Bob Dylan Anthology 2

50 more songs from the pen of one of this generation's most distinct and eloquent voices.
Arranged for piano/vocal with chord diagrams and full lyrics.
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Moderately, with a beat

Well, your railroad gate, you know I just can’t jump.

Sometimes it gets so hard, you see...
I'm just sitting here, beating on my trumpet,

With all these promises you left for me,

But where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Well, I
waited for you when I was half sick.

Yes, I waited for you when you hated me.

Well, And now I waited for you.

in-side of the fro-zen traf-fic

look-in' at your yellow railroad

When you

In the
knew I had some other place to be. Now, where.
ruins of your balcony, Wond'ring where.

—are you to-night, sweet Marie? Well,

anybody can be just like me, obvious
know how it happened, but the riverboat captain, he knows my

litely, But then, now again, not too many can be like you,
fate, But every-body else, even your self, They're just
Well, I got the fever
Well, six white horses

that you did promise
Were finally delivered down.

to the penitentiary.
But to

live outside the law, you must be honest.
take him to your house, but I can't unlock it.
I know you always say that you agree.
You see, you forgot to leave me with the key.

But where are you tonight, sweet Marie?
Oh, where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Well, I don't
Now, I been in

you are tonight, sweet Marie.

Repeat and fade
BOOTS OF SPANISH LEATHER

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly

Refrain

A

C#m

D

A

1. Oh I'm sail-in' a-way my-own true love, I'm sail-in' a-

way in the morn-ing. Is there some-thing I can send you from a-

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2. No there's nothin' you can send me my own true love,
   There's nothin' I wish to be ownin',
   Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled,
   From across that lonesome ocean.

3. Oh, but I just thought you might long want something fine
   Made of silver or of golden,
   Either from the mountains of Madrid
   Or from the coast of Barcelona.

4. Oh but if I had the stars from the darkest night
   And the diamonds from the deepest ocean,
   I'd forsake them all for your sweet kiss
   For that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'.

5. That I might be gone a long ole time
   And it's only that I'm askin',
   Is there somethin' I can send you to remember me by
   To make your time more easy passin'.

6. Oh how can, how can you ask me again,
   It only brings me sorrow,
   The same thing I want from you today
   I would want again tomorrow.

7. I got a letter on a lonesome day,
   It was from her ship a-sailin'
   Saying I don't know when I'll be comin' back again,
   It depends on how I'm a-feelin'.

8. Well, if you my love must think that-a-way,
   I'm sure your mind is roamin',
   I'm sure your heart is not with me,
   But with the country to where you're goin'.

9. So take heed, take heed of the western wind,
   Take heed of the stormy weather,
   And yes, there's something you can send back to me,
   Spanish boots of Spanish leather.
CHIMES OF FREEDOM
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Medium bright

1. Far between sun-down's finish an' midnight's broken toll We ducked inside the doorway

thunder crashing As majestic

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bells of bolts struck shadows in the sounds

Seeming to be the chimes of freedom

Flashing

warriors whose strength is not to fight,
Flash-ing for the ref-u-gees on the un-armed road of flight
An' for each an' ev'-ry un-der-dog
sol-dier in the night An' we gazed up-on the
chimes of free-dom flash-ing.
2. In the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched
   With faces hidden while the walls were tightening,
   As the echo of the wedding bells before the blowin' rain
   Dissolved into the bells of the lightning.
   Tolling for the rebel, tolling for the rake,
   Tolling for the luckless, the abandoned an' forsaked,
   Tolling for the outcast, burnin' constantly at stake
   An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

3. Thru the mad mystic hammering of the wild ripping hail
   The sky cracked its poems in naked wonder
   That the clinging of the church bells blew far into the breeze
   Leaving only bells of lightning and its thunder
   Striking for the gentle, striking for the kind,
   Striking for the guardians and protectors of the mind
   An' the unpawned painter behind beyond his rightful time
   An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

4. Thru the wild cathedral evening the rain unraveled tales
   For the disrobed faceless forms of no position
   Tolling for the tongues with no place to bring their thoughts
   All down in taken for granted situations
   Tolling for the deaf an' blind, tolling for the mute,
   Tolling for the mistreated, mateless mother; the mistitled prostitute
   For the misdemeanor outlaw chased an' cheated by pursuit
   An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

5. Even tho a cloud's white curtain in a far off corner flashed
   An' the hypnotic splattered mist was slowly lifting
   Electric light still struck like arrows fired but for the ones
   Condemned to drift or else be kept from drifting
   Tolling for the searching ones, on their speechless seeking trail
   For the lonesome hearted lovers, with too personal a tale
   An' for each unharmful gentle soul misplaced inside a jail
   An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

6. Starry eyed an' laughing as I recall when we were caught
   Trapped by no track of hours for they hanged suspended
   As we listened one last time an' we watched with one last look
   Spellbound an' swallowed till the tolling ended
   Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed
   For the countless confused, accused, misused, stung out ones an' worse
   An' for every hung up person in the whole wide universe
   An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.
CHANGING OF THE GUARDS

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

G

C/G

G

D

1. Sixteen

Em

Am

C

G/D

years,

sixteen

banners

D

Em

nit ed

over the field

where the
good shepherd grieves. Desperate men,

desperate women divided, spreading their wings.

'neath the falling leaves.

2. Fortune calls.
forth from the shadows to the market place,

merchants and thieves hungry for pow-
er, my last deal gone down,

sweet like the meadows where she was born,
on mid-sum-mer's eve    near the tow'r.
3. The cold-blooded moon;
The captain waits above the celebration,
Sending his thoughts to a beloved maid
Whose ebony face is beyond communication,
The captain is down but still believing that his love will be repaid.

4. 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.

5. 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.

6. 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.

7. 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 onto his long golden locks.

8. "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 brace yourself for elimination,
Or else your hearts must have the courage for the changing of the guards."

9. Peace will come
With tranquility and splendor on the wheels of fire,
But will bring us no reward than her false idols fall,
And cruel death surrenders with its pale ghost retreating
Between the King and the Queen of Swords.

10. Instrumental
DEAR LANDLORD
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow

Dear landlord,

Please don’t put a price on my soul,

My burden is heavy,
My dreams are beyond control.

When that steamboat whistle blows,
I'm gonna give you all I got to give,
And I do hope you re-
Additional lyrics

2. Dear landlord,
Please heed these words that I speak,
I know you've suffered much,
But in this you are not so unique.
All of us at times we might work too hard
To have it too fast and too much,
And anyone can fill his life up with things he can see,
But he just cannot touch.

3. Dear landlord,
Please don’t dismiss my case,
I’m not about to argue
I’m not about to move to no other place.
Now each of us has his own special gift,
And you know this was meant to be true,
And if you don’t underestimate me,
I won’t underestimate you.
DESOLATION ROW

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly with a steady beat

They're selling post-cards of the hanging... They're painting the passports brown... The beauty parlor's filled with sailors... The circus is in town.

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Here comes the blind commissioner. They've got him in a trance. One hand is tied to the tightrope walker. The other is in his pants.

And the riot squad they're restless. They need somewhere to go. As

Lady and I look out tonight from Desolation Row.
2. Cinderella, she seems so easy
   "It takes one to know one," she smiles
   And then puts her hands in her back pocket
   Bette Davis style
   And in comes Romeo, he's moaning
   "You belong to Me I Believe"
   And someone says, "You’re in the wrong place, my friend"
   You’d better leave"
   And the only sound that's left
   After the ambulances go
   Is Cinderella sweeping up
   On Desolation Row

4. Now Ophelia, she's 'neath the window
   For her I feel so afraid
   On her twenty-second birthday
   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

6. Doctor Filth, he keeps his world
   Inside of a leather cup
   But all his sexless patient
   They’re trying to blow it up
   Now his nurse, some local loser
   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

8. Now at midnight all the agents
   And the super human crew
   Come out and round up everyone
   That know more than they do
   Then they bring them to the factory
   Where the heart-attack machine
   Is strapped across their shoulders
   And then the kerosene
   Is brought down from the castles
   By insurance men who go
   Check to see that nobody is escaping
   To Desolation Row

3. Now the moon is almost hidden
   The stars are beginning to hide
   The fortune telling lady
   Has even taken all her things inside
   All except for Cain and Abel
   And the hunchback of Notre Dame
   Everybody is making love
   Or else expecting rain
   And the Good Samaritan, he's dressing
   He’s getting ready for the show
   He’s going to the carnival tonight
   On Desolation Row

5. 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 immaculately frightful
   As he bummed a cigarette
   Then he went off sniffing drain pipes
   And reciting the alphabet
   Now you would not think to look at him
   But he was famous long ago
   For playing the electric violin
   On Desolation Row

7. Across the street they’ve nailed the curtains
   They’re getting ready for the feast
   The Phantom of the Opera
   A perfect image of a priest
   They’re spoon feeding Casanova
   To get him to feel more assured
   Then they’ll kill him with self-confidence
   After poisoning him with words
   And the Phantom’s shouting to skinny girls
   “Get Outta Here If You Don’t Know
   Casanova is just being punished for going
   To Desolation Row”

9. Praise be to Nero’s Neptune
   The Titanic sails at dawn
   And everybody’s shouting
   “Which Side Are You On?”
   And Ezra Pound and T.S. Eliot
   Fighting in the captain’s tower
   While calypso singers 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

10. Yes, I received your letter yesterday
    (About the time the door knob broke)
    When you asked how I was doing
    Was that some kind of joke?
    All these people that you mentioned
    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.
HEART OF MINE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, with an easy beat

Heart of mine

be still.

You can play with fire.

but you'll get the bill.

Don't let her know.

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don’t let her know that you love her.

Don’t be a fool, don’t be blind, heart of mine.

Heart of mine go back home.

You got no reason to wander; no reason to roam.
Don't let her see, don't let her see that you need her.

Don't put yourself over the line, heart of mine.

Heart of mine go back where you been.

It'll only be trouble for you if you let her in.
Don't let her hear,

Don't let her hear where you're going.

Don't untie the ties that bind,

Heart of mine.

Heart of mine so malicious and so full of guile.
Give you an inch and you'll take a mile.

Don't let yourself fall.

don't let yourself stumble. If you can't do the time don't do the

D. S. 3/4 (instrumental) and fade

crime, heart of mine.
DIGNITY
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderate shuffle beat

E

A/E

1. Fat man look-in' in a blade of steel.

2.-4. See additional lyrics

Thin man look-in' at his last meal.

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Hollow man lookin' in a cotton-field
For dignity.

Wise man lookin' in a blade of grass,

Young man lookin' in the shadows that pass.
Poor man lookin' through painted glass
For dignity.

Somebody got murdered on New Year's Eve,

Somebody said dignity was the first to leave.
I went into the city,
went into the town,
Went into the land of the midnight sun.

Searchin' high,
searchin' low,
Searchin' everywhere.
I know.
Ask-in' the cops wher-
ever I go,
Have you seen
dignity?

1,2,3.

4.

[Music notation]
Additional lyrics

2. Blind man breakin' out of a trance,
   Puts both his hands in the pockets of chance.
   Hopin' to find one circumstance
   Of dignity.

   I went to the wedding of Mary-Lou,
   She said, "I don't want nobody see me talkin' to you."
   Said she could get killed if she told me what she knew
   About dignity.

   I went down where the vultures feed,
   I would've gone deeper, but there wasn't any need.
   Heard the tongues of angels and the tongues of men
   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.

3. Drinkin' man listens to the voice he hears
   In a crowed room full of covered up mirrors.
   Lookin' into the lost forgotten years
   For dignity.

   Met Prince Phillip 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.

   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.

4. 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.

   Englishmen stranded in the blackheart wind
   Combin' his hair back, his future looks thin.
   Bites the bullet and he looks within
   For dignity.

   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 going to take
   To find dignity.
DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALL RIGHT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderato

I. It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, Babe

(2. It) ain't no use in turn-in' on your light, Babe

It don't matter any how
That light I never knowed

An' it ain't no use to
An' it ain't no use in

sit and wonder why, Babe
turn-in' on your light, Babe

If you don't know by
I'm on the dark side of the
When the rooster crows at the break of dawn
Still I wish there was some-thin' you would do or say
Look out your window and I'll be gone.
To try and make me change my mind and stay.

You're the reason I'm trav'lin' on
We never did too much talk-in' any-way
Don't think twice, it's all right.

Don't think, it's all right.

I'm (4. It)
walk-in' down that long lonesome road, Babe.

Ain't no use call'in' out my name, Gal.

Where I'm bound I can't tell
Like you never did before

But it's good-bye's too good a word, Gal.
Ain't no use in call'in' out my name, Gal.

So I'll just say fare thee well.
I can't hear you anymore.

I ain't
G

say - in’ you treat - ed me un - kind

G7

think - in’ and a - won - d’rin’ all the way down the road

G

I

C

could have done bet - ter but I don’t mind.

A7

once loved a wom - an a child I’m told.

G

I

Em

You just kind - a wast - ed my pre - cious time.

C

But don’t think

G

give her my heart but she want - ed my soul.

G

But don’t think

D7

[1.

G

twice, It’s all right.

D7

twice, It’s all

1. G

twice, It’s all right.

G

right.

D7

4. It

right.
Foot Of Pride
Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderate beat, quasi recitative

C5
B♭5/C
C5
B♭5/C

1. Like the lion tears the flesh off of a man.

So

mf
(Background under voice)

C5
B♭5/C
C5
B♭5/C

Can a woman who passes herself off as a male.

They sang

C5
B♭5/C
C5
B♭5/C

"Danny Boy" at his funeral, and the Lord's Prayer.

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Preacher talking 'bout Christ betrayed. It's like the earth just opened and swallowed him up. He reached too high, was thrown back to the ground. You know what they say about being nice to the right people on the way up:
Soon-er or lat-er you gon-na meet them com-in' down.

Well, there ain't no go-in' back when your foot of pride come down. Ain't no go-in' back.

1.-5.

2. Hear ya got a broth-er
2. Hear ya got a brother named James, don’t forget faces or names.
   Sunken cheeks and his blood is mixed,
   He looked straight into the sun and said, “revenge is mine.”
   But he drinks, and drinks can be fixed.
   Sing me one more song, about ya love me to the moon and the stranger,
   And your fall by the sword love affair with Erroll Flynn.
   In these times of compassion when conformity’s in fashion,
   Say one more stupid thing to me before the final nail is driven in.

   (Chorus)

3. There’s a retired businessman named Red, cast down from heaven and he’s out of his head.
   He feeds off of everyone that he can touch,
   He said he only deals in cash or sells tickets to a plane crash.
   He’s not somebody that you play around with much.
   Miss Delliah is his, a philistine is what she is.
   She’ll do wondrous works with your fate,
   Feed you coconut bread, spice buns in your bed,
   If you don’t mind sleepin’ with your head face down in a grave.

   (Chorus)
4. Well, they'll choose a man for you to meet tonight.
   You'll play the fool and learn how to walk through doors,
   How to enter into the gates of paradise.
   No, how to carry a burden too heavy to be yours.
   Yeah, from the stage they'll be tryin' to get water outta rocks.
   A whore will pass the hat, collect a hundred grand and say, "thanks."
   They like to take all this money from sin, build big universities to study in,
   Sing "Amazing Grace" all the way to the Swiss banks.

   (Chorus)

5. They got some beautiful people out there, man.
   They can be a terror to your mind and show you how to hold your tongue.
   They got mystery written all over their forehead.
   They kill babies in the crib and say only the good die young.
   They don't believe in mercy.
   Judgment on them is something that you'll never see.
   They can exalt you up or bring you down main route,
   Turn you into anything that they want you to be.

   (Chorus)

6. Yes, I guess I loved him too,
   I can still see him in my mind climbin' that hill.
   Did he make it to the top? Well, he probably did and dropped,
   Struck down by the strength of the will.
   Ain't nothin' left here, partner, just the dust of a plague that has left this whole town afraid.
   From now on, this'll be where you're from.
   Let the dead bury the dead. Your time will come.
   Let hot iron blow as he raised the shade.

   (Chorus to instrumental fade)
HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Bright (in 4)

1. Oh God said to A-bra-ham kill me a son Abe says man you must be put-tin' me on — God say no Abe say what

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God say you can do what you want Abe but the next time you see me com-in' you better run.

Well Abe says where do you want this kill-in' done God says out on Highway Six-ty-one.
2. Well Georgia Sam he had a bloody nose
   Welfare Department they wouldn't give him no clothes
   He asked poor Howard where can I go
   Howard said there's only one place I know
   Sam said tell me quick man I got to run
   Ol' Howard just pointed with his gun
   And said that way down on Highway 61.

3. Well Mack the Finger said to Louie the King
   I got forty red white and blue shoe strings
   And a thousand telephones that don't ring
   Do you know where I can get rid of these things
   And Louie the King said let me think for a minute son
   And he said yes I think it can be easily done
   Just take everything down to Highway 61.

4. Now the fifth daughter on the twelfth night
   Told the first father that things weren't right
   My complexion she said is much too white
   He said come here and step into the light he says hmm you're right
   Let me tell the second mother this has been done
   But the second mother was with the seventh son
   And they were both out on Highway 61.

5. Now the rovin' gambler he was very bored
   He was tryin' to create a next world war
   He found a promoter who nearly fell off the floor
   He said I never engaged in this kind of thing before
   But yes I think it can be very easily done
   We'll just put some bleachers out in the sun
   And have it on Highway 61.
GIRL OF THE NORTH COUNTRY

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, gently

1. Well if you’re trav-lin’ in the north country

fair, Where the winds hit heavily on the
Additional Lyrics

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

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

4. I'm a-wonderin' if she remembers me at all,
   Many times I've often prayed
   In the darkness of my night,
   In the brightness of my day,

5. So if you're trav'lin' 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.
A HARD RAIN’S A-GONNA FALL

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderato

mf (quasi guitar)

[S8]

Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son? Oh,

where have you been, my darling young one?

1. I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,
walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways,
stepped in the middle of seven sad forests,
been out in front of a dozen dead oceans,

2. I've
3. I've
4. I've

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5. I’ve been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard,

And it’s a hard, and it’s a hard, it’s a hard,

and it’s a hard, and it’s a hard rain’s a gonna fall.
A Oh, what did you see, my blue eyed son?
   Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?

B 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 drippin',
   I saw a room full of men with their hammers a-bleedin',
   I saw a white ladder all covered with water
   I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken,

C I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children,
   And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
   And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.

A And what did you hear, my blue eyed son?
   And what did you hear, my darling young one?

B I heard the sound of a thunder, it roared out a warnin',
   Heard the roar of a wave that could drown the whole world,
   Heard one hundred drummers whose hands were a blazin',
   Heard ten thousand whisperin' and nobody listenin',
   Heard one person starve, I heard many people laughin',
   Heard the song of a poet who died in the gutter,

C Heard the sound of a clown who cried in the alley,
   And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
   And it's a hard rain's a gonna fall.

A Oh, who did you meet, my blue eyed son?
   Who did you meet, my darling young one?

B I met a young child beside a dead pony,
   I met a white man who walked a black dog,
   I met a woman whose body was burning,
   I met a young girl, she gave me a rainbow,
   I met one man who was wounded in love,

C I met another man who was wounded with hatred,
   And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard
   It's a hard rain's a gonna fall.

A Oh, what'll you do now, my blue eyed son?
   Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?

B I'm a goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a fallin'.
   I'll walk to the depth of the deepest black 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,
   Where the executioner's face is always well hidden,
   Where hunger is ugly, where souls are forgotten,
   Where black is the color, where none is the number,
   And I'll tell it and think it and speak it and breathe it,
   And reflect it from the mountain so all souls can see it,
   Then I'll stand on the ocean until I start sinkin',

C But I'll know my song well before I start singin',
   And it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard,
   It's a hard rain's a gonna fall.
Moderately slow

They ask me how I feel and if my love is real and how I'll know I'll make it through. And they, they look at me and

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frown. They'd like to drive me from this town. They don't want me a-

round, 'cause I believe in you.

They show me to the door. They say don't come back no

more, 'cause I don't be like they'd like me to. And
I walk out on my own, a thousand miles from home, but I don't feel alone, 'cause I believe in you.

I believe in you even through the tears and the laughter.

I believe in you even though we be apart.
lieve in you e-ven on the morn-ing af-ter.

Oh, when the dawn is near-ing. Oh, when the night is dis-ap-pear-ing.

Oh, this feel-ing's still here in my heart.

Don't let me drift too far. Keep me where you are, where I will al-ways
be renewed. And that which you’ve given me today is worth more than I could pay. And no matter what they say, I believe in you. I believe in you when winter turns to summer.
lieve in you when white turn to black. I be -

lieve in you e-ven though I be out-num-bered.

Oh, though the earth may shake me. Oh, though my friends for-sake me.

Oh, e-ven that could-n’t make me go back.
Don't let me change my heart. Keep me set apart from all the plans they do pursue.

And I don't mind the pain, don't mind the driving rain. I know I will sustain, 'cause I believe in you.
It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Medium slow

You must leave now. Take what you need, you think will last. But what ever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast.

Yonder stands your orphan, with his gun.
2. The highway is for gamblers, better use your sins
   Take what you have gathered from coincidence
   The empty handed painter from your streets
   Is drawing crazy patterns on your sheets
   This sky too, is folding under you
   And it's all over now, baby blue.

3. All your seasick sailors, they are rowing home
   All your reindeer armies, are all going home
   The lover who just walked out your door
   Has taken all his blankets from the floor
   The carpet too, is moving under you
   And it's all over now, baby blue.

4. Leave your stepping stones behind, something calls for you
   Forget the dead you've left, they will not follow you
   The vagabond who's rapping at your door
   Is standing in the clothes that you once wore
   Strike another match, go start anew
   And it's all over now, baby blue.
It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Medium bright

Em

1. Darkness at the break of noon Shadows even the silver spoon The

Em6

hand made blade, the child's balloon Eclipses both the sun and moon To

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Understand you know too soon, There is no sense in trying.

Pointed threats they bluff with scorn Suicide remarks are torn From the fool's gold

Mouth-piece The hollow horn plays wasted words Proved to warn That

He not busy being born Is busy dying.
Temp - ta - tion page flies out the door You fol - low, find your - self at war Watch

wa - ter-falls of pit - y roar You feel to moan, but un - like be - fore You dis -
cov - er That you just be One more per - son cry - ing.

So don't fear, if you hear A for - eign sound, to your
2. As some warm victory, some downtall
Private reasons great or small
Can be seen in the eyes of those that call
To make all that should be killed, to crawl
While others say, don't hate nothin' at all
Except hatred
Disillusioned words like bullets bark
As human Gods aim for their mark
Made everything from toy guns that spark
To flesh colored Christs that glow in the dark
It's easy to see without lookin' too far
That not much,
Is really sacred
While preachers preach of evil fates
Teachers teach that knowledge waits
Can lead to hundred dollar plates
Goodness hides behind its gates
But even the president of the United States
Sometimes must have
To stand naked
And though the rules of the road, have been lodged
It's only peoples games that you got to dodge
And it's alright ma, I can make it.

3. Advertising signs that con you
Into thinking you're most bitter
That can do what's never been done
That can win, what's never been won
Meantime life outside goes on
All around you
You lose yourself, you reappear
You suddenly find you got nothin' to fear
Alone you stand, with nobody near
When a trembling distant voice unclear
Startles your sleeping ears to hear
That somebody thinks
They really found you
A question in your nerves is lit
Yet you know there is no answer fit to satisfy.
Insure you not to quit
To keep it in your mind and not forget
That it is not he or she or them or it
That you belong to
Although the masters make the rules
Of the wise men and the fools
I got nothing, ma
To live up to.

4. For them that must obey authority
That they do not respect in any degree
Who despise their jobs, their destinies
Speak jealously of them that are free
Cultivate their flowers to be
Nothing more than something
They invest in
While some unprinciples baptized
To strick party platform ties
Social clubs in drag disguise
Outsiders achin' freely criticize
Tell nothin' except who to idolize
And say God bless him

While one who sings with his tongue on fire
Gargles in the rat race choir
Bent out of shape from society's pliers
Cares not to come up any higher
But rather get you down in the hole
That he's in
But I mean no harm, nor put fault
On anyone that lives in a vault
But it's alright ma, if I can please him

5. Old lady judges watch people in pairs
Limited in sex, they dare
To push fake moral insult, and stare
While money doesn't talk, it swears
Obscenity, who really cares
Propaganda, all is phony
While them that defend what they cannot see
With a killer's pride, security
It blows the minds most bitterly
For them that think death's honesty
Won't fall upon them naturally
Life sometimes
Must get lonely
My eyes collide head on with stuffed graveyards,
False Gods, I scuff
At pettiness which plays so rough
Walk upside down inside handcuffs
Kick my legs to crash it off
Say okay, I've had enough
What else can you show me
And if my thought dreams could be seen
They'd probably put my head in a guillotine
But it's alright ma
It's life, and life only.
Moderate rock

poco rit.

verse

1. John Brown went off to war to fight on a foreign
2. son. You look so fine, I'm glad you're a son of
3. that old train pulled out John's mother began to
4. letter once in a while and her face broke into a

shore. His mother sure was proud of him!
mine, you make me proud to know you hold a gun.
scream, tell in' ev'ry one in the neighborhood:
smile as she showed them to the people from next door.
He stood straight and tall in his uniform and
Do what the captain says, lots of medals you will
"That's my son that's a-bout to go, he's a soldier now, you
And she bragged a-bout her son with his uniform and

to Coda
for final ending

all. his mamma's face broke out all in a grin.
get, and we'll put them on the wall when you come home."
know. She made well sure her neighbors understood.
gun, and these things you called a good old-fashioned war.

[1,2,3.][4. interlude C7]

2. "Oh
3. As
4. She got a

Oh! Good old -
5. Then the letters ceased to come, for a long time they did not come.  
They ceased to come for about ten months or more.  
Then a letter finally came saying, “Go down and meet the train.  
Your son’s a-comeing home from the war.”

6. She smiled and went right down, she looked everywhere around  
But she could not see her soldier son in sight. 
But as all the people passed, she saw her son at last  
When she did she could hardly believe her eyes.

7. Oh, his face was all shot up and his hand was all blown off  
And he wore a metal brace around his waist.  
He whispered kind of slow in a voice she did not know, 
While she couldn’t even recognize his face!

_interlude_
Oh! Lord! Not even recognize his face.

8. “Oh, tell me, my darling son, pray tell me what they done.  
How is it you come to be this way?”
He tried his best to talk, but his mouth could hardly move  
And the mother had to turn her face away.

9. “Don’t you remember, Ma, when I went off to war  
You thought it was the best thing I could do? 
I was on the battle ground, you were home...acting proud.  
You wasn’t there standing in my shoes.”

10. “Oh, and I thought when I was there, God, what am I doing here?  
I’m a-tryin’ to kill somebody or die tryin’.  
But the thing that scared me most was when my enemy came close  
And I saw that his face looked just like mine.”

_interlude_
Oh! Lord! Just like mine!

11. “And I couldn’t help but think, through the thunder rolling and stink  
That I was just a puppet in a play.  
And through this roar and smoke this string is finally broke, 
And a cannon ball blew my eyes away.”

12. As he turned away to walk his Ma was still in shock  
At seein’ the metal brace that helped him stand.  
But as he turned to go, he called his mother close  
And he dropped his medals down into her hand.
IT AIN'T ME, BABE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Very brightly

I. Go 'way 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 work-in' for someone never
weak but always strong to protect you and defend you whether
you are right or wrong... someone to open each and ev'ry door:

Chorus
But it ain't me, Babe; no, no, no, it ain't me, Babe;
It ain't me you're lookin' for, Babe.

Additional lyrics

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 an' more
   But it ain't me, Babe,
   No, no, no it ain't me, Babe.
   It ain't me you're looking for, Babe.

3. Go melt back into the night Babe,
   Everything inside is made of stone,
   There's nothing in here moving
   An' anyway I'm not alone.
   You say you're looking for someone
   Who'll pick you up each time you fall,
   To gather flowers constantly
   An' to come each time you call,
   A lover for your life an' nothing more
   But it ain't me, Babe,
   No, no, no it ain't me, Babe.
   It ain't me you're looking for, Babe.
JUST LIKE TOM THUMB'S BLUES

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderato (in 4)

1. When you're lost in the rain in juarez And it's Easter time too

And your gravity fails And negativity don't pull you through

Don't put on any airs When you're
down on Rue Morgue Avenue. They got some hungry women there And they really make a mess outta you.

2. Now if you see Saint Annie
Please tell her thanks a lot
I cannot move
My fingers are all in a knot
I don't have the strength
To get up and take another shot
And my best friend my doctor
Won't even say what it is I've got

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

4. Up on Housing Project Hill
It's either fortune or fame
You must pick up one or the other
Though neither of them are to be what they claim
If you're lookin' to get silly
You better go back to from where you came
Because the cops don't need you
And man they expect the same

5. Now all the authorities
They just stand around and boast
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

6. 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 even there to call my bluff
I'm going back to New York City
I do believe I've had enough
LAY DOWN YOUR WEARY TUNE
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderato

1. Lay down your weary tune, lay down

And

Lay down the song you strum

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2. Struck by the sounds before the sun,
   I knew the night had gone,
The morning breeze like a bugle blew
   Against the drums of dawn.

4. The ocean wild like an organ played
   The seaweed's wove its strands,
The crashin' waves like cymbals clashed
   Against the rocks and sands.

6. I stood unwound beneath the skies
   And clouds unbound by laws,
The cryin' rain like a trumpet sang
   And asked for no applause.

8. The last of leaves fell from the trees
   And clung to a new love's breast,
The branches bare like a banjo
   To the winds that listen the best.

3. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
   Lay down the song you strum
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings,
   No voice can hope to hum.

5. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
   Lay down the song you strum
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings,
   No voice can hope to hum.

7. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
   Lay down the song you strum
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings,
   No voice can hope to hum.

9. I gazed down in the river's mirror
   And watched its winding strum
The water smooth ran like a hymn
   And like a harp did hum.

10. Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
    Lay down the song you strum
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings,
    No voice can hope to hum.
LEOPARD-SKIN PILL-BOX HAT

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

1. Well, I

E7

A A7/C# C7 E7/B A E7

I see you got your... brand new leop-ard-skin pill-box... hat...
No, I don't see

She's got a brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Well, you must tell me, baby how your head feels under something like that
Additional Lyrics

2. Well, you look so pretty in it
   Honey, can I jump on it sometime?
   Yes, I just wanna see
   If it's really that expensive kind
   You know it balances on your head
   Just like a mattress balances
   On a bottle of wine
   Your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

3. Well, if you wanna see the sun rise
   Honey, I know where
   We'll go out and see it sometime
   We'll both just sit there and stare
   Me with my belt
   Wrapped around my head
   And you just sittin' there
   In your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

4. Well, I asked the doctor if I could see you
   It's bad for your health, he said
   Yes, I disobeyed his orders
   I came to see you
   But I found him there instead
   You know, I don't mind him cheatin' on me
   But I sure wish he'd take that off his head
   Your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

5. Well, I see you got a new boyfriend
   You know, I never seen him before
   Well, I saw him
   Makin' love to you
   You forgot to close the garage door
   You might think he loves you for your money
   But I know what he really loves you for
   It's your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat
1. I ain't gon-na work on MAG-GIE'S FARM no more _

No, I ain't gon-na work on MAG-GIE'S
FARM no more

Well I wake in the morning Fold my hands and pray for rain. I got a head full of ideas That are drivin' me insane. It's a shame the way she
2. I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more
Well he hands you a nickel
He hands you a dime
He asks with a grin
If you're havin' a good time
Then he fines you every time you slam the door
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's brother no more.

3. I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more
Well he puts his cigar
Out in your face just for kicks
His bedroom window
It is made out of bricks
The National Guard stands around his door
Ah, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's pa no more.

4. I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
No, I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more
Well she talks to all the servants
About man and God and law
Everybody says she's the brains behind pa
She's sixty-eight, but she says she's twenty-four
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more.

5. I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more
Well, I try my best
To be just like I am
But everybody wants you
To be just like them
They sing while you slave
And I just get bored
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
LIKE A ROLLING STONE

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Bright

1. Once upon a time you dressed so fine
   You threw the bums a dime

2, 3, 4. See additional lyrics

in your prime,

Did - n't you?

Peo - ple' d call, say, "Be - ware doll, you' re bound to fall"
   You thought they were all
You used to kid-din' you

laugh a-bout Ev'-ry-bod-y that was

hang-in' out Now you don't talk so loud

Now you don't seem so proud A-bout hav-ing to be
scrounging for your next meal.

chorus

How does it feel

To be without a home

Like a complete unknown

like a rolling stone?
Additional lyrics

2. 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 every taught you how to live on the street
   And now find out 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 you want to make a deal?
   Chorus

3. 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 to 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.
   Chorus

4. Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
   They'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 so 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.
   Chorus
Slowly, with feeling

1. My love she speaks like silence,
   Without ideals or violence,

2, 3, 4. See additional lyrics

She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
   Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.
Pee-ples car-ry roses,
And make prom-i-ses by the hours,

My love she laughs like the flowers,
Val-en-tines can't buy her.

Additional lyrics

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

3. The cloak and dagger dangles,
   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.

4. 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 blows cold an' rainy,
   My love she's like some raven
   At my window with a broken wing.
Masters Of War

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Medium bright

1. Come you masters of war
   You that build all the guns
   You build the death planes
   You that build the big bombs
   You that hide behind...

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2. You that never done nothin'
   But build to destroy
   You play with my world
   Like it’s your little toy
   You put a gun in my hand
   And you hide from my eyes
   And you turn and run farther
   When the fast bullets fly

3. Like Judas of old
   You lie and deceive
   A world war can be won
   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

4. You fasten the triggers
   For the others to fire
   Then you set back and watch
   When the death count gets higher
   You hide in your mansion
   As young people’s blood
   Flows out of their bodies
   And is buried in the mud

5. You’ve thrown the worst fear
   That can ever be hurled
   Fear to bring children
   Into the world
   For threatenin’ my baby
   Unborn and unnamed
   You ain’t worth the blood
   That runs in your veins

6. How much do I know
   To talk out of turn
   You might say that I’m young
   You might say I’m unlearned
   But there’s one thing I know
   Though I’m younger than you
   Even Jesus would never
   Forgive what you do

7. Let me ask you one questions
   Is your money that good
   Will it buy you forgiveness
   Do you think that it could
   I think you will find
   When your death takes its toll
   All the money you made
   Will never buy back your soul

8. And I hope that you die
   And your death’ll come soon
   I will follow your casket
   On a pale afternoon
   And I’ll watch while you’re lowered
   Down to your death bed
   And I’ll stand o’er your grave
   Till I’m sure that you’re dead.
MOST LIKELY YOU GO YOUR WAY (AND I'LL GO MINE)
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, with a beat

G

You say you love me And you're think'in' of me, But you
You say you disturb me And you don't deserve me, But you
You say you're sorry For tellin' stories That you

know you could be wrong.
know some times you lie.
know I believe are true.
Am

You say you told me That you wanna hold me, But you
You say you're shakin' And you're always aching, But you
You say ya got some Other kind of lover And

G

know you're not that strong.
know how hard you try.
yes, I believe you do.

Bm

I just can't do what I done before.
I just can't beg you
times it gets so hard to care.
It can't be this way
say my kisses are not like his,
But this time I'm not gonna tell you

Am

anymore. I'm gonna let you pass.
And
ev'rywhere. And I'm gonna let you pass,
why that is. I'm just gonna let you pass,

And

Yes, and

Yes, and
I'll go last... Then time will tell just who fell. And
I'll go last... Then time will tell just who fell. And
I'll go last... Then time will tell just who fell. And

who's been left behind. When you go your way and I go
who's been left behind. When you go your way and I go
who's been left behind. When you go your way and I go

mine. mine. mine.

The judge, he holds a grudge. He's gonna call on you.
But he's badly built And he walks on stilts, Watch out he don't fall on you.

D. S. al Coda

Coda

mine.

Repeat and fade

Repeat and fade
Moderato (in 2)

Refrain

Hey! Mister Tambourine Man play a song for me, I'm not sleep-y and there is no place I'm go-in' to.

Hey! Mister Tambourine Man play a song for me in the

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D G Em A D G D

jingle jangle mornin' I'll come followin' you...

Verse

1. Thought I know that evenin's empire has returned into sand,

Vanished from my hand, left me blindly here to stand but still not

sleepin'!

My weariness amazes me I'm
Refrain:

Verse 2.  Take me on a trip upon your magic swirlin’ ship
My senses have been stripped, my hands can’t feel to grip
My toes too numb to step, wait only for my boot heels
To be wanderin’
I’m ready to go anywhere, I’m ready for to fade
Into my own parade, cast your dancin’ spell my way
I promise to go under it.

Refrain:

Verse 3.  Though you might hear laughin’ spinnin’ swingin’ madly across the sun
It’s not aimed at anyone, it’s just escapin’ on the run
And but for the sky there are no fences facin’
And if you hear vague traces of skippin’ 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
Seemin’ that he’s chasin’.

Refrain:

Verse 4.  Then take me disappearin’ 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 beach
Far from the twisted reach of crazy sorrow
Yes, to dance beneath the diamond sky with one hand wavin’ free
Silhouetted by the sea, circled by the circus sands
With all memory and fate driven deep beneath the waves
Let me forget about today until tomorrow.

Refrain:
My Back Pages
Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderato (freely)
Capo on 1st fret: D

D
Eb

D7
Eb7

G
A♭

D/F♯
Eb/G

Em7
Fm7

A7
B♭7

D
Eb

1. Crimson flames tied through my ears, Rollin'

2-6. See additional lyrics

G
D/F♯

Em7
A♭

B♭7
Cm

D/F♯
G

high and mighty traps, Pounced with

Eb/G

Fm7

Eb

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fire on flaming roads, Using ideas

as my maps. "We'll meet on edges,

soon," said I, Proud 'neath heated brow,

Ah, but I was so much older then, I'm
2. Half-wrecked prejudice leaped forth,
   "Rip down all here," I screamed,
   Lies that life is black and white
   Spoke from my skull I dreamed.
   Romantic facts of musketeers,
   Foundationed deep, somehow,
   Ah, but I was so much older then,
   I'm younger than that now.

3. Girl's faces formed the forward path
   From phony jealousy,
   To memorizing politics
   Of ancient history.
   Flung down by corpse evangelist
   Unthought of, though, somehow,
   Ah, but I was so much older then,
   I'm younger than that now.

4. A self-ordained professor's tongue,
   Too serious to fool,
   Spouted out that liberty.
   Is just equality in school.
   "Equality," I spoke the word
   As if a wedding vow,
   Ah, but I was so much older then,
   I'm younger than that now.

5. In a soldier's stance I aimed my hand
   At the mongrel dogs who teach,
   Fearing not that I'd become my enemy
   In the instant that I preach.
   My pathway led by confusion boats,
   Mutiny from stern to bow,
   Ah, but I was so much older then,
   I'm younger than that now.

6. Yes, my guards stood hard when abstract threats
   Too noble to neglect
   Deceived me into thinking
   I had something to protect.
   Good and bad, I define these terms
   Quite clear, no doubt, somehow,
   Ah, but I was so much older then,
   I'm younger than that, now.
NEW MORNING
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately fast

Can't you hear that rooster crowin'?
Can't you hear that motor turnin'?

Rabbit runnin' down across the road
Automobile comin' into style,

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Underneath the bridge where the water flowed through,
Comin' down the road for a country mile or two.

So happy just to see you smile, underneath the sky of blue

On this new morning, on this new morning with you.
The night passed away so quickly;

It always does when you're with me.

Can't you feel that sun a-shinin'?
Ground hog runnin' by the country stream,
This must be the day that
all of my dreams come true.
So happy just to
be alive underneath the sky of blue
On this new morning,

new morning. On this new morning with you.
2nd time to Coda

(D) 7 7 4

(GUITAR SOLO)

D.S. al Coda

Coda

New morning,

Repeat and fade
ONE MORE CUP OF COFFEE (VALLEY BELOW)

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly
Am

With Pedal Throughout

E

1. Your breath is sweet, Your eyes are like

Am

two jewels in the sky,

G

Your back is straight, your hair is smooth.

F
pillow where you lie
But I don't sense affection

No gratitude or love
Your loyalty is not to me

to the stars above
One more cup of coffee for the road

One more cup of coffee 'fore I go

2. Your daddy he's an outlaw
   And a wanderer by trade
   He'll teach you how to pick and choose
   And how to throw the blade
   He oversees his kingdom
   So no stranger does intrude
   His voice it trembles as he calls out for
   Another plate of food

   One more cup of coffee for the road
   One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
   To the valley below

3. Your sister sees the future
   Like your mama and yourself
   You've never learned to read or write
   There's no books upon your shelf
   And your pleasure knows no limits
   Your voice is like a meadow lark
   But your heart is like an ocean
   Mysterious and dark

   One more cup of coffee for the road
   One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
   To the valley below
POLITICAL WORLD
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Brightly, with a driving beat (in4)

Gomit3rd

1. We live in a po-lit-i-cal world,

Love don't have an-y place. We're liv-ing in times where men com-mit crimes, And crime—

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1. I don't have a face.

2. We live in a political world.

Icicles hanging down.

Wedding bells ring and angels sing.

Clouds cover up the ground.

3. We
live in a political world,
Wisdom is thrown into jail,
It rots in a cell, is misguided as hell, Leaving no one to pick up a trail.

Gm

4. We live in a political world,
Where mercy walks the plank,
Life is in mirrors, death disappears Up the steps into the nearest bank...

Gm

live in a political world Where courage is a thing of the past,

Houses are haunted, children are unwanted, The next day could be your last.

6. We
live in a political world, The one we can see and can feel, But there's no one to check, it's all a stacked deck, We all know for sure that it's real...

Gm

live in a political world, In the cities of lonesome fear...
Lit-tle by lit-tle you turn in the mid-dle, But you’re nev-er sure why you’re here._

live in a po-lit-i-cal world,_

Un-der the mi-cro-scope,_

You can

tra-vel an-y-where and hang your-self there, You al-ways got more than e-nough rope.

Gm

9. We
live in a political world.

Turning and a-thrash-ing a-bout.

As soon as you’re a-wake, you’re trained to fake. What looks like the easy way out.

Gm

10. We

live in a political world. Where peace is not welcome at all. It’s turned a-
way from the door to wander some more Or put up against the wall

live in a political world Every thing is hers or his

Climb into the frame and shout God's name, But you're never sure what it is

Repeat and fade
Medium tempo

You got a lot - ta nerve _ To say you are my friend

When I was down You just stood there grin - ning

Coda

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ALL RIGHTS RESERVED. USED BY PERMISSION,
2. 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. 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. 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. I know the reason
   That you talk behind my back
   I used to be among the crowd
   You're in with

6. 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. You see me on the street
   You always act surprised
   You say "how are you?", "good luck"
   But you don't mean it

8. 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. 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. And now I know you're dissatisfied
    With your position and your place
    Don't you understand
    It's not my problem

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

12. 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
RING THEM Bells

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, in 2, quasi gospel style

Ring them bells, ye hea-then, from the
city that dreams,
four winds blow,

Ring them bells from the sanc-

Ring them bells with an i-

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valleys and streams, For they're deep and they're wide,
people will know. Oh, it's rush hour now

And the world's on its side,
On the wheel and the plow,
And the

time is running backwards, And so is the bride.

F/A G/B C
Gb/Bb A/B/C Db
sun is going down upon the sacred cow.

Ring them bells, Sweet Martha, for the poor man's son,
Ring them bells so the world will know that God is one.

Oh, the shepherd is asleep Where the willows weep.

And the mountains are filled with lost sheep. Ring them bells for the blind and the
deaf,       Ring them bells for all of us who are
left,      Ring them bells
for the chosen few Who will judge the
many when the game is through. Ring them
bells
for the time that flies,
For the child that
cries
When innocence dies.

Ring them bells, Saint Catherine from the top of the room,

Ring them from the fortress for the
lil-ies that bloom. Oh, the lines are long, and the fight-ing is strong,
And they're break-ing down the dis-tance be-tween right and wrong.

lil-ies that bloom. Oh, the lines are long, and the fight-ing is strong,
And they're break-ing down the dis-tance be-tween right and wrong.
seven more days she'll be comin',
I'll be waiting at the station for her to arrive,

Seven more days,

all I gotta do is survive.
She been gone
since I been a child,
Ever since I seen her smile,
Em

C

Am

I ain’t forgotten her eyes.

She had a face that could out-

shine the sun in the skies.

I been
good,

I been

good while I been wait-in',
May-be guilt-y of hes-i-tat-

in',
just been hold-in' on,
Sev-en more days, all that'll be gone.

There's

kiss-ing in the val-ley, Thiev-ing in the al-ley,

Fight-ing ev-ery inch of the way.
Days, more days that are connected,
Just like I expect,

Fine

B7

Em

days,

seven

C

G

B

more days that are connected,
1. She's got every thing she needs
She's an artist
She don't look
back
She's got every thing she needs
She's an artist
C

artist She don't look back
She can take the

C F C

dark out of the night-time And paint the daytime black.

2. You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees
You will start out standing
Proud to steal her anything she sees
But you will wind up peeking through her keyhole
Down upon your knees.

3. She never stumbles
She's got no place to fall
She never stumbles
She's got no place to fall
She's nobody's child
The law can't touch her at all.

C F C

4. She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks
She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks
She is a hypnotist collector
You are a walking antique.

5. Bow down to her on Sunday
Salute her when her birthday comes
Bow down to her on Sunday
Salute her when her birthday comes
For Halloween give her a trumpet
And for Christmas, buy her a drum.
SHOOTING STAR
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly

E   0 00
E/G# x x00
A   x0 x
E   0 00

E/G#  
A  
B

E   0 00
A   x0 x
E   0 00
E/G# x x00
A   x0 x
E   0 00

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shooting star tonight, And I thought of you...

You were trying to break into another world, A world I never knew...

I always kind of wondered if you ever made it through... Seen a

shooting star tonight, And I thought of you...
Seen a shooting star tonight,
And I thought of me.

If I was still the same,
If I ever became what you wanted me to be,

Did I miss the mark or overstep the line
that only you could see?

Seen a
shooting star to-night,
And I thought of me.

Listen to the engine,
listen to the bell,
As the last fire truck from hell
goest rolling by, All good people are praying.
It's the

last temptation, the last account, The last time you might hear the sermon on the mount,
shooting star tonight... slip away...
TONIGHT I'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH YOU

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, with a beat

Throw my ticket out the window,

Throw my suitcase out there, too.

Throw my troubles out the door, I don't need them any more. 'Cause to-
night I'll be stay-ing here with you.

I should have left this town, this morn-ing
But it was more than I could do.  Oh, your love comes on so strong And I've waited all day long.

For to-night when I'll be stay-ing here with
you.

Is it really any wonder

The love that a stranger might receive.

You cast your spell and I went under,

I find it so difficult to

To Coda

leave.

I can hear that whistle blowin',
I see that station-master,

too,

If there's a poor boy on the street, Then

let him have my seat 'Cause to-night I'll be staying here with you—

Throw my ticket out the window,
Throw my suit-case out there, too,

Throw my troubles out the door, I don't need them any more 'Cause tonight I'll be staying here with you.
SUBTERRANEAN HOMESICK BLUES
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderate blues rock

1. Johnny's in the basement mixing up the medicine; I'm on the pavement thinking about the government. The man in the trench coat,

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badge out, laid off, says he's got a bad cough; wants to get it paid off.

Look out, kid, it's some-thin' you did; God knows when but you're do-in' it again! You better duck down the alley way

look-in' for a new friend; the man in the coon-skin cap by the big pen
wants eleven dollar bills: You only got ten.

(after last verse, repeat intro and fade)

2. Maggie comes fleet foot
   Face full of black soot
   Talkin' at the heat put
   Plants in the bed but
   The phone's tapped any-way
   Maggie says that many say
   They must bust in early May
   Orders from the D.A.
   Look out kid
   Don't matter what you did
   Walk on your tip toes
   Don't try "No Doz"
   Better stay away from those
   That carry around a fire hose
   Keep a clean nose
   Watch the plain clothes
   You don't need a weather man
   To know which way the wind blows.

3. Get sick, get well
   Hang around a ink well
   Ring bell, hard to tell
   If anything is goin' to sell
   Try hard, get barred
   Get back, write braille
   Get jailed, jump bail
   Join the army, if you fail
   Look out kid, you're gonna get hit
   But users, cheaters
   Six time losers
   Hang around the theatres
   Girl by the whirlpool
   Lookin' for a new fool
   Don't follow leaders
   Watch the parkin' meters

4. Ah get born, keep warm
   Short pants, romance, learn to dance
   Get dressed, get blessed
   Try to be a success
   Please her, please him, buy gifts
   Don't steal, don't lift
   Twenty years of schoolin'
   And they put you on the day shift
   Look out kid they keep it all hid
   Better jump down a manhole
   Light yourself a candle, don't wear sandals
   Try to avoid the scandals
   Don't wanna be a bum
   You better chew gum
   The pump don't work
   'Cause the vandals took the handles.
THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

1. Come gather 'round people where ever you roam And ad-
2-5. See additional lyrics

mit that the waters around you have grown And accept it that

soon you'll be drenched to the bone. If your time to you is worth

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

4. 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 one if you can’t lend your hand
For the times they are a-changin’.

5. 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’.
Moderately fast

F

1. Ev'-ry-thing went from bad to worse money nev-er changed a thing.

Am

Death kept fol-low-in', track-in' us down At

Bb

least I heard your blue-bird sing. Now some-bod-y's got to
show their hand  Time is an en - e - my

I know you're long gone — I guess it must be up to me.
2. If I'd of thought about it I never would've done it
   I guess I would-a let it slide
If I'd-a lived my life by what others were thinkin'
   The heart inside me would-a died
   I was just too stubborn to ever be governed
   By enforced insanity
   Someone had to reach for the risin' star
   I guess it was up to me

3. Oh, the Union Central is pullin' out
And the orchids are in bloom
   I've only got me one good shirt left
   And it smells of stale perfume
   In fourteen months I've only smiled once
   And I didn't do it consciously
   Somebody's got to find your trail
   I guess it must be up to me

4. It was like a revelation
   When you betrayed me with your touch
   I'd just about convinced myself
   That nothin' had changed that much
   The old Rounder in the iron mask
   Slipped me the master key
   Somebody had to unlock your heart
   He said it was up to me

5. Well, I watched you slowly disappear
   Down into the officers' club
   I would've followed you in the door
   But I didn't have a ticket stub
   So I waited all night 'til the break of day
   Hopin' one of us could get free
   When the dawn came over the river bridge
   I knew it was up to me

6. Oh, the only decent thing I did
   When I worked as a postal clerk
   Was to haul your picture down off the wall
   Near the cage where I used to work
   Was I a fool or not to try
   To protect your identity
   You looked a little burned out, my friend
   I thought it might be up to me

7. Well, I met somebody face to face
   And I had to remove my hat
   She's everything I need and love
   But I can't be swayed by that
   It frightens me, the awful truth
   Of how sweet life can be
   But she ain't a-gonna make a move
   I guess it must be up to me

8. We heard the Sermon on the Mount
   And I knew it was too complex
   It didn't amount to anything more
   Than what the broken glass reflects
   When you bite off more than you can chew
   You pay the penalty
   Somebody's got to tell the tale
   I guess it must be up to me

9. Well, Dupree came in pippin' tonight
   To the Thunderbird Cafe
   Crystal wanted to talk to him
   I had to look the other way
   Well, I just can't rest without you, love
   I need your company
   But you ain't a-gonna cross the line
   I guess it must be up to me

10. There's a note left in the bottle
   You can give it to Estelle
   She's the one you been wondrin' about
   But there's really nothin' much to tell
   We both heard voices for awhile
   Now the rest is history
   Somebody's got to cry some tears
   I guess it must be up to me

11. So go on boys and play your hands
   Life is a pantomime
   The ringleaders from the county seat
   Say you don't have all that much time
   And the girl with me behind the shades
   She ain't my property
   One of us has got to hit the road
   I guess it must be up to me

12. And if we never meet again
   Baby remember me
   How my lone guitar played sweet for you
   That old-time melody
   And the harmonica around my neck
   I blew it for you, free
   No one else could play that tune
   You know it was up to me
This Wheel's On Fire
Words by Bob Dylan, Music by Rick Danko

Slowly

Am

If your memory serves you well,
mem'ry serves you well,
mem'ry serves you well,

We were goin' to
I was goin' to
You'll re-

Bb7

meet again and wait
con fis cate your lace,
mem ber you're the one

So I'm goin' to un pack all
And wrap it up in a
That called on me to call.

F Dm Am

my things And sit before it gets too late.
sail or's knot And hide it in your case.
on them To get you your fa vors done.

No
If I
And

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man alive will come to you
knew for sure that it was yours...
after every plan had failed
With another tale to tell,
But it was oh so hard to tell.
And there was nothing more to tell,

But you know that we shall meet again,
But you knew that we would meet again,
You knew that we would meet again,
If your memory serves you well.

This wheel's on fire,
Rolling down the road,
Best notify my next of kin, This wheel shall ex -

1., 2.
plode! If your plode!
TOMBSTONE BLUES
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Very bright in 2

1. The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course

2.-6. See additional lyrics

The city fathers they're trying to endorse

The reincar-
nation of Paul Revere's horse But the town has no need to be nervous

The ghost of Belle Starr she hands down her wits To Jezebel and nun she

violently knits A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who
sits at the head of the chamber of commerce

chorus

Mama's in the factory She ain't got no shoes Dad-dy's in the alley He's lookin' for the fuse, I'm in the streets With the

repeat five times
tomb-stone blues
Additional lyrics

2. The hysterical bride in the penny arcade
   Screaming she moans, “I’ve just been made”
   Then sends out for the doctor who pulls down the shade
   Says, “My advice is to not let the boys in”

   Now the medicine man comes and he shuffles inside
   He walks with a swagger and he says to the bride,
   “Stop all this weeping, swallow your pride
   You will not die, it’s not poison”
   Chorus

3. Well, John the Baptist after torturing a thief
   Looks up at his hero the Commander-in-Chief
   Saying, “Tell me great hero, but please make it brief
   Is there a hole for me to get sick in?”

   The Commander-in-Chief answers him while chasing a fly
   Saying, “Death to all those who would whimper and cry”
   And dropping a barbell he points to the sky
   Saying, “The sun’s not yellow it’s chicken”
   Chorus

4. The king of the Philistines his soldiers to save
   Put jawbones on their tombstones and flatters their graves
   Puts the pied pipers in prison and fattens the slaves
   Then sends them out to the jungle

   Gypsy Davey with a blow torch he burns out their camps
   With his faithful slave Pedro behind him he tramps
   With a fantastic collection of stamps
   To win friends and influence his uncle
   Chorus

5. The geometry of innocence flesh on the bone
   Causes Galileo’s math book to get thrown
   At Delilah who sits worthlessly alone
   But the tears on her cheeks are from laughter

   Now I wish I could give Brother Bill his great thrill
   I would set him in chains at the top of the hill
   Then send out for some pillars and Cecil B. DeMille
   He could die happily ever after
   Chorus

6. Where Ma Rainey and Beethoven once unwrapped their bed roll
   Tuba players now rehearse around the flagpole
   And the National Bank at a profit sells road maps for the soul
   To the old folks home and the college

   Now I wish I could write you a melody so plain
   That could hold you dear lady from going insane
   That could ease you and cool you and cease the pain
   Of your useless and pointless knowledge
   Chorus
Moderately slow

Too much of nothing can make a man feel ill at ease.
Too much of nothing can make a man abuse a king.
Too much of nothing can turn a man into a liar.

One man's temper might rise
While another man's temper might freeze.
He can walk the streets and boast like most
But he wouldn't know a thing.
It can cause one man to sleep on nails
And another man to eat fire.

In the day of confession we cannot mock a soul.
Oh, when
Now, it's all been done before, It's all been written in the book.
But when
Ev'rybody's doin' somethin' I heard it in a dream.
But when

gradual cresc.
there's too much of noth-ing,
there's too much of noth-ing,
there's too much of noth-ing,
no one has con-trol.
No-bod-y should look.
It just makes a fel-la mean.

Say hel-lo to Val-e-rie_  Say hel-lo to Viv-i-an_

Send them all my sal-a-ry_ on the wa-ters of ob-liv-i-on.  liv-i-on.
WIGGLE WIGGLE
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Bright shuffle (\( \frac{3}{4} = \frac{2}{3} \))

G7

G7♯9

Cm Bb F Cm Bb

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a gypsy queen...
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle all

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dressed in green.
 Wig - gle, wig - gle, wig - gle 'til the moon is blue.

Wig - gle 'til the moon sees you.
 Wig - gle, wig - gle, wig - gle in your boots and shoes.
 Wig - gle, wig - gle, wig - gle, you got noth - ing to lose.

Wig - gle, wig - gle, wig - gle like a swarm of bees.
 Wig - gle on your hands and knees.
Bridge

Wiggle to the front, wiggle to the rear,

Wiggle 'til you wiggle right out of here.

Wiggle 'til it opens,

Wiggle 'til it shuts,

Wiggle 'til it bites,

Wiggle 'til it cuts.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a bowl of soup,

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a
Additional Lyrics

Bridge:

Wiggle 'til you're high, wiggle 'til you're higher,
Wiggle 'til you vomit fire,
Wiggle 'til it whispers, wiggle 'til it hums,
Wiggle 'til it answers, wiggle 'til it comes.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like satin and silk,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a pail of milk.
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, rattle and shake,
Wiggle like a big fat snake.
WATCHING THE RIVER FLOW

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderate blues

F

What's the matter with me, I don't have
Wish I was back in the city, instead of this

Bb7

much to say,
old bank of sand,

With the

F

Day-light sneak-in' through the window And I'm still in this all
sun beating down over the chimney tops And the one I love so close at
night café.
hand.

Walkin' to and fro beneath the moon
If I had wings and I could fly,
Out to where the trucks are rollin' slow,
I know where I would go.
To But

sit down on this bank of sand
right now I'll just sit here so contentedly
And watch the
river flow, river flow,

People disagreeing on all just about every thing, yeah,

People disagreeing everywhere you look,

Makes you stop and all wonder why. Why

Makes you wanna stop and read a book. Why

Only yesterday I saw somebody on the street. Who just couldn't help but
cri.
real-ly shook._
Oh, ________
But this
ol’ riv-er keeps on roll-in’, through,
No
ol’ riv-er keeps on roll-in’, through,
No
mat-ter what gets in the way and which way the wind does blow,
And as
mat-ter what gets in the way and which way the wind does blow,
And as
long____ as it does I’ll just sit here And watch____ the
long____ as it does I’ll just sit here And watch____ the
[1.]  
F F7/Eb F7/D Bbm/Db F/C No chord F No chord

river flow.

[2.]  
F Bb7

river flow. Watch the

F Bb7

river flow. Watch-in’ the
riv-er flow.

Watch-in' the

riv-er flow.

But I'll sit down on this bank of

sand And watch the riv-er flow.
Verse 1. Look out across the fields, see me returning.

Smoke is in your eye, you draw a smile;...
From the fireplace where my letters to you are burning, you've had time to think about it for a while.

Well, I've walked two hundred miles, now look me over, it's the end.
of the chase... and the moon is high...
It won't matter who knows who,... you'll love me... or I'll love you...
when the night comes falling,
when the night comes falling,
when the night comes falling from the sky...

Verse 2. I can see...

Repeat and fade
Verse 2.  I can see through your walls and I know you're hurting,
Bb m      Gb/Bb                       Bb m      Gb/Bb
sorrow covers you up like a cape.
Gb 7      Bb m                        Only
yesterday I know that you've been flirting with dis-
Db 6      F7+5                        F7
aster that you managed to escape.
Bb m
I can't provide for you no easy answers.
Gb
Who are you that I should have to lie?  You'll know
Gb 7      Ab                      Bb m
all about it, love it'll fit you like a glove
Gb          Bb m                      Gb      Bb m
when the night comes falling, when the night comes
Gb          Bb m                      Gb      Bb m
falling, when the night comes falling from the sky.
Gb

Verse 3.  I can hear your trembling heart beat like a river, you must have
Bb m      Gb                       Bb m      Gb/Bb
been protecting someone last time I called.  I've never
Gb 7      Bb m                        Gb
asked you for nothing you couldn't deliver, I've never
Db 7      F7+5                        F7
asked you to set yourself up for a fall.  I saw
Bb m
thousands who could have overcome the darkness, for the
love of a lousy buck, I've watched them die.  Stick a-
Gb 7      Ab                      Bb m
round baby, we're not through, don't look for me, I'll see you
Gb          Bb m                      Gb      Bb m
when the night comes falling, when the night comes
Gb          Bb m                      Gb      Bb m
falling, when the night comes falling from the sky.
Gb
Verse 4. In your teardrops I can see my own reflection, it was on the
northern border of Texas where I crossed the line. I don't
want to be a fool starving for affection, I don't
want to drown in someone else's wine. For all e-
ternity I think I will remember that
icy wind that's howling in your eye. You will
seek me and you'll find me in the wasteland of your mind
when the night comes falling, when the night comes
falling, when the night comes falling from the sky.

Verse 5. Well, I sent you my feelings in a letter but
you were gambling for support.
This time tomorrow I'll know you better
when my memory is not so short.
This time I'm asking for freedom,
freedom from a world which you deny. And you'll
give it to my now, I'll take it any-how,
when the night comes falling, when the night comes
falling, when the night comes falling from the sky.

*Instrumental and fade*
WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Medium bright

I. Oh the time will come up when the winds will stop
And the breeze will cease to be breath-in'

Like the stillness in the wind
'Fore the hurricane begins

Oh the seas will split
And the ship will hit

ho-ur when the ship comes in.

Oh the time will come up when the winds will stop
And the breeze will cease to be

Like the stillness in the wind
'Fore the hurricane begins

Oh the seas will split
And the ship will hit

ho-ur when the ship comes in.

Oh the time will come up when the winds will stop
And the breeze will cease to be

Like the stillness in the wind
'Fore the hurricane begins

Oh the seas will split
And the ship will hit

ho-ur when the ship comes in.
2. Oh the fishes will laugh
As they swim out of the path
And the seagulls they'll be smiling
And the rocks on the sand
Will proudly stand
The hour that the ship comes in.

And the words they use
For to get the ship confused
Will not be understood as they're spoken
For the chains of the sea
Will have busted in the night
And will be buried at the bottom of the ocean.

3. A song will lift
As the mainsail shifts
And the boat drifts on to the shore line
And the sun will respect
Every face on the deck
The hour when the ship comes in.

Then the sands will roll
Out a carpet of gold
For your weary toes to be a touchin'
And the ship's wise men
Will remind you once again
That the whole wide world is watchin'.
UNBELIEVABLE

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately bright, with a driving shuffle beat (\( \text{\( \frac{4}{4} \)} = \text{\( \frac{4}{4} \)} \))

F7(#9)

It's un-believ-a-ble, it's strange but true.

It's in-con-ceiv-a-ble it could hap-pen to you.

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You go north and you go south,

Just like bait in the fish's mouth. Ya must be livin' in the shadow of some kind of evil star.

It's unbelievable it would get this far.

Interlude
It's undesirable

It's in-describable,

They said it was the land of milk and honey, Now...
they say it's the land of money.

Whoever thought they could ever make that stick.

It's unbelievable you can get this rich this quick.
Funky instrumental (ad lib.)

Bridge

Every head is so

distinguished,

Every moon is so sanctified,

Ev'ry urge is so satisfied as long as you're with me.
All the silver, all the gold,
You can hold, that don't\nCome back with stories untold,
Hanging on a tree.
It's unbelievable

Like a lead balloon.
It's so impossible
to even learn the tune... Kill that beast... and

feed that swine... Scale that wall... and smoke... that vine... C7

To Coda
No chord

Feed that horse and... saddle up... the drum. It's un... be-

F7(#)9

D.S. al Coda

lievable, the day would finally... come.
Bridge:

Once there was a man who had no eyes,
Every lady in the land told him lies,
He stood beneath the silver skies
And his heart began to bleed.
Every brain is civilized,
Every nerve is analyzed,
Everything is criticized when you are in need.

It’s unbelievable, it’s fancy-free,
So interchangeable, so delightful to see.
Turn your back, wash your hands,
There’s always someone who understands
It don’t matter no more what you got to say
It’s unbelievable it would go down this way.
YOU'RE A BIG GIRL NOW

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow

Bm

Am7

Bm

1. Our conversation was short and sweet. It nearly swept me off my feet. And I'm back in the rain. Oh and you are on dry land.

Am7

G

C

G

Bm7

C

Am7

You made it there somehow
2. Bird on the horizon
   Sittin' on a fence
   He's singin' his song for me
   At his own expense
   And I'm just like that bird
   Oh-oh
   Singin' just for you
   I hope that you can hear
   Hear me singin' through these tears

3. Time is a jet plane
   It moves too fast
   Oh, but what a shame
   If all we've shared can't last
   I can change, I swear
   Oh-oh
   See what you can do
   I can make it through
   You can make it too

4. Love is so simple
   To quote a phrase
   You've known it all the time
   I'm learnin' it these days
   Oh, I know where I can find you
   Oh-oh
   In somebody's room
   It's a price I have to pay
   You're a big girl all the way

5. A change in the weather
   Is known to be extreme
   But what's the sense of changing
   Horses in midstream
   I'm going out of my mind
   Oh-oh
   With a pain that stops and starts
   Like a corkscrew to my heart
   Ever since we've been apart
VISIONS OF JOHANNA

Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Moderately slow

A

D

E7

1. Ain't it just like the night to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so lot where the ladies play blind man's bluff with the little boy lost, he takes himself so serious side the museums, infinity goes up on

A

mf

qui et?

key chain

ly

tri al

We sit here stranded, though we're all
And the all-night girls they whisper
He brags of his misery, he likes
Voices echo this is what

D

E7

A

do in' our best to deny it
per of escapades out on the "D" train

to live dangerously
va tion must be like after a while

And Lou

We can

And when

But Mona

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Ise holds a handful of rain, tempting you
to desert
the night watchman click his flashlight
Ask himself if it's him or them that's really in
bringing her name up
He speaks of a farewell kiss to
Lisa must have the highway blues
You can tell by the way she

Lights flicker from the opposite
Louise, she's all right, she's just
He's sure got a lot to
See the primitive wallflower

In this room the heat pipes just cough
The
She's delicate and seems like the mirror
But she just
To be so useless and all
Mutters
When the jelly-faced women all sneeze
Hear the
country music station plays soft
makes it all too concise and too clear
But there's nothing, really nothing to turn
ing small talk at the wall
one with the mustache say, "Jeeze, I can't find my knees."

off
hall
Just Louise and her
The ghost of electricity
How can I explain?
Oh, jewels and binoculars

lover so entwined
howls in the bones of her face
it's so hard to get on
hang from the head of the mule

And these visions
Where these visions
And these visions
But these visions
of Johanna

of Johanna

of Johanna

of Johanna

that conquer my mind

have now taken my place

they kept me up past the dawn

they make it all seem so cruel

[1., 2., 3.]

2. In the empty

3. Now,

4. In -

5. The peddler now speaks to the
count-ess who's pre-tend-ing to care for him. Say-in',

"Name me some-one that's not a para-site and I'll go out and say a prayer for him."

But like Louise always says, "Ya can't look at much, can ya man?" As she, her-self, pre-pares for him.
And Madonna, she still has not showed. We see this empty cage, now corrode.
Where her cape of the stage once had flowed.
The fiddler, he now steps to the road. He writes
ev’rything’s been returned which was owed.

On the back of the fish truck that loads—
While my conscience explodes

Harmonicas play, the skeleton keys and the rain

And these visions of Johanna

Are now all that remain.
ABSOLUTELY SWEET MARIE
BOOTS OF SPANISH LEATHER
CHANGING OF THE GUARDS
CHIMES OF FREEDOM
DEAR LANDLORD
DESOLOATION ROW
DIGNITY
DON'T THINK TWICE, IT'S ALRIGHT
FOOT OF PRIDE
GIRL OF THE NORTH COUNTRY
A HARD RAIN'S A-GONNA FALL
HEART OF MINE
HIGHWAY 61 REVISITED
BELIEVE IN YOU
IT AIN'T ME, BABE
IT'S ALL OVER NOW, BABY BLUE
IT'S ALRIGHT, MA (I'M ONLY BLEEDING)
JUST LIKE TOM THUMB'S BLUES
LAY DOWN YOUR WEARY TUNE
LEOPARD-SKIN PILLOW BOX HAT
LIKE A ROLLING STONE
LOVE MINUS ZERO/NO LIMIT
MAGGIE'S FARM
MASTERS OF WAR
MOST LIKELY YOU GO YOUR WAY
AND I'LL GO MINE
MR. TAMBOURINE MAN
MY BACK PAGES
NEW MORNING
ONE MORE CUP OF COFFEE (VALLEY BELOW)
POLITICAL WORLD
POSITIVELY FOURTH STREET
RING THEM BELLS
SEVEN DAYS
SHE BELONGS TO ME
SHOOTING STAR
SUBLIME HOMESICK BLUES
THE TIMES THEY ARE A-CHANGIN'
THIS WHEEL'S ON FIRE
TOMBSTONE BLUES
TONIGHT I'LL BE STAYING HERE WITH YOU
TOO MUCH OF NOTHING
UNBELIEVABLE
UP TO ME
VISIONS OF JOHANNIS
WATCHING THE RIVER FLOW
WHEN THE NIGHT COMES FALLING FROM THE SKY
WHEN THE SHIP COMES IN
WIGGLE WIGGLE
YOU'RE A BIG GIRL NOW