

# Neighborhood Bully

Bob Dylan

Well, the neighborhood bully, he's just one man  
His enemies say he's on their land  
They got him outnumbered about a million to one  
He got no place to escape to, no place to run  
He's the neighborhood bully.

The neighborhood bully he just lives to survive  
He's criticized and condemned for being alive  
He's not supposed to fight back, he's supposed to have thick skin  
He's supposed to lay down and die when his door is kicked in  
He's the neighborhood bully.

The neighborhood bully been driven out of every land  
He's wandered the earth an exiled man  
Seen his family scattered, his people hounded and torn  
He's always on trial for just being born  
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, he knocked out a lynch mob, he was criticized  
Old women condemned him, said he could apologize  
Then he destroyed a bomb factory, nobody was glad  
The bombs were meant for him. He was supposed to feel bad  
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, the chances are against it, and the odds are slim  
That he'll live by the rules that the world makes for him  
'Cause there's a noose at his neck and a gun at his back  
And a licence to kill him is given out to every maniac  
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, he got no allies to really speak of  
What he gets he must pay for, he don't get it out of love  
He buys obsolete weapons and he won't be denied  
But no one sends flesh and blood to fight by his side  
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, he's surrounded by pacifists who all want peace  
They pray for it nightly that the bloodshed must cease  
Now, they wouldn't hurt a fly. To hurt one they would weep  
They lay and they wait for this bully to fall asleep  
He's the neighborhood bully.  
Every empire that's enslaved him is gone  
Egypt and Rome, even the great Babylon  
He's made a garden of paradise in the desert sand  
In bed with nobody, under no one's command  
He's the neighborhood bully.

Now his holiest books have been trampled upon  
No contract that he signed was worth that what it was written on  
He took the crumbs of the world and he turned it into wealth  
Took sickness and disease and he turned it into health  
He's the neighborhood bully.

What's anybody indebted to him for ?  
Nothing, they say. He just likes to cause war  
Pride and prejudice and superstition indeed  
They wait for this bully like a dog waits to feed

He's the neighborhood bully.

What has he done to wear so many scars ?

Does he change the course of rivers ? Does he pollute the moon and stars ?

Neighborhood bully, standing on the hill

Running out the clock, time standing still

Neighborhood bully.