

Down

Bob Dylan

You're going down, down, down, down, down, down, down
You're going down, down, down, down, down, down, down
You're going down, down, down, down, down, down, down
You're going down, down, down, down, down, down, down
You're going down

Whisper my name on dark nights
I was half dead in a past life
Rope round my neck, starred pipes
Then hell broke loose, hell broke loose
Grab any soul you can drag down
This path in this dark life
Yeah the heart wants what the heart wants
But your fear of God makes the heart fight
So open up, let me in
Down, down, drown heaven's king
That crown of thorns on the Lord's skin
Makes skin tight on my foreskin
Those voices keep calling
Ignore her, ignore him
I'm all in, I'm all in
Come with me, let's fall in

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You're going down

When I pull up to your crib and ring the bell
Better treat me with respect, or else I'm bringing you to hell

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