

Cogitation Woe

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	4/4 p1	capo -2	capo 3
Selling postcards of the hanging	C	C	G G
What does he mean by that? Perhaps	F	C	C G
The beauty parlor sailors	G	G	D D
Can tell us where he's at?	F	C	C G
Sometimes his words are mysterious,	C	C	G G
Sometimes they're plain inspired.	F	C	C G
Sometimes we wonder if he's nuts	G	G	D D
Or maybe was just tired.	F	C	C G
But one thing i'm inclined to believe –	F	F	C C
There are times when he's had a go	C	F	G C
And he himself is in the dark of	C	G	G D
Cogitation woe.	F	C	C G
The penny-whistled nurse,	C	C	G G
In charge of the cyanide hole,	F	C	C G
Pleads with Neptune's Nero	G	G	D D
To spread mercy on her soul.	F	C	C G
Calypso singers ply their wares	C	C	G G
At T.S. Eliot,	F	C	C G
And freely sprinkle kerosene	G	G	D D
Over phantom and idiot.	F	C	C G
With Casanova and Ophelia,	F	F	C C
Stars of a former show,	C	F	G C
They all contribute to our plague of	C	G	G D
Cogitation woe.	F	C	C G
Hearing moonbeams and other metaphors	C	C	G G
Coming through defenseless ears,	F	C	C G
Our brains become befuddled	G	G	D D
With bouquets of rain and tears.	F	C	C G
The strange and wonderful images	C	C	G G
Sprang easily, i'm sure,	F	C	C G
From our young disheveled poet	G	G	D D
Who sometimes played the boor.	F	C	C G
But for those who think him genius,	F	F	C C
And feel his words aglow,	C	F	G C
When we try to understand him, we suffer	C	G	G D
Cogitation woe.	F	C	C G
Despite occasional strains	C	C	G G
From past mental contortions,	F	C	C G
I still return to Dylan	G	G	D D
To masticate other portions.	F	C	C G
For sometimes just his flow of words	C	C	G G
Is enough to bring me joy;	F	C	C G
And often he imparts a treasure –	G	G	D D
Not just a complex ploy.	F	C	C G
So i toss his words around my mind,	F	F	C C
And give the dice another throw,	C	F	G C
To contemplate his literary skills, with	C	G	G D
Cogitation woe.	F	C	C G
	F F C A _m		C C G E _m
	C G F C _{pinch}		G D C G _{pinch}