

# 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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