

## Bob Dylan "Oxford Town" *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan* (1963)

Oxford Town, Oxford Town  
Ev'rybody's got their heads bowed down  
The sun don't shine above the ground  
Ain't a-goin' down to Oxford Town

He went down to Oxford Town  
Guns and clubs followed him down  
All because his face was brown  
Better get away from Oxford Town

Oxford Town around the bend  
He come in to the door, he couldn't get in  
All because of the color of his skin  
What do you think about that, my frien'?

Me and my gal, my gal's son  
We got met with a tear gas bomb  
I don't even know why we come  
Goin' back where we come from

Oxford Town in the afternoon  
Ev'rybody singin' a sorrowful tune  
Two men died 'neath the Mississippi moon  
Somebody better investigate soon

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