

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