

Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again

Bob Dylan • 1966

Oh, the rag-man draws cir-cles up and down the block, I'd
ask him what the mat-ter was, but I know that he don't talk, And the
la - dies treat me kind - ly and fur - nish me with tape, But
deep in - side my heart, I know I can't es - cape.
Oh, Ma - ma, can this real - ly be the end, To be stuck
in - side of Mo - bile with the Mem - phis blues a - gain.

Well, Shakespeare, he's in the alley with his pointed shoes and bells,
Speaking to some French girl who says she knows me well,
And I would send a message to find out if she's talked,
But the post office has been stolen and the mailbox is locked.

Mona tried to tell me to stay away from the train line,
She said that all the railroad men just drink up your blood like wine,
An' I said, "Oh, I didn't know that, but then again, there's only one I've met,
An' he just smoked my eyelids an' punched my cigarette."

Grandpa died last week, and now he's buried in the rocks,
But everybody still talks about how badly they were shocked,
But me, I expected it to happen, I knew he'd lost control,
When he built a fire on Main Street and shot it full of holes.

Now the senator came down here, showing ev'ryone his gun,
Handing out free tickets to the wedding of his son,
An' me, I nearly got busted, an' wouldn't it be my luck,
To get caught without a ticket and be discovered beneath a truck.