

## Fill in the gaps

## Mr Tambourine man by Bob Dylan

Hey, Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me	It's not aimed at anyone, it's just escaping, on the run
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to	And but for the sky there are no fences facing
Hey Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me	And if you hear vague (7) of skipping reels of
In the jingle jangle morning (1) come	rhyme
following you	To your tambourine in time
Though I know that evening's empire	It's just a ragged clown behind
Has returned into sand	I wouldn't pay it any mind
Vanished from my hand	It's just their shadow you're seeing that he's chasing
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping	Hey, Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me
My weariness amazes me, I'm (2) on my	I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm (8) to
feet	Hey, Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me
I have no one to meet	In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you
And the ancient empty street's too (3) for	Then take me disappearing
dreaming	Through the smoke rings of my mind
Hey, Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me	Down the foggy ruins of time
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to	Far past the frozen leaves
Hey, Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me	The haunted, frightened trees, out to the windy beach
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you	Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow
Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship	Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky
My senses have been stripped	(9) one hand waving free
My hands can't feel to grip	Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands
My toes too numb to step	With all memory and fate
Wait only for my boot (4) to be wandering	Driven deep beneath the waves
I'm ready to go anywhere	Let me forget about today until tomorrow
I'm ready for to fade into my own parade	Hey, Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me
Cast your dancing spell my way	I'm not (10) and there is no place I'm going to
I promise to go under it	Hey, Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me
Hey, Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me	In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you
I'm not (5) and there is no place I'm going to	
Hey, Mr. Tambourine man play a song for me	
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come	

Though you might hear laughing, spinning

\_\_ you

Swinging madly across the sun

(6)\_



- 1. I'll
- 2. branded
- 3. dead
- 4. heels
- 5. sleepy
- 6. following
- 7. traces
- 8. going
- 9. With
- 10. sleepy

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