

Syd Barrett, Bob Dylan Blues

Got the Bob Dylan blues
And the Bob Dylan shoes
And my clothes and my hair's in a mess
But you know I just couldn't care less

Goin' to write me a song
'Bout what's right and what's wrong
'Bout god and my god and all that
Quiet while I make like a cat

'Cause I'm a poet, don't ya know it
And the wind, you can blow it
Cause I'm Mr. Dylan, the king
And I'm free as a bird on the wing

Roam from town to town
Guess I get people down
But I don't care too much about that
'Cause my gut and my wallet are fat

Make a whole lotta dough
But I deserve it though
I've got soul and a good heart of gold
So I'll sing about war in the cold

'Cause I'm a poet, don't ya know it
And the wind, you can blow it
Cause I'm Mr. Dylan, the king
And I'm free as a bird on the wing

Well I sing about dreams
And I rhymes it with "seems";
'Cause it seems that my dream always means
That I can prophesy all kinds of things

Well the guy that digs me
Should try hard to see
That he buys all my discs and a hat
And when I'm in town, go see that

'Cause I'm a poet, don't ya know it
And the wind, you can blow it
Cause I'm Mr. Dylan, the king
And I'm free as a bird on the wing