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## DO YOU SING ANY DYLAN?

At the age of nineteen I was young, I was keen and I had just one burning ambition  
To be a folk-singer, a dope-smokin' swinger, playin' songs that were steeped in tradition  
So I bought a guitar and I practised real hard wasn't much good but I was willin'  
But everywhere I went, from Gwydia to Gwent, they would say "Can you sing any Dylan?"

With my guitar I travelled real far trying to gain recognition  
I sang "The Wild Rover" from Dundee to Dover, in pubs, clubs and in Seamens's Missions  
I travelled the road for seven long years, the pace it really was killin'  
But everywhere I went from Gwydia to Gwent, they would say "Can you sing any  
Dylan?"

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I'd say "No! No! a thousand times no, I'd rather see my life blood spillin'  
I'll sing anything even "God Save the King", but I just won't sing any Bob Dylan"

I struggled on but the magic was gone, I only had a deep sense of failure  
I thought then I'd blow to where all failures go, so I boarded a ship for Australia  
When I landed in Sydney the sun it shown down on a view that was lovely and thrillin'  
Till spotting my guitar case with a smile on his face, Customs said "Can you sing any Dylan?"

And ever since then again and again I've been asked the same bloody question  
And I usually reply in my own quiet way with a totally indecent suggestion!  
But the last straw came one night at a local motel where I had a young girl who was willin'  
As she took off her dress, she said "I'll say yes, if only you'll sing some Bob Dylan!"

I tell you my friends that was the end of all my traditional aspirations  
If being a folkie was goin' to cut off my nookie, there was one way to end my frustrations  
The next night I appeared at my local folk club, where the audience as usual was millin'  
Until I took off my coat and I ruptured my throat and I sang – just like Bob Dylan!

Well the audience went wild, men women and child's, and they clapped 'til their raw hands  
were bleedin'  
And said, so to speak, that my style was unique, and just what the Australian Folk scene  
was needin'  
So all you young folkies who bash out a chord, if you want to attain the top billin'  
Just murder good prose, and sing through your nose, and then you'll sound just like Bob  
Dylan!

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