

Positively 4th Street

Bob Dylan

You got a lotta nerve
To say you are my friend
When I was down
You just stood there grinning You got a lotta nerve
To say you got a helping hand to lend
You just want to be on
The side that's winning You say I let you down
You know it's not like that
If you're so hurt
Why then don't you show it? You say you lost your faith
But that's not where it's at
You had no faith to lose
And you know it
I know the reason
That you talk behind my back
I used to be among the crowd
You're in with Do you take me for such a fool
To think I'd make contact
With the one who tries to hide
What he don't know to begin with? You see me on the street
You always act surprised
You say, "How are you?", "Good luck"
But you don't mean it When you know as well as me
You'd rather see me paralyzed
Why don't you just come out once
And scream it?
No, I do not feel that good
When I see the heartbreaks you embrace
If I was a master thief
Perhaps I'd rob them And now I know you're dissatisfied
With your position and your place
Don't you understand
It's not my problem? I wish that for just one time
You could stand inside my shoes
And just for that one moment
I could be you Yes, I wish that for just one time
You could stand inside my shoes
You'd know what a drag it is
To see you

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

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