

Floater (Too Much To Ask)

Bob Dylan

F7 **Fo** **F7**
Down over the window
B **Eb7** **B**
Come the dazzling sunlit rays
F7 **Fo** **F7**
Through the back alleys, through the blinds,
B **Ebm** **B**
Another one of them endless days.

Honey bees are buzzing
Leaves begin to stir
I'm in love with my second cousin
B **A7**
I tell myself I could be happy forever with her.

Dm **A7**
I keep listening for footsteps,
Dm **B** **A7**
But I ain't ever hearing any.
Dm **A7**
From the boat, I fish for bullheads
Dm **C/e** **F** **Fo**
I catch a lot, sometimes too many.

A summer breeze is blowin',
A squall is setting in.
Sometimes it's just plain stupid
To get into any kind of wind.

Well, the old men 'round here sometimes they get on
bad terms with the younger men,
Old, young - age don't carry weight
It doesn't matter in the end

One of the bosses' hangers-on sometimes comes to call
At times you least expect,
Tryin' to bully you, strong-arm you, inspire you with fear.
It has the opposite effect

There's a new grove of trees on the outskirts of town
The old one - long gone.
Timber, two foot six across,
Burns with the bark still on.

They say times are hard,
If you don't believe it you can follow your nose.
It don't bother me, times are hard everywhere,
We will just have to see how it goes.

My old man he's like some feudal lord,
Got more lives than a cat.
I've never seen him quarrel with my mother even once.
Things come alive or they fall flat.

You can smell the pine wood burnin'
You can hear the school-bell ring.
Got to get up near the teacher, if you can

If you wanna learn anything.

Romeo, he said to Juliet, "You got a poor complexion
It don't give you an appearance of a youthful touch."
Juliet said back to Romeo, "Why don't you just shove off
If it bothers you so much."

They all got out of here any way they could -
Cold rain can give you the shivers.
They went down the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee,
All the rest of them rebel rivers.

If you ever try to interfere with me, or cross my path again,
You do so at the peril of your own life.
I'm not quite as cool or forgiving as I sound,
I've seen enough heartache and strife.

My grandfather was a duck trapper
He could do it with just dragnets and ropes
My grandmother could sew new dresses out of old cloth,
I don't know if they had any dreams or hopes.

I had 'em once though I suppose
To go along with all the ring dancing,
Christmas Carols on all the Christmas Eves
I left all my dreams and hopes
Buried under tobacco leaves

Not always easy kicking someone out,
Got to wait awhile, it can be an unpleasant task.
Sometimes somebody wants you to give something up
And, tears or not, it's too much to ask.