



# BOB DYLAN

DUBLIN THE POINT DEPOT

THE IRISH TIMES / 2FM

*ticketmaster*

## BOB DYLAN

POINT THEATRE

DOORS 7:00PM / SHOW 8:00PM

THU 14-SEP-2000

### GROUND FLOOR

227

4

\*\*\* STANDING \*\*\*

27,50

(INC. BOOKING FEE)

REFUNDS OR EXCHANGES - SEE REVERSE

21-JUL-00  
051236  
03921  
X 10



**Disc 1 54.57**

- 1. Intro** 0.31
- 2. I Am The Man, Thomas** 2.12
- 3. Song To Woody** 3.34
- 4. It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)** 7.40
- 5. My Back Pages** 6.36
- 6. Tangled Up In Blue** 7.16
- 7. Searching For A Soldier's Grave** 2.47
- 8. Country Pie** 2.26
- 9. Tryin' To Get To Heaven** 5.43
- 10. Tombstone Blues** 5.44
- 11. Simple Twist Of Fate** 7.02

**Disc 2 60.30**

- 1. The Wicked Messenger** 3.39 *w. harmonica*
- 2. Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat** 5.21
- 3. Love Sick** 5.41
- 4. Like A Rolling Stone** 7.00
- 5. Don't Think Twice, It's All Right** 5.56
- 6. Highway 61 Revisited** 4.50
- 7. Blowin' In the Wind** 5.31
- 8. Rainy Day Women #12 & 35** 4.40
- 9. Forever Young** 5.55



Oh God said to Abraham, "Kill me a son"  
Abe says, "Man, you must be puttin' me on"  
God say, "No." Abe say, "What?"  
God say, "You can do what you want Abe, but  
The next time you see me comin' you better run"  
Well Abe says, "Where do you want this killin' done?"  
God says, "Out on Highway 61."

Well Georgia Sam he had a bloody nose  
Welfare Department they wouldn't give him no clothes  
He asked poor Howard where can I go  
Howard said there's only one place I know  
Sam said tell me quick man I got to run  
Ol' Howard just pointed with his gun  
And said that way down on Highway 61.

Well Mack the Finger said to Louie the King  
I got forty red white and blue shoe strings  
And a thousand telephones that don't ring  
Do you know where I can get rid of these things  
And Louie the King said let me think for a minute son  
And he said yes I think it can be easily done  
Just take everything down to Highway 61.

Now the fifth daughter on the twelfth night  
Told the first father that things weren't right  
My complexion she said is much too white  
He said come here and step into the light he says  
hmm you're right  
Let me tell the second mother this has been done  
But the second mother was with the seventh son  
And they were both out on Highway 61.

Now the rovin' gambler he was very bored  
He was tryin' to create a next world war  
He found a promoter who nearly fell off the floor  
He said I never engaged in this kind of thing before  
But yes I think it can be very easily done  
We'll just put some bleachers out in the sun  
And have it on Highway 61.



**SONG TO WOODY**

I'm out here a thousand miles from my home,  
Walkin' a road other men have gone down.  
I'm seein' your world of people and things,  
Your paupers and peasants and princes and kings.

Hey, hey Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song  
'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along.  
Seems sick an' it's hungry, it's tired an' it's torn,  
It looks like it's a-dyin' an' it's hardly been born.

Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know  
All the things that I'm a-sayin' an' a-many times more.  
I'm a-singin' you the song, but I can't sing enough,  
'Cause there's not many men that done the things that  
you've done.

Here's to Cisco an' Sonny an' Leadbelly too,  
An' to all the good people that traveled with you.  
Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men  
That come with the dust and are gone with the wind.

I'm a-leaving' tomorrow, but I could leave today,  
Somewhere down the road someday.  
The very last thing that I'd want to do  
Is to say I've been hittin' some hard travelin' too.

