

## Day of the Locusts

Words and music Bob Dylan

Album: New Morning (1970)

G C /b Am /g  
Oh, the benches were stained with tears and perspiration,  
The birdies were flying from tree to tree.  
There was little to say, there was no conversation  
As I stepped to the stage to pick up my degree.

And the locusts sang off in the distance,  
Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody.  
Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance,  
Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me.

I glanced into the chamber where the judges were talking,  
Darkness was everywhere, it smelled like a tomb.  
I was ready to leave, I was already walkin',  
But the next time I looked there was light in the room.

Outside ' of the gates the trucks were unloadin',  
The weather was hot, nearly 90 degrees.  
The man standin' next to me, his head was exploding,  
Well, I was prayin' the pieces wouldn't fall on me.

I put down my robe, picked up my diploma,  
Took hold of my sweetheart and away we did drive,  
Straight for the hills, the black hills of Dakota,  
Sure was glad to get out of there alive.

And the locusts sang, well, it give me a chill,  
Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody.  
And the locusts sang with a high whinin' trill  
Yeah, the locusts sang and they was singing for me,