

See That My Grave Is Kept Clean

Bob Dylan

Well there's one kind of flavor I'll ask for you
Well there's one kind of flavor I'll ask for you
There's just one kind of flavor I'll ask for you
You can see that my grave is kept clean.

And there's two white horses following me
And there's two white horses following me
I got two white horses following me
Waiting on my burying ground.

Did you ever hear that coffin sound
Did you ever hear that coffin sound
Did you ever hear that coffin sound
Means another poor boy is under the ground.

Did you ever hear them church bells toll
Did you ever hear them church bells toll
Did you ever hear them church bells toll
Means another poor boy is dead and gone.

And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold
And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold
And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold
And I believe what the father told.

And there's one last flavor I'll ask for you
And there's one last flavor I'll ask for you
And just one last flavor I'll ask for you
You can see that my grave is kept clean.