

## Bob Dylan

Fallulah

Bob Dylan is for sale  
The whole world is for sale  
But we don't have any money  
So we'll just go to hell  
Bob Dylan is for sale  
And everyone he knows  
They try to sell you something  
But live the Truman Show

Come with your broken wings  
I'll let you fly with me  
Trying to never gate  
Over the surface of a shallow sea

One day I feel so lost  
Next tape your ecstasy  
Until I count the cost  
Cause nothing ever comes for free

Hypocrites  
Line them up  
Firehose  
Til you're shocked  
I don't care  
Anymore  
What they say  
At your way  
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Line them up  
Firehose  
Til you're shocked  
I don't care  
Anymore  
What they say

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Come with your broken strings  
I'll let you play with me  
Inside the lonely hearts  
We only cover from a tragedy

Give me your secret tips  
Tell me how I should be  
Please let me in on it  
Don't wanna feel alone with all my greed

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Bob Dylan is for sale  
The whole world is for sale  
But you don't wanna hear it  
So you won't give me hell  
Bob Dylan is for sale  
And baby, don't you know?  
I'll try to sell you something  
And this is the Truman Show