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Key: F

Genre: 60s

Harp Type: Chromatic

Skill: Any

# Stuck Inside of Mobile With The Memphis

By: Bob Dylan

Key: F

4 4 4 4 -3 -5 -3

Oh, the rag-man draws cir-cles

4 4 4 -3 -5

Up and down the block.

-3 4 4 4 -3 -5 -3 -3

I'd ask him what the mat-ter was

-2 3 -3 -1 -2 -1 -3

But I know that he don't talk.

-5 6 -6 -6 -5 -3\* 4 4

And the lad-ies treat me kind-ly

4 -5 -5 -5 -3 4

And furn-ish me with tape,

4 -5 -5 -5 -3 4



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But deep in-side my heart -2 -3\*-2 3 -2 -3
I know I can't es-cape.

6 -5 -3 4 -3 -5 -3 5 -3 -5
Oh, ma-ma, can this real-ly be the end,
-5 5 -6 5 6 5 -6 -3
To be stuck in-side of mo-bile
-3 -3 -3\* -3 -6 -2 -3
With the mem-phis blues a-gain.

Well, shakespeare, hes in the alley
With his pointed shoes and his bells,
Speaking to some french girl,
Who says she knows me well.
And I would send a message
To find out if shes talked,
But the post office has been stolen
And the mailbox is locked.
Oh, mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of mobile
With the memphis blues again.

Mona tried to tell me
To stay away from the train line.
She said that all the railroad men
Just drink up your blood like wine.
An I said, oh, I didnt know that,



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But then again, theres only one Ive met An he just smoked my eyelids An punched my cigarette.
Oh, mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of mobile
With the memphis blues again.

And now hes buried in the rocks,
But everybody still talks about
How badly they were shocked.
But me, I expected it to happen,
I knew hed lost control
When he built a fire on main street
And shot it full of holes.
Oh, mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of mobile
With the memphis blues again.

Now the senator came down here
Showing evryone his gun,
Handing out free tickets
To the wedding of his son.
An me, I nearly got busted
An wouldnt it be my luck
To get caught without a ticket
And be discovered beneath a truck.
Oh, mama, can this really be the end,



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To be stuck inside of mobile With the memphis blues again.

Now the preacher looked so baffled
When I asked him why he dressed
With twenty pounds of headlines
Stapled to his chest.
But he cursed me when I proved it to him,
Then I whispered, not even you can hide.
You see, youre just like me,
I hope youre satisfied.
Oh, mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of mobile
With the memphis blues again.

Now the rainman gave me two cures,
Then he said, jump right in.
The one was texas medicine,
The other was just railroad gin.
An like a fool I mixed them
An it strangled up my mind,
An now people just get uglier
An I have no sense of time.
Oh, mama, can this really be the end,
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When ruthie says come see her



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In her honky-tonk lagoon,
Where I can watch her waltz for free
neath her panamanian moon.
An I say, aw come on now,
You must know about my debutante.
An she says, your debutante just knows what you need
But I know what you want.
Oh, mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of mobile
With the memphis blues again.

Now the bricks lay on grand street
Where the neon madmen climb.
They all fall there so perfectly,
It all seems so well timed.
An here I sit so patiently
Waiting to find out what price
You have to pay to get out of
Going through all these things twice.
Oh, mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of mobile
With the memphis blues again.

# Lyrics