

# Fourth Time Around

Bob Dylan

When she said, "Don't waste your words, they're just lies"  
I cried she was deaf  
And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes  
Then said, "What else you got left?"  
It was then that I got up to leave  
But she said, "Don't forget  
Everybody must give something back  
For something they get"  
I stood there and hummed, I tapped on her drum  
And asked her how come  
And she buttoned her boot, and straightened her suit  
Then she said, "Don't get cute"  
So I forced my hands in my pockets  
And felt with my thumbs  
And gallantly handed her  
My very last piece of gum  
She threw me outside, I stood in the dirt  
Where everyone walked.  
And after finding I'd forgotten my shirt  
I went back and knocked  
I waited in the hallway, she went to get it  
And I tried to make sense  
Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair  
That leaned up against  
Her Jamaican rum, and when she did come  
I asked her for some.  
She said, "No, dear", I said, "Your words aren't clear  
You'd better spit out your gum"  
She screamed till her face got so red  
Then she fell on the floor  
And I covered her up and then  
Thought I'd go look through her drawer  
And, when I was through, I filled up my shoe  
And brought it to you  
And you, you took me in, you loved me then  
You never wasted time  
And I, I never took much, I never asked for your crutch  
Now don't ask for mine

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

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

