

# My Own Version of You

Bob Dylan

All through the summers, into January  
I've been visiting morgues and monasteries  
Looking for the necessary body parts  
Limbs and livers and brains and hearts  
I'll bring someone to life, is what I wanna do  
I'm gonna create my own version of you

Well, it must be the winter of my discontent  
I wish you'd've taken me with you wherever you went  
They talk all night and they talk all day  
Not for a minute, do I believe anything they say  
I'm gon' bring someone to life, someone I've never seen  
You know what I mean, you know exactly what I mean

I'll take the scar-faced Pacino and the Godfather Brando  
Mix it up in a tank, and get a robot commando  
If I do it up right and put the head on straight  
I'll be saved by the creature that I create  
I'll get blood from a cactus, gunpowder from ice  
I don't gamble with cards and I don't shoot no dice  
Can you look in my face with your sightless eye?  
Can you cross your heart and hope to die?  
I'll bring someone to life, someone for real  
Someone who feels the way that I feel

I study Sanskrit and Arabic to improve my mind  
I wanna do things for the benefit of all mankind  
I say to the willow tree, "Don't weep for me"  
I'm saying the hell with all things that used to be  
Well, I'm get into trouble, then I hit the wall  
No place to turn, no place at all  
I'll pick a number between a-one and two  
And I ask myself, "What would Julius Caesar do?"  
I'll bring someone to life in more ways than one  
Don't matter how long it takes, it'll be done when it's done

I'm gon' make you play the piano like Leon Russell  
Like Liberace, like St. John the Apostle  
I'll play every number that I can play  
I'll see you maybe on Judgment Day  
After midnight, if you still wanna meet  
I'll be at the Black Horse Tavern on Armageddon Street  
Two doors down, not that far to walk  
I'll hear your footsteps, you won't have to knock  
I'll bring someone to life, balance the scales  
I'm not gonna get involved in any insignificant details

You can bring it to St. Peter  
You can bring it to Jerome  
You can bring it all the way over  
Bring it all the way home  
Bring it to the corner where the children play  
You can bring it to me on a silver tray  
I'll bring someone to life, spare no expense  
Do it with decency and common sense

Can you tell me what it means, to be or not to be?

You won't get away with fooling me  
Can you help me walk that moonlight mile?  
Can you give me the blessings of your smile?  
I'll bring someone to life, use all of my powers  
Do it in the dark, in the wee small hours

I can see the history of the whole human race  
It's all right there, it's carved into your face  
Should I break it all down? Should I fall on my knees?  
Is there light at the end of the tunnel, can you tell me please?  
Stand over there by the cypress tree  
Where the Trojan women and children were sold into slavery  
Long before the first Crusade  
Way back before England or America were made  
Step right into the burning hell  
Where some of the best-known enemies of mankind dwell  
Mr. Freud with his dreams, Mr. Marx with his ax  
See the raw hide lash rip the skin from their backs  
Got the right spirit, you can feel it you can hear it  
You've got what they call the immortal spirit  
You can feel it all night, you can feel it in the morn  
It creeps in your body, the day you were born  
One strike of lightning is all that I need  
And a blast of electricity that runs at top speed  
Shimmy your ribs, I'll stick in the knife  
Gonna jump-start my creation to life  
I wanna bring someone to life, turn back the years  
Do it with laughter and do it with tears