

# The Bear Quartet, Bob

I fell in love with Bob Dylan's ghost  
while his body was touring  
from coast to coast

I wonder if he's thinking; what am I doing here  
and does he keep a don't between his I and care  
and does he keep a don't between his I and care

beautiful eyes are rolling over these lines  
all of this scares me  
there is nothing nowhere I recognise

I look at my reflection I don't like my face  
I paid my debts: I stayed away a million days

I keep my Spanish boots on for eternity  
and one of these days these boots are gonna walk all over me  
and one of these days these boots are gonna walk all over me