

I want You
(Dylan) by Bob Dylan (Columbia 43683), 1966

The guilty undertaker sighs
The lonesome organ grinder cries
The silver saxophone says
I should refuse you
The cracked bells and washed out horns
Blow into my face with scorn
But it aint that way
I wasnt born to lose you
I want you oh I want you
Oh I want you baby so bad
Honey I want you....

The drunken politician leaps
Upon the streets where mothers weep
And the saviors who are fast asleep
They wait for you
And I wait for them to interrupt
Me drinking from my broken cup
And ask me to open up
The gate for you
Honey I want you

Now all the fathers
Theyve gone down
True love, theyve been without it
But all their daughters
Put me down
Cause I dont think
I dont think about it

And talk with my chamber maid
Well I return to the queen of spades
You know that Im not afraid to look at her
She is good to me and theres
Nothing she doesnt see
She knows where I wanna be
But it dont matter
Oh I want you....

Now your dancing child with the chinese suit
He spoke to me I took his flute
No I wasnt very cute to him
Was I
But I did it because he lied
Because he took you for a ride
And because time was on his side
And because I want you