown
I'm goin' down to Tennessee
Get me a truck or somethin'
Gonna save my money and rip it up.
Lo and behold ! Lo and behold !
Lookin' for my lo and behold.
Get me out here, my dear man.
Now, I come in on a ferris wheel
An' boys, I sure was slink
I come in like a ton of bricks
Laid a few tricks on 'em
Goin' back to Pittsburg
Count up to thirty
Round that horn and ride that herd
Gonna thread up
Lo and behold ! Lo and behold !
Lookin' for my lo and behold.
Get me out here, my dear man.