

Buckets of Rain

Bob Dylan

Buckets of rain
Buckets of tears
Got all them buckets comin' out of my ears.
Buckets of moonbeams in my hand,
You got all the love, honey baby,
I can stand. I been meek
And hard like an oak
I seen pretty people disappear like smoke.
Friends will arrive, friends will disappear,
If you want me, honey baby,
I'll be here.
I like your smile
And your fingertips
I like the way that you move your hips.
I like the cool way you look at me,
Everything about you is bringing me
Misery. Little red wagon
Little red bike
I ain't no monkey but I know what I like.
I like the way you love me strong and slow,
I'm takin' you with me, honey baby,
When I go.
Life is sad
Life is a bust
All ya can do is do what you must.
You do what you must do and ya do it well,
I do it for you, honey baby,
Can't you tell?

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

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