

# The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll

Bob Dylan

The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll  
Bob Dylan William Zanzinger killed poor Hattie Carroll,  
With a cane that he twirled around his diamond ring finger  
At a Baltimore hotel society gath'rin',  
And the cops were called in and his weapon took from him  
As they rode him in custody down to the station,  
And booked William Zanzinger for first-degree murder. But you who philosophize, disgrace  
and criticize all fears,  
Take the rag away from your face, now ain't the time for  
your tears. William Zanzinger, who at twenty-four years,  
Owns a tobacco farm of six hundred acres  
With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him,  
And high office relations in the politics of Maryland,  
Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders,  
And swear words and sneering, and his tongue it was  
snarling,  
In a matter of minutes on bail was out walking.  
But you who philosophize, disgrace and criticize all fears,  
Take the rag away from your face, now ain't the time for  
your tears. Hattie Carroll was a maid of the kitchen.  
She was fifty-one years old and gave birth to ten children  
Who carried the dishes and took out the garbage,  
And never sat once at the head of the table  
And didn't even talk to the people at the table,  
Who just cleaned up all the food from the table,  
And emptied the ashtrays on a whole other level,  
Got killed by a blow, lay slain by a cane  
That sailed through the air and came down through the room,  
Doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle.  
And she never done nothing to William Zanzinger. But you who philosophize, disgrace and  
criticize all fears,  
Take the rag away from your face, now ain't the time for  
your tears.  
In the courtroom of honor, the judge pounded his gavel,  
To show that all's equal and that the courts are on the  
level  
And that the strings in the books ain't pulled and  
persuaded,  
And that even the nobles get properly handled  
Once that the cops have chased after and caught 'em,  
And that the ladder of law has no top and no bottom,  
Stared at the person who killed for no reason,

Who just happened to be feelin' that way without warnin'.  
And he spoke through his cloak, most deep and distinguished, And handed out strongly, for  
penalty and repentance,  
William Zanzinger with a six-month sentence. Oh, but you who philosophize, disgrace and  
criticize all  
fears,  
Bury the rag deep in your face, for now's the time for your  
tears.

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

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