Bob Dylan's most famous lyrics
From the section Entertainment & Arts
BBC News. 13 October 2016

Over a career lasting more than five decades, Bob Dylan has written hundreds of songs - ranging from elegant ballads to anthemic protests.

The musician has won the Nobel Prize for Literature for creating "new poetic expressions within the great American song tradition".

Bob Dylan wins Nobel Literature Prize

Bob Dylan: Singer, songwriter, literary great

Here is just a small selection of lyrics that have helped make his reputation as one of the world's greatest singer-songwriters.

How many roads must a man walk down
Before you call him a man?

Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
Before she sleeps in the sand?

Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannonballs fly
Before they're forever banned?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind

The answer is blowin' in the wind

**BLOWIN' IN THE WIND, 1962**

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Come senators, congressmen

Please heed the call

Don't stand in the doorway

Don't block up the hall

For he that gets hurt

Will be he who has stalled

There's a battle outside and it is ragin'

It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls

For the times they are a-changin'

**THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'**


I saw a newborn baby with wild wolves all around it

I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it

I saw a black branch with blood that kept drippin'

I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin'

I saw a white ladder all covered with water

I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken

I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall

A HARD RAIN'S A-GONNA FALL


Far between sundown's finish an' midnight's broken toll
We ducked inside the doorway, thunder crashing
As majestic bells of bolts struck shadows in the sounds
Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing
Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight
Flashing for the refugees on the unarmed road of flight
An' for each an' ev'ry underdog soldier in the night
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing

CHIMES OF FREEDOM


Maggie comes fleet foot
Face full of black soot
Talkin' that the heat put
Plants in the bed but
The phone's tapped anyway
Maggie says that many say
They must bust in early May
Orders from the DA
Look out kid
Don't matter what you did
Walk on your tip toes
Don't try "No Doz"
Better stay away from those
That carry around a fire hose
Keep a clean nose
Watch the plain clothes
You don't need a weather man
To know which way the wind blows

**SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES**

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You never turned around to see the frowns on the jugglers and the clowns
When they all come down and did tricks for you
You never understood that it ain't no good
You shouldn't let other people get your kicks for you
You used to ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat
Ain't it hard when you discover that
He really wasn't where it's at
After he took from you everything he could steal
How does it feel
How does it feel
To be on your own
With no direction home
Like a complete unknown
Like a rolling stone?

**LIKE A ROLLING STONE**

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She lit a burner on the stove
And offered me a pipe
"I thought you'd never say hello," she said
"You look like the silent type"
Then she opened up a book of poems
And handed it to me
Written by an Italian poet
From the 13th Century
And every one of them words rang true
And glowed like burnin' coal
Pourin' off of every page
Like it was written in my soul from me to you
Tangled up in blue

**TANGLED UP IN BLUE**

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Oh, the gentlemen are talking and the midnight moon is on the riverside
They're drinking up and walking and it is time for me to slide
I live in another world where life and death are memorised
Where the earth is strung with lovers' pearls and all I see are dark eyes

**DARK EYES**
And, finally, one that may not have contributed to the Nobel panel's decision...

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a bowl of soup
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a rolling hoop
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a ton of lead
Wiggle - you can raise the dead

WIGGLE WIGGLE

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