To Ramona

Ramona, come closer Shut softly your watery eyes The pangs of your sadness Will pass as your senses will rise The flowers of the city Though breathlike, get deathlike at times And there's no use in tryin' To deal with the dyin' Though I cannot explain that in lines.

Your cracked country lips I still wish to kiss As to be by the strength of you skin Your magnetic movements Still capture the minutes I'm in But it grieves my heart, love To see you tryin' to be a part of A world that just don't existv It's all just a dream, babe A vacuum, a scheme, babe That sucks you into feelin' like this.

I can see that your head Has been twisted and fed With worthless foam from the mouth I can tell you are torn Between stayin' and returnin' Back to the South You've been fooled into thinking That the finishin' end is at hand Yet there's no one to beat you No one to defeat you 'Cept the thoughts of yourself feeling bad

I've heard you say many times That you're better 'n no one And no one is better 'n you If you really believe that You know you have Nothing to win and nothing to lose From fixtures and forces and friends Your sorrow does stem That hype you and type you Making you feel That you gotta be just like them.

I'd forever talk to you But soon my words They would turn into a meaningless ring For deep in my heart I know there is no help I can bring Everything passes Everything changes Just do what you think you should do And someday, maybe Who knows, baby I'll come and be cryin' to you. Tištěno z pisnicky-akordy.cz **Bob Dylan**