

# Tweedle Dee & Tweedle Dum

Bob Dylan

Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee  
They're throwin' knives into the tree  
Two big bags of dead man's bones  
Got their noses to the grind stone  
Livin' in the Land of Nod  
Trustin' their fate to the hands of God  
They pass by so silently  
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee

Well, they're goin' to the country, they're goin' to retire  
They're takin' a streetcar named Desire  
Lookin' at a window with a pecan pie  
Lot of things they'd like they would never buy  
Neither of them .want. to turn and run  
They're makin' a noise to the Sun  
"His Master's Voice is calling me"  
Said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle Dee

Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum  
I'll have more than thumb  
They walk among the stately trees  
They know the secrets of the breeze  
Tweedle Dum said to Tweedle Dee,  
"Your presence is obnoxious to me.  
Feel like baby sittin' on a woman's knee."  
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee

Well, the rain beat'n' down on a window pane  
I got love for you, and it's all in vain  
Brains in a pot, they're beginning to boil  
They're drippin' with garlic and olive oil  
Tweedle Dee is on his hands and his knees  
Sayin', "Throw me something, Mister, please!"  
"What's good for you is good for me,"  
Said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle Dee.

Well, they're living in a happy harmony  
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee  
They're one day older and a dollar short  
They got a prayer permit and a police escort  
They're lyin' low and they're makin' hay  
They seem determined to go all the way  
They run a brick 'n' tile company  
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee

Well, the timeless stream has a deaf last meal  
And the noble truth is a sacred creed  
My pretty baby, she's looking around  
She's wearin' a multi-thousand dollar gown  
Tweedle Dee is a low down sorry old man  
Tweedle Dum he'll stab you where you stand  
"I've had too much of your company,"  
said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle Dee.