

She Belongs to Me

Bob Dylan

She's got everything she needs
She's an artist, she don't look back.
She's got everything she needs She's an artist, she don't look back.
She can take the dark out of the nighttime
And paint the daytime black. You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees.
You will start out standing Proud to steal her anything she sees.
But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole
Down upon your knees.
She never stumbles
She's got no place to fall.
She never stumbles
She's got no place to fall.
She's nobody's child
The Law can't touch her at all.
She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks.
She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks.
She's a hypnotist collector
You are a walking antique.
Bow down to her on Sunday
Salute her when her birthday comes.
Bow down to her on Sunday
Salute her when her birthday comes.
For Halloween buy her a trumpet
And for Christmas, give her a drum.

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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