A HARD RAIN'S A-GONNA FALL
Bob Dylan

1. Strophe:
C C4 C C4 C
Oh, were have you been, my blue-eyed son?
C G7
Oh, were have you been, my darling young one?
F G7 C
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,
F G7 C
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways,
F G7 C
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests,
F G7 C
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans,
F G7 C
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard.

Refrain:
C G7 C F
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard.
C G7 C C4 C
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

2. Strophe:
Oh what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you see, my darling young one
I saw a new born baby with wild wolves all around it,
I saw a highway of diamonds with nobody on it;
I saw a black branch with blood that kept dripping,
I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleeding,
I saw a white ladder all covered with water,
I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,
I saw guns and harp swords in the hands of young children.

Refrain:

3. Strophe:
And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder that roared out a warning,
I heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,
I heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a-blazing,
I heard ten thousand whispering and nobody listening,
I heard one person starve,
I heard many people laughing,
I heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,
I heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley.

Refrain:

4. Strophe:
Oh who did you meet, my blue-eyed son?
And who did you meet, my darling young one?
I met a young child beside a dead pony,
I met a white man who walked a black dog,
I met a young woman whose body was burning,
I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,
I met one man who was wounded in love,
I met another man who was wounded in hatred.

Refrain:

5. Strophe:
And what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
And what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a going back out before the rain starts a-falling,
I'll walk to the depth of the deepest dark forest,
Where the people are many and their hands are all empty,
Where the pellets of poison are flooding their waters,
Where the home in the valley meets the damp dirty prison,
And the executioner's face is always well hidden,
Where hunger is ugly, where the souls are forgotten,
Where black is the colour, where none is the number,
And I'll tell it and speak it and think it and breathe it,
And reflect from the mountain so all souls can see it,
Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinking,
But I'll know my song well before I start singing:

Refrain:
Abandoned Love

Bob Dylan

Intro:
G D G
My heart is telling me, I love you still

G Em
I can see the turning of the key
C D
I've been deceived by the clown inside of me
Bm C
I thought that he was righteous but he's vain
G D G
Something's telling me, I wear the ball and chain

G Em
My patron saint is a-fighting with a ghost
C D
He's always off somewhere when I need him most
Bm C
The Spanish moon is rising on the hill
G D G
But something's telling me, I love you still

G Em
I come back to the town from the flaming ruins
C D
But when I see you in the street I begin to swoon
Bm C
I love to see you dress before the mirror
G D G
Won't you let me in your room one time, before I finally disappear

G Em
Everybody's wearing a disguise
C D
To hide what they've got left behind their eyes
Bm C
But me I can't cover what I am
G   D   G
Wherever their children go, I'll follow them

G                Em
I'm marching the parade of liberty
C                D
But as long as I love you I'm not free
Bm           C
How long must I suffer such abuse
G             D   G
Won't you let me see you smile, before I turn you loose

G                 Em
I've given up the game I've got to leave
C            D
The pot of gold is only make believe
Bm              C
The treasure can't be found by men who search
G           D   G
Who's gods are dead and whose queens are in the church

G                      Em
We sat in an empty theater and we kissed
C              D
I asked you please to cross me off your list
Bm            C
My head tells me it's time to make a change
G            D   G
But my heart is telling me, I love you but you're strange

**Harmonica Solo: Same Chords As Verse**

G                          Em
So one more time at midnight near the wall
C            D
Take off your heavy makeup and your shawl
Bm            C
Won't you descend from the throne from whence you sit
G             D   G
And let me feel your love one more time, before I finally abandon it
Absolutely Sweet Marie

Bob Dylan

Intro: D

D         G          A7              D
Well, your railroad gate, you know I just can't jump it.
G         D          A7
Sometimes it gets so hard, you see.

D           G          A7         D       Bm
I'm just sitting here beating on my trumpet,
F#m                    D          A7
with all these promises you left for me.
G              A7            D
But where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

D            G       A7      D
Well, I waited for you when I was half sick.
G            D          A7
Yes I waited for you when you hated me.

D            G              A7        D        Bm
Well, I waited for you inside of the frozen traffic
F#m                    D         A7
When you knew I had some other place to be.
G              A7            D
Now, where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Bb                       D
Well, anybody can be just like me, obviously,
Bb                                          D             A7
But then, now again, not too many can be like you, fortunately.

D     G         A7     D
Well, six white horses that you did promise me
G     D          A7
Where finally delivered down to the penitentiary.

D                G           A7      D       Bm
But to live outside the law, you must be honest.
F#m                         D       A7
I know you always say that you agree,
G                   A7            D
But where are you tonight, sweet Marie?
Now, I been in jail when all my mail showed
That a man can't give his address out to bad company,
And now I stand here lookin' at your yellow railroad
In the ruins of your balcony,
Wond'ring where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Well I don't know how it happened, But the riverboat captain, he knows my fate
But ev'rybody else, even yourself, they're just gonna have to wait.
Well, I got the fever down in my pockets,
The Persian drunkard, he follows me.
Yes, I can take him to your house, but I can't unlock it.
You see, you forgot to leave me with the key.
Oh, where are you tonight, sweet Marie?
All Along The Watchtower

Bob Dylan

Am        G            F            G   Am
There must be some kind of way out of here
Am        G            F            G   Am
Said the joker to the thief
Am        G            F            G   Am
There's too much confusion
Am        G            F            G   Am
I can't get no relief
Am        G            F            G   Am
Business men they drink my wine
Am        G            F            G   Am
Plow men dig my earth
Am        G            F            G   Am
None would ever compromise
Am        G            F            G   Am
Nobody of this world

Am        G            F            G   Am
No reason to get excited
Am        G            F            G   Am
The thief he kindly spoke
Am        G            F            G   Am
There are many here among us
Am        G            F            G   Am
Who feel that life is but a joke
Am        G            F            G   Am
But you and I we've been through that
Am        G            F            G   Am
And this is not our place
Am        G            F            G   Am
So let us stop talking falsely now
Am        G            F            G   Am
The hour's getting late

Am        G            F            G   Am
All along the watchtower
Am        G            F            G   Am
Princess kept the view
Am          G          F          G          Am
While all the women came and went
Am          G          F          G          Am
Barefoot servants too
Am          G          F          G          Am
Outside in the cold distance
Am          G          F          G          Am
A wildcat did growl
Am          G          F          G          Am
Two riders were approaching
Am          G          F          G          Am
And the wind began to howl

Am          G          F          G          Am
All along the watchtower
Am          G          F          G          Am
All along the watchtower
Am          G          F          G          Am
All along the watchtower
Angelina / Bob Dylan

Angelina

C                      F            C
1.      Farewell Angeline, the bells of the crown
        F          C
are being stole by bandits, I must follow the sound
        F           G
The triangle tingles, the music plays slow
        Am            Em        Am         Em    F          C
But farewell Angelina, the night is on fire, and I must go.

2.      There is no use in talking and there's no need for blame
        There is nothing to prove, everything still is the same
        The table stands empty by the edge of the stream
        But farewell Angelina, the sky's changing colors, and I must leave.

3.      The jacks and the queens they have forsake the courtyard
        Fifty-two gypsies now file past the guard
        In the space where the duece and the ace once ran wild
        Farewell Angelina, the sky is folding, I'll see you after a while.

4.      See the cross-eyed pirate sit perched in the sun
        Shooting tin cans with a sawed-off shotgun
        And the coporels and the neighbors clap and cheer with each blast
        But farewell Angelina, the sky is trembling, and I must leave fast.

5.      Kong Kong little elves in the rooftops they dance
        Valentino-type tangos while the hero's clean hands
        Shut the eyes of the dead not to embarass anyone
        Farewell Angelina, the sky is flooding over, and I must be gone.

6.      The camouflaged parrot, he flutters from fear
        When something he doesn't know about suddenly appears
        What can not be imitated perfect must die
        Farewell Angelina, the sky's flooding over, and I must go where it's dry.

7.      Machine guns are roaring, puppets have rocks
        At misunderstood visions and the faces of clocks
        Call me any name you like, I will never deny it
        But farewell Angelina, the sky is erupting, and I must go where it's quiet.
Baby I'm In The Mood For You

Bob Dylan

Intro: G  G6  G/B

G
Sometimes I'm in the mood I wanna milk my milk cow low
C                                                   G
Sometimes I'm in the mood I wanna leave my lonesome home
G                                 B7               C
Sometimes I'm in the mood I wanna hit that highway road
G         D            G     C
But then again and again I said oh oh oh
G      D                    G
Oh Babe I'm in the mood for you

G
Sometimes I'm in the mood I wanna turn my back to the wall
C                                                   G
Sometimes I'm in the mood I wanna live in my pony stall
G                                 B7               C
Sometimes I'm in the mood I ain't gonna do nothin at all
G         D            G     C
But then again and again I said oh I said oh I said
G      D                    G
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

G
Sometimes I'm in the mood I wanna change my house around
C                                                   G
Sometimes I'm in the mood I wanna change the things in the town
G                                 B7               C
Sometimes I'm in the mood I wanna change the whole world around
G         D            G     C
But then again and again I said oh I said oh I said
G      D                    G
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you

G
Sometimes I'm in the mood I'm gonna give away all my sins
C
Sometimes I'm in the mood I wanna walk the road again
G
Sometimes I'm in the mood and I'm bound to lose again
B7
But then again and again I said oh I said oh I said
C
Oh babe, sometimes I'm in the mood for you
Blowing in the wind

Bob Dylan

C      F      C    C/H Am
How many roads must a man walk down,
C      F      G7
before you call him a man, Yes
C      F      C    C/H Am
how many seas must a white dove sail,
C      F      G7
before she sleeps in the sand, Yes
C      F      C    C/H Am
how many times must a cannon ball fly,
C      F      G7
before they forever banned?

F      G7      C    C/H Am
R: The answer my friend, is blowing in the wind,
F      G7      C
The answer is blowing in the wind.

C      F      C    C/H Am
How many times must a man look up,
C      F      G7
before he can see the sky? Yes
C      F      C    C/H Am
how many ears must one man have,
C      F      G7
before he can hear the people cry? Yes
C      F      C    C/H Am
how many death will it take, till he knows,
C      F      G7
that too many peoples have died?

R:

C      F      C    C/H Am
How many years can a mountain exist,
C      F      G7
before it is washed to the sea? Yes
C      F      C    C/H Am
how many years can some people exist,
Blowing in the wind

C               F          G7
before they're allowed to be free? Yes
C         F          C   C/H      Am
how many times can a man turn his head,
C            F          G7
pretending he just didn't see?

R:
Bob Dylan's Dream

Bob Dylan

G       Am
While riding on a train going west
   C       D
I fell asleep for to take my rest.
   D7       D       G
I dreamed a dream that made me sad
   Am       D       C       G
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

G       Am
With half damp eyes I stared to the room
   C       D
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon,
   D7       D       G
Where we together weathered many a storm,
   Am       D       C       G
Laughing and singing 'till the early hours of the morn.

G       Am
By the old wooden stove where our hats were hung,
   C       D
Our words were told and our songs were sung;
   D7       D       G
We longed for nothing and were satisfied
   Am       D       C       G
Talking and joking about the world outside.

G       Am
With haunted hearts through the heat and cold,
   C       D
We never thought we could get very old
   D7       D       G
We thought we could sit forever in fun
   Am       D       C       G
Though our chances really were a million to one.

G       Am
As easy it was to tell black from white,
It was all that easy to tell wrong from right;
Our choices were few and the thought never hit
That the one road we traveled would ever shatter and split.

Ah many a year has passed and gone,
And many a gamble has been lost and won;
And many a road taken by many a friend,
And each one of them I've never seen again.

I wish, I wish, I wish in vain,
That we could sit simply in that room once again;
Ten thousand dollars at the drop of a hat,
I'd give it all gladly if our lives could be like that.

While riding on a train going west
I fell asleep for to take my rest.
I dreamed a dream that made me sad
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.
**Buckets Of Rain**  

**Bob Dylan**

G6 \(D\) G6 \(D\)  
Buckets of rain, buckets of tears,  
G6 \(D\) G6 \(D\)  
Got all them buckets comin' out of my ears.  
G \(D\)  
Buckets of moonbeams in my hand,  
A \(G\) F#m \(A7/E\) \(D\)  
I got all the love, honey baby, you can stand.

G6 \(D\) G6 \(D\)  
I been meek and hard like an oak,  
G6 \(D\) G6 \(D\)  
I seen pretty people disappear like smoke.  
G \(D\)  
Friends will arrive, friends will disappear,  
A \(G\) F#m \(A7/E\) \(D\)  
If you want me, honey baby, I'll be here.

G6 \(D\) G6 \(D\)  
Like your smile and your fingertips,  
G6 \(D\) G6 \(D\)  
Like the way that you move your lips.  
G \(D\)  
I like the cool way you look at me,  
A \(G\) F#m \(A7/E\) \(D\)  
Everything about you is bringing me misery.

G6 \(D\) G6 \(D\)  
Little red wagon, little red bike,  
G6 \(D\) G6 \(D\)  
I ain't no monkey but I know what I like.  
G \(D\)  
I like the way you love me strong and slow,  
A \(G\) F#m \(A7/E\) \(D\)  
I'm taking you with me, honey baby, when I go.
G6      D      G6      D
Life is sad, life is a bust,
G6      D      G6      D
All you can do is do what you must.
G                  D
You do what you must do and you do it well,
A              G      F#m       A7/E      D
I'll do it for you, honey baby, can't you tell.
Changing Of The Guards

Bob Dylan

Intro: Ab

Fm
Sixteen years,
Ab Eb Fm
Sixteen banners united over the fields
Db Eb
While the good shepherd grieves
Fm Ab Eb
Desperate men, desperate women divided,
Fm Db Eb Ab
Spreading their wings 'neath the falling leaves.

Fm
Fortune calls.
Ab Eb Fm
I stepped forth from the shadows, to the marketplace,
Db Eb Fm
Merchants and thieves, hungry for power, my last deal gone down.
Ab Eb Fm
She's smelling sweet like the meadows where she was born,
Db Eb Ab
On midsummer's eve, near the tower.

**Interlude

Fm
The cold-blooded moon.
Ab Eb
The captain waits above the celebration
Fm Db Eb
Sending his thoughts to a beloved maid
Fm Ab Eb
Whose ebony face is beyond communication.
Fm Db Eb Ab
The captain is down but still believing that his love will be repaid.
They shaved her head.

She was torn between Jupiter and Apollo.

A messenger arrived with a black nightingale.

I seen her on the stairs and I couldn't help but follow,

Follow her down past the fountain where they lifted her veil.

**Interlude**

I stumbled to my feet.

I rode past destruction in the ditches

With the stitches still mending 'neath a heart-shaped tattoo.

Renegade priests and treacherous young witches

Were handing out the flowers that I'd given to you.

The palace of mirrors

Where dog soldiers are reflected,

The endless road and the wailing of chimes,

The empty rooms where her memory is protected,

Where the angels' voices whisper to the souls of previous times.

**Interlude**

She wakes him up

Forty-eight hours later, the sun is breaking
Near broken chains, mountain laurel and rolling rocks.

She's begging to know what measures he now will be taking

He's pulling her down and she's clutching on to his long golden locks.

Gentlemen, he said,

I don't need your organization, I've shined your shoes,

I've moved your mountains and marked your cards

But Eden is burning, either get brave for elimination

Or else your hearts must have the courage for the changing of the guards.

**Interlude**

Peace will come

With tranquility and splendor on the wheels of fire

But will offer no reward when her false idols fall

And cruel death surrenders with its pale ghost retreating

Between the King and the Queen of Swords.

The "Interlude" (That The Sax Plays) Is:

E -6-8-9-8-8------6-6-----4-4---(repeat 3 times)---  Ab
B -----------------------------------------------    6p4-4--4---
G -----------------------------------------------
D -----------------------------------------------
A -----------------------------------------------
E -----------------------------------------------
Dear Landlord

Bob Dylan

C                             E7
Dear Landlord, please don't put a price on my soul,
Am            Am/G  F                Em      Dm
My burden is heavy, my dreams are beyond control.
F                             F7
When that steamboat whistle blows,
Bb
I'm gonna give you all I got to give,
C             Dm7    C        C7
And I do hope you receive it well,
F         Gm                  Dm     F G
Depending on the way you feel that you live.

C                             E7
Dear Landlord, please heed these words that I speak,
Am            Am/G  F                Em      Dm
I know you've suffered much, but in this you are not so unique.
F                             F7
All of us at times we might work too hard
Bb
To have it too fast and too much,
C             Dm7    C        C7
And anyone can fill his life up with things he can see
     F       Gm    Dm     F G
But he just cannot touch.

C                             E7
Dear Landlord, please don't dismiss my case,
Am            Am/G  F                Em      Dm
I'm not about to argue, I'm not about to move to no other place.
F                             F7
Now each of us has his own special gift,
Bb
And you know this was meant to be true,
C             Dm7    C        C7
And if don't underestimate me,
     F       Gm    Dm     F G
I won't underestimate you.
They're selling postcards of the hanging.

They're painting the passports brown.

The beauty parlour's filled with sailors.

The circus is in town.

Here comes the blind commissioner.

They've got him in a trance.

One hand's tied to the tightrope walker.

The other is in his pants.

And the riot squad they're restless

They need some where to go.

As lady and I look out tonight

On Desolation Row.

Cinderella she seem so easy.

It takes on to know one she smiles.

Then puts her hand in her back pocket,

Betty Davis style.

Then in comes Romeo he's moaning.

You Belong to me I believe.

And someone says your in the wrong place my friend
G            D
You better leave.
                    G
And the only sound that's left
                    D
After the ambulances go.
                    D    A7
Is Cinderella sweeping up
G            D
On Desolation Row.

D
Now the moon is almost hidden
                    G           D
The stars are beginning to hide
                    A7
The fortune telling lady
G                                  D
Has already taken all her things inside.
D
All except for Cane and Able
                    G           D
And the Hunch Back of Notre Dame
                    A7
Everyone is making love
G                                  D
Or else expecting rain
G
And the good Samaritan he's dressing
                    D
He's gettin ready for the show.
                    D    A7
He's going to the carnival
G                                   D
Tonight on Desolation Row.

D
Now Ophelia she's 'neath the window.
                    G           D
For her I feel so afraid.
                    A7
On her twenty-second birthday
G                                   D
She already is an old maid.
To her death is quite romantic.

She wears an iron vest.

Her profession's her religion,

Her sin is her lifelessness.

And though her eyes are fixed upon

Noah's great rainbow

She spends her time peeking

Into Desolation Row.

Einstein disguised as Robin Hood

With his memories in a trunk

Passed this way an hour ago

With his friend a jealous monk.

He looked so frightful

As he bummed a cigarette

Then went off sniffing drain pipes

And reciting the alphabet.

No you would not think to look at him

That he was famous long ago

For playing electric violin

On Desolation Row.

Doctor filth he keeps his word
Inside a leather cup
But all his sexless patients
Are trying to blow it up.
Now his nurse a local looser
She's in charge of the cyanide hole
And she also keeps the cards that read
Have mercy on his soul.
They all play on penny whistles
You can hear them blow
If you lean your head out far enough
From Desolation Row

Across the street they've nailed the curtains
They're gettin ready for the feast
The phantom of the opera
A perfect image of a priest
They're spoon feedin Casanova
To get him to feel more assured
Then they'll killed him with self confidence
After poisoning him with words
And the phantom shouting to skinning girls
Get outta her don't you know
Casanova is just being punished
For going to Desolation Row.

Now at midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crews
Round up everyone
That knows more than they do.
Then they bring them to the factory
Where the heart attack machines
Is strapped across their shoulders
And then the kerosene
Is brought down from the castles
By insurance men that go
Check to see that nobody is escaping
To Desolation Row

Praise be to Nero's Neptune
The Titanic sails at dawn
And everybody shouting
Which side are you on
And Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot
Fighting in the captains tower
While calypso signers laugh at them
And fishermen hold flowers
Between the windows of the sea
Where lovely mermaids flow
And nobody has to think too much
About Desolation Row

Yes I received your letter yesterday
About the time the door knob broke.
When you asked me how I was
Was that some kind of joke.
All those people that you mention
Yes I know them they're quite lame.
I had to rearrange their faces
And give them all another name.
Right now I can't read too good
Don't send me no more letters no.
Not unless you mail them from
Desolation Row.
D       G D       D7
Fat man lookin' in a blade of steel, thin man lookin' at his last meal
G       D       G D
Hollow man lookin' in a cotton field for dignity
D       G D       D7
Wise man lookin' in a blade of grass, young man lookin' in the shadows that pass
G       D       G D
Poor man lookin' through painted glass for dignity

Chorus 1:
A
Somebody got murdered on New Year's Eve
G       D
Somebody said dignity was the first to leave
G       F#m
I went into the city, went into the town
Em       A        A(2)
Went into the land of the midnight sun

D       G D       D7
Searchin' high, searchin' low, searchin' everywhere I know
G       D       G D
Askin' the cops wherever I go, "Have you seen Dignity?"

D       G D       D7
Blind man breakin' out of a trance, puts both his hands in the pocket of chance
D       G D
Hopin' to find one circumstance of dignity

D       G D       D7
I went to the wedding of Mary-Lou, she said I don't want nobody see me talkin to you
G       D       G D
Said she could get killed if she told me what she knew about dignity

Chorus 2:
A
I went down where the vultures feed
G       D
I would've gone deeper, but there wasn't any need
G       F#m
Heard the tongues of angels and the tongues of men,
Em       A        A(2)
Wasn't any difference to me
Chilly wind sharp as a razor blade, house on fire, debts unpaid
Gonna stand at the window, gonna ask the maid, "Have you seen dignity?"

Drinkin' man listens to the voice he hears in a crowded room full of covered up mirrors
Lookin' into the lost forgotten years for dignity

Met Prince Philip at the home of the blues said he'd give me information if his name wasn't used
He wanted money up front, said he was abused by dignity

Chorus 3:
Footprints runnin' cross the silver sand,
Steps goin' down into tattoo land
I met the sons of darkness and the sons of light,
In the bordertowns of despair

Got no place to fade, got no coat, I'm on the rollin' river in a jerkin' boat
Tryin' to read a note somebody wrote about dignity

Sick man lookin' for the doctor's cure, lookin' at his hands for the lines that were
And into every masterpiece of literature for dignity

Englishman stranded in the blackheart wind combin' his hair back his future looks thin
Bites the bullet and he looks within for dignity

Chorus 4:
Someone showed me a picture and I just laughed,
Dignity never been photographed

I went into the red, went into the black,

Into the valley of dry bone dreams

So many roads, so much at stake, so many dead ends, I'm at the edge of the lake

Sometimes I wonder what it's gonna take to find dignity
Dirge

Bob Dylan

Intro: Gm  Cm  Gm  Cm

Dm                      Gm                      Dm             Gm
I hate myself for lovin' you  And the weakness that I showed ...  
Dm                      Gm                      Dm             Am
You were just a painted face  On a trip down Suicide Road.   
Bb                       Dm                       Gm
The stage was set, the lights went out  All around the old hotel  
Bb                     Eb                  Bb            Cm        Gm
I hate myself for lovin' you  And I'm glad the curtain fell.

Dm                      Gm                      Dm             Gm
I hate that foolish game we played  And the need that was expressed  
Dm                      Gm                      Dm             Am
And the mercy that you showed to me  Whoever would have guessed  
Bb                       Dm                       Gm
I went out on Lower Broadway  And I felt that place within  
Bb                     Eb                  Bb            Cm        Gm
That hollow place where martyrs weep  And angels play with sin

Dm                      Gm                      Dm             Gm
Heard your songs of freedom  And man forever stripped 
Dm                      Gm                      Dm             Am
Acting out his folly  While his back is being whipped  
Bb                       Dm                       Gm
Like a slave in orbit  He's beaten 'til he's tame  
Bb                     Eb                  Bb            Cm        Gm
All for a moment's glory  And it's dirty, rotten shame

Dm                      Gm                      Dm             Gm
There are those who worship loneliness  I'm not one of them  
Dm                      Gm                      Dm             Am
In this age of fiberglass  I'm searching for a gem  
Bb                       Dm                       Gm
The crystal ball up on the wall  Hasn't shown me nothing yet  
Bb                     Eb                  Bb            Cm        Gm
I've paid the price of solitude  But at least I'm out of debt
Can't recall a useful thing  You ever did for me
'Cept pat me on the back one time  When I was on my knees
We stared into each other's eyes  'Til one of us would break
No use to apologize  What diff'rence would it make

So sing your praise of progress  And of the Doom Machine
The naked truth is still tabu  Whenever it can be seen
Lady Luck who shines on me  Will tell you where I'm at
I hate myself for lovin' you  But I should get over that
DON`T THINK TWICE, IT`S ALL RIGHT

Bob Dylan

G   D   e   C   G-D7
Well it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, Babe, it don`t matter anyhow.

G   D   e   A   D-D7
And it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, Babe, if you don`t know by now.

G   G7

When your rooster crows at the break of dawn,
C   A7

look out your window and I'll be gone,
G   D   e   C   G   D   G-D

you're the reason I'm a travelling on, but don't think twice, it's all right.

G   D   e   C   G-D7
And it ain't no use in turning on your light babe, the light I never knewed.

G   D   e   A   D-D7

And it ain't no use in turning on your light babe, I'm on the dark side of the road.

G   G7

Well I wish there was something you would do or say,
C   A7

to try and make me change my mind and stay.
We never did too much talking anyway, so don't think twice, it's all right.

So it ain't no use in calling out my name, gal, like you never done before.

And it ain't no use in calling out my name, gal, I can't hear you any more.

I'm a thinkin' and a wonderin', walkin' down the road,

I once loved a woman, a child I am told.

I'd give her my heart but she wanted my soul, don't think twice, it's all right.

So long honey, Babe, where I'm bound, I can't tell.

Goodbye is too good a word, Babe, so I'll just say fare the well.

I ain't a sayin' that you treated me unkind,

you could have done better, but I don't mind
you just kinda wasted my precious time, don't think twice, it's all right.
Emotionally Yours

Bob Dylan

Intro: C C/B Am F C C/B F F

C C/B Am F C C/B F
Come baby, find me, come baby, remind me of where I once begun.
C C/B Am F C C/B F
Come baby, show me, show me you know me, tell me you're the one.
Am F C F C G G11 G
I could be learning, you could be yearning to see behind closed doors.
C C/B Am F C G11 C
But I will always be emotionally yours.

C C/B Am F C C/B F
Come baby, rock me, come baby, lock me into the shadows of your heart.
C C/B Am F C C/B F
Come baby, teach me, come baby, reach me, let the music start.
Am F C F C G G11 G
I could be dreaming but I keep believing you're the one I'm living for.
C C/B Am F C G11 C
And I will always be emotionally yours.

Fmaj7 Fmaj7 C C
It's like my whole life never happened,
Fmaj7 Fmaj7 C C
When I see you, it's as if I never had a thought.
E7 E7 Am Am
I know this dream, it might be crazy,
D7 D7 G11 G
But it's the only one I've got.

C C/B Am F C C/B F
Come baby, shake me, come baby, take me, I would be satisfied.
C C/B Am F C C/B F
Come baby, hold me, come baby, help me, my arms are open wide.
Am F C F C G G11 G
I could be unraveling wherever I'm traveling, even to foreign shores.
C C/B Am F C G11 C
But I will always be emotionally yours.
Broken lines, broken strings, broken threads, broken springs
Broken idols, broken heads, people sleeping in broken beds
Ain't no use jivin', ain't no use jokin'
Everything 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

Seems like every time you stop and turn around
Something else has 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 chokin'
Everything is broken

Every time you leave and go off some place
Things fall to pieces in my face
E7
Broken hands on broken plows, broken treaties, broken vows
A7                 E7
Broken pipes, broken tools, people bending broken rules
B7                 A7
Hound dog howlin', bullfrog croakin'
E7
Everything is broken
FAREWELL ANGELINA
DYLAN, BOB

1. Farewell Angelina, the bells of the crown
   /Am /Em /F /C
   Are being stolen by bandits, I must follow the sound
   /C /C7 /F /G
   The triangle tinges and the trumpets play slow
   /Am /Em /Am /Em /F /G
   Farewell Angelina, the sky is on fire and I must go

2. There's no need for anger, there's no need for blame
   There's nothing to prove, everything's still the same
   Just a table standing empty by the edge of the sea
   Means farewell Angelina, the sky is trembling and I must leave

3. The jacks and the queens have forsaked the courtyard
   52 gipsies now file past the guards
   In the space were the deuce and the ace once ran wild
   Farewell Angelina, the sky is falling, I'll see you in a while

4. See the crosseyed pirates sitting perched in the sun
   Shooting tin cans with a sawed-off shotgun
   And the neighbours they clap and they cheer with each blast
   But farewell Angelina, the sky is changing color and I must leave fast

5. King Kong little elves on the roof tops they dance
   Valentino-type tangoes while they make-up man's hands
   Shut the eyes of the dead, not to embarass anyone
   But farewell Angelina, the sky is embarassed and I must go

6. The machine guns are roaring and the puppets hear rocks
   And friends nail time bombs to the hands of the clocks
   Call me any name you like, I will never deny it
   But farewell Angelina, the sky is erupting, I must go where it's quiet
FOREVER YOUNG
DYLAN, BOB

/D
1. May god blessing keep you always
   /Fism
   May your wishes all come true
   /Em
   May you always do for others
   /G /D
   And let others do for you
   /D
   May you build a ladder to the stars
   /Fism
   To climb on every run
   /G /A
   And may you stay
   /D
   Forever young

   /A /Hm
Ref.: Forever young, forever young
   /D /A /D
   May you stay, forever young

2. May you grow up to be righteous
   May you grow up to be true
   May you always know the truth
   And see the lights surrounding you
   May you always be courageous
   Stand up right and be strong
   And may you stay
   Forever young

Ref.: Forever young ...

3. May your hands always be busy
   May your feet always be swift
   May you have a strong foundation
   When the winds of changes shift
   May your heart always be joyful
   May your song always be sung
   And may you stay
   Forever young

Ref.: Forever young ...

Ref.: (Instrumental) (3x)
George Jackson

Bob Dylan

G          D
I woke up this morning,
  C       Am
There were tears in my bed.
G          D
They killed a man I really loved,
  C     Am
Shot him through the head.
G          D          C                          Am
Lord, Lord they cut George Jackson down.
G          D          C                          G
Lord, Lord they laid him in the ground.

G          D
Sent him off to prison,
  C       Am
For a seventy dollar robbery.
G          D
Closed the door behind him,
  C     Am
And they threw away the key.
G          D          C                          Am
Lord, Lord they cut George Jackson down.
G          D          C                          G
Lord, Lord they laid him in the ground.

G          D
He wouldn't take shit from no one,
  C       Am
He wouldn't bow down or kneel.
G          D
The authorities they hated him,
  C     Am
Because he was just too real.
G          D          C                          Am
Lord Lord so they cut George Jackson down.
G          D          C                          G
Lord Lord they laid him in the ground.
The prison guards they cursed him,
As they watched him from above.
But they were frightened of his power,
They were scared of his love.
Lord, Lord they cut George Jackson down.
Lord, Lord they laid him in the ground.

Sometimes I think this whole world,
Is one big prison yard.
Some of us are prisoners,
The rest of us are guards.
Lord Lord they cut George Jackson down.
Lord Lord they laid him in the ground.
Girl From The North Country

Bob Dylan

G         C           D           G
Well, if you're travellin' in the north country fair,
G
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline
C               G
Remember me to one who lives there
G          C           D           G
She once was a true love of mine.

G         C           D           G
Well, if you go in the snowflake storm
G
When the rivers freeze and summer ends
C               G
Please see she has a coat so warm
G          C           D           G
To keep her from the howlin' winds.

G         C           D           G
Please see for me if her hair hangs long
G
If it rolls and flows all down her breast,
C               G
Please see for me if her hair hangs long,
G          C           D           G
That's the way I remember her best.

G         C           D           G
I'm a wonderin' if she remembers me at all
G
Many times I've often prayed
C               G
In the darkness of my night
G          C           D           G
In the brightness of my day.
So if you're travellin' in the north country fair,
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline
Remember me to one who lives there,
She once was a true love of mine.
Hurricane

Bob Dylan

Intro: Am   F   Am   F

Am                              F
Pistol shots ring out in the bar room night
Am                              F
Enter Patty Valentine from the upper hall
Am                              F
She sees the bartender in a pool of blood
Am                              F
Cries out "My God they killed them all!"
C                           F
Here comes the story of the Hurricane,
C                          F
The man the authorities came to blame
Dm                          C
For something that he never done
Dm                       C
Put in a prison cell but one time
Em                Am   F                  C  G  Am  F  Am  F
He could have been the champion of the world

Am                              F
Three bodied lying there does Patty see
Am                              F
And another man named Bello moving mysteriously
Am                              F
"I didn't do it" he says, and he throws up his hands
Am                              F
"I was only robbin' the register, I hope you understand
C                           F
I saw them leavin','" he says and he stops
C                          F
One of us had better call the cops
Dm                          C
So Patty calls the cops
Dm                       C
And they arrive on the scene with their red lights flashin'
Em        Am   F        C  G  Am  F  Am  F
In the hot New Jersey night
Meanwhile somewhere in another part of town
Rubin Carter and a couple of friends are driving around
Number one contender for the middleweight crown
Had no idea what kind of shit was about to go down
When a cop pulled him over on the side of the road
Just like the time before and the time before that
In Paterson that just the ways things go
If you black you might as well not show up on the streets
Less you wanna draw the heat

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 middle-weights"
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 although this man could hardly see
They told him that he could identify the guilty men

Four in the morning and they haul Rubin in
Take him to the hospital and bring him upstairs
The wounded man looks up though his one dying eye
Says "why'd you bring him here for? He ain't the guy!"
Yes, here the story of the Hurricane
The man the authorities came to blame
For something that he never done
Put in a prison cell but one time he could've been
The champion of the world

Four months later the ghetto's 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 screw to him looking 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 might have been that fighter that you saw running that night?"
"Don't forget that you are white"

Arthur Dexter Bradley said "I'm really not sure"
Cops said "A poor boy like you could really use a break"
We got you for the motel job and were talking to your friend Bello
Now you don't want to have to go back to jail, be a nice fellow
You'll be doin' society a favor
That son of a bitch is brave and getting braver
We want to put his ass in the stir
We want to pin this trip murder on him
He ain't no Gentleman Jim"

Rubin could take a man out with just one punch
He never did like to talk about it all that much
It's my work he'd say, 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 make a man into a mouse

All of Rubin's card 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
but to the black folks he was 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
Rubin Carter was falsely tried
The crime was murder "one", guess who testified?
Bello and Bradley and the both badly lied
And the newspapers 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 be ashamed to live in a land

Now all the criminal 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
And innocent man in a living hell
That's the story of the Hurricane
But it won't be over till they clear him name
And give him back the time he's done
Put in a prison cell but one time he could've been

The champion of the world
I And I

Bob Dylan

Am C G
Been so long since a strange woman slept in my bed,
D
See how sweet she sleeps,
Am C G
How free must be her dreams.
Am C G
In another lifetime she must of owned the world,
G
Or been faithfully wed,
D
To some righteous king who wrote love songs,
Am C G
Beside moonlit streams,

Am G D Am C G
I and I, in Creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives,
Am G D Am
I and I, One said to the other, no mans sees my face and lives.

Am C G
Took an untrodden path once where the swift don't win the race,
D
It goes to the worthy,
Am C G
Who can can divine the word of truth.
Am C G
It took a stranger to see teach me,
G
To look into justices' beautiful face.
D
And to see an eye for an eye,
Am C G
And a tooth for a tooth.

Am G D Am C G
I and I, in Creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives,
I and I, One said to the other, no mans sees my face and lives.

Think I'll go out, an' go for a walk.
Not much happening here,
But then again nothin' ever does
Besides if she wakes up now,
She'll just want me to talk,
An I got nothing to say,
Specially about what ever it was.

I and I, in Creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives,
I and I, One said to the other, no mans sees my face and lives.
They say everything can be replaced
Yet every distance is not near
So I remember every face
Of every man who put me here.
I see my light come shining
From the west unto the east.

Any day now,
Any day now,
I shall be released

They say every man needs protection.
They every man must fall.
Yet I swear I see my reflection,
Somewhere so high above the wall.
I see my light come shining,
From the west unto the east.

Any day now,
Any day now,
I shall be released
Well yonder stands a man in this lonely crowd,
A man who swears he not to blame.
All day long I hear him cry shouting loud,
Calling out that he's been framed.
I see my light come shining,
From the west unto the east.
Any day now,
I shall be released
I Want You
Bob Dylan

F
The guilty undertaker sighs,
    Am
The lonesome organ grinder cries,
    Dm          C
The silver saxophone's say I should refuse you.
    Bb
The cracked bells and washed-out horns
    C
Blow into my face with scorn,
    Dm
But it's not that way,
    C
I wasn't born to lose you.
    F           Am
I want you, I want you,
    Dm          C
I want you so bad,
    F
Honey, I want you.

    F
The drunken politician leaps
    Am
Upon the street where mothers weep
    Dm
And the saviors who are fast asleep,
    C
They wait for you.
    Bb
And I wait for them to interrupt
    C
Me drinkin' from that broken cup
    Dm
And ask me to
    C
Open up the gate for you.
    F           Am
I want you, I want you,
I want you so bad,
F
Honey, I want you.

Am
Now all my fathers, they've gone down,
Dm
True love they've been without it.
Am
But all their daughters put me down
Bb C
'Cause I don't think about it.

F
Well, I return to the Queen of Spades
Am
And talk with my chambermaid.
Dm
She knows that I'm not afraid
C
To look at her
Bb
She is good to me
C
And there's nothing she doesn't see.
Dm
She knows where I'd like to be
C
But it doesn't matter.
F Am
I want you, I want you,
Dm C
I want you so bad
F
Honey, I want you.

F
Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit,
Am
He spoke to me, I took his flute.
Dm
No, I wasn't very cute to him,
Was I?
    Bb
But I did it, though, because he lied
C
Because he took you for a ride
    Dm
And because time was on his side
    C
And because I...
    F           Am
I want you, I want you,
    Dm          C
I want you so bad
    F
Honey, I want you.
Idiot Wind

Bob Dylan

Am    B                                   E
Someone's got it in for me, they're planting stories in the press
Am    B                                   E
Whoever it is I wish they'd cut it out but when they will I can only guess
C#m   G#m   F#m                           E
They say I shot a man named Gray and took his wife to Italy
C#m   G#m   F#m                           E
She inherited a million bucks and when she died it came to me
G#m   A
I can't help it if I'm lucky

Am    B                                   E
People see me all the time and they just can't remember how to act
Am    B                                   E
Their minds are filled with big ideas, Images and distorted facts
C#m   G#m   F#m                           E
Even you, yesterday you had to ask me where it was at
C#m   G#m   F#m                           E
I couldn't believe after all these years
G#m   A
You didn't know me better than that, sweet lady

Chorus 1:
E    A                                   E
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your mouth
A                               B
Blowing down the back roads headin' south
E    A                                   E
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth
A                               B
You're an idiot babe, it's a wonder that you still know how to breathe

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

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

Chorus 2:
E            A                               E
Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb
A                                 B
Blowing through the curtains in your room
E            A                               E
Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth
A                                 B                                 E
You're an idiot, babe, it's a wonder that you still know how to breathe

Am                         B                               E
It was gravity which pulled us down and destiny which broke us apart
Am                         B                               E
You tamed the lion in my cage but it just wasn't enough to change my heart
C#m           G#m                F#m             E
Now everything's a little upside down as a matter of fact the wheels have stopped
C#m           G#m                F#m             E
What's good is bad, what's bad is good
G#m             A
You'll find out when you reach the top, you're on the bottom

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

Chorus 3:
E            A                               E
Idiot wind, blowing like a circle around my skull
A                                 B
From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Capitol
E            A                               E
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

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 double crossed 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 nor 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

Chorus 4:

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.
If You See Her, Say Hello

Bob Dylan


D(2)                                   G                                   D(2)  A                                  D(3)
If you see her say hello, she might be in Tangiers

G     D(2)                                    Em  Em/D  A
She left here last early spring, is living there I hear

Bm                            G     D                                  G
Say for me that I'm alright, though things get kind of slow

Bm                                  A
She might think that I've forgotten her

G                                   D(2)  DaddG  D(2)                                  D(3)
Don't tell her it isn't so

D(2)                                   G                                   D(2)  A                                  D(3)
We had a falling out, like lovers often will

G     D(2)                                    Em  Em/D  A
And to think of how she left that night, it still brings me a chill

Bm                            G     D                                  G
And though our separation, it pierced me to the heart

Bm                                  A
She still lives inside of me,

G                                   D(2)  DaddG  D(2)                                  D(3)
We've never been apart

D(2)                                   G                                   D(2)  A                                  D(3)
If you get close to her, kiss her once for me

G     D(2)                                    Em  Em/D  A
I always have respected her, for doin' what she did and gettin' free

Bm                            G     D                                  G
Whatever makes her happy, I won't stand in the way

Bm                                  A
Though the bitter taste still lingers on

G                                   D(2)  DaddG  D(2)                                  D(3)
From the night I tried to make her stay

D(2)                                   G                                   D(2)  A                                  D(3)
I see a lot of people, as I make the rounds
And I hear her name here and there as I go from town to town
And I've never gotten used to it, I've just learned to turn it off
Maybe I'm too sensitive,
Or else I'm gettin' soft
Sundown, yellow moon, I replay the past
I know every scene by heart, it all went by so fast
If she's goin' by this way, I'm not that hard to find
Tell her she can look me up
If she's got the time

**Instrumental:** A G A G A G D(2) Dsus4 D(2) A G A G A G D(3)

Chords:

```
D G A D(2) DaddG D(3) Em Em/D Bm :
D -0--5--7---4-----5-----4-----2---2----0-------(4)---
A -0--5--7---0-----0-----0-----2---2----2---------0----(0)---
D -0--5--7---3-----3-----3-----1---1----0---------0----(3)---
F# -0--5--7---0-----0-----0-----2---0-----0---------0----(0)---
A -0--5--7---0-----0-----5------x------x-----2-----0-2-4-5---
D -0--5--7---0-----0-----0------x------x-----0---------0----(0)---
```
I married Isis on the fifth day of May
But I could not hold on to her very long
So I cut off my hair and I rode straight away
For the wild unknown country where I could not go wrong

I came to a high place of darkness and light
The dividing line ran through the centre of town
So I hitched up my pony to a post on the right
Went into a laundry to wash my clothes down

A man in the corner approached me for a match
I knew right away he was not ordinary
He said "Are you lookin' for something easy to catch?"
I said "I ain't got no money", He said "That ain't necessary".

We set out that night for the cold in the North.
I gave him my blanket, he gave me his word
I said, "Where are we goin'?" He said we'd be back by the fourth.
I said "That's the best news I ever heard."
I was thinking about turquoise I was thinking about gold.

I was thinking about diamonds and the world's biggest necklace.

As we rode through the canyons, through the devilish cold,

I was thinking about Isis, how she thought I was so reckless.

How she told me that one day we'd meet up again,

And things would be different the next time we wed.

If I only hang on and just be her friend.

I still can't remember all the best things she said.

We came to the pyramids all embedded in ice.

He said "There's a body I'm trying to find,

If I carry it out it'll fetch a good price."

Twas then that I knew what he had on his mind.

The wind it was howling and the snow was outrageous.

We chopped through the night and we chopped through the dawn.

When he died I was hoping that it wasn't contagious,

But I made up my mind that I had to go on.

I broke into the tomb but the casket was empty

There were no jewels no nothing, I felt I'd been had.

When I saw that my partner was just being friendly,
When I took up his offer I must-a been mad

I picked up his body and I dragged it inside,
Threw down into the hole and I put back the cover.
I said a quick prayer and I felt satisfied
Then I rode back to Isis just to tell her I love her.

She was there in the meadow where the creek used to rise.
Blinded by sleep and in need of a bed.
I came in from the East with the sun in my eyes.
I cursed one time then rode on ahead.

She said "Where ya been?" I said "No place special."
She said "You look different." I said "Well I guess."
She said "You been gone." I said "That's only natural."
She said "You gonna stay." I said "Well if you want me to yes."

Isis oh Isis you're a mystical child
What drives me to you is what drives me insane
I still can remember the way that you smiled
On the fifth day of May in the drizzling rain
I'll Be Your Baby Tonight

Bob Dylan

F
Close your eyes, close the door
          G          G7
You don't have to worry any more
   Bb          C          F          C
I'll be your baby tonight

F
Shut the light, shut the shade
          G          G7
You don't have to be afraid
   Bb          C          F          C
I'll be your baby tonight

Bridge:
   Bb
Well, that mockingbird's gonna sail away
   F
We're gonna forget it
          G
That big, fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon
   C
But we're gonna let it, you won't regret it

   F
Kick your shoes off, do not fear
          G          G7
Bring that bottle over here
   Bb          C          F          C
I'll be your baby tonight
IT AINT ME BABE

DYLAN, BOB

1. Go away from my window
   Leave at your own chosen speed
   I'm not the one you want, Babe
   I'm not the one you need
   You say you're working for someone
   Never week but always strong
   To protect you and defend you
   Whether you are right or wrong
   Someone to open each and every door

Ref.: But it ain't me babe,

No no no, it ain't me babe

2. Go lightly from the ledge, Babe
   Go lightly on the ground
   I'm not the one you want, Babe
   I will only let you down
   You say you're looking for someone
   Who will promise never to part
   Someone to close his eyes for you
   Someone to close his heart
   Someone who will die for you and more

Ref.: But it ain't ...

3. Go melt back into the night, Babe
   Everything inside is made of stone
   There's nothing in here moving
   And anyway I'm not alone
   You say you're looking for someone
   Who will pick you up each time you fall
   To gather flowers constantly
   And to come each time you call
   A lover for your life and nothing more

Ref.: But it ain't ....
It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry

Bob Dylan

A
Well, I ride on a mail train, baby, can't buy a thrill
A
I been up all night, leanin' on the window sill
A A/G D E
Well, if I die on top of the hill
A
Well, if I don't make it mama, you know my baby will

A
Don't the moon look good mama, shinin' through the trees
A
Don't the brakemen look good mama, flaggin' down the double E's
A A/G D E
Don't the sun look good goin' down over the sea
A
But don't my gal look fine when she's comin' after me

A
Now the wintertime is coming, the windows are filled with frost
A
I went to tell everybody, but I could not get across
A A/G D E
I wanna be your lover baby, I don't wanna be your boss
A
Don't say I never warned you when your train gets lost
It's All Over Now, Baby steelblue

Bob Dylan

Am                                        G
You must leave now take what you need you think will last
Am                                       G
But whatever you wish to keep you better grab it fast
Am                                 G
Yonder stands your orphan with his gun
Am                        G
Crying like a fire in the sun.
Em                             D
Look out the Saints are comin' through
Am                D         G
And it's all over now, Baby steelblue.

Am                                        G
The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense
Am                                       G
Take what you have gathered from coincidence
Am                                        G
The empty handed painter from your streets
Am                                        G
Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets
Em                             D
This sky too, is folding under you
Am                D         G
And it's all over now, Baby steelblue.

Am                                        G
All your sea sick sailors, they are rowing home
Am                                       G
All your reindeer armies, are all going home
Am                                        G
The lover who just walked out your door
Am                                        G
Has taken all his blankets from the floor
Em                             D
The carpet too, is moving under you
Am                D         G
And it's all over now, Baby steelblue.
Am G
Leave your stepping stone behind, something calls for you
Am G
Forget the dead you've left, they will not follow you
Am G
The vagabond who's rapping at your door
Am G
Is standing in the clothes that you one wore
Em D
Strike another match, go start anew
Am D G
And it's all over now, Baby steelblue.
Just Like A Woman

Bob Dylan

C F G C
Nobody feels any pain
C F G C
Tonight as I stand inside the rain
F G F G
Everybody knows that baby's got new clothes
F Em Dm C F G
But lately I see her ribbons and her bows
Am C G
Have fallen from her curls

Chorus:
C Em F
She takes just like a woman, yes she does
C Em F
She makes love just like a woman, yes she does
C Em F
And she aches just like a woman
G C
But she breaks just like a little girl.

C F G C
Queen Mary, she's my friend
C F G C
Yes, I believe I'll go see her again
F G F G
Nobody has to guess that baby can't be blessed
F Em Dm C F G
Till she sees finally that she's like all the rest
Am C G
With her fog, her amphetamine and her pearls.

**Chorus

E7
It was rainin' from the first and I was dying there of thirst
C
So I came in here
E7
And your longtime curse hurts but what's worse
F          Dm
Is this pain in here, I can't stay in here,
F
Ain't it clear

C     F     G     C
That I just can't fit
C     F     G     C
Yes, I believe it's time for us to quit
F          G          F          G
When we meet again introduced as friends
F     Em     Dm      C     F          G
Please don't let on that you knew me when
     Am     C     G
I was hungry and it was your world.

**Chorus**
Just Like Tom Thumb's steelblues

Bob Dylan

Intro: D9 D      D  D C      C  C G      C  C G
                                          G
When you're lost in the rain, in Juarez, and it's Easter time too
                                          G
When your gravity fails, and negativity don't pull you through
                                          C
Don't put on any airs when you're down on Rue Morgue Avenue
                                          D  C                         G
They've got some hungry women there and they'll really make a mess out of you

**Intro (2x)

                                          G
If you see Saint Annie, please tell her thanks a lot
                                          G
I cannot move and my fingers, they are all in a knot
                                          C
I don't have the strength to get up and take another shot
                                          D  C                         G
And my best, my doctor, won't even say what it is that I've got

                                          G
Sweet Melinda, the peasants call her the goddess of gloom
                                          G
She speaks good English, and she invites you up into her room
                                          C
And you're so kind and careful not to go to her too soon
                                          D  C                         G
And she takes your voice, and leaves you howling at the moon

                                          G
Up on housing project hill, it's either fortune or fame
                                          G
You must pick one or the other, though neither of them ought to be what they claim
                                          C
And if you're lookin' to get silly, you better go back to from where you came
                                          D  C                         G
Cause the cops don't need you, and man, they expect the same

                                          G
Now all the authorities, they just stand around and boast
                                          G
How they blackmailed the sergeant at arms into leaving his post
And picking up Angel, who just arrived here from the coast
Who looked so fine at first, but left looking just like a ghost

I started out on burgundy, but soon hit the harder stuff
Everybody said they'd stand behind me when the game got rough
But the joke was on me, there was nobody there to even bluff
I'm going back to New York City, I do believe I've had enough
KNOCKING ON HEAVEN'S DOOR

( Bob Dylan )

G D Am G D Am
Uhh uhh uhh uhh, uhh uhh uhh uhh.

G D Am
Mama take this badge out of me,
G D C
I can't use it anymore.

G D Am
It's getting dark, to dark to see,
G D C
I feel I'm knocking on heaven's door

G D Am
Knock, knock, knocking on heavens door
G D Am
Knock, knock, knocking on heavens door

G D Am
Mama take this gun to the ground,
G D C
I can shoot then anymore.

G D Am
That long black cloud is comin' down,
G D C
I feel I'm knocking on heaven's door

G D Am
Knock, knock, knocking on heavens door
G D Am
Knock, knock, knocking on heavens door

G D Am
Mama waste the blood from my face,
D D C
I'm sucking tired of the war.

G D Am
I got a long black feeling and it's hard to trace,
G D C
I feel I'm knocking on heaven's door.

G D Am
Knock, knock, knocking on heavens door
G D Am
Knock, knock, knocking on heavens door
Lay lady lay

Bob Dylan

A       C#m/G#
Lay, lady, lay

G       Bm/F#       A       C#m       G-Bm
Lay across my big brass bed

A       C#m
Lay, lady, lay

G       Bm       A       C#m       G-Bm
Lay across my big brass bed

E       F#m       A
Whatever colors you have in your mind

E       F#m       A
I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine

C#m/G
Lay, lady, lay

G       Bm/F#       A       C#m       G-Bm
Lay across my big brass bed

A       C#m/G
Stay, lady, stay

G       Bm/F#       A       C#m       G-Bm
Stay with your man a while

A       C#m/G
Until the break of day

G       Bm/F#       A       C#m       G-Bm
Let me see you make him smile

E       F#m       A
His clothes are dirty but his hands are clean

E       F#m       A
And you're the best thing that he's ever seen

C#m/G
Stay, lady, stay

G       Bm/F#       A       C#m       G-Bm
Stay with your man a while

C#m       E       F#m       A
Why wait any longer for the world to begin
Lay lady lay
C#m   Bm A
You can have your cake and eat it too
C#m   E   F#m   A
Why wait any longer for the one you love
C#m   Bm
When he's standing in front of you
A    C#m
Lay, lady, lay
G     Bm    A   C#m G-Bm
Lay across my big brass bed
A    C#m
Stay, lady, stay
G     Bm    A   C#m G-Bm
Stay while the night is still ahead
E    F#m   A
I long to see you in the morning light
E    F#m   A
I long to reach for you in the night
C#m/G#
Stay, lady, stay
G     Bm/F#
Stay while the night is still ahead
Outtro: A-C#m \ G-Bm \ A-Bm \ C#m-D \ A
License To Kill

Bob Dylan

C  Am
Man thinks 'cause he rules the earth
          G       C
He can do with it as he please
          C       Am     G
And if things don't change soon, he will
          F       C
Oh, man has invented his doom
          C       G       F
First step was touching the moon
          Am     F     Am     F
Now there's a woman on my block
          Am     F     Am     F
She just sits there as the night grow still
          C       G       C       Fmaj7      Csus4      C
She say who gonna take away his license to kill

C  Am
Now, they take him and they teach him
          G       C
And they groom him for life
          C       Am     G
And they set him on a path where he's bound to get ill
          F       C
Then they bury him with stars
          C       G       F
Sell his body like they do used cars
          Am     F     Am     F
Now there's a woman on my block
          Am     F     Am     F
She just sit there facin' the hill
          C       G       C       Fmaj7      Csus4      C
She say who gonna take away his license to kill

C  Am
Now, he's hell bent for destruction
          G       C
He's afraid and confused
          C       Am     G
And his brain has been mismanaged with great skill
All he believes are his eyes
And his eyes they just tell him lies
But there's a woman on my block
Sitting there in a cold chill

She say who gonna take away his license to kill

May be noisemaker, spirit maker
Heartbreaker, backbreaker
Leave no stone unturned
May be an actor in a plot
That might be all that you got
Till your error you clearly learn

Now he worships at an altar
Of a stagnant pool
And when he sees his reflection he's fulfilled
Oh, man is opposed to fair play
He wants it all and he wants it his way
Now, there's a woman on my block
She just sit there as the night grow still

She say who gonna take away his license to kill

**Instrumental Verse**
LIKE A ROLLING STONE
Bob Dylan

1. Strophe:
C            Dm
Once upon a time you dressed so fine,
C            F            G7
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
C            Dm
People'd call, say "beware doll"
C            F            G7
You're bound to fall," you thought they were all, kiddin' you?
F            G
You used to laugh about,
F            G
Ev'rybody that was hangin' out',
F            C            Dm            C
Now you don't talk so loud,
F            C            Dm            C
Now you don't seem so proud.
F            G
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

Refrain:
G            C            F            G
How does it feel,
F            C            F            G
How does it feel,
F            C            F            G
To be without home,
F            C            F            G
Like a complete unknown,
F            C            F            G
Like a Rolling Stone?

2. Strophe:
You've gone to the finest school all right Miss Lonely,
But you know you only used to get, juiced in it.
And nobody's ever taught you how to live on the street
And now you're gonna have to get, used to it.
You said you'd never, compromise
With the mystery tramp, but now you realize
He's not selling any alibis
As you stare into the vacuum of his eyes
And ask him do want to make a deal?
Refrain:
3. Strophe:
You never turned around to see the frowns on the Jugglers and the clowns,
When they all come down, and did tricks for you.
You never understood that it ain't no good
You shouldn't let other people, get your kicks for you.
You used ride on the chrome horse with your diplomat
Who carried on his shoulder a Siamese cat,
Ain't it hard when you discovered that
He really wasn't where it's at
After he took from you everything he could steal.
Refrain:

4. Strophe:
Princess on the steeple
And all the pretty people're drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made.
Exchanging all kinds of precious gifts and things
But you'd better lift your diamond ring, you'd better pawn it babe,
You used to be amused
At Napoleon in rags and the language that he used
Go to him now, he calls you, you can't refuse
When you got nothing, you got nothing to lose,
You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.
Refrain:
Love Minus Zero/No Limit

Bob Dylan

D       A   G
My love, she speaks like silence
        D   A
Without ideals or violence
G         D
She doesn't have to say she's faithful
        Em7             A A6 A7
Yet she's true like ice, like fire
        D     A   G
People carry roses
        D  A
And make promises by the hour
        G         D
My love she laughs like the flowers
           Em   A7   D
Valentines can't buy her

D       A   G
In the dime stores and bus stations
        D   A
People talk of situations
        G         D
Read books, repeat quotations
           Em7             A A6 A7
Draw conclusions on the wall
        D     A   G
Some speak of the future
        D  A
My love, she speaks softly
        G         D
She knows there's no success like failure
           Em   A7   D
And that failure's no success at all

D       A   G
The cloak and dagger dangles
        D   A
Madams light the candles
In ceremonies of the horsemen

Even the pawn must hold a grudge

Statues made of match sticks

Crumble into one another

My love winks she does not bother

She knows too much to argue or to judge

The bridge at midnight trembles

The country doctor rambles

Bankers' nieces seek perfection

Expecting all the gifts that wise men bring

The wind howls like a hammer

The night wind blows cold n' rainy

My love, she's like some raven

At my window with a broken wing

Em7: 0 2 2 0 3 0
A6: x 0 2 2 2 2
A7: x 0 2 2 2 3
Man In the Long Black Coat

Bob Dylan

INTRO:
Dm      Cm      Bb      (2 times)

Gm           Bb           C        D
Gm           Bb           F            Gm
Crickets are chirpin' the water is high
Gm            Bb   C       D
There's a soft cotton dress on the line hangin' dry
Gm        Bb             F         Gm
Window's wide open African trees
Gm      Bb            C              D
Bent over backwards in a hurricane breeze
F VIII
Not a word, a goodbye, not even a note
Gm            Bb         F          Gm
She's gone with the man in the long black coat

Gm           Bb                C         D
Somebody seem him hangin' around
Gm          Bb            F          Gm
At the old dance hall on the outskirts of town
Gm      Bb        C          D
He looked into her eyes when she stopped him to ask
Gm        Bb          F            Gm
If he wanted to dance he had a face like a mask
F VIII
Somebody said, from the Bible he quote
Gm            Bb         F          Gm
There was dust on the man in the long black coat

Gm              Bb                C         D
Preacher was talkin' there's a sermon he gave
Gm        Bb        C          D
He said every man's conscience is vile and depraved
Gm      Bb            F    Gm
You cannot depend on it to be your guide
Gm      Bb            F    Gm
When it's you who must keep it satisfied
F VIII
It ain't easy to swallow, it sticks in the throat
       Gm           Bb         F          Gm
She give her heart to the man in the long black coat

One, two...
D#m                           Bb
There are no mistakes in life some people say
       G5 X                   F VIII      G5 X
It's true sometimes you can see it that way
D#m                           Bb
People don't live or die, people just float
       Gm           Bb         F          Gm
She give her heart to the man in the long black coat

GUITAR SOLO
       Gm           Bb          C                D
There's smoke on the water, it's been there since June
       Gm            Bb            F             Gm
Tree trunks uprooted in the high crescent moon
       Gm           Bb                C        D
Hear the pulse and vibrations and the rumblin' force
       Gm         Bb                F         Gm
Somebody's out there beating on a dead horse
F VIII
She never said nothin', there was nothin' she wrote
       Gm            Bb         F          Gm
She's gone with the man in the long black coat
       Gm           Bb         F          Gm
She's gone with the man in the long black coat
Masters Of War
Bob Dylan

Intro: Am    Am7 Am

Come you masters of war, you that build the big guns
You that build the death planes, you that build all the bombs
You that hide behind walls, you that hide behind desks
I just want you to know I can see through your masks

You that never have done nothin' but build to destroy
You play with my world like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand then you hide from my eyes
Then you turn and run farther when the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old you lie and deceive
A world war can't be won, and you want me to believe
But I see through your eyes and I see through your brain
Like I see through the water that runs down my drain

You that fasten all the triggers for the others to fire
Then you sit back and watch while the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansions while the young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies and gets buried in the mud
Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
You've thrown the worst fear that can ever be hurled
Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
Fear to bring children into the world
Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
For threatening my baby, unborn and unnamed
Am C G F Am Am Am7 Am
You ain't worth the blood that runs in your veins

Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
How much do I know to talk out of turn
Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
You might say that I'm young, you might say I'm unlearned
Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
But there's one thing I know, though I'm younger than you
Am C G F Am Am Am7 Am
Even Jesus would never forgive what you do

Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
Let me ask you one question: is your money that good?
Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
Will it buy you forgiveness? Do you think that it could?
Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
I think you will find when your death takes its toll
Am C G F Am Am Am7 Am
All the money you made won't ever buy back your soul

Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
And I hope that you die and your death will come soon
Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
I'll follow your casket through the pale afternoon
Am Am Am7 Am Am7 Am
And I'll watch while you're lowered into your death bed
Am C G F Am Am Am7 Am
Then I'll stand over your grave till I'm sure that you're dead
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey, Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come following you.

Though I know that evenings empire has returned into sand,
Vanished from my hand,
Left me blindly here to stand but still not sleeping.
My weariness amazes me. I'm branded on my feet,
I have no one to meet,
And the ancient empty street's too dead for dreaming.

Take me on a trip upon your magic swirling ship.
My senses have been stripped,
My hands can't feel to grip,
My toes too numb to step,
Wait only for my bootheels to be wandering.
I'm ready to go anywhere. I'm ready for to fade,
Into my own parade.
Cast your dancing spell my way, I promise to go under it.

Though you might hear laughing, spinning,
swinging madly across the sun,
It's not aimed at anyone,
It's just escaping on the run,
And but for the sky there are no fences facing.
And if you hear vague traces of skipping reels of rhyme,
To your tambourine in time.
It's just a ragged clown behind,
I wouldn't pay it any mind,
It's just a shadow you're seeing that he's chasing.
Take me disappearing through the smoke rings of my mind.
Down the foggy ruins of time,
far past the frozen leaves,
The haunted frightened trees,
Out to the windy bench,
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow.
Yes to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand waving free,
Silhouetted by the sea,
Circled deep beneath the waves,
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.
One too many mornings

Bob Dylan

G                                    D
Down the street the dogs are barkin'
Bm                                  Em
And the day is getting dark
C                                    G
As the night comes in a-fallin'
D                D9/C  D9/H   D/A   G
The dogs 'll lose their bark
G                                    D
As the silent night will shatter
Bm                                  Em
From the sounds inside my mind
C                                    G
For I'm one too many mornings
C                   C9/H     G
And a thousand miles behind

From the crossroad of my doorsteps
My eyes they start to fade
As I turn my head back to the room
When my love and I have laid
An' I gaze back to the street
The sidewalk and the sign
And I'm one too many mornings
and a thousand miles behind

It's a restless hungry feeling
That don't mean no one no good
When ev'rything I'm a-saying
You can say it just as good
You're right from your side
I'm right from mine
We're both just one too many mornings
An' a thousand miles behind
POSITIVELY 4TH STREET

Bob Dylan

1. **Strophe:**
   G    C    Cm    G
   You got a lotta nerve to say you are my friend.
   G    D    C    G   D
   When I was down you just stood there grinning.

2. **Strophe:**
   You got a lotta nerve to say you gotta helping hand to lend.
   You just want to be on the side that's winning.

3. **Strophe:**
   You say I let you down you know it's not like that.
   If you're so hurt why then don't you show it.

4. **Strophe:**
   You say you lost your faith but that's not where it's at.
   You had no faith to lose and you know it.

5. **Strophe:**
   I know the reason that you talk behind my back.
   I used to be among the crowd you're in with.

6. **Strophe:**
   Do you take me for such a fool to think I'd make contact.
   With the one who tries to hide when he don't know to begin with.

7. **Strophe:**
   You see me on the streets you always act surprised.
   You say "how are you?", "good luck" but you don't mean it.

8. **Strophe:**
   When you know as well as me you'd rather see me paralyzed.
   Why don't you just come out once and scream it.

9. **Strophe:**
   No I do not feel that good when I see the heart breaks you embrace.
   If I was a master thief perhaps I'd rob them.

10. **Strophe:**
    And now I know you're dissatisfied with your position and your place.
    Don't you understand it's not my problem.

11. **Strophe:**
    I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes.
    And just for that one moment I could be you.

12. **Strophe:**
    Yes I wish that for just one time you could stand inside my shoes.
    You'd know what a drag it is to see you.
Rock Salt And Nails

Bob Dylan

**Intro:** C#    C#    F#    C#

C#
On the banks of the river, where the willows hang down,
A#m                               C#
Where the wild birds all warble with a low moaning sound,
A#m                                   C#
Down in the hollow where the water runs cold,
F#                                   C#
It's there I have listened to the lies that you told.

C#
Now I lie on my bed and I see your sweet face.
A#m                        C#
The past I remember, time cannot erase.
A#m                              C#
The letters you wrote me were written in shame,
F#                                 C#
And I know that your conscience still echoes my pain.

C#
Now the nights are so long, my sorrow runs deep.
A#m                                C#
Nothing is worse than a night without sleep.
A#m                  C#
I walk out alone, I look at the sky,
F#                           C#
Too empty to sing, too lonesome to cry.

C#
Now if the ladies were blackbirds and the ladies were thrushes,
A#m                          C#m
I'd lie there for hours in the chilly cold marshes.
A#m                                      C#
If the ladies were squirrels with them high bushy tails,
F#                                   C#
I'd fill up my shotgun with rock salt and nails.

**Solo On Verse Chords**
Bob Dylan

Am     Em
Senor, Senor
F       C
can you tell me where we heading
Am

Lincoln Coutry Road or Armageddon
G       F

Seems like I been down this way before
Dm     Am
Is there any truth in that, Senor

Am     Em
Senor, Senor
F       C
Do you know where she's hiding
Am

How long are we gonna be riding
G       F

How long must I keep my eyes glued to the door
Dm     Am
Will there be any comfort here, Senor

C       Em
There's a wicked wind still blowing on that upper deck
F       Am

There's an iron cross still hanging down form around her neck
C       Em

There's a marching band still playing in their vacant lot
F       Am
Where she held me in her arms one time and said -forget what we got-

Am     Em
Senor, Senor
F       C
I can see the painted wagon
Am

Smell the tail of a dragon
C       F
Can't stand the suspense anymore
Dm     Am
Can you tell me who to contact here, Senor

C       Em
Well the last thing I remember before they stripped and kneeled
F       Am
Was a train load of fools born down in a maganatic(?) field
C       Em

The gypsy, where he broke a pike and a flashing ring
F       Am
He say -son this ain't a dream no more, it's the real thing-

Am     Em
Senor, Senor
F       C
You know their hearts here are hard as leather
Am

Well give me a minute, let me get it together
G                      F
Just gotta pick myself up off the floor
Dm                      Am
I'm ready when you are, Senor

Am                      Em
Senor, Senor
       F                C
Let's overturn these tables
       Am
Disconnect these cables
G                      F
This place don't make sense to me no more
Dm                      Am
Can you tell me what we're waiting for, Senor
THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'  
Bob Dylan

1. Strophe:

G  Em  C  G
Come gather 'round people wherever you roam.

Am  C  D
And admit that the waters around you have grown

G  Em  C  G
And accept it that soon you'll be drenched to the bone,

Am  D
If your time to you is worth savin'.

D7  Gmaj7  D
Then you better start swimmin' or you'll sink like stone,

G  C  D  G
For the times they are a changin'

2. Strophe:

Come writers and critics who prophesies with your pen.
And keep your eyes wide the chance won't come again.
And don't speak too soon for the wheel's still in spin
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'
For the loser now will be later to win,
For the times they are a changin'.

3. Strophe:

Come senators, congressmen please heed the call
Don't stand in the doorway don't block up the hall.
For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled.
There's a battle outside and it's ravin'
It'll soon shake your windows and rattle your walls,
For the times they are a changin'.

4. Strophe:

Come mothers and fathers, throughout the land
And don't criticize what you can't understand.
Your sons and your daughters are beyond your command
Your old road is rapidly agin'
Please get out of the new on if you can't lend your hand,
For the times they are a changin'.

5. Strophe:

The line it is drawn the curse it is cast
The slow one now will later be fast.
As the present now will later be past
The order is rapidly fadin'
And the first one now will later be last.
For the times they are a changin'.
Wedding Song

Bob Dylan

Am                C                    G
I love you more than ever, more than time and more than love,
Am                        C                       G
I love you more than money and more than the stars above,
F                           C                            D
Love you more than madness, more than dreams upon the sea,
Am                         C                 G
Love you more than life itself, you mean that much to me.

Am                         C                    G
Ever since you walked right in, the circle's been complete,
Am                           C                    G
I've said goodbye to haunted rooms and faces in the street,
F                           C                            D
To the courtyard of the jester which is hidden from the sun,
Am                         C                    G
I love you more than ever and I haven't yet begun.

Am                C                    G
You breathed on me and made my life a richer one to live,
Am                        C                       G
When I was deep in poverty you taught me how to give,
F                           C                            D
Dried the tears up from my dreams and pulled me from the hole,
Am                         C                    G
Quenched my thirst and satisfied the burning in my soul.

Am                C                    G
You gave me babies one, two, three, what is more, you saved my life,
Am                        C                       G
Eye for eye and tooth for tooth, your love cuts like a knife,
F                           C                            D
My thoughts of you don't ever rest, they'd kill me if I lie,
Am                         C                    G
I'd sacrifice the world for you and watch my senses die.
Am                          C                    G
The tune that is yours and mine to play upon this earth,
Am                          C                    G
We'll play it out the best we know, whatever it is worth,
F                           C                            D
What's lost is lost, we can't regain what went down in the flood,
Am                         C                    G
But happiness to me is you and I love you more than blood.

Am                          C                    G
It's never been my duty to remake the world at large,
Am                          C                    G
Nor is it my intention to sound a battle charge,
F                           C                            D
'Cause I love you more than all of that with a love that doesn't bend,
Am                         C                    G
And if there is eternity I'd love you there again.

Am                          C                    G
Oh, can't you see that you were born to stand by my side
Am                          C                    G
And I was born to be with you, you were born to be my bride,
F                           C                            D
You're the other half of what I am, you're the missing piece
Am                         C                    G
And I love you more than ever with that love that doesn't cease.

Am                          C                    G
You turn the tide on me each day and teach my eyes to see,
Am                          C                    G
Just bein' next to you is a natural thing for me
F                           C                            D
And I could never let you go, no matter what goes on,
Am                         C                    G
'Cause I love you more than ever now that the past is gone.
You ain´t going nowhere - Bob Dylan

G         Am

Fly so swift the rain won't lift
C                               G
The gate won't close       the railings froze
                                           Am            C                   G
Get your mind on winter time  you ain't going nowhere
G       Am                 C              G
Ooh -wee ride me high,  tomorrows the day my brides gonna come
G       Am           C                 G
Oh lord,  are we gonna fly down in the easy chair
G    Am
I don't care how many letters they sent
C                               G
The morning came the morning went
G                        Am            C                   G
Pack up your money  and pick up your tent,  you ain't going nowhere
G       Am                 C              G
Ooh -wee ride me high tomorrows the day my brides gonna come
G       Am           C                G
Oh lord, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair

SOLO

G         Am
Buy me a flute and a gun that shoots
C                               G
Tailgates and substitutes
G                        Am            C                   G
Strap yourself to a tree with roots, you ain't going nowhere
G       Am                 C              G
Ooh -wee ride me high tomorrows the day my brides gonna come
G       Am           C                G
Oh lard, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair
G    Am
Now Gingus Kahn he could not keep
C                               G
All his kings supplied with sleep
                                           Am            C                   G
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep when we get up to it
G       Am                 C              G
Ooh -wee ride me high tomorrows the day my brides gonna come
G       Am           C                G
Oh lord, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair
You ain’t going nowhere

G       Am                  C             G
Ooh -wee ride me high tomorrow the day my brides gonna come
G         Am           C                G
Oh lord, are we gonna fly down in the easy chair
You're gonna make me lonesome...

- Bob Dylan

D F#m G    D F#m G    D F#m G    D G D
D                          F#m                    G
I've seen love go by my door, it's never been this close before
D                       F#m          G
Never been so easy or so slow
D                       F#m                          G
I've been shooting in the dark too long, when something's not right, it's wrong
D                                    G                                D
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

Dragon clouds so high above, I've only known careless love
It always has hit me from below
But this time 'round it's more correct, right on target, so direct
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

Purple clover, Queen Anne Lace, crimson hair across your face
You could make me cry if you don't know
Can't remember what I was thinking of, you might be spoiling me too much, love
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

G                                                    D
Flowers on the hillside blooming crazy
G                                                      D
Crickets talking back and forth in rhyme
E               E/G#                    E/B
Blue river running slow and lazy
A                         sus4th                    A
I could stay with you forever, and never realize the time

Situations have ended sad, relationships have all been bad
Mine have been like Verlaine and Rimbaud
But there's no way I can compare all those scenes to this affair
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go

You're gonna make me wonder what I'm doing
Staying far behind without you
You're gonna make me wonder what I'm saying
You're gonna make me give myself a good talking to

I look for you in old Honolulu, San Francisco, Ashtabula
You're gonna have to leave me now, I know
But I'll see you in the sky above, in the tall grass and the ones I love
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go
YOU ANGEL YOU
DYLAN, BOB

/C /F /C
1. You angel you
     /F /C
You got me under your wing
     /Em /F /G
The way you walk and the way you talk
     /F /G /C
I feel I could almost sing

2. You angel you
You're as fine as anything's fine
I just want to watch you talk
With your memory of my mind

/F /C
Ref.: And Lord, I can't sleep at night for trying
     /Em /F /G
Yes, I never did feel this way before
/C /Em /F /G
Never did get up and walk the floor
     /C /Em /F /G
If this is love, then give me more and more and more and more

3. You angel you,
You're as fine as can be
The way you walk and the way you talk
Is the way it ought to be

4. (Instrumental)

Ref.: And Lord, I ...

5. You angel you
You got me under your wings
The way you walk and the way you talk
I sware it would make me sing

Ref.: And Lord, I ...

/C /F /C
You angel you