Man on the Street
Words by Bob Dylan, music traditional, from a northern song called "Young man who wouldn't hoe corn"
Recorded Nov 22, 1961 (Bob Dylan sessions) and Album: The Bootleg Series 1-3 (1991)

G . . . Em G . . .

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          G
Well I'll sing you a song, ain't very long,
                                   Em*
'Bout an old man who never done wrong.
G
How he died nobody can say,
                                         Em-
They found him dead in the street one day.
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Well, the crowd, they gathered one fine morn,
At the man whose clothes 'n' shoes were torn.
There on the sidewalk he did lay,
They stopped 'n' stared and they went their way.

Well, the p'liceman come and he looked around,
"Get up, old man, or I'm a-takin' you down."
He jabbed him once with his bully club,
the old man then rolled off the curb.

Well, he jabbed him again and loudly said:
"Call the wagon; this man is dead."
The wagon come, they loaded him in,
I never saw the man again.

I've sung you my song, it ain't very long,
'Bout an old man who never done wrong.
How he died no body could say,
They found him dead in the street one day.