

Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues

Bob Dylan

Well, I was feelin' sad and feelin' blue, I didn't know what in the world I was gonna do, Them
Communists they wus comin' around, They wus in the air, They wus on the ground.

They wouldn't gimme no peace. . .

So I run down most hurriedly

And joined up with the John Birch Society, I got me a secret membership card

And started off a-walkin' down the road.

Yee-hoo, I'm a real John Bircher now! Look out you Commies! Now we all agree with Hitlers'
views, Although he killed six million Jews.

It don't matter too much that he was a Fascist, At least you can't say he was a Communist!

That's to say like if you got a cold you take a shot of malaria.

Well, I wus lookin' everywhere for them gol-darned Reds.

I got up in the mornin' 'n' looked under my bed, Looked in the sink, behind the door, Looked in
the glove compartment of my car.

Couldn't find 'em . . .

I wus lookin' high an' low for them Reds everywhere, I wus lookin' in the sink an' underneath
the chair.

I looked way up my chimney hole, I even looked deep inside my toilet bowl.

They got away . . . Well, I wus sittin' home alone an' started to sweat, Figured they wus in my T.

V. set.

Peeked behind the picture frame, Got a shock from my feet, hittin' right up in the brain.

Them Reds caused it! I know they did . . . them hard-core ones.

Well, I quit my job so I could work alone, Then I changed my name to Sherlock Holmes.

Followed some clues from my detective bag

And discovered they wus red stripes on the American flag! That ol' Betty Ross . . .

Well, I investigated all the books in the library, N

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