

THE BOB CATS NEWSLETTER

DECEMBER 14, 2007.



Welcome to another edition of the Bob Cats Newsletter. It's Friday, it's night time in the big city. They're tearing down the house. People in the street. They're cleaning out the street. Someone's smoking in a car. Someone's waiting for a kiss. They're tearing down the house. Kids are sleeping in the cars. There's a wrecking ball in tow. They're tearing down the house. The cat is on the mouse. The mouse is on the line. They're tearing down the house. Someone's swinging from the pine. They're tearing down the house.

THEME TIME RADIO HOUR



THE 2ND SEASON OF THEME TIME RADIO HOUR.

THIS WEEK SHOW: COUNTDOWN #2!

<http://ttrh-blog.patrickcrosley.com/>

<http://dylan-ttr-blindwilly.blogspot.com/>

<http://nohablosolocamino.blogspot.com/>

<http://dsp.vscht.cz/pavelka/TTRH/>

<http://patrickcrosley.com/?q=node/90>

<http://www.expectingrain.com/discussions/viewforum.php?f=11>

LIVE FROM THE VAULTS

<http://dylannl.blogspot.com/>



ART-ICLES

<http://www.independent.ie/entertainment/day-and-night/being-bob-dylan-1246347.html>



FLASHES FROM THE PAST

She was the rose of Sharon from paradise
lost

From the city of seven hills near the place
of the cross.

I was playing a show in Miami in the
theater of divine comedy.

Told about Jesus, told about the rain,
She told me about the jungle where her
brothers were slain

By a man who danced on the roof of the
embassy.

Was she a child or a woman, I can't say
which

From one to another she could to easily
switch

We went into the wall to where the long
arm of the law could not reach.

Could I been used and played as a pawn?
It certainly was possible as the gay night
wore on

Where men bathed in perfume and
celebrated free speech.

And them Caribbean winds still blow from
Nassau to Mexico

Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on them
iron waves so bold and free,
Bringing everything that's near to me
nearer to the fire.

She looked into my soul through the
clothes that I wore

She said, "We got a mutual friend over by
the door,

And you know he's got our best interest in
mind."

He was well connected but her heart was a
snare

And she had left him to die in there,
There were payments due and he was a
little behind.

The cry of the peacock, flies buzz my head,
Ceiling fan broken, there's a heat in my
bed,
Street band playing "Nearer My God to

Thee."

We met at the steeple where the mission
bells ring,

She said, "I know what you're thinking, but
there ain't a thing

You can do about it, so let us just agree to
agree."

And them Caribbean winds still blow from
Nassau to Mexico

Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on them
iron waves so bold and free,
Bringing everything that's near to me
nearer to the fire.

Atlantic City by the cold grey sea

I hear a voice crying, "Daddy," I always
think it's for me,

But it's only the silence in the buttermilk
hills that call.

Every new messenger brings evil report
'Bout armies on the march and time that is
short

And famines and earthquakes and hatred
written upon walls.

Would I have married her? I don't know, I
suppose.

She had bells in her braids and they hung
to her toes

But I kept hearing my name and I had to
be movin' on.

I saw screws break loose, saw the devil
pound tin,

I saw a house in the country being torn
from within.

I heard my ancestors calling from the land
far beyond.

And them Caribbean winds still blow from
Nassau to Mexico

Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on them
iron waves so bold and free,
Bringing everything that's near to me
nearer to the fire.



STRICTLY FOR MUSIC LOVERS

<http://the3penguins.blogspot.com/>

<http://www.kcrw.com/music/programs/mb>

CHECK IT OUT - KNOCK YOURSELF OUT

<http://www.guitars101.com/forums/f90/>

GOOD NIGHT

Good night and sleep tight.

go to bed and wake a-new

here's a Christmas poem

from all of us to all of you

The snow is falling on our cabin

in the darkened night

sweet and soft as silk and satin

lit by candle light.

We're far from town

your hair's down

moon's in the sky

this one's for you

I love you too

until the day I die

Now's the time to praise the lord

in the darkened night

seize the day lay down your sword

lit by candle light

Mare and stallion

garlich scallion

eagle eyes, turtledove

whispering pines

and telephone lines

tell me who you love

A child is born a star just fell

falling out of sight

god knows why and who can tell

lit by candlelight

I have to go you cannot stay

In the darkened night

peace on earth each night and day

lit by candle light

Good night

sweet night

see you in the morning bright

nice and good and satisfied

just like I said I should

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If you do not wish to receive this newsletter, let the bobcats management know.

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