

To Ramona

Bob Dylan

Ramona, come closer, shut softly your watery eyes
The pangs of your sadness will pass as your senses will rise
For the flowers of the city, though breathlike, get deathlike sometimes
And there's no use in trying to deal with the dying, though I cannot explain that in lines
Your cracked country lips, I still wish to kiss, as to be by the strength of your skin
Your magnetic movement still captures the minutes I'm in
But it grieves my heart, love, to see you trying to be a part of a world that just don't exist
It's all just a dream, babe, a vacuum, a scheme, babe, that sucks you into feelin' like this
I can see that your head has been twisted and fed with worthless foam from the mouth
I can tell you are torn between staying and returning back to to the south
You've been fooled into thinking that the finishing end is at hand
Yet there's no one to beat you, no one to defeat you 'cept the thoughts of yourself feeling
bad
I've heard you say many times that you're better than no one and no one is better than you
If you really believe that, you know you have nothing to win and nothing to lose
From fixtures and forces and friends, your sorrow does stem
That hype you and type you, making you feel that you gotta be just like them
I'd forever talk to you, but soon my words would turn into a meaningless ring
For deep in my heart I know there's no help I can bring
Everything passes, everything changes, just do what you think you should do
And someday, maybe, who knows, baby, I'll come and be crying to you

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