

ICIBILLET

## Paroles de chanson

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# It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)

Par Bob Dylan

*Album : 2002-02-02: Ice Palace Arena, Tampa, FL, USA*

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Darkness at the break of noon  
Shadows even the silver spoon  
The handmade blade, the child's balloon  
Eclipses both the sun and moon  
To understand you know too soon  
There is no sense in trying  
Pointed threats, they bluff with scorn  
Suicide remarks are torn  
From the fool's gold mouthpiece  
The hollow horn plays wasted words  
Proves to warn that he not busy being born  
Is busy dying  
Temptation's page flies out the door  
You follow, find yourself at war  
Watch waterfalls of pity roar  
You feel to moan but unlike before  
You discover that you'd just be  
One more person crying  
So don't fear if you hear  
A foreign sound to your ear  
It's alright, Ma, I'm only sighing  
As some warn victory, some downfall  
Private reasons great or small  
Can be seen in the eyes of those that call  
To make all that should be killed to crawl  
While others say don't hate nothing at all  
Except hatred  
Disillusioned words like bullets bark  
As human gods aim for their mark

Made everything from toy guns that spark  
To flesh-colored Christs that glow in the dark  
It's easy to see without looking too far  
That not much is really sacred  
While preachers preach of evil fates  
Teachers teach that knowledge waits  
Can lead to hundred-dollar plates  
Goodness hides behind its gates  
But even the president of the United States  
Sometimes must have to stand naked  
An' though the rules of the road have been lodged  
It's only people's games that you got to dodge  
And it's alright, Ma, I can make it  
Advertising signs that con you  
Into thinking you're the one  
That can do what's never been done  
That can win what's never been won  
Meantime life outside goes on  
All around you  
You lose yourself, you reappear  
You suddenly find you got nothing to fear  
Alone you stand with nobody near  
When a trembling distant voice, unclear  
Startles your sleeping ears to hear  
That somebody thinks they really found you  
A question in your nerves is lit  
Yet you know there is no answer fit to satisfy  
Insure you not to quit  
To keep it in your mind and not fergit

That it is not he or she or them or it

That you belong to

Although the masters make the rules

For the wise men and the fools

I got nothing, Ma, to live up to

For them that must obey authority

That they do not respect in any degree

Who despise their jobs, their destinies

Speak jealously of them that are free

Do what they do just to be nothing more than something they invest in

While some on principles baptized

To strict party platform ties

Social clubs in drag disguise

Outsiders they can freely criticize

Tell nothing except who to idolize

And then say God bless him

While one who sings with his tongue on fire

Gargles in the rat race choir

Bent out of shape from society's pliers

Cares not to come up any higher

But rather get you down in the hole that he's in

But I mean no harm nor put fault

On anyone that lives in a vault

But it's alright, Ma, if I can't please him

Old lady judges watch people in pairs

Limited in sex, they dare

To push fake morals, insult and stare

While money doesn't talk, it swears

Obscenity, who really cares

Propaganda, all is phony

While them that defend what they cannot see

With a killer's pride, security

It blows the minds most bitterly

For them that think death's honesty

Won't fall upon them naturally

Life sometimes must get lonely

My eyes collide head-on with stuffed graveyards

False gods, I scuff

At pettiness which plays so rough

Walk upside-down inside handcuffs

Kick my legs to crash it off

Say okay, I have had enough

What else can you show me

And if my thought-dreams could be seen

They'd probably put my head in a guillotine

But it's alright, Ma, it's life, and life only