

# Makes Me Violent

Bob Dylan

The government, their not helping no one out, except for the rich people

There's a lot of wealth in this city

And that's who the government is looking out for

Dem people up there, yeah

Like they're not thinking of us, there thinking about that one pocket  
, that's up there

In the city there's a real focus on celebrity and money and materialism

To tell the truth I can't stand this place

It's getting harder every day to put the smile upon my face (I know)

I can't keep up with all the lies it creates and it might have it in  
the name, but trust, there ain't nothing great

It makes me violent

So violent

But please, please no violence

No violence

Woo, no violence today

Put your weapons away

I often feel my life is clutched in its claws

Looking for reasons it should love me, feel I'm clutching at straws (The fucking)

You turn your nose up and don't fight for my cause

They're okay, cool, but some day soon there'll be no one to fight for  
yours

It makes me violent

So violent

But please, please no violence

No violence

It's hard to see when you've been wrapped in its spell

Where it tries to break what doesn't fit or leave it trapped in a cell (I've seen it)

Look at the beast, it wants me gone, I can tell

I've thought about it, but for now I'd rather stay and give them hell

It makes me violent

So violent

But please, please no violence

Is what they've always given me

Someone's always telling me

Just calm down and let it be

It makes me violent (It makes someone I don't wanna be)

So violent (Driving some place I don't want to be)

But please, please no violence

Yeah, it's what they've always given me

Someone's always telling me

Just calm down and let it be