Bob Dylan Anthology

46 songs from the pen of one of this generation's most distinct and eloquent voices. Arranged for piano/vocal with chord diagrams and full lyrics.

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FOREVER YOUNG
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, with a steady beat

1. May God bless and keep you always, May your wishes all come true. May you

always do for others, And let others do for you. May you

build a ladder to the stars and climb on ev’ry rung. May you

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stay forever young,
May you

stay forever young.
2. May you

grow up to be righteous,
May you grow up to be true...
May you

hands always be busy,
May your feet always be swift...
May you

always know the truth...
And see the lights surrounding you.
May you

have a strong foundation when the winds of changes shift.
May your
always be courageous,
Stand upright and be strong...
May you

heart always be joyful,
May your song always be sung...
May you

stay forever young,
May you

[1.]

[2.]

stay forever young.
3. May you stay forever

young,
May you stay forever young.

[3.]
ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, with a beat

Am  Am/G  F  G  Am  Am/G

“There must be some way out of here,” said the joker to the thief,

F  G  Am  Am/G  F  G

“There’s too much confusion,

Am  Am/G  F  G  Am  Am/G

I can’t get no relief.”

“Business men, they

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drink my wine. Flown men dig my earth, None of them a-

long the line know what any of it is worth."

“No reason to get excited,” the thief, he kindly spoke,

“There are many here among us
who feel that life is but a joke.
But, you and I, we've
been thru that,
And this is not our fate,
So, let us not talk falsely now,
The hour is getting late.
All along the watch tower,
Princes kept the view,
While all the women came and went,

Bare-foot servants, too.
Outside in the distance,

A wild-cat did growl,
Two riders were approaching,

The wind began to howl.
GOTTA SERVE SOMEBODY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow

Am

\[ \text{sempre simile} \]

Verse:

1. You may be an am-bas-sa-dor to Eng-land or France...

You may like to gam-ble, you might like to dance...

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You may be the heavy-weight champion of the world.

Chorus:
You may be a socialite with a long string of pearls. But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed. You're gonna have to serve somebody.

Well,
it may be the devil or it may be the Lord. But you're gonna have to
serve somebody.

2. You
Additional Lyrics

2. You might be a rock ‘n’ roll addict prancing on the stage.
   You might have drugs at your command, women in a cage.
   You may be a businessman or some high degree thief.
   They may call you doctor, or they may call you chief.
   Chorus

3. You may be a state trooper, you might be a young Turk.
   You might be the head of some big TV network.
   You may be rich or poor, you may be blind or lame.
   You may be leaving in another country under another name.
   Chorus

4. You may be a construction worker working on a home.
   You may be living in a mansion, or you might live in a dome.
   You might own guns and you might own tanks.
   You might be somebody's landlord, you might own banks.
   Chorus

5. You may be a preacher with your spiritual pride.
   You may be a city councilman taking bribes on the side.
   You may be workin' in a barbershop, you may know how to cut hair.
   You may be somebody's mistress, may be somebody's heir.
   Chorus

6. Might like to wear cotton, might like to wear silk.
   Might like to drink whiskey, might like to drink milk.
   You might like to eat caviar, you might like to eat bread.
   You may be sleeping on the floor, sleeping in a king-sized bed.
   Chorus

7. You may call me Terry, you may call me Timmy.
   You may call me Bobby, you may call me Zimmy.
   You may call me R.J., you may call me Ray.
   You may call me anything, but no matter what you say.
   Chorus
IF NOT FOR YOU

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately bright

If not for you,

Babe, I couldn't find the door,

Could'n't even

see the floor...

I'd be sad and blue,

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If not for you,

Babe, I'd lay awake all night,
Wait for the mornin' light

to shine through.
But it would not be new,
If not for you.

If not for you,
My sky would fall,
Rain would gather too.

With - out your love,
I'd be no - where at all.
I'd
be lost, if not for you, And you know it's true.

If not for you, My sky would fall,

Rain would gather too.

Without your love, I'd
be no-where at all. Oh! What would I do, If not for you.

If not for you, Winter would
have no spring,
Could-'n't hear the rob-in sing,

I just wouldn't have a clue.
An- y-way it wouldn't ring

gim
F#m7
B9sus4
E

true,
If not for you.

A
E

If not for you.
repeat and fade
I WANT YOU
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately bright (quasi in 2)

Verse:

F

1. The

Am/E

guilty undertaker sighs,...
The lonely organ

Dm

grinder cries,...
The silver saxophones say I should

mothers weep,...
And the saviors who are fast asleep,...

They

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I refuse you. The cracked bells and
wait for you. And I wait for them to

washed-out horns. Blow into my face with scorn. But it's
interrupted. Me drinking from my broken cup. And

not that way, I wasn't born to open up the gate for you.
ask me to open up for you.

Chorus:

I want you,
Am/E  

I want you,    

Dm  

so bad,      

C  

Hon-ey, I want_  

F  

—you.  

| 1. | 2. To Interlude | Fine |

2. The  

Now
Interlude:

Am

Dm

all my fathers, they've gone down, True love they've been without it.

But all their daughters put me down 'Cause I don't think about it.

Additional Lyrics

3. Well, I return to the Queen of Spades
   And talk with my chambermaid.
   She knows that I'm not afraid
   To look at her.
   She is good to me,
   And there's nothing she doesn't see.
   She knows where I'd like to be,
   But it doesn't matter.  
   Chorus

4. Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit,
   He spoke to me, I took his flute.
   No, I wasn't very cute to him,
   Was I?
   But I did it, though, because he lied,
   Because he took you for a ride,
   And because time was on his side,
   And because I...  
   Chorus
KNOCKIN’ ON HEAVEN’S DOOR

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly

G     D     Am7
Ma - ma, take this badge off of me,
Ma - ma, put my guns in the ground,

G     D     C
I can’t use it any more...
I can’t shoot them any more...

G     D     Am7
It’s get - tin’ dark, too dark for me to see,
That long black cloud is com - in’ down...

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I feel like I'm knock-in' on heav'en's door...
I feel like I'm knock-in' on heav'en's door...

Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav'en's door,
Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav'en's door,

Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav'en's door,
Knock, knock, knock-in' on heav'en's door...


Repeat and fade
SHELTER FROM THE STORM
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, in 2

1. 'Twas in another lifetime,
word was spoke between us,
ly I turned around,
dep-uty walks on hard nails
lit-tle hill-top vil-lage

was a vio-tue and the
thing up to that point had been
silver brace-lets on her wrists and
but noth-ing real-ly mat-ters much, it's
I bar-gained for sal-va-tion an' they

one of toil and blood,
there was lit-tle risk in-volved;
and she was stand-in' there;
and the preach-er rides a mount;
they gam-bled for my clothes;

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road was full of mud.
left unresolved.
flow - ers in her hair.
doom a lone that counts.
gave me a lethal dose.

I came in from the wil -
Try im ag - in - ing a place.
She walked up to me so grace -
And the one-eyed un - der - tak -
I of - fered up my in -
der - ness, where a crea - ture void of form,
ful - ly and took my crown of thorns,
er, he blows a fu - tile horn,
no - cence and got re - paid with scorn,

"Come in,"
she said, "I'll give you shelt - er from the storm."
And if I pass this
I was burned out from ex-
Now there's a wall be-
I've heard new-born babies
Well, I'm liv-in' in a for-eign

way a-gain
you can rest as-sured
I'll
haus-tion,
bur-ied in the hail,
I and
tween us,
some-thin' there's been lost;
and
wail-in'
lite a morn-in' dove;
and
coun-try,
but I'm bound to cross the line;
and

al-ways do my best for her,
on that I give my word.
poi-soned in the bush-es and blown out on the trail.
took too much for grant-ed, got my sig-nals crossed.
old men with bro-ken teeth strand-ed with-out love.
beau-ty walks a raz-or's edge, some-day I'll make it mine.
In a world of steel-eyed death and men who are
Hunted like a crocodile,
Just to think that it all began on a
Do I understand your question, man, is it
If I could only turn back the clock to when
fighting to be warm
ravaged in the corn
long for forgotten morn
God and her were born
“Come in,” she said, “I’ll give
you shelter from the storm.”

2. Not a
3. Suddenly
4. Well, the
5. In a

ritard.
SIMPLE TWIST OF FATE
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

D

1. They sat together

F♯m/C♯
in the park, as the evening sky grew dark.

D7/C

She looked at him and he felt a spark tingle to his bones.
"Twas then he felt a lone and wished

that he'd gone straight, And watched out for a

simple twist of fate.

They walked a long by the old canal, a little confused, I re-
member well,

And stopped into a strange hotel with a ne-

on burnin' bright...

He felt the heat of the night...

hit him like a freight train...

Moving with a simple twist of fate...
Additional Lyrics

2. A saxophone some place far off played,
as she was walkin' by the arcade.
As the light bust through a beat-up shade
where he was wakin' up,
She dropped a coin into the cup of a blind man at the gate,
And forgot about a simple twist of fate.

He woke up, the room was bare,
He didn't see her anywhere.
He told himself he didn't care.
Pushed the window open wide,
Felt an emptiness inside to which he just could not relate,
Brought on by a simple twist of fate.

3. He hears the ticking of the clocks,
and walks along with a parrot that talks.
Hunts her down by the waterfront docks
where the sailors all come in.
Maybe she'll pick him out again. How long must he wait,
Once more for a simple twist of fate.

People tell me it's a sin
to know and feel too much within.
I still believe she was my twin,
but I lost the ring.
She was born in spring, but I was born too late.
Blame it on a simple twist of fate.
TANGLED UP IN BLUE
WORD AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, in 2

D
Dsus4
D
Dsus2

1. Early one mornin’ the sun was shinin’, I was layin’ in bed...

C/D
Dsus4
C/D
Dsus2

Won’drin’ if she’d changed at all, If her hair was still

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red.

Her folks, they said our lives together

Sure was gonna be rough...

They never did like Mama's

home-made dress, Papa's bank-book wasn't big enough.

And

I was standin' on the side of the road,

Rain fallin' on my shoes.
Head - ing out for the East Coast, Lord
knows I've paid some dues Get - tin' through...
Tangled up in blue.

Additional Lyrics

2. She was married when we first met,
   Soon to be divorced.
   I helped her out of a jam, I guess,
   But I used a little too much force.
   We drove that car as far as we could,
   Abandoned it out West.
   Split up on a dark sad night,
   Both agreeing it was best.
   She turned around to look at me,
   As I was walkin' away.
   I heard her say over my shoulder,
   "We'll meet again some day
   on the avenue."
   Tangled up in blue.

3. I had a job in the great north woods,
   Working as a cook for a spell.
   But I never did like it all that much,
   And one day the axe just fell.
   So I drifted down to New Orleans,
   Where I happened to be employed.
   Workin' for a while on a fishin' boat,
   Right outside of Delacroix.
   But all the while I was alone,
   The past was close behind.
   I seen a lot of women,
   But she never escaped my mind,
   And I just grew.
   Tangled up in blue.

4. She was workin' in a topless place,
   And I stopped in for a beer.
   I just kept lookin' at the side of her face,
   In the spotlight so clear.
   And later on as the crowd thinned out,
   I's just about to do the same.
   She was standing there in back of my chair,
   Said to me, "Don't I know your name?"
   I muttered somethin' underneath my breath,
   She studied the lines on my face.
   I must admit I felt a little uneasy,
   When she bent down to tie the laces
   Of my shoe.
   Tangled up in blue.

5. She lit a burner on the stove,
   And offered me a pipe.
   "I thought you'd never say hello," she said,
   "You look like the silent type."
   Then she opened up a book of poems,
   And handed it to me.
   Written by an Italian poet
   From the thirteenth century.
   And every one of them words rang true,
   And glowed like burnin' coal.
   Pourin' off of every page,
   Like it was written in my soul
   From me to you.
   Tangled up in blue.

6. I lived with them on Montague Street,
   In a basement down the stairs.
   There was music in the cafes at night,
   And revolution in the air.
   Then he started into dealing with slaves,
   And something inside of him died.
   She had to sell everything she owned,
   And froze up inside.
   And when finally the bottom fell out,
   I became withdrawn.
   The only thing I knew how to do,
   Was to keep on keepin' on,
   Like a bird that flew.
   Tangled up in blue.

7. So now I'm goin' back again,
   I got to get to her somehow.
   All the people we used to know,
   They're an illusion to me now.
   Some are mathematicians,
   Some are carpenters' wives.
   Don't know how it all got started,
   I don't know what they're doin' with their lives.
   But me, I'm still on the road,
   Headin' for another joint.
   We always did feel the same,
   We just saw it from a different point
   Of view.
   Tangled up in blue.
Rainy Day Women #12 & 35
Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately (in 2)

F

D07

C7/E

F

1. Well, they'll

stone ya when you're try'n' to be so good,

They'll

stone ya just - a like they said they would.

They'll

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USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
stone ya when you're try'n' to go home. Then they'll

stone ya when you're there all a-lone. But I

would not feel so all a-lone,

Everybody must get stoned. 2. Well, they'll
5. Everybody must get stoned.

Additional Lyrics

2. Well, they'll stone ya when you're walkin' long the street. They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to keep your seat. They'll stone ya when you're walkin' on the floor. They'll stone ya when you're walkin' to the door. But I would not feel so all alone, Everybody must get stoned.

3. They'll stone ya when you're at the breakfast table. They'll stone ya when you are young and able. They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to make a buck. They'll stone ya and then they'll say, "Good luck." Tell ya what, I would not feel so all alone, Everybody must get stoned.

4. Well, they'll stone you and say that it's the end. Then they'll stone you and then they'll come back again. They'll stone you when you're riding in your car. They'll stone you when you're playing your guitar. Yes, but I would not feel so all alone, Everybody must get stoned.

5. Well, they'll stone you when you walk all alone. They'll stone you when you are walking home. They'll stone you and then say you are brave. They'll stone you when you are set down in your grave. But I would not feel so all alone, Everybody must get stoned.
ALL I REALLY WANT TO DO

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately bright

Verse:

1. I ain't lookin' to compete with you,
2. I ain't lookin' to fight with you,

Beat or cheat or mis - treat you.
Fright en you or tight - en you.

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Simplify you, classify you, Degrade you, Degrade you.

Defy you, Defy you, Deny you.

Chain you down or crucify you.

Chorus:

All I really want to

Do (falsetto)
is, baby, be
Additional Lyrics

3. I ain’t lookin’ to block you up,
    Shock or knock or lock you up,
    Analyze you, categorize you,
    Finalize you or advertise you.
    *Chorus*

4. I don’t want to straight-face you,
    Race or chase you, track or trace you,
    Or disgrace you, or displace you,
    Or define you, or confine you.
    *Chorus*

5. I don’t want to meet your kin,
    Make you spin, or do you in,
    Or select you, or dissect you,
    Or inspect you, or reject you.
    *Chorus*

6. I don’t want to fake you out,
    Take or shake or forsake you out,
    I ain’t lookin’ for you to feel like me,
    See like me, or be like me.
    *Chorus*
STUCK INSIDE OF MOBILE
WITH THE MEMPHIS BLUES AGAIN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, with a beat

Verse: F Dm F

1. Oh, the rag - man draws cir - cles Up and down the block...

Dm F Dm

I'd ask him what the mat - ter was But I

Bb C7 Bb

know that he don't talk And the la - dies treat me kind -
-ly
And fur-nish me with tape,

But

deep in-side my heart
I know I can’t es cape.

Chorus:

Oh,
Ma-ma, can this real-ly be the end,
To be stuck

in-side of Mo-bile With the Mem-phis blues a-gain.

2. Well,
Additional Lyrics

2. Well, Shakespeare, he's in the alley
   With his pointed shoes and his bells,
   Speaking to some French girl
   Who says she knows me well.
   And I would send a message
   To find out if she's talked,
   But the post office has been stolen
   And the mailbox is locked.
   **Chorus**

3. Mona tried to tell me
   To stay away from the train line.
   She said that all the railroad men
   Just drink up your blood like wine.
   An' I said, "Oh, I didn't know that,
   But then again, there's only one I've met,
   An' he just smoked my eyelids
   An' punched my cigarette."
   **Chorus**

4. Grandpa died last week
   And now he's buried in the rocks,
   But everybody still talks about
   How badly they were shocked.
   But me, I expected it to happen,
   I knew he'd lost control
   When he built a fire on Main Street
   And shot it full of holes.
   **Chorus**

5. Now the senator came down here
   Showing ev'ryone his gun,
   Handing out free tickets
   To the wedding of his son.
   An' me, I nearly got busted,
   An' wouldn't it be my luck
   To get caught without a ticket
   And be discovered beneath a truck.
   **Chorus**

6. Now the preacher looked so baffled
   When I asked him why he dressed
   With twenty pounds of headlines
   Stapled to his chest.
   But he cursed me when I proved it to him,
   Then I whispered, "Not even you can hide.
   You see, you're just like me,
   I hope you're satisfied."
   **Chorus**

7. Now the rainman gave me two cures,
   Then he said, "Jump right in."
   The one was Texas medicine,
   The other was just railroad gin.
   An' like a fool I mixed them,
   An' it strangled up my mind.
   An' now people just get uglier,
   An' I have no sense of time.
   **Chorus**

8. When Ruthie says come see her
   In her honky-tonk lagoon,
   Where I can watch her waltz for free
   'Neath her Panamanian moon,
   An' I say, "Aw come on now,
   You must know about my debutante."
   An' she says, "Your debutante just knows what you need,
   But I know what you want."
   **Chorus**

9. Now the bricks lay on Grand Street
   Where the neon madmen climb.
   They all fall there so perfectly,
   It all seems so well timed.
   An' here I sit so patiently,
   Waiting to find out what price,
   You have to pay to get out of
   Going through all these things twice.
   **Chorus**
Blowin’ In The Wind

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately bright

1. How many
2. How many

roads must a man walk down before you

times must a man look up before he can

call him a man?

see the sky?

Yes, ’n’ how many

Yes, ’n’ how many

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seas must a white dove sail before she
cars must one man have before he can

sleeps in the sand? Yes, 'n' how many
hear people cry? Yes, 'n' how many

times must the can-non-balls fly before they're
deaths will it take 'til he knows d and that too many

for ever banned? The answer, my
friend, is blow-in' in the wind, The answer is

Additional Lyrics

3. How many years can a mountain exist before it is washed to the sea? Yes 'n' how many years can some people exist before they're allowed to be free? Yes 'n' how many times can a man turn his head pretending that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind, The answer is blowin' in the wind.
Lay, Lady, Lay

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly

A        C#m/G#        G        Bm/F#        A        C#m
5fr.     4fr.         2fr.     5fr.         4fr.

Lay, la - dy, lay, lay a - cross my big brass bed.

G        Bm        A        C#m        G        Bm        A        C#m
3fr.     5fr.     4fr.     3fr.     5fr.     4fr.

Lay, la - dy, lay, lay a - cross my big brass bed.

G        Bm        E        F#m        A
3fr.     5fr.     0.00    5fr.

What - ev - er col - ors you have in your mind.

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USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine...
Lay, la-dy, lay...

lay across my big brass bed...
Stay, la-dy, stay...

stay with your man... a-while...
Until the break of day...

let me see you make him smile...
His clothes are dirty but his hands are clean.

And you're the best thing that he's ever seen.

Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man a while.

Why wait any longer for the world to begin,
C#m 4fr.

You can have your cake and eat it too.

C#m 4fr.

Why wait any longer for the one you love, when he's standing in front of you.

Lay, lady, lay.

G 3fr.

lay across my big brass bed.

Stay, lady, stay.
stay while the night is still a - head

I long to see you in the morn-ing light,
I long to reach for you

in the night
Stay, la - dy, stay
stay while the night is still a - head
IS YOUR LOVE IN VAIN?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, with a beat

D    A/C#    Bm    D/A    G    A    D

1. Do you

love you so fast that you cannot see that I must have sol...
you just feeling guilty?
why do you intrude?
have the morning too.
I've been burned before, and I know the score, so you won't hear me complain.
know my kind; or must I explain?
flow'rs grow? Do you understand my pain?
Will I be able to
Will you let me
Are you willing to
count on you, or is your love in vain?
be myself, or is your love in
risk it all, or is your love in
been to the moun-tain, and I've been in the wind. I've been in and out of hap-
ness.
I have dined with kings, I've been of-fered wings, and I've
never been too im-pressed.

D.S. al Coda

vain?

rit.
I SHALL BE RELEASED

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

1. They say ev'ry man must need protection,

They say ev'ry man must fall.

Yet I swear I see my re-

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Chorus:

I see my light coming shining—

From the west down to the
Additional Lyrics

2. Down here next to me in this lonely crowd
   Is a man who swears he's not to blame.
   All day long I hear him cry so loud,
   Calling out that he's been framed.

Chorus

3. They say ev'rything can be replaced,
   Yet ev'ry distance is not near.
   So I remember ev'ry face
   Of ev'ry man who put me here.

Chorus
Emotionally Yours

Moderately slow

F        C        G/B        Am        F        C        G/B

Come, ba-by, find me,
Come, ba-by, rock me,

Come, ba-by, re-mind me,
Come, ba-by, lock me,

of where I once begun,
into the shadows of your heart.

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Come, baby, show me,
Come, baby, teach me,
Come, baby, reach me,
Tell me you're the one.

I could be learning,
I could be dreaming,
But I keep believing

C G7 C/G G9sus4
C G/B

to see behind closed doors.
But I will always

Am F C G7sus4 G7 C

be emotionally yours.
emotionally yours.

It's like my whole life never happened, When I see you, it's as if I never had a thought.

I know this dream, it might be crazy, But it's the
only one I've got.

Come, baby, shake me,

Come, baby, take me,

I would be satisfied.

Come, baby, hold me,

Come, baby, help me,

My arms are open wide.
I could be unraveling wherever I'm traveling
even to foreign shores. But
I will always be emotionally yours.
The Man In Me

Words and music by Bob Dylan

Moderately slow, with a beat

Guitar:
(Capo 1st fret)  G 000

Piano:

The man in me will do nearly any task, and

D 0
E♭ 0
Db

ask for compensation, there's little he would ask.

Take a

C 0
Db

woman like you to get through to the man in me.

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Storm clouds are raging all around my door,
I think to myself I might not take it anymore.
Take a woman like your kind to find the man in me.
But, oh! What a wonderful feeling just to know that you are near,
Sets my heart a-reeling from my toes up to my ears. The man in me will hide sometimes to keep from be-in' seen, But that's just because he doesn't want to turn into some machine. Took a woman like you to get through to the man in me.
TIGHT CONNECTION TO MY HEART
(HAS ANYBODY SEEN MY LOVE?)

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

C

You've got a tight connection to my heart. You've got a

F


C

1. F

2. F

tight connection to my heart. You've got a heart.

I

Well, I

C

Em

had to move fast, and I couldn't with you around my neck. I

3

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said I'd send for you and I did. What did you expect? My hands are sweating, and we haven't even started yet.

I'll go along with the charade until I can think my way out. I know it was all a big joke, what-
ever it was about. Some day, maybe I'll remember to forget.

I'm gonna get my coat, I feel the breath of a storm._

Chorus

There's something I've got to do tonight, you go inside and stay warm. Has
Additional Lyrics

2. You want to talk to me, go ahead and talk.
   Whatever you got to say to me won’t come as any shock.
   I must be guilty of something, you just whisper it into my ear.

   Madame Butterfly, she lulled me to sleep
   In a town without pity where the water runs deep.
   She said, “Be easy, baby, there ain’t nothin’ worth stealin’ in here.”

   You’re the one I’ve been looking for,
   You’re the one that’s got the key.
   But I can’t figure out whether I’m too good for you
   Or you’re too good for me.
   *Chorus*

3. Well, they’re not showing any lights tonight, and there’s no moon.
   There’s just a hot-blooded singer singing “Memphis in June,”
   While they’re beatin’ the devil out of a guy who’s wearing a powder-blue wig.

   Later he’ll be shot for resisting arrest,
   I can still hear his voice crying in the wilderness.
   What looks large from a distance, close up ain’t never that big.

   Never could learn to drink that blood
   And call it wine,
   Never could learn to hold you, love,
   And call you mine.
   *Chorus*
EVERY GRAIN OF SAND

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, in 2

Guitar (capo first fret)

Piano

In the time of my confession,
flow-ers of indulgence
And the weeds of yester-year,

When the pool of tears beneath my feet
Like criminals they have choked the breath of

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Flood ev'ry new-born seed, there's a dyin' voice with-
con-science and good cheer. The sun beat down up-

in me the steps Of time to light my way, Toil-
ing in the

danger And in the mor-
-id-le-ness And the mem-
-ory of de-
-spair. Don't I

have the in-
ci-
nation To look back on any mis-
gaze in-
to the door-way Of tem-
-pta-
tion's an-
gry flame, Like

Like
Cain, I now behold this chain Of events that I must break.

every time I pass that way I always hear my name.

In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand,

Then onward in my journey I come to understand

In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.

In every hair is numbered Like every grain of sand.

Oh, the sand.

I have
gone from rags to riches
In the sorrow of the night,
violence of a summer's dream,
In the chill of a wintry light,
bitter dance of loneliness
Fading into space,
broken mirror of innocence
On each forgotten face.
hear the ancient footsteps Like the motion of the sea. Sometimes I turn; there's someone there. Other times it's only me. I am hanging in the balance Of the reality of man, Every sparrow falling, Like every grain of sand.
UNDER YOUR SPELL
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN & CAROLE BAYER SAGER

Moderately slow

A

E\n+\n
F\n#m

mf

Deus4

D

Dm7

I can take.... Baby, I'm under your spell.

A

E

A

I was knocked out and loaded in the

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na-ked night. When my last dream ex-plod-ed, I no-ticed your light. Ba-

-by, oh, what a sto-ry I could tell.
Ev'rywhere you go it's enough to break hearts.

Someone always gets hurt, a fire always starts.

You were too hot to handle, you were breaking ev'ry vow.

I trusted you, baby, you can trust me now.
tell.

Well, the desert is hot, the

mountain is cursed.

Pray that I don’t die of thirst. B-

by, two feet from the well.
Additional Lyrics

Verse 2. It's been nice seeing you, you read me like a book,
If you ever want to reach me, you know where to look.
Baby, I'll be at the same hotel.
I'd like to help you but I'm in a bit of a jam,
I'll call you tomorrow if there's phones where I am.
Baby, caught between heaven and hell.

Verse 3. But I will be back, I will survive,
You'll never get rid of me as long as you're alive.
Baby, can't you tell.
Well it's four in the morning by the sound of the birds,
I'm starin' at your picture, I'm hearin' your words.
Baby, they ring in my head like a bell.

To Bridge, then D.C. at Coda.

(D.C.) Verse 4. Turn back, baby, wipe your eye,
Don't think I'm leaving here without a kiss goodbye.
Baby, is there anything left to tell?
I'll see you later when I'm not so out of my head,
Maybe next time I'll let the dead bury the dead.
Baby, what more can I tell?

To Coda (see music)

(Coda) Well the desert is hot, the mountain is cursed,
Pray that I don't die of thirst.
Baby, two feet from the well.
QUINN THE ESKIMO
(THE MIGHTY QUINN)

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, with a steady beat

Verse:

1. Ev'-ry-bod-y's build-ing the big ships and the boats,
   Some are build-in' mon-u-ments,
   oth-ers jot-ting down notes.

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Ev'rybody's in despair, ev'ry girl and boy. But when Quinn, the eskimo gets here, ev'rybody's gonna jump for joy.

Chorus:
Come all without, Come all within, You'll not see nothin' like the mighty Quinn.
Additional Lyrics

2. I like to do just like the rest,
   I like my sugar sweet,
   But guarding fumes and making haste,
   It ain’t my cup of meat.
   Ev’rybody’s ‘neath the trees feeding pigeons on a limb,
   But when Quinn, the eskimo gets here,
   All the pigeons gonna run to him.
   Chorus

3. A cat’s meown, and a cow’s moo,
   I can’t recite them all.
   JustTell me where it hurts yuh, honey,
   And I’ll tell you who to call.
   Nobody can get no sleep, there’s someone on ev’ryone’s toes,
   But when the eskimo gets here,
   Ev’rybody’s gonna want to doze.
   Chorus
SARA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

Em

Am

1. I laid on a dune, I looked at the sky, When the

D

Em

children were babies And played on the beach. You

Am

came up behind me, I saw you go by, You were

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always so close and still within reach.

Sara, Sara, Sara, Sara,

Whatever made you want to change your mind.

Sara, Sara, So
2. I can still see them playin'
With their pails in the sand,
They run to the water
Their buckets to fill.
I can still see the shells
Fallin' out of their hands,
As they follow each other
Back up the hill.

Sara, Sara,
Sweet virgin angel, sweet love of my life.
Sara, Sara,
Radiant jewel, mystical wife.

3. Sleepin' in the woods
By a fire in the night,
Drinkin' white rum
In a Portugal bar.
Them playin' leap-frog
And hearin' about Snow White,
You in the marketplace
In Savanna-la-Mar.

Sara, Sara,
It's all so clear, I could never forget.
Sara, Sara,
Lovan' you is the one thing I'll never regret.

4. I can still hear the sounds
Of those Methodist bells,
I'd taken the cure
And had just gotten through.
Stayin' up for days
In the Chelsea Hotel,
Writin' "Sad-Eyed Lady"
Of the Lowlands" for you.

Sara, Sara,
Wherever we travel we're never apart.
Sara, oh Sara,
Beautiful lady, so dear to my heart.

5. How did I met you,
I don't know,
A messenger sent me
In a tropical storm.
You were there in the winter,
Moonlight on the snow,
And on Lily Pond Lane
When the weather was warm.

Sara, oh Sara,
Scorpio Sphinx in a calico dress.
Sara, Sara,
You must forgive me my unworthiness.

6. Now the beach is deserted
Except for some kelp,
And a piece of an old ship
That lies on the shore.
You always responded
When I needed your help,
You gimme a map
And a key to your door.

Sara, oh Sara,
Glamorous nymph with an arrow and bow.
Sara, oh Sara,
Don't ever leave me, don't ever go.
Most Of The Time

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Slowly

Most of the time

I'm clear focused all around,

Most of the time

I can keep both
feet on the ground.
I can follow the path,
I can read the signs,

Stay right with it when the road unwinds,
I can handle whatever.

I stumble upon,
I don't even notice
she's gone,
Most of the time.
Most of the time,

it's well understood,

I wouldn't change it if I could,

I can make it all match up,

I can hold my own,
I can deal with the situation right down to the bone. I can survive,

I can endure,

And I don't even think about her,

Most of the time.
my head is on straight,... Most of the time...

I'm strong enough not to hate.

I don't build up illusion 'til it makes me sick,...

I ain't afraid of confusion no matter how thick. I can smile in the face...
of mankind. Don’t even re-

member what her lips felt like on mine

Most of the

time.

Most of the time.
she ain't even in my mind, I wouldn't know her if I saw her,

She's that far behind. Most of the time,

I can't even be sure If she was ever with me,

Or if I was ever with her. Most of the time.
I'm halfway content,
Most of the time,
I know exactly where it went,
I don't cheat on myself,
I don't run and hide,
Hide from the feelings
that are buried inside,
I don't compromise.
and I don’t pretend.

I don’t even care if I ever see her again.

Most of the time.

Repeat and fade
I'm out here a thousand miles from my home,

Walkin' a road other men have gone
I'm seeing your world of people and things,
your paupers.
Additional Lyrics

2. Hey, hey, Woody Guthrie, I wrote you a song,
   'Bout a funny ol' world that's a-comin' along,
   Seems sick an' it's hungry, it's tired an' it's torn,
   It looks like it's a-dyin' an' it's hardly been born.

3. Hey, Woody Guthrie, but I know that you know,
   All the things that I'm a-sayin', an' a-many times more,
   I'm a-singin' you the song, but I can't sing enough,
   'Cause there's not many men that done the things that you've done.

4. Here's to Cisco an' Sonny, an' Leadbelly too,
   An' to all the good people that travelled with you,
   Here's to the hearts and the hands of the men,
   That come with the dust and are gone with the wind.

5. I'm a-leavin' tomorrow, but I could leave today,
   Somewhere down the road someday,
   The very last thing that I'd want to do
   Is to say I've been hittin' some hard Travellin' too.
When I Paint My Masterpiece

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately slow

Oh, the streets of Rome are filled with rubble.
Ancient ancient
hours I've spent inside the Colosseum.
Diligent diligence
Rome and landed in Brussels.
On a plane

Prints are everywhere.
You can
rons and wastin' time.
Oh, those

Ride so bumpy that I almost cried.

Almost think that you're seein' double.
On a

Mighty kings of the jungle, I could hardly stand to see 'em.
Yes, it

Clergymen in uniform and young girls pullin' muscles.
Ev'ry

Cold, dark night on the Spanish Stairs.
Sure has been a long, hard climb.

One was there to greet me when I stepped inside.
Got to hurry on back to my hotel room,
Train wheels runnin' through the back of my memory,
News paper men eating candy
Where I've

got me a date with Bot-ti cel-li's niece.
ran on the hill-top follow-ing a pack of wild geese.
Had to be held down by big police.

promised that she'd be right there with me
Some-day, ev'rything is gon-na be smooth like a rhapsody

paint my mas-ter-piece

When I

paint my mas-ter-piece

Oh, the
Sailin' round the world in a dirty gondola.

Oh, to be back in the land of Coca-Cola!

I left different when I painted my masterpiece.
MAN IN THE LONG BLACK COAT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately bright, in 6

Crick-ets are chirp-in', the wa-ter is high, There's a

soft cot-ton dress on the line hang-in' dry, Win-dow wide o-pen,

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African trees bent over backwards from a hurricane breeze.

G Am

Not a word of goodbye, not even a note, She

G/B G

gone with the man in the long black coat.
Somebody seen him hanging around At the old dance hall on the outskirts of town, He looked into her eyes when she stopped him to ask If he wanted to dance, he had a face like a mask.
Somebody said from the Bible he'd quote, There was dust on the man in the long black coat.

Preacher was a talkin', there's a sermon he gave, He said
ev-ery man’s con-science is vile and de-praved, You
can-not de-pend on it to be your guide, When it’s
you who must keep it sat-is-fied.

It ain’t eas-y to swal-low, it
sticks in the throat, She gave her heart to the man in the long black coat.

There are no mistakes in life, some people say, It is true sometimes you can see it that way. But
people don't live or die, people just float. She went with the man in the long black coat.

There's smoke on the water, it's been there since June,

Tree trunks up-rooted 'neath the high cres-cent moon. Feel the
pulse and vibration and the rumbling force,

Somebody is out there beating a dead horse.

She never said nothing, there was nothing she wrote, She

gone with the man in the long black coat.
Precious Angel

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately

Guitar (Capo 1st fret)

Piano

1. Precious angel,
   under the sun,
   How was I to know
   you'd be the one.

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To show me I was blind-ed,
to show me I was gone.

How weak was the foundation
I was standing upon.

Now there's spiritual warfare
and flesh and blood breaking down.
Ya either got faith or ya got unbelief, and there ain't no neutral ground. The enemy is subtle, How be it we are so deceived, When the truth's in our hearts and we still don't believe?
Chorus:

Shine your light, shine your light on me.
Shine your light on me.
Shine your light.

Ya know I just could - n't make it by my -
self.
I'm a little too blind to see.

Shine your light, shine your light on me.
Additional Lyrics

2. My so-called friends have fallen under a spell.
   They look me squarely in the eye and they say, "All is well."
Can they image the darkness that will fall from on high
When men will beg God to kill them and they won't be able to die?
Sister, lemme tell you about a vision that I saw:
You were drawing water for your husband, you were suffering under the law.
You were telling him about Buddah, you were telling him about Mohammed in the same breath.
You never mentioned one time the Man who came and died a criminal's death.

Chorus:

3. Precious angel, you believe me when I say
   What God has given to us no man can take away.
We are covered in blood, girl: you know our forefathers were slaves.
Let us hope they've found mercy in their bone-filled graves.
You're the queen of my flesh, girl; you're my woman, you're my delight.
You're the lamp of my soul, girl, and you touch up up the night.
But there's violence in the eyes, girl, so let us not be enticed
On the way out of Egypt, through Ethiopia, to the judgment hall of Christ.

Chorus:
YOU AIN'T GOIN' NOWHERE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

G 000 Am x0 0 C 0 0

Clouds so swift, Rain won't lift, Gate won't close,
I don't care How many letters they sent, Morn-ing came and
Buy me a flute And a gun that shoots Tail-gates and

G 000 Am x0 0

Rail-ings froze Get your mind off win-ter time,
morn-ing went Pick up your mon-ey And pack up your tent,
sub-sti-tutes Strap your self To the tree with roots,

C x 0 0 G 000 D7 x x x x F# x xx G 000 Am x0 0

You ain't goin' no-where Whoo-ee! Ride me high To-
You ain't goin' no-where You ain't goin' no-where

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morrow's the day  My bride's gonna come. Oh, oh, Are we gonna fly,

To Coda

Down in the easy chair! Gen-ghis Khan, He
could not keep All his kings Supplied with sleep We'll climb that hill No

D.S. al Coda

matter how steep When we get up to it
Slowly

D A/C# Bm E A

1. Well, there was this mov-ie I seen... one time
   a-bout a

Bm E A

man rid-ing 'cross the des-ert and it starred Greg-o-ry Peck.

He was shot

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down by a hungry kid, try'n' to make a name for himself...
The townspeople wanted to crush that kid down and string him up by the neck.

2. Well, the troll.

Chorus:

Brownsville girl, with your Brownsville curls, teeth like pearls, shining like the moon above.

Brownsville girl, show me all around the world...
Additional Lyrics

2. Well the Marshall, now he beat that kid to a bloody pulp
   As the dying gunfighter lay in the sun and gasped for his last breath.
   Turn him loose, let him go, let him say he outdrew me fair and square,
   I want him to feel what it's like to every moment face his death.

3. Well, I keep seeing this stuff and it just comes a-rolling in,
   And, you know, it blows right through me like a ball and chain.
   You know, I can't believe we've lived so long and are still so far apart,
   The memory of you keeps callin' after me like a rollin' train.

4. I can still see the day that you came to me on the painted desert
   In your busted down Ford and your platform heels,
   I could never figure out why you chose that particular place to meet.
   Ah, but you were right. It was perfect as I got in behind the wheel.

5. Well, we drove that car all night into San Anton',
   And we slept near the Alamo, your skin was so tender and soft.
   Way down in Mexico, you went out to find a doctor and you never came back.
   I would have gone on after you, but I didn't feel like letting my head get blown off.

6. Well, we're drivin' this car and the sun is comin' up over the Rockies,
   Now I know she ain't you, but she's here and she's got that dark rhythm in her soul.
   But I'm too over the edge, and I ain't in the mood anymore to remember the times when I was your only man,
   And she don't want to remind me. She knows this car would go out of control.
   \textit{Chorus}

7. Well, we crossed the panhandle and then we headed towards Amarillo.
   We pulled up where Henry Porter used to live. He owned a wreckin' lot outside of town about a mile.
   Ruby was in the backyard hanging clothes, she had her red hair tied back. She saw us come rolling up in a trail of dust.
   She said, "Henry ain't here, but you can come on in, he'll be back in a little while."

8. Then she told us how times were tough, and about how she was thinkin' of bummin' a ride back to from where she started.
   But ya know, she changed the subject every time money came up.
   She said, "Welcome to the land of the living dead." You could tell she was so broken-hearted.
   She said, "Even the swap meets around here are getting pretty corrupt."
9. "How far are y'all going?" Ruby asked us with a sigh.
   "We're going all the way till the wheels fall off and burn,
   Till the sun peels the paint, and the seat covers fade, and the water mocassin dies."
   Ruby just smiled and said, "Ah, you know some babies never learn."

10. Something about that movie though, well, I just can't get it out of my head.
    But I can't remember why I was in it, or what part I was supposed to play.
    All I remember about it was Gregory Peck and the way people moved,
    And a lot of them seemed to be lookin' my way.

   Chorus

11. Well, they were looking for somebody with a pompadour,
    I was crossin' the street when shots rang out.
    I didn't know whether to duck or to run, so I ran.
    "We got him cornered in the Churchyard," I heard somebody shout.

12. Well, you saw my picture in the Corpus Christi Tribune. Underneath it, it said, "A man with no alibi."
    You went out on a limb to testify for me, you said I was with you.
    Then, when I saw you break down in front of the judge and cry real tears,
    It was the best acting I saw anybody do.

13. Now, I've always been the kind of person that doesn't like to trespass, but sometimes you just find yourself over the line.
    Oh, if there's an original thought out there, I could use it right now.
    You know, I feel pretty good, but that ain't sayin' much. I could feel a whole lot better,
    If you were just here by my side to show me how.

14. Well, I'm standin' in line in the rain to see a movie starring Gregory Peck.
    Yeah, but you know it's not the one that I had in mind.
    He's got a new one out now, I don't even know what it's about.
    But I'll see him in anything, so I'll stand in line.

   Chorus

15. You know, it's funny how things never turn out the way you had'em planned.
    The only thing we knew for sure about Henry Porter is that his name wasn't Henry Porter.
    And you know, there was somethin' about you baby that I liked, that was always too good for this world.
    Just like you always said, there was somethin' about me you liked that I left behind in the French Quarter.

16. Strange how people who suffer together have stronger connections than people who are most content.
    I don't have any regrets, they can talk about me plenty when I'm gone.
    You always said people don't do what they believe in, they just do what's most convenient, then they repent.
    And I always said, "Hang on to me, baby, and let's hope that the roof stays on."

17. There was a movie I seen one time, I think I sat through it twice.
    I don't remember who I was or where I was bound.
    All I remember about it was it starred Gregory Peck, he wore a gun and he was shot in the back,
    Seems like a long time ago, long before the stars were torn down.

   Chorus (repeat and fade)
JOKERMAN
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Brightly
Bb

1. Standing on the waters casting your bread, While the

mf

Cm/Bb

eyes of the idol with the iron head are glowing.

F/Bb

Bb

Distant ships sailing

Eb/Bb

Bb

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into the mist. You were born with a snake in both of your
fists while a hurricane was blowing.

Freedom just around the corner for you.

But with the truth so far off, what good will it do?
Chorus:

Joker man dance to the

-nightingale tune. Bird fly high by the

light of the moon. Oh, oh, oh, Joker

erman.

[1-5.

D.C. (instrumental) and fade]
Additional Lyrics

2. So swiftly the sun sets in the sky.
   You rise up and say goodbye to no one.
   Fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
   Both of their futures, so full of dread, you don’t show one.
   Shedding off one more layer of skin,
   Keeping one step ahead of the persecutor within.
   Chorus

3. You’re a man of the mountains, you can walk on the clouds.
   Manipulator of crowds, you’re a dream twister.
   You’re going to Sodom and Gomorrah,
   But what do you care? Ain’t nobody there would want to marry your sister.
   Friend to the martyr, a friend to the woman of shame,
   You look into the fiery furnace, see the rich man without any name.
   Chorus

4. Well, the Book of Leviticus and Deuteronomy,
   The law of the jungle and the sea are your only teachers.
   In the smoke of the twilight on a milk-white steed,
   Michelangelo indeed could’ve carved out your features.
   Resting in the fields, far from the turbulent space,
   Half asleep near the stars with a small dog licking your face.
   Chorus

5. Well, the rifleman’s stalking the sick and the lame,
   Preacherman seeks the same, who’ll get there first is uncertain.
   Nightsticks and water cannons, teargas, padlocks,
   Molotov cocktails and rocks behind every curtain.
   Falsehearted judges dying in the webs that they spin,
   Only a matter of time till night comes steppin’ in.
   Chorus

6. It’s a shadowy world, skies are slippery grey.
   A woman just gave birth to a prince today and dressed him in scarlet.
   He’ll put the priest in his pocket, put the blade to the heat,
   Take the motherless children off the street,
   And place them at the feet of a harlot.
   Oh, Jokerman, you know what he wants,
   Oh, Jokerman, you don’t show any response.
   Chorus
CONGRATULATIONS
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow

Chorus:

1. Congratula-tions for break-in’ my heart... Congratua-

la-tions for tear-ing it all a-part... Congratua-

la-tions, you fi-n’ly did suc-ceed... Congratua-

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1. This morning I looked out my window and found a bluebird singing but there was no one around. At night I lay alone in my bed, with an image of you going around in my head.

2. Congratulations for leaving me in need.
Chorus:

use to pretend

3. Congratulations

for

Chorus 2. Congratulations for bringing me down.
Congratulations, now I'm sorrow bound.
Congratulations, you got a good deal.
Congratulations, how good you must feel.

2. I guess I must have loved you more than I ever knew,
My world is empty now 'cause it don't have you.
And if I had just one more chance to win your heart again,
I would do things differently, but what's the use to pretend.

Chorus 3. Congratulations, for making me wait.
Congratulations, now it's too late.
Congratulations, you came out on top.
Congratulations, you never did know when to stop.
TWEETER AND THE MONKEY MAN
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, with a steady beat

Am

1. Tweet-er and the mon-key man were hard up for cash_, They stayed up all night_ selling
cocaine and hash_, To an un-der-cover cop who had a sis-ter named Jan_, For

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reasons unexplained she loved the monkey man. Tweet-er was a boy scout before she went to Vietnam, And found out the hard way nobody gives a damn. They knew that they found freedom just across the Jersey line, So they hopped into a stolen car, took

Chorus:

highway ninety-nine. And the walls came down
all the way to hell,
Never saw them when they're standing,

saw them when they fell.

2-4.

2.

3. Am

4. Some-

5. Now the

saw them when they fell.
2. The undercover cop never liked the monkey man,
   Even back in childhood, he wanted to see him in the can.
   Jan got married at fourteen to a racketeer named Bill,
   She made secret calls to the monkey man from a mansion on the hill.

   It was out on Thunder Road - Tweeter at the wheel,
   They crashed into paradise - they could hear them tires squeal.
   The undercover cop pulled up and said, "Everyone of you's a liar,
   If you don't surrender now, it's gonna go down to the wire.

   Chorus:

3. An ambulance rolled up - a state trooper close behind,
   Tweeter took his gun away and messed up his mind,
   The undercover cop was left tied up to a tree
   Near the souvenir stand by the old abandoned factory.

   Next day the undercover cop was hot in pursuit,
   He was taking the whole thing personal, he didn't care about the loot.
   Jan had told him many times, it was you to me who taught,
   In Jersey anything's legal as long as you don't get caught.

   Chorus:

4. Someplace by Rahway prison, they ran out of gas.
   The undercover cop had cornered them, said, "Boy, you didn't think that this could last."
   Jan jumped out of bed, said, "There's someplace I gotta go."
   She took a gun out of the drawer and said, "It's best if you don't know."

   The undercover cop was found face down in a field,
   The monkey man was on the river bridge using Tweeter as a shield,
   Jan said to the monkey man, "I'm not fooled by Tweeter's curl.
   I knew him long before he ever became a Jersey girl."

   Chorus:

5. Now the town od Jersey City is quieting down again,
   I'm sitting in a gambling club called the Lion's Den.
   The TV set been blown up, every bit of it is gone
   Ever since the nightly news show that the monkey man was on.

   I guess I'll go to Florida and get myself some sun,
   There ain't no more opportunity here, everything's been done.
   Sometime I think of Tweeter, sometime I think of Jan,
   Sometime I don't think about nothing but the monkey man.

   Chorus:
EVERYTHING IS BROKEN
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, with a steady beat

E7

Broken lines,— broken strings,— broken threads,—

A7

broken springs,— broken i-dols, broken heads,—

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People sleeping in broken beds.

Ain't no use jiving,

Ain't no use joking.

Ev'rything is broken.

Broken bottles, broken plates,.
Broken switches, broken gates, broken dishes,

Broken parts, streets are filled with broken hearts.

Broken words, never meant to be spoken,

Everything is broken.
Seem like every time you stop and turn around, Something else just hit the ground.

Broken cutters, broken saws, Broken buckles, broken laws, Broken bodies, broken bones,
Broken voices on broken phones. Take a deep breath.

feel like you're choking,

Everything is broken.

Every time you leave and go off

(f opt. 2nd time)

someplace,

Things fall to pieces in my face.
Broken hands, broken ploughs, broken treaties,
broken vows, broken pipes, broken tools,
people bending broken rules, hound dog howling,
bullfrog croaking, everything is broken.
THE GROOM’S STILL WAITING AT THE ALTAR

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow funky blues

1. Prayed in the ghetto with my face in the cement,

Heard the last moan of a boxer, seen the massacre of the innocent,
Felt a-round for the light switch, became nause-at-ed She was
walk-ing down the hal- way while the walls de-te-ri-o-rat-ed.

East of the Jor-dan, hard as the Rock of Gib-ral-tar.

I see the
burning of the page,  
Curtain rising on a new age,  See the

groom still waitin' at the altar.
Additional Lyrics

2. Try to be pure at heart, they arrest you for robbery,
   Mistake your shyness for aloofness, your silence for snobbery,
   Got the message this morning, the one that was sent to me
   About the madness of becomin’ what one was never meant to be.

   West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar,
   I see the burning of the stage,
   Curtain risin’ on a new age,
   See the groom still waitin’ at the altar.

3. Don’t know what I can say about Claudette that wouldn’t come back to haunt me,
   Finally had to her give up ‘bout the time she began to want me.
   But I know God has mercy on them who are slandered and humiliated.
   I’d a-done anything for that woman if she didn’t make me feel so obligated.

   West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar,
   I see the burning of the cage,
   Curtain risin’ on a new stage,
   See the groom still waitin’ at the altar.

4. Put your hand on my head, baby, do I have a temperature?
   I see people who are supposed to know better standin’ around like furniture.
   There’s a wall between you, and what you want and you got to leap it.
   Tonight you got the power to take it, tomorrow you won’t have the power to keep it.

   West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar,
   I see the burning of the stage,
   Curtain risin’ on a new age,
   See the groom still waitin’ at the altar.

5. Cities on fire, phones out of order,
   They’re killing nuns and soldiers, there’s fighting on the border.
   What can I say about Claudette? Ain’t seen her since January.
   She could be respectfully married or running a whorehouse in Buenos Aires.

   West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar,
   I see the burning of the stage,
   Curtain risin’ on a new age,
   See the groom still waitin’ at the altar.
SWEETHEART LIKE YOU
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly, with a beat
E

C#m

B

1. Well, the pressure's down, the boss ain't here. He gone north. He ain't ar

mf

round.

They say that vanity got the best of

C#m

B

A

him, but he sure left after sun-down.

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By the way, that's a cute hat. And that smile's so hard to resist.

But what's a sweetheart like you do in 'in a dump like this?

1. B9sus4  2. B9sus4  3. A

2. You know, I
3. You know, a You know,
Bridge I:

You can make a name for yourself.

Hear them tires squeal.

Beautiful woman who ever crawled across cut glass to make a deal.

You can be known as the most
news of you__ has come down the line e - ven be -
fore ya came in the door._ They say in your
fa - ther's house, there's man - y mansions, Each one of them
got a fire-proof floor.
Snap out of it, baby, people are jealous of you. They

smile to your face, but behind your back they hiss.

What's a sweetheart like you do

in' in a dump like this?
Additional Lyrics

2. You know, I once knew a woman who looked like you.
   She wanted a whole man, not just a half.
   She used to call me "sweet daddy" when I was only a child.
   You kind of remind me of her when you laugh.
   In order to deal in this game, got to make the queen disappear.
   It's done with a flick of the wrist.
   What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

3. You know, a woman like you should be at home.
   That's where you belong.
   Watch out for someone who loves you true
   Who would never do you wrong.
   Just how much abuse will you be able to take?
   Well, there's no way to tell by that first kiss.
   What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

   (to Bridge I, then to Verse 4.)

Bridge II. Got to be an important person to be in here, honey.
   Got to have done some evil deed.
   Got to have your own harem when you come in the door.
   Got to play your harp until your lips bleed.

5. They say that patriotism is the last refuge
   To which a scoundrel clings.
   Steal a little and they throw you in jail,
   Steal a lot and they make you King.
   There's only one step down from here, baby,
   It's called the land of permanent bliss.
   What's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?
HURRICANE
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

1. Pistol shots ring out in the bar, room night,
   Enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall.
   She sees the bartender in a pool of blood.
Cries out, “My God, they killed them all!”

Here comes the story of the

Hurricane,

The man the authorities came to blame.

For somethin’ that he never done,

Put in a prison cell, but

one time he could’a been

The champion of the world.
Additional Lyrics

2. Three bodies lyin' there does Patty see,
   And another man named Bello, movin' around mysteriously.
   "I didn't do it," he says, and he throws up his hands,
   "I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand,
   I saw them leavin'," he says, and he stops.
   "One of us had better call up the cops."
   And so Patty calls the cops,
   And they arrive on the scene with their red lights flashin'
   In the hot New Jersey night.

3. Meanwhile, far away in another part of town,
   Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are drivin' around.
   Number one contender for the middleweight crown,
   Had no idea what kinda shit was about to go down,
   When a cop pulled him over to the side of the road,
   Just like the time before and the time before that.
   In Paterson that's just the way things go,
   If you're black you might as well not show up on the street,
   'Less you wanna draw the heat.

4. Alfred Bello had a partner and he had a rap for the cops,
   Him and Arthur Dexter Bradley were just out prowlin' around.
   He said, "I saw two men runnin' out, they looked like middleweights.
   They jumped into a white car with out-of-state plates."
   And Miss Patty Valentine just nodded her head,
   Cop said, "Wait a minute boys, this one's not dead."
   So they took him to the infirmary,
   And though this man could hardly see,
   They told him that he could identify the guilty men.

5. Four in the mornin' and they haul Rubin in,
   Take him to the hospital and they bring him upstairs.
   The wounded man looks up through his one dyin' eye,
   Says, "Wha'd you bring him in here for? He ain't the guy!"
   Yes, here's the story of the Hurricane,
   The man the authorities came to blame,
   For somethin' that he never done.
   Put in a prison cell, but one time he coulda been
   The champion of the world.

6. Four months later, the ghettos are in flame,
   Rubin's in South America, fightin' for his name,
   While Arthur Dexter Bradley's still in the robbery game,
   And the cops are puttin' the screws to him, lookin' for somebody to blame,
   "Remember that murder that happened in a bar?"
   "Remember you said you saw the getaway car?"
   "You think you'd like to play ball with the law?"
   "Think it mighta been that fighter that you saw runnin' that night?"
   "Don't forget that you are white."
7. Arthur Dexter Bradley said, "I'm really not sure,"
Cops said, "A poor boy like you could use a break.
We got you for the motel job and we're talkin' to your friend Bello,
Now you don't wanna have to go back to jail, be a nice fellow.
You'll be doin' society a favor,
That sonofabitch is brave and gettin' braver.
We want to put his ass in stir,
We want to pin this triple murder on him,
He ain't no Gentleman Jim."

8. Rubin could take a man out with just one punch,
But he never did like to talk about it all that much.
"It's my work," he'd say, "and I do it for pay.
And when it's over I'd just as soon go on my way,
Up to some paradise,
Where the trout streams flow and the air is nice,
And ride a horse along a trail."
But then they took him to the jail house,
Where they try to turn a man into a mouse.

9. All of Rubin's cards were marked in advance,
The trial was a pig-circus, he never had a chance.
The judge made Rubin's witnesses drunkards from the slums,
To the white folks who watched he was a revolutionary bum.
And to the black folks he was just a crazy nigger,
No one doubted that he pulled the trigger,
And though they could not produce the gun,
The D. A. said he was the one who did the deed.
And the all-white jury agreed.

10. Rubin Carter was falsely tried,
The crime was murder-one, guess who testified?
Bello and Bradley, and they both baldly lied,
And the newspapers, they all went along for the ride.
How can the life of such a man
Be in the palm of some fool's hand?
To see him obviously framed,
Couldn't help but make me feel ashamed to live in a land
Where justice is a game.

11. Now all the criminals in their coats and their ties
Are free to drink martinis and watch the sun rise,
While Rubin sits like Buddha in a ten-foot cell,
An innocent man in a living hell.
That's the story of the Hurricane,
But it won't be over till they clear his name,
And give him back the time he's done,
Put in a prison cell, but one time he coulda been
The champion of the world.
SHOT OF LOVE
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, with a steady beat

Bb m

I need a shot of love... I need a

shot of love... I Don't need a shot of heroin to kill my disease. Don't

Bb m

(funky)

need a shot of turpentine; only bring me to my knees... Don't
need a shot of codeine
to help me to repent... Don’t

need a shot of whiskey,
help me be president...
I need a

Eb  Db  Bbm

shot of love...
I need a

Eb  Db  Bbm

shot of love...
Doctor, can you hear me? I need some Medicaid. I seen the kingdoms of the world and it's making me feel afraid.

What I got ain't painful, it's just bound to kill me dead. Like the men that followed Jesus when they put a price upon his head. I need a
I need a shot of love.

I need a shot of love.

I need a shot of love.

I need a shot of love.
shot of love. I need a shot of love.

If you're a doctor, I need a shot of love.

repeat and fade
Additional Lyrics

3. I don’t need no alibi when I’m spending time with you.
   I’ve heard all of them rumors and you have heard ’em too.
   Don’t show me no picture show, or give me no book to read,
   I don’t satisfy the hurt inside nor the habit that it feeds.
   I need a shot of love.
   I need a shot of love.

4. Why would I want to take your life?
   You’ve only murdered my father, raped his wife.
   Tattooed my babies with a poison pen.
   Mocked my God, humiliated my friends.
   I need a shot of love.

5. Don’t wanna be with nobody tonight,
   Veronica not around nowhere, Mavis just ain’t right.
   There’s a man that hates me and he’s swift, smooth and near,
   Am I supposed to set back and wait until he’s here?
   I need a shot of love.
   I need a shot of love.

6. What makes the wind wanna blow tonight?
   Don’t even feel like crossing the street and my car ain’t actin’ right.
   Called home; everybody seemed to have moved away.
   My conscience is beginning to bother me today
   I need a shot of love.
   I need a shot of love.

(To 3rd ending)
IDIOT WIND
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly, with a steady beat

Cm

1. Some-one's got it in for me, They're planting stories in the press.

G

Who-ever it is, I wish they'd cut it out But

D

when they will, I can only guess. They

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say I shot a man named Gray. And took his wife to Italy.

She inherited a million bucks. And when she died, it came to me. I can't help it if I'm lucky.

People see me all the time. And they just can't remember how to
act._________ Their minds are filled with big ideas.

imag...es and distorted facts.

Even you, yesterday, you had to ask me where it was at. I

couldn't believe, after all these years, you didn't know me better than that.
sweet lady...

Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your mouth,
Blowing down the back roads headin'

south.

Idiot wind,
blowing every time you move your teeth. You're an
idiot, babe. It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe...
Additional Lyrics

2. I ran into the fortune teller, who said beware of lightning that might strike.
   I haven't know peace and quiet for so long, I can't remember what it's like.
   There's a lone soldier on the cross, smoke pourin' out of a boxcar door.
   You didn't know it, you didn't think it could be done,
   in the final end he won the war after losin' every battle.

   I woke up on the roadside, daydreamin' 'bout the way things sometimes are.
   Visions of you chestnut mare shoot through my head and are makin' me see stars.
   You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies.
   One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes,
   blood on your saddle.

   Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb,
   Blowing through the curtains in your room.
   Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth.
   You're an idiot, babe,
   It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

3. It was gravity which pulled us down, and destiny which broke us apart.
   You tamed the lion in my cage, but it just wasn't enough to change my heart.
   Now everything's a little upside down,
   as a matter of fact, what's bad is good.
   You'll find out when you reach the top, you're on the bottom.

   I noticed at the ceremony you corrupt ways had finally made you blind.
   I can't remember your face anymore,
   your mouth has changed, your eyes don't look into mine.
   The priest wore black on the seventh day,
   and sat stone-faced while the building burned.
   I waited for you on the running boards near the cypress trees
   while the springtime turned slowly into autumn.

   Idiot wind, blowing like a circle around my skull,
   From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol.
   Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth.
   You're an idiot, babe,
   It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

4. I can't feel you anymore, I can't even touch the books you've read.
   Every time I crawl past your door,
   I been wishin' I was somebody else instead.
   Down the highway, down the tracks, down the road to ecstasy,
   I followed you beneath the stars,
   hounded by your memory and all your ragin' glory.

   I been doublecrossed now for the very last time,
   and now I'm finally free.
   I kissed goodbye the howling beast
   on the borderline which separated you from me.
   You'll never know the hurt I suffered not the pain I rise above.
   And I'll never know the same about you, your holiness
   or your kind of love,
   And it makes me feel so sorry.

   Idiot wind, blowing through the buttons of our coats,
   Blowing through the letters that we wrote.
   Idiot wind, blowing through the dust upon our shelves.
   We're idiots, babe,
   It's a wonder we can even feed ourselves.
SOMETHING THERE IS ABOUT YOU

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

1. Some-thing there is a-bout you
2. Thought I'd shak-en the won-der
3. Some-thing there is a-bout you

Moderately bright
that
that

Am

G

strikes a match...in me._
phantoms of my youth._
moves with style...and grace._

Is it the way your bod-
Rainy days on the
I was in a whirl-

C

Am

G

-y moves,
Great Lakes,
wind,
or is it the way your hair blows free._
walk-in' the hills of old Duluth._
now I'm in some better place._

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Or is it be-cause you re-mind me
There was me and Dan-ny Lo-pez,
My hand’s on the sa-ber, and

of some-thin’ that used cold eyes,- black night and then there was Ruth.
you’ve picked up on the ba-ton.

Some-thin’ that’s crossed o-ver Some-thin’ there is a-bout you from an-o ther cen tu ry.
that brings back a long for -got -ten truth.
Suddenly I found you, and the spirit in me sings.

Don't have to look no further, you're the soul of many things.

I could say that I'd be faithful,

I could say it in one sweet, easy breath. But to
you that would be cruelty, and to me it surely would be death.

D.C. al Coda

Some-thin' there is about you that I can't quite

put my finger on.
IN THE GARDEN
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, with a gospel beat

1. When they came for Him in the garden, Did they know? When they

Cm

G+

E

F

know He was the Son of God? Did they know that He was Lord? Did they

G 000

C/G

G

C/G
hear when He told Pe-ter, "Pe-ter, put up your sword"? When they

came for Him in the gar-den, Did they know? When they

came for Him in the gar-den, Did they know?

2. When He

spoke to them in the cit-y, Did they hear? When He
Cm

G+

Eb

F

spoke to them in the city, Did they hear?

G

x000

C/G

x 0

G

x000

C/G

Nicodemus came at night So he wouldn't be seen by men,

G

x000

C/G

Say-ing, "Mas-ter, tell me why__ A man must be born again."

When He

A

D/A

A

D/A

spoke to them in the city, Did they hear? When He
Additional Lyrics

3. When He healed the blind and crippled,
   Did they see?
   When He healed the blind crippled,
   Did they see?
   When He said, “Pick up your bed and walk. Why must you criticize?
   Same thing my Father do,
   I can do likewise.”
   When He healed the blind and crippled,
   Did they see?
   When He healed the blind and crippled,
   Did they see?

4. Did they speak out against Him,
   Did they dare?
   Did they speak out against Him,
   Did they dare?
   The multitude wanted to make Him king,
   Put a crown upon his head.
   Why did He slip away
   To a quiet place instead?
   Did they speak out against Him,
   Did they dare?
   Did they speak out against Him,
   Did they dare?

5. When He rose from the dead,
   Did they believe?
   When He rose from the dead,
   Did they believe?
   He said, “All power is given to Me
   In heaven and on earth.”
   Did they know right then and there
   What that power was worth?
   When He rose from the dead,
   Did they believe?
   When He rose from the dead,
   Did they believe?
   Did they know right then and there
   What that power was worth?
   When He rose from the dead,
   Did they believe?
SHENANDOAH

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

1. Oh,

Shen-an-doh-ah, I long to hear you. Look away,
sou-ri is a might-y riv-er.

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you roll in' river.

Oh,

Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Indians camp along her border.

Look away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri.

[1.]

[2.]

2. Now the Mis-

3. Well, a
white man loved an Indian maiden.

Look away, you rollin' river.

With notions his canoe was laden.

Look away, we're bound away across the wide Mississippi.

1-3.  

4. Oh.  

5. For  

6. Well, it's  

Look a
Additional Lyrics

4. Oh, Shenandoah, I love your daughter.
   Look away, you rollin' river.
   It was for her I'd cross the water.
   Look away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri.

5. For seven long years I courted Sally.
   Look away, you rollin' river.
   Seven more years I longed to have her.
   Look away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri.

6. Well, it's fare-thee-well, my dear, I'm bound to leave you.
   Look away, you rollin' river.
   Shenandoah, I will not deceive you.
   Look away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri.
SILVIO

Words and Music by Bob Dylan & Robert Hunter

Moderately bright

Stake my future on a hell of a past. One of these days and it won't be long. Going down in the valley and coming on fast. Ain't complaining 'bout what I got. Sing my song. I will sing it loud and sing it strong. Let the

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seen bet - ter times but who has not?

ech - o de - cide if I was right or wrong.

Sil - vi - o, sil - ver and gold won't buy back the beat of a heart

grown cold. Sil - vi - o, I got - ta go

find out some - thing only dead men know.
Hon-est as the next jade rol-ling that stone, When I come a-knock-in', don't give what I got un-til I got no more; I take what I get un-til

throw me no bone, I ev-en the score. I'm an old boll wee-vil look-ing You know I love you and

for a home, If you don't like it you can leave me a-lone. I can fur-ther more, When it's time to go you got an o-pen door... I can
snap my fingers and require the rain._ From a clear blue sky and turn it

tell you fancy, I can tell you plain._ You give something up for ev'ry-

off again._ I can stroke your body and relieve your pain._

Charm the whistle off an evening train._ Silvio,

Pay for your ticket and don't complain._

silver and gold won't buy back the beat of a heart grown cold._
Sil-vi-o, I gotta go, find out some-thing only
dead men know...

F C G
1.

F C G
2.

C G

D.S. al Coda
dead men know...
Sil - vi - o, silver and gold won't

buy back the beat of a heart grown cold

Sil - vi - o, I gotta go

find out something only dead men know.

repeat and fade
JUST LIKE A WOMAN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow (with a \( \frac{3}{4} \) feel)

F \hspace{1cm} Bb \hspace{1cm} C7 \hspace{1cm} F

1. No - bod - y feels an - y pain,
2. Mar - y, she's my friend.
% I just can't fit.

To -
Yes, I be -
Yes, I be -

Bb \hspace{1cm} C7 \hspace{1cm} F

night as I stand inside the rain,
lieve I'll go see her a - gain.
lieve it's time for us to quit.

Ev - 'ry - bod - y knows that
No - bod - y has to guess that
When we meet a - gain,

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Baby's got new clothes. But late-ly, I fi-nal-ly see her
baby can't be blessed Till she sees don't let on

introduced as friends, Please fin-al-ly that

ribbons and her bows have fall-en from her
she's like all the rest____ with her fog, her am-phet-a-mine, and her
that you knew me when____ I was hun-gry, and it was your____

curls. She takes just like a wom-an, yes, she does... She
pearls. She takes just like a wom-an, yes, she does... She
world. Ah, you fake just like a wom-an, yes, you do. You
makes love just like a woman, yes, she does. And she aches just like a
makes love just like a woman, yes, she does. And she aches just like a
make love just like a woman, yes, you do. Then you ache just like a

woman, But she breaks just like a little girl.
woman, But she breaks just like a little girl.
woman, But you

1. F
2. F

2. Queen It was
rain- ing_ from the first, _ And I was dy- ing there of thirst. So I came in here.

And your long - time curse_ hurts_ But what’s worse is this

pain in here,… I can’t stay in here, Ain’t it clear_ that

break just like a lit - tle girl.
I’LL BE YOUR BABY TONIGHT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

F

Close your
(Shut the)
eyes,
light,

Close the
doors,
Shut the
shade,

mf

G7

You don’t have to worry
You don’t have to be afraid,

You don’t have to worry
You don’t have to be afraid,

Bb

C7

I’ll be your baby to

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night.

Shut the

Well, that mocking-bird's gonna sail away,

F

We're gonna forget it, That big, fat moon is gonna

G

shine like a spoon. But, we're gonna let it, You won't regret it. Kick your

C7

No chord
shoes off,

Do not fear,

Bring that bottle over here,

I'll be your baby tonight.