

Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window?

Words and music Bob Dylan

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Released again on Biograph (1985)

G
 He sits in your room, his tomb, with a fist full of tacks
 Am C/g G C/g D
 Preoccupied with his vengeance
 G Bm Am D
 Cursing the dead that can't answer him back
 Am C
 you know that he has no intentions
 D
 Of looking your way, unless it's to say
 Am C D (Dsus2)
 That he needs you to test his inventions.

G C D
 Oh, crawl out your window
 G C D
 come on, don't say it will ruin you
 G C D
 Come on, don't say he will haunt you,
 G C D
 You can go back to him any time you want to.

G C D
 He looks so truthful, is this how he feels
 Trying to peel the moon and expose it
 With his businesslike anger and his bloodhounds that kneel
 If he needs a third eye he just grows it
 He just needs you to talk or to hand him his chalk
 Or pick it up after he throws it.

Why does he look so righteous while your face is so changed
 Are You frightened of the box you keep him in
 While his genocide fools and his friends rearrange
 Their religion of the little ten women
 That backs up their views but your face is so bruised
 Come on out the dark is beginning.