

## Dirge

Bob Dylan

I hate myself for loving you and the weakness that it showed  
You were just a painted face on a trip down to suicide road  
The stage was set, the lights went out all around the old hotel  
I hate myself for loving you and I'm glad the curtain fell.

I hate that foolish game we played and the need that was expressed  
And the mercy that you showed to me, whoever would have guessed  
I went out on Lower Broadway and I felt that place within  
That hollow place where martyrs weep and angels play with sin.

Heard your songs of freedom and man forever stripped  
Acting out his folly while his back is being whipped  
Like a slave in orbit he's beaten 'til he's tame  
All for a moment's glory and it's a dirty, rotten shame.

There are those who worship loneliness, I'm not one of them  
In this age of fiberglass I'm searching for a gem  
The crystall ball upon the wall hasn't shown me nothing yet  
I've paid the price of solitude but at least I'm out of debt.

I can't recall a useful thing you ever did for me  
'Cept pat me on the back one time when I was on my knees  
We stared into each other's eyes 'till one of us would break  
No use to apologize, what difference would it make ?

So sing your praise of progress and of the Doom Machine  
The naked truth is still taboo whenever it can be seen  
Lady Luck who shines on me, will tell you where I'm at  
I hate myself for loving you but I should get over that.