

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