**Dylan reading Ovid in exile – Workingman’s Blues #2**

*Modern Times - 2006*

I am down on my luck, sitting on my porch after a long day at the steel mill and I watch the evenin’ haze settle over town. My body aches, my buying power has gone down, but what do you expect: low wages are a reality.

The place I love best is now a memory, it’s in the past. You, my love, are gone. You’ve wounded me and I’m in exile, reading Ovid.

I had wish you could come and sit on my knee as you are dearer to me than himself. Come see the starlight by the end of the creek.

“Only if you put your cruel weapons on the shelf”, I imagine you saying, but as the hunger gets into my gut, the warrior inside of me awakens.

Meet me at the bottom, don’t lag behind. We’ll fight our best on the front line.

I want to get to those bastards, to drag ’em down to hell.

Sweetheart, you’re long gone, but listen. You know they tried to ruin me by burning down my barn, stealing my horse. I’m penniless and may have to resort to crime. I’ll try not to and instead enjoy the splendor of the sun going down. If only you were here with me to see. Like Ovid I am wondering if I am wrong in thinking you have forgotten me?

At work, you know, the bosses worry and hurry, they fuss and they fret, while I spend my nights tossing and turning in bed, but don’t worry: them, I will, eventually, forget.

Memories of you will be with me always, even though you have wounded me. I think you should reconsider what you’ve said and yes, the stories you’ve heard about me, they’re all true.

If only you could look into my eyes and find no blame. I never took up arms against you. But listen to what I say, it’s true, they will hunt a man down and lay him low and slash him with steel all across that peaceful field.

I may be down and black and blue, but never mind, I’m right here and expect you to lead me off in a cheerful dance. I will wear a brand new suit and you will be my brand new wife. You know that there are people who’ve never worked a day in their lives and don’t even know what work means?

Not me, I’ll earn my rice and beans.

**OVIDIO: Tristia ( Tristezze ) – Libro I**

*Se qualcuno, non stupisce fra la gente , non mi avrà dimenticato,*

*se mai qualcuno ci sarà che chieda come va la mia vita,*

*gli dirai che vivo, ma non gli dirai che sono salvo,*

*e che anche l’essere vivo lo devo al dono di un dio.*

*Subito ricordandosi, evocherà le mie colpe il lettore*

*e io passerò sulle bocche del popolo come pubblico reo.*

|  |  |
| --- | --- |
| *There's an evening haze settling over town**Starlight by the edge of the creek**The buying power of the proletariat's gone down**Money's getting shallow and weak**Well, the place I love best is a sweet memory**It's a new path that we trod**They say low wages are a reality**If we want to compete abroad**My cruel weapons have been put on the shelf**Come sit down on my knee**You are dearer to me than myself**As you yourself can see**While I'm listening to the steel rails hum**Got both eyes tight shut**Just sitting here trying to keep the hunger from**Creeping it's way into my gut**Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind**Bring me my boots and shoes**You can hang back or fight your best on the frontline**Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues**Well, I'm sailing on back, ready for the long haul**Tossed by the winds and the seas**I'll drag them all down to hell and I'll stand them at the wall**I'll sell them to their enemies**I'm trying to feed my soul with thought**Going to sleep off the rest of the day**Sometimes no one wants what we got**Sometimes you can't give it away**Now the place is ringed with countless foes**Some of them may be deaf and dumb**No man, no woman knows**The hour that sorrow will come**In the dark I hear the night birds call**I can feel a lover's breath**I sleep in the kitchen with my feet in the hall**Sleep is like a temporary death**Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind**Bring me my boots and shoes**You can hang back or fight your best on the frontline**Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues* | Well, they burned my barn, and they stole my horseI can't save a dimeI got to be careful, I don't want to be forcedInto a life of continual crimeI can see for myself that the sun is sinkingHow I wish you were here to seeTell me now, am I wrong in thinkingThat you have forgotten me?Now they worry and they hurry and they fuss and they fretThey waste your nights and daysThem I will forgetBut you I'll remember alwaysOld memories of you to me have clungYou've wounded me with your wordsGonna have to straighten out your tongueIt's all true, everything you've heardMeet me at the bottom, don't lag behindBring me my boots and shoesYou can hang back or fight your best on the frontlineSing a little bit of these workingman's bluesIn you, my friend, I find no blameWanna look in my eyes, please doNo one can ever claimThat I took up arms against youAll across the peaceful sacred fieldsThey will lay you lowThey'll break your horns and slash you with steelI say it so it must be soNow I'm down on my luck and I'm black and blueGonna give you another chanceI'm all alone and I'm expecting youTo lead me off in a cheerful danceI got a brand new suit and a brand new wifeI can live on rice and beansSome people never worked a day in their lifeDon't know what work even means.Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behindBring me my boots and shoesYou can hang back or fight your best on the frontlineSing a little bit of these workingman's blues |