

# Murder Most Foul

Bob Dylan

Twas a dark day in Dallas, November '63  
A day that will live on in infamy  
President Kennedy was a-ridin' high  
Good day to be livin' and a good day to die  
Being led to the slaughter like a sacrificial lamb  
He said, "Wait a minute, boys, you know who I am?"  
"Of course we do. We know who you are."  
Then they blew off his head while he was still in the car  
Shot down like a dog in broad daylight  
Was a matter of timing and the timing was right  
You gotta pay debts; we've come to collect  
We're gonna kill you with hatred; without any respect  
We'll mock you and shock you and we'll put it in your face  
We've already got someone here to take your place

The day they blew out the brains of the king  
Thousands were watching; no one saw a thing  
It happened so quickly, so quick, by surprise  
Right there in front of everyone's eyes  
Greatest magic trick ever under the sun  
Perfectly executed, skillfully done  
Wolfman, oh wolfman, oh wolfman howl  
Rub-a-dub-dub, it's a murder most foul

Hush, little children. You'll understand  
The Beatles are comin'; they're gonna hold your hand  
Slide down the banister, go get your coat  
Ferry 'cross the Mersey and go for the throat  
There's three bums comin' all dressed in rags  
Pick up the pieces and lower the flags  
I'm going to Woodstock; it's the Aquarian Age  
Then I'll go to Altamont and sit near the stage  
Put your head out the window; let the good times roll  
There's a party going on behind the Grassy Knoll

Stack up the bricks, pour the cement  
Don't say Dallas don't love you, Mr. President  
Put your foot in the tank and step on the gas  
Try to make it to the triple underpass  
Blackface singer, whiteface clown  
Better not show your faces after the sun goes down  
Up in the red light district, they've got cop on the beat  
Living in a nightmare on Elm Street

When you're down in Deep Ellum, put your money in your shoe  
Don't ask what your country can do for you  
Cash on the ballot, money to burn  
Dealey Plaza, make left-hand turn  
I'm going down to the crossroads; gonna flag a ride  
The place where faith, hope, and charity died  
Shoot him while he runs, boy. Shoot him while you can  
See if you can shoot the invisible man  
Goodbye, Charlie. Goodbye, Uncle Sam  
Frankly, my Scarlet, I don't give a damn

What is the truth, and where did it go?  
Ask Oswald and Ruby; they oughta know

"Shut your mouth," said the wise old owl  
Business is business, and it's a murder most foul

Tommy, can you hear me? I'm the Acid Queen  
I'm riding in a long, black limousine  
Riding in the backseat next to my wife  
Heading straight on in to the afterlife  
I'm leaning to the left; got my head in her lap  
Hold on, I've been led into some kind of a trap  
Where we ask no quarter, and no quarter do we give  
We're right down the street from the street where you live  
They mutilated his body, and they took out his brain  
What more could they do? They piled on the pain  
But his soul's not there where it was supposed to be at  
For the last fifty years they've been searchin' for that

Freedom, oh freedom. Freedom from need  
I hate to tell you, mister, but only dead men are free  
Send me some lovin'; tell me no lies  
Throw the gun in the gutter and walk on by  
Wake up, little Suzie; let's go for a drive  
Cross the Trinity River; let's keep hope alive  
Turn the radio on; don't touch the dials  
Parkland hospital, only six more miles

You got me dizzy, Miss Lizzy. You filled me with lead  
That magic bullet of yours has gone to my head  
I'm just a patsy like Patsy Cline  
Never shot anyone from in front or behind  
I've blood in my eye, got blood in my ear  
I'm never gonna make it to the new frontier  
Zapruder's film I seen night before  
Seen it 33 times, maybe more  
It's vile and deceitful. It's cruel and it's mean  
Ugliest thing that you ever have seen  
They killed him once and they killed him twice

Killed him like a human sacrifice

The day that they killed him, someone said to me, "Son  
The age of the Antichrist has only begun."  
Air Force One coming in through the gate  
Johnson sworn in at 2:38  
Let me know when you decide to throw in the towel  
It is what it is, and it's murder most foul

What's new, p\*ssycat? What'd I say?  
I said the soul of a nation been torn away  
And it's beginning to go into a slow decay  
And that it's 36 hours past Judgment Day

Wolfman Jack, speaking in tongues  
He's going on and on at the top of his lungs  
Play me a song, Mr. Wolfman Jack  
Play it for me in my long Cadillac  
Play me that "Only the Good Die Young"  
Take me to the place Tom Dooley was hung  
St. James Infirmary and the Port of King James  
If you want to remember, you better write down the names  
Play Etta James, too. Play "I'd Rather Go Blind"  
Play it for the man with the telepathic mind  
Play John Lee Hooker. Play "Scratch My Back."  
Play it for that strip club owner named Jack

Guitar Slim going down slow  
Play it for me and for Marilyn Monroe

Play "Please Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood"  
Play it for the First Lady, she ain't feeling any good  
Play Don Henley, play Glenn Frey  
Take it to the limit and let it go by  
Play it for Karl Wirsum, too  
Looking far, far away at Down Gallow Avenue  
Play tragedy, play "Twilight Time"  
Take me back to Tulsa to the scene of the crime  
Play another one and "Another One Bites the Dust"  
Play "The Old Rugged Cross" and "In God We Trust"  
Ride the pink horse down the long, lonesome road  
Stand there and wait for his head to explode  
Play "Mystery Train" for Mr. Mystery  
The man who fell down dead like a rootless tree  
Play it for the Reverend; play it for the Pastor  
Play it for the dog that got no master  
Play Oscar Peterson. Play Stan Getz  
Play "Blue Sky"; play Dickey Betts  
Play Hot Pepper, Thelonious Monk  
Charlie Parker and all that junk  
All that junk and "All That Jazz"  
Play something for the Birdman of Alcatraz  
Play Buster Keaton, play Harold Lloyd  
Play Bugsy Siegel, play Pretty Boy Floyd  
Play the numbers, play the odds  
Play "Cry Me A River" for the Lord of the gods  
Play Number 9, play Number 6  
Play it for Lindsey and Stevie Nicks  
Play Nat King Cole, play "Nature Boy"  
Play "Down In The Boondocks" for Terry Malloy  
Play "It Happened One Night" and "One Night of Sin"  
There's 12 Million souls that are listening in  
Play "Merchant to Venice", play "Merchants of Death"  
Play "Stella by Starlight" for Lady Macbeth

Don't worry, Mr. President. Help's on the way  
Your brothers are coming; there'll be hell to pay  
Brothers? What brothers? What's this about hell?  
Tell them, "We're waiting. Keep coming." We'll get them as well

The field is where his plane touched down  
But it never did get back up off the ground  
Was a hard act to follow, second to none  
They killed him on the altar of the rising sun  
Play "Misty" for me and "That Old Devil Moon"  
Play "Anything Goes" and "Memphis in June"  
Play "Lonely At the Top" and "Lonely Are the Brave"  
Play it for Houdini spinning around his grave  
Play Jelly Roll Morton, play "Lucille"  
Play "Deep In a Dream", and play "Driving Wheel"  
Play "Moonlight Sonata" in F-sharp  
And "A Key to the Highway" for the king on the harp  
Play "Marching Through Georgia" and "Dumbaroton's Drums"  
Play darkness and death will come when it comes  
Play "Love Me Or Leave Me" by the great Bud Powell  
Play "The Blood-stained Banner", play "Murder Most Foul"