Bob Dylan, Sitting On A Barbed-Wire Fence

I paid fifteen million dollars, twelve hundred and seventy-two cents I paid one thousand two hundred twenty-seven dollars and fifty-five cents See my hound dog bite a rabbit And my football's sittin' on a barbed-wire fence

Well, my temperature rises and my feet don't walk so fast Yes, my temperature rises and my feet don't walk so fast Well, this Arabian doctor came in, gave me a shot But wouldn't tell me if what I had would last

Well, this woman I've got, she's filling me with her drive Yes, this woman I've got, she's thrillin' me with her hive She's calling me Stan Or else she calls me Mister Clive

Of course, you're gonna think this song is a riff I know you're gonna think this song is a cliff Unless you've been inside a tunnel And fell down 69, 70 feet over a barbed-wire fence

All night!