

Tryin' to Get to Heaven

Bob Dylan

The air is getting hotter, there's a rumblin' in the skies
I've been wading through the high muddy water
With the heat risin' in my eyes
Every day your memory grows dimmer
It doesn't haunt me like it did before
I've been walking through the mirror to nowhere
Tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door.

When I was in Missouri they would not let me be
I had to leave there in a hurry
I only saw what they let me see
You broke a heart that loved you
Now you can seal up the book and not write anymore
I've been walkin' that lonesome valley
Tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door.

People on the platforms, waitin' for the trains
I can hear their hearts a-beatin'
Like pendulums swinging on chains
When you think that you've lost everything
You find out you can always lose a little more
I'm just goin' down the road feeling bad
Tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door.

I'm goin' down the river, down to New Orleans
They tell me everything is gonna be all right
But I don't know what all right even means
I was ridin' in a buggy with Miss Mary Jane
Miss Mary Jane got a house in Baltimore
I've been all around the world, boys
And I'm tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door.

Gonna sleep down in the parlor and relive my dreams
I close my eyes and I wonder
If everything is as hollow as it seems
Some trains don't pull no gamblers
No midnight ramblers, like they did before
I've been to sugar town, I shook the sugar down
Now I'm tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door.