

# Visions of Johanna

Bob Dylan

Ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet?  
We'll sit here stranded though we're all doing our best to deny it  
    And Louise holds a handful of rain  
    Tempting you to defy it  
    Lights flicker from the opposite loft  
    In this room the heat pipes just cough  
    The country music station plays soft  
    But there's nothing, really nothing to turn off  
    Just Louise  
    And her lover, so entwined  
    And these visions of Johanna  
That conquer my mind  
In the empty lot where the ladies play blind man's bluff with the key  
    chain  
And the all-night girls, they whisper of escapades out on the D Train  
We can hear the nightwatchman click his flashlight  
    Ask himself if it's him or them that's insane  
    Louise, she's alright, she's just near  
    Like silk she's delicate and seems like the mirror  
    But she makes it all to concise and clear  
    That Johanna's not here  
    The ghost of electricity  
    Howls in the bones of her face  
    Where these visions of Johanna  
Have now taken my place  
Now, little boy lost, he takes himself so seriously  
    He brags of his misery, he likes to live dangerously  
    And when bringing her name up  
    He speaks of a farewell kiss to me  
    He's sure got a lot of gall  
    To be so useless and all  
    Muttering small talk at the wall  
    While I'm in the hall  
    Oh, how can I explain?  
    It's so hard to get on  
    And these visions of Johanna  
They've kept me up past the dawn  
Inside the museums, infinity goes up on trial  
    Voices echo this is what salvation must be like after a while  
    But Mona Lisa must have had the highway blues  
You can tell by the way she smiles  
See the primitive wallflower freeze  
    When the jelly-faced women all sneeze  
    Hear the one with the mustache say "Jeez,  
    I can't find my knees"  
    Both jewels and binoculars  
    Hang from the head of the mule  
    But these visions of Johanna  
They make it all seem so cruel  
The peddler now speaks to the countess who's pretending to care  
    for him  
Saying, "Name me someone that's not a parasite and I'll go out and say a prayer for him"

But like Louise always says  
"You can't look at much, can you man?" as she herself prepares for him  
My Madonna, she still  
has not showed

We see this empty cage now corrode  
Where her cape of the stage once had flowed  
The fiddler, he now steps to the road  
He writes "Everything's been returned which was owed"  
On the back of the fish truck that loads  
While my conscience explodes  
The harmonicas play  
The skeleton keys and the rain  
And these visions of Johanna  
Are now all that remain

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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