

# Bob Dylan, Bob Dylan's New Orleans Rag

I was sittin' on a stump  
Down in New Orleans,  
I was feelin' kinda low down,  
Dirty and mean.  
Along came a fella  
And he didn't even ask.  
He says, "I know of a woman  
That can fix you up fast."  
I didn't think twice,  
I said like I should,  
"Let's go find this lady  
That can do me some good."  
We walked across the river  
On a sailin' spree  
And we came to a door  
Called one-oh-three.

I was just about ready  
To give it a little knock  
When out comes a fella  
Who couldn't even walk.  
He's linkin' and a-slinkin',  
Couldn't stand on his feet,  
And he moaned and he groaned  
And he shuffled down the street.  
Well, out of the door  
There comes another man.  
He wiggled and he wobbled,  
He couldn't hardly stand.  
He had this frightened  
Look in his eyes,  
Like he just fought a bear,  
He was ready to die.

Well, I peeked through the key crack,  
Comin' down the hall  
Was a long-legged man  
Who couldn't hardly crawl.  
He muttered and he uttered  
In broken French,  
And he looked like he'd been through  
A monkey wrench.

Well, by this time  
I was a-scared to knock,  
I was a-scared to move,  
I's in a state of shock.  
I hummed a little tune  
And I shuffled my feet  
And I started walkin' backwards  
Down that broad street.  
Well, I got to the corner,  
I tried my best to smile.  
I turned around the corner  
And I ran a bloody mile.  
Man, I wasn't runnin'  
'Cause I was sick,  
I was just a-runnin'  
To get out of there quick.

Well, I tripped right along  
And I'm a-wheezin' in my chest.  
I musta run a mile  
In a minute or less.

I walked on a log  
And I tripped on a stump,  
I caught a fast freight  
With a one-arm jump.  
So, if you're travelin' down  
Louisiana way,  
And you feel kinda lonesome  
And you need a place to stay,  
Man, you're better off  
In your misery  
Than to tackle that lady  
At one-oh-three.