

Highlands

Words and music by Bob Dylan

Album: Time out of Mind (1997)

E7

Well my heart's in The Highlands, gentle and fair

Honeysuckle blooming in the wildwood air

A Bluebells blazing where the Aberdeen waters flow E7

B7

Well my heart's in The Highlands

A

I'm gonna go there when I feel good enough to go E7

Windows were shaking all night in my dreams

Everything was exactly the way that it seems

Woke up this mornin' and I looked at the same old page

Same old rat race, life in the same old cage

I don't want nothin' from anyone, ain't that much to take

Wouldn't know the difference between a real blonde and a fake

Feel like a prisoner in a world of mystery

I wish someone'd come and push back the clock for me

Well my heart's in The Highlands wherever I roam

That's where I'll be when I get called home

The wind it whispers to the buckeyed trees in rhyme

Well my heart's in The Highlands

I can only get there one step at a time

I'm listening to Neil Young, I gotta turn up the sound

Someone's always yellin' "Turn it down"

Feel like I'm driftin', driftin' from scene to scene

I'm wonderin' what in the devil could it all possibly mean?

Insanity is smashin' up against my soul

You could say I was on anything but a roll

If I had a conscience, well I just might blow my top

What would I do with it anyway, maybe take it to the pawn shop

My heart's in The Highlands at the break of dawn

by the beautiful lake of the Black Swan

Big white clouds like chariots that swing down low

Well my heart's in The Highlands only place left to go

I'm in Boston town in some restaurant

I got no idea what I want

or maybe I do but I'm just really not sure

Waitress comes over, nobody in the place but me and her

Well it must be a holiday, there's nobody around

She studies me closely as I sit down

She got a pretty face and long white shiny legs

I said "Tell me what I want"

She say "You probably want hard boiled eggs"

I said "That's right, bring me some"

She says "We ain't got any, you picked the wrong time to come"

then she says "I know you're an artist, draw a picture of me"

I said "I would if I could, but I don't do sketches from memory"

Well she's there, she says "I'm right here in front of you or haven't you looked"

I say "All right I know but I don't have my drawin' book"

She gives me a napkin, she say "You can do it on that"

I say "Yes I could but I don't know where my pencil is at"

She pulls one out from behind her ear
She says "Alright now go ahead draw me I'm stayin' right here"
I make a few lines and I show it for her to see
Well she takes the napkin and throws it back and says
"That don't look a thing like me"

I said "Oh kind miss, it most certainly does"
She say "You must be joking", I said "I wish I was"
She says "You don't read women authors do ya?"
at least that's what I think I hear her say
Well I say "How would you know, and what would it matter anyway"

Well she says "Ya just don't seem like ya do", I said "You're way wrong"
She says "Which ones have you read then?", I say "Read Erica Jong"
She goes away for a minute, and I slide out, out of my chair
I step outside back to the busy street, but nobody's goin' anywhere

Well my heart's in The Highlands with the horses and hounds
way up in the border country far from the towns
with the twang of the arrow and the snap of the bow
My heart's in The Highlands, can't see any other way to go

Every day is the same thing, out the door
feel further away than ever before
Some things in life it just gets too late to learn
Well I'm lost somewhere, I must have made a few bad turns

I see people in the park, forgettin' their troubles and woes
They're drinkin' and dancin', wearin' bright colored clothes
All the young men with the young women lookin' so good
Well I'd trade places with any of 'em, in a minute if I could

I'm crossin' the street to get away from a mangy dog
talkin' to myself in a monologue
I think what I need might be a full length leather coat
Somebody just asked me if I'm registered to vote

The sun is beginnin' to shine on me
But it's not like the sun that used to be
The party's over and there's less and less to say
I got new eyes, everything looks far away

Well my heart's in The Highlands at the break of day
over the hills and far away
There's a way to get there, and I'll figure it out somehow
Well I'm already there in my mind and that's good enough for now