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To Bob, With Love

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TO BOB, WITH LOVE

Would you let me be your girl from the South Country?

May I lay across your big brass bed--
And look out on the Nashville Skyline
While you sing "Just Like A Woman" softly
In my ears?

I'd almost be willing to give up my Southern virginity
Just to hear you play harmonica for five minutes.
(But please don't let on that you knew me well--
Because all I really want to do is be friends with you.)

While you strum guitar, I'll lay back on the pillow
And leave all my SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES far
behind.
While Hendrix is in the basement, fixin' up the medicine
And all along the watchtower, the wildcat prowls.

They say you used to hang out a lot around Greenwich Village.
And you even came to Muscle Shoals once.
Sometimes I wonder -- how could a "loner" such as you be the
Spokesman for my generation? And the poet laureate of our
era.

I guess the answer is just blowin' in the wind.

Pardon me if I'm sentimental.
Please forgive me should I cry.
Now and then, there is a fool such as I.
(I wondered why you changed your name to Dylan.
But I never did like Zimmerman much myself!
You can just call me Peggy Day).