

KNOCKIN' ON HIBBING'S DOOR

Word & Music by Roger Harnish & Joe LaMay

Unreleased

Oh what were you thinkin' my good friend Joe
Did you really choose Hibbing as a good place to go
I thought you'd be drivin' down highway sixty one
Or off to Greenwich Village to have you some fun

Hey, hey, Roger Harnish I thought that you knowed
That Hibbing's the one place I've wanted to go
Out walkin' the streets of Dylan's hometown
Well, I might understand where he got that sound

Well, I'm sorry Joe but there's got to be more
That can't be the reason you went out there for
Were your senses all stripped, a pipedream in your head
You'd find Dylan's house and lie on his brass bed

Well I told you once Roger but I'll tell you once more
I always dreamed of that town by the red iron ore
I just wanted to go where that heavy wind blows
Cause Bobby knew something that no one else knows

You were out there a thousand miles from your home
So how did it feel to be on your own
Did you feel like a tourist without any clue
Just trying to discover what you already knew

Well listen my friend just so that you know
There were many fine reasons that I had to go
Just to see for myself where he was a kid
And imagine the life he always kept hid

Well, have a Dr. Pepper - and bring me a coke
Many here among us feel your trip was a joke
But you are my friend and I love him too
So here's to Bob Dylan and here is to you

Well now that were finished I'm weary as hell
This song it is over and that's just as well
But there's one last thing that I'd like you to say
That we'll drive up together to Hibbing one day

Knock knock knockin' on Hibbing's door
Knock knock knockin' on Hibbing's door

©1998/2020 Roger harnish & Joe LaMay, Pressed For Time, BMI. All rights reserved.