

Mr. Tambourine Man

(Bob Dylan)

C

R. Hey, Mister Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey, Mister Tambourine Man, play a song for me
in the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

1) Though I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand, vanished from my hand,
left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping!
My weariness amazes me, I'm branded on my feet, I have no one to meet
and the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming!

2) Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin' ship, my senses have been stripped,
my hands can't feel to grip, my toes too numb to step,
wait only for my boot heels to be wanderin'.
I'm ready to go anywhere, I'm ready for to fade into my own parade,
cast you dancing, spell my way, I promise to go under it.

3) Though you might hear laughin', spinnin', swingin' madly across the sun,
it's not aimed at anyone, it's just escapin' on the run
and but for the sky there are no fences facin'.
And if you hear vague traces of skippin' reels of rhyme to your tambourine in time,
it's just a ragged clown behind, I wouldn't pay it any mind,
it's just a shadow you're seein' that he's chasing.

4) Then take me disappearin' through the smoke rings of my mind, down the foggy ruins of time,
far past the frozen leaves, the haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach,
far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free, silhouetted by the sea,
circled by the circus sands, with all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves,
let me forget about today until tomorrow.