

From a Buick 6
 Words and music Bob Dylan
 Album: Highway 61 Revisited (1965)

Capo 3rd fret

A

A

I got this graveyard woman, you know she keeps my kid

But my soulful mama, you know she keeps me hid

D

A

She's a junkyard angel and she always gives me bread

E

A

Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

Well, when the pipeline gets broken and I'm lost on the river bridge

I'm cracked up on the highway and on the water's edge

She comes down the thruway ready to sew me up with thread

Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

Well, she don't make me nervous, she don't talk too much

She walks like Bo Diddley and she don't need no crutch

She keeps this four-ten all loaded with lead

Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

Well, you know I need a steam shovel mama to keep away the dead

I need a dump truck mama to unload my head

She brings me everything and more, and just like I said

Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.