

# I Shall Be Free

Bob Dylan

Well, I took me a woman late last night  
I's three-fourths drunk, she looked alright  
'Til started peelin' off her onion-gook  
She took off her wig, an' said, "How do I look?" I was high-flyin'  
Bare-naked  
Out the window Well, sometimes I might get drunk  
Walk like a duck and smell like a skunk  
Don't hurt me none, it don't hurt my pride  
'Cause I got my little lady right by my side She's-a tryin' to hide  
Pretendin' she don't know me  
I's out there paintin' on the old woodshed  
When a can of black paint it fell on my head  
I went down to scrub and rub  
But I had to sit in back of the tub Cost a quarter  
Half-price Well, my telephone rang, it would not stop  
It's President Kennedy callin' me up  
He said, "My friend, Bob, what do we need to make the country grow?"  
I said, "My friend, John, Brigitte Bardot Anita Ekberg  
Sophia Loren."  
Country'll grow Well, I got a woman four feet short  
She yells and hollers and screams and snorts  
She tickles my nose pats me on the head  
Rolls me over and kicks me outta bed  
She's a man-eater  
Meat-grinder  
Bad loser Oh, there ain't no use in me workin' all the time  
I got a woman who works herself blind  
Works up to her britches, up to her neck  
Writes me letters and sends me checks She's a humdinger  
Folk singer Late one day in the middle of the week  
Eyes were closed, I was half asleep  
I chased me a woman up the hill  
Right in the middle of an air raid drill I jumped the fallout shelter  
I jumped the string-bean  
I jumped the TV dinner  
I jumped the shotgun Now, the man on the stand, he wants my vote  
He's a-runnin' for office on a ballot note  
He's out there preachin' in front of the steeple  
Tellin' me he loves all kinds of people He's eatin' bagels  
He's eatin' pizza  
He's eatin' chitlins Oh, I set me down on the television floor  
I flipped the channel on to number four

Out of the shower comes a football man  
With a bottle of oil in his handGreasy kid stuff  
But what I want to know, Mr. Football Man  
Is what do you do about Willy Mays?  
Martin Luther King, Oula Tunjee?Well, the funniest woman I ever seen  
Was the great-granddaughter of Mr. Clean  
She takes about fifteen baths a day  
Wants me to grow a mustache on my face, she's insaneWell, ya ask me why I'm drunk all the  
time  
It levels my head and eases my mind  
I just walk along and stroll and sing  
I'll see better days and I'll do better thingsI'll catch dinosaurs  
Make love to Elizabeth Taylor  
Catch hell from Richard Burton  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>