

Drake Bell, Bob Dylan

How many roads must a man walk down
I wish I could write so profound
The words he spoke were blown in the wind
Pick up my air guitar and write like him

Awwwww Bob Dylan

I live my life like a Rolling Stone
Feel my words are not my own
You can't tell me what to sing
But the times they are changing

Awwwww Bob Dylan
Awwwww Bob Dylan

Look out kid
There's something you did
God knows when but you're doin' it again
Searchin' around for dignity
A little less of Bob and a little more of me

Awwwww

How does it feel to be on your own
Lower than a complete unknown
Searchin' for poetry in all the wrong places
Looking for acceptance in strangers faces

Awwwww Bob Dylan
Awwwww Bob Dylan
Awwwww Bob Dylan
Awwwww Bob Dylan
Bob Dylan
Bob Dylan, yeah
Oooh Bob Dylan
Bob Dylan