

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
Hypocrites
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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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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