

I Want You

Bob Dylan

The guilty undertaker sighs
The lonesome organ grinder cries
The silver saxophones say I should refuse you
The cracked bells and washed-out horns
Blow into my face with scorn
But it's not that way
I wasn't born to lose you
I want you, I want you
I want you so bad
Honey, I want you
The drunken politician leaps
Upon the streets where mothers weep
And the saviors who are fast asleep
They wait for you
And I wait for them to interrupt
Me drinkin' from my broken cup
And ask me to open up the gate for you
I want you, I want you
Yes, I want you so bad
Honey, I want you Now my fathers, they've gone down
True love they've been without it
But all their daughters put me down 'Cause I don't think about it
Well, I return to the Queen of Spades
And talk with my chambermaid
She knows that I'm not afraid to look at her
She is good to me
And there's nothing she doesn't see
She knows where I'd like to be
But it doesn't matter
I want you, I want you
Yes, I want you so bad Honey, I want you Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit
He spoke to me, I took his flute
No, I wasn't very cute to him, was I?
But I did it because he lied
Because he took you for a ride
And because time was on his side
And because I...
Want you, I want you
Yes, I want you so bad
Honey, I want you

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

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