

Wiersze obowiązkowe (proszę wybrać jeden):

Positively 4th Street

Bob Dylan, 1964

You've got a lotta nerve to say you are my friend
When I was down you just stood there grinnin'
You've got a lotta nerve to say you got a helping hand to lend
You just want to be on the side that's winnin'
You say I let you down, ya know its not like that
If you're so hurt, why then don't you show it?
You say you've lost your faith, but that's not where its at
You have no faith to lose, and ya know it
I know the reason, that you talked behind my back
I used to be among the crowd you're in with
Do you take me for such a fool, to think I'd make contact
With the one who tries to hide what he don't know to begin with?
You see me on the street, you always act surprised
You say "how are you?", "good luck", but ya don't mean it
When you know as well as me, you'd rather see me paralyzed
Why don't you just come out once and scream it
No, I do not feel that good when I see the heartbreaks you embrace
If I was a master thief perhaps I'd rob them
And tho I know you're dissatisfied with your position and your place
Don't you understand, its not my problem?
I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes
And just for that one moment I could be you
Yes, I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes
You'd know what a drag it is to see you

One More Cup of Coffee (Valley Below)

Bob Dylan, 1975

Your breath is sweet,
Your eyes are like two jewels in the sky,
Your back is straight, your hair is smooth
On the pillow where you lie.
But I don't sense affection
No gratitude or love -
Your loyalty is not to me
But to the stars above.

*One more cup of coffee for the road,
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
To the valley below.*

Your daddy he's an outlaw
And a wanderer by trade,
He'll teach you how to pick and choose
And how to throw the blade.
He oversees his kingdom
So no stranger does intrude -
His voice it trembles as he calls out
For another plate of food.

*One more cup of coffee for the road,
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
To the valley below.*

Your sister sees the future,
Like your mama and yourself.
You've never learned to read or write,
There's no books upon your shelf.
And your pleasure knows no limits,
Your voice is like a meadowlark -
But your heart is like an ocean,
Mysterious and dark.

*One more cup of coffee for the road,
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
To the valley below.*

All I Really Want To Do

Bob Dylan, 1964

I ain't lookin' to compete with you,
Beat or cheat or mistreat you,
Simplify you, classify you,
Deny, defy or crucify you.
All I really want to do
Is baby be friends with you.

No, and I ain't lookin' to fight with you,
Frighten you or uptighten you,
Drag you down or drain you down,
Chain you down or bring you down.
All I really want to do
Is baby be friends with you.

I ain't lookin' to block you up,
Shock or knock or lock you up,
Analyze you, categorize you,
Finalize you or advertise you.
All I really want to do
Is baby be friends with you.

I don't want to straight-face you,
Race or chase you, track or trace you,
Or disgrace you or displace you,
Or define you or confine you.
All I really want to do
Is baby be friends with you.

I don't want to meet your kin,
Make you spin or do you in,
Or select you or dissect you,
Or inspect you or reject you.
All I really want to do
Is baby be friends with you.

I don't want to fake you out,
Take or shake or forsake you out,
I ain't lookin' for you to feel like me,
See like me or be like me.
All I really want to do
Is baby be friends with you.