

Visions of Johanna

Words and music Bob Dylan

Album: Blonde on Blonde (1966) and in live versions on

G C/g G

Ain't it ^Gjust like the night
^Cto play tricks when you're ^Dtryin' to be so quiet? ^G C/g G

We sit here stranded,
^Cthough we're all doin' our best to deny it ^D ^G

And Louise holds a handful of rain,
^Gtemptin' you to defy it ^{C/g} ^G

Lights flicker from the opposite loft ^G
^CIn this room the heat pipes just cough ^G

The country music station plays soft ^G

But there's nothing, really nothing to turn off ^D
^GJust Louise and her lover so entwined ^C ^D ^G
^CAnd these visions of Johanna that conquer my mind ^D ^G

In the empty lot where the ladies play
 blindman's bluff with the key chain
 And the all-night girls
 they whisper of escapades out on the "D" train
 We can hear the night watchman click his flashlight
 Ask himself if it's him or them that's really insane
 Louise, she's all right, she's just near
 She's delicate and seems like the mirror
 But she just makes it all too concise and too clear
 That Johanna's not here
 The ghost of 'lectricity howls in the bones of her face
 Where these visions of Johanna
 have now taken my place

Now, little boy lost,
 he takes himself so seriously
 He brags of his misery,
 he likes to live dangerously
 And when bringing her name up
 He speaks of a farewell kiss to me
 He's sure got a lotta gall
 to be so useless and all
 Muttering small talk at the wall
 while I'm in the hall
 How can I explain?
 Oh, it's so hard to get on
 And these visions of Johanna,
 they kept me up past the dawn

Inside the museums,
 Infinity goes up on trial
 Voices echo this is what
 salvation must be like after a while
 But Mona Lisa musta had the highway blues
 You can tell by the way she smiles
 See the primitive wallflower freeze

When the jelly-faced women all sneeze
Hear the one with the mustache say, "Jeeze
I can't find my knees"
Oh, jewels and binoculars hang from the head of the mule
But these visions of Johanna,
they make it all seem so cruel

The peddler now speaks
to the countess who's pretending to care for him
Sayin', "Name me someone that's not a parasite
and I'll go out and say a prayer for him"
But like Louise always says
"Ya can't look at much, can ya man?"
As she, herself, prepares for him
And Madonna, she still has not showed
We see this empty cage now corrode
Where her cape of the stage once had flowed
The fiddler, he now steps to the road
He writes ev'rything's been returned which was owed
On the back of the fish truck that loads
While my conscience explodes
The harmonicas play the skeleton keys and the rain
And these visions of Johanna
are now all that remain