

To Ramona
 Words and music Bob Dylan
 Album: Another Side Of Bob Dylan (1964) and
 Live 1964

C
 Ramona, come closer
 Shut softly your watery eyes G G6 G7
 The pangs of your sadness
 Will pass as your senses will rise C Csus4 C
 F
 The flowers of the city
 Though breathlike, get deathlike sometimes G G6 G7
 And there's no use in tryin'
 To deal with the dyin'
 Though I cannot explain that in lines. C
 Your cracked country lips
 I still wish to kiss
 As to be by the strength of you skin
 Your magnetic movements
 Still capture the minutes I'm in
 But it grieves my heart, love
 To see you tryin' to be a part of
 A world that just don't exist.
 It's all just a dream, babe
 A vacuum, a scheme, babe
 That sucks you into feelin' like this.
 I can see that your head
 Has been twisted and fed
 With worthless foam from the mouth
 I can tell you are torn
 Between stayin' and returnin'
 Back to the South
 You've been fooled into thinking
 That the finishin' end is at hand
 Yet there's no one to beat you
 No one to defeat you
 'Cept the thoughts of yourself feeling bad
 I've heard you say many times
 That you're better than no one
 And no one is better than you
 If you really believe that
 You know you have
 Nothing to win and nothing to lose
 From fixtures and forces and friends
 Your sorrow does stem
 That hype you and type you
 Making you feel
 That you gotta be just like them.
 I'd forever talk to you
 But soon my words
 They would turn into a meaningless ring
 For deep in my heart
 I know there is no help I can bring
 Everythin' passes
 Everythin' changes

Just do what you think you should do
And someday, maybe
Who knows, baby
I'll come and be cryin' to you.