

Autor: Bod Dyland.

Tema: Temporary like Achilles.

Álbum: Blond on Blond. 1966.

Standing on your window, honey
Yes, I've been here before
Feeling so harmless
I'm looking at your second door
How come you don't send me no regards?
You know I want your lovin'
Honey, why are you so hard?

Kneeling 'neath your ceiling
Yes, I guess I'll be here for a while
I'm tryin' to read your portrait, but
I'm helpless, like a rich man's child
How come you send someone out to have me barred?
You know I want your lovin'
Honey, why are you so hard?

Like a poor fool in his prime
Yes, I know you can hear me walk
But is your heart made out of stone, or is it lime
Or is it just solid rock?

Well, I rush into your hallway
Lean against your velvet door
I watch upon your scorpion
Who crawls across your circus floor
Just what do you think you have to guard?
You know I want your lovin'
Honey, but you're so hard

Achilles is in your alleyway
He don't want me here, he does brag
He's pointing to the sky
And he's hungry, like a man in drag
How come you get someone like him to be your guard?
You know I want your lovin'
Honey, but you're so hard