

Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again  
 Words and music Bob Dylan  
 Album: Blonde on Blonde (1966) and Greatest Hits II

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Oh, the ragman draws circles  
 Up and down the block.  
 I'd ask him what the matter was  
 But I know that he don't talk.  
 And the ladies treat me kindly  
 And furnish me with tape,  
 But deep inside my heart  
 I know I can't escape.  
 Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,  
 To be stuck inside of Mobile  
 With the Memphis blues again.

Well, Shakespeare, he's in the alley  
 With his pointed shoes and his bells,  
 Speaking to some French girl,  
 Who says she knows me well.  
 And I would send a message  
 To find out if she's talked,  
 But the post office has been stolen  
 And the mailbox is locked.  
 Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,  
 To be stuck inside of Mobile  
 With the Memphis blues again.

Mona tried to tell me  
 To stay away from the train line.  
 She said that all the railroad men  
 Just drink up your blood like wine.  
 An' I said, "Oh, I didn't know that,  
 But then again, there's only one I've met  
 An' he just smoked my eyelids  
 An' punched my cigarette."  
 Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,  
 To be stuck inside of Mobile  
 With the Memphis blues again.

Grandpa died last week  
 And now he's buried in the rocks,  
 But everybody still talks about  
 How badly they were shocked.  
 But me, I expected it to happen,  
 I knew he'd lost control  
 When he built a fire on Main Street  
 And shot it full of holes.  
 Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,  
 To be stuck inside of Mobile  
 With the Memphis blues again.

Now the senator came down here  
 Showing ev'ryone his gun,

Handing out free tickets  
To the wedding of his son.  
An' me, I nearly got busted  
An' wouldn't it be my luck  
To get caught without a ticket  
And be discovered beneath a truck.  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the preacher looked so baffled  
When I asked him why he dressed  
With twenty pounds of headlines  
Stapled to his chest.  
But he cursed me when I proved it to him,  
Then I whispered, "Not even you can hide.  
You see, you're just like me,  
I hope you're satisfied."  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the rainman gave me two cures,  
Then he said, "Jump right in."  
The one was Texas medicine,  
The other was just railroad gin.  
An' like a fool I mixed them  
An' it strangled up my mind,  
An' now people just get uglier  
An' I have no sense of time.  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

When Ruthie says come see her  
In her honky-tonk lagoon,  
Where I can watch her waltz for free  
'Neath her Panamanian moon.  
An' I say, "Aw come on now,  
You must know about my debutante."  
An' she says, "Your debutante just knows what you need  
But I know what you want."  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the bricks lay on Grand Street  
Where the neon madmen climb.  
They all fall there so perfectly,  
It all seems so well timed.  
An' here I sit so patiently  
Waiting to find out what price  
You have to pay to get out of  
Going through all these things twice.  
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.