Bob Dylan, I Contain Multitudes

today, tomorrow, and yesterday too the flowers are dyin' like all things do follow me close I am going to Ballina Bali I'll lose my mind if you don't come whit me I fuss whit my hair and I fight blood feuds I contain multitudes

got a tell-tale heart, like MR. Poe got skeletons in the walls of a people you know I'll drink to the truth and the things we said I'll drink to the man that shares your bed I paint landscapes, and I paint nudes I contain multitudes