

Silvio

Lyrics: Robert Hunter, Music: Bob Dylan

Sung by Bob Dylan on Down In The Groove (1988)

G F C G

G F C G
 Stake my future on a hell of a past
 G F C G
 Looks like tomorrow is a coming on fast
 G F C G
 Ain't complaining about what I got
 G F C G
 Seen better times but who has not.

Silvio silver and gold
 Won't buy back the beat of a heart grown cold
 Silvio I gotta go
 Find out something only dead men know.

Honest as the next jade rolling that stone
 When I come and knockin' don't throw me no bone
 I'm an old boll weevil looking for a home
 If you don't like it you can leave me alone.

I can snap my fingers and require the rain
 From a clear blue sky and turn it off again
 I can stroke your body and relieve your pain
 And charm the whistle off an evening train.

Silvio silver and gold
 Won't buy back the beat of a heart grown cold
 Silvio I gotta go
 Find out something only dead men know

Give what I got until I got no more
 I take what I get until I even the score
 You know I love you and further more
 When it is time to go you got an open door.

I can tell your fancy I can tell your plain
 You give something up for ev'rything you gain
 Since ev'ry pleasure's got an edge of pain
 Pay for your ticket and don't complain.

One of these days and it won't be long
 Going down the valley and sing my song
 I will sing it loud and sing it strong
 Let the echo decide if I was right or wrong.

Silvio silver and gold
 Won't buy back the beat of a heart grown cold
 Silvio I gotta go
 Find out something only dead men know.