ALL ALONG THE WATCHTOWER

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, with a beat

There must be some way out of here,

There's too much confusion,

I can't get no relief.

Business men, they

© 1968, 1985 DWARF MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
drink my wine. Plowmen dig my earth, None of them a-
long the line know what any of it is worth."

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

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

Barefoot servants, too.
Outside in the distance,

A wildcat did growl,
Two riders were approaching,

The wind began to howl.
BLOWIN' IN THE WIND

Words and Music by
BOB DYLAN

REFRAIN

1. How many roads must a man walk down before you
2. How many times must a man look up before he can
3. How many years can a mountain exist before it's

call him a man? Yes, 'n'
see the sky? Yes, 'n'
washed to the sea? Yes, 'n'
white dove sail before she sleeps in the sand?
one man have before he can hear people cry?
people exist before they're allowed to be free?

© MCMLXII by M. WITMARK & SONS

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT SECURED Publisher member of ASCAP ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
The making of any unauthorized adaptation, arrangement or copy of this publication.
How many times must the cannon balls fly before they're
How many deaths will it take 'til he knows that too many
How many times can a man turn his head pretending he

forever banned?
people have died?
just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is

blowin' in the wind, The answer is blowin' in the wind.

Slower

wind. The answer is blowin' in the wind.
Blowin’ In The Wind
Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Bright, spirited

REFRAIN

1. How many roads must a man walk down before you call him a man? Yes, ’n’
2. How many times must a man look up before he can see the sky? Yes, ’n’
3. How many years can a mountain exist before it’s washed to the sea? Yes, ’n’

white dove sail before she sleeps in the sand? Yes, ’n’
one man have before he can hear people cry? Yes, ’n’
people exist before they’re allowed to be free? Yes, ’n’

© Copyright 1962 by M. Witmark & Sons, U.S.A.
Warner Bros. Music Ltd., 17 Berners Street, London W1P 3DD
All Rights Reserved.
How many times must the cannon balls fly before they're
How many deaths will it take 'til he knows that too many
How many times can a man turn his head pretending he

forever banned?
people have died?
just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is

1 & 2.

blowin' in the wind. The answer is blowin' in the wind.

3. Slower

wind. The answer is blowin' in the wind.
BROWNSVILLE GIRL  
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly

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

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

He was shot
down by a hungry kid try'n' to make a name for him-self. The towns-people wanted to

1-5, 7-9, 11-13, 15, 16. | 6, 10, 14, 17.

crush that kid down and string him up by the neck. 2. Well, the trol.

Chorus:

Browns-ville girl with your Browns-ville curls, teeth like pearls shining like the moon above.

Browns-ville girl, show me all around the world.
Additional Lyrics

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

    Chorus

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

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

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

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

    Chorus

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

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

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

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

Moderately slow

Chorus:

1. Congratulations for break-in' my heart... Congratulations for tearing it all apart... Congratulations you finally did succeed... Congratulations for break-in' my heart...

© 1988 SPECIAL RIDER MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
1. This morning I looked out my window and found a bluebird singing but there was no one around. At night I lay alone in my bed, With an image of you going around in my head.

2. Congratulations for leaving me in need.
Chorus:

use to pretend

3. Congratulations

for

Coda

D.S. al Coda

la - tions, you never did know when to stop. Congratulations.

Congratulations.

Congratulations.

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

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

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

Moderately slow

Come, ba-by, find me,
Come, ba-by, rock me,
Come, ba-by, re-mind me,
Come, ba-by, lock me.

of where I once been,
in into the shadows of your heart.

© 1983 SPECIAL RIDER MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
Come, baby, show me,
Come, baby, teach me,
Come, baby, reach me,
Tell me you're the one.

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

to see behind closed doors.
you're the one I'm livin' for.

be be
be be
emotionally yours.
emotionally yours.

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

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

Come, baby, shake me,

Come, baby, take me,

I would be satisfied.

Come, baby, hold me,

Come, baby, help me,

My arms are open wide.
I could be unraveling wherever I'm traveling

even to foreign shores.

But

I will always be emotionally yours.
EVERY GRAIN OF SAN

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, in 2

In the
time of my con-fes-sion,
flow-ers of in-dul-gence

In the hour of my deep-est need,
And the weeds of yes-ter-year,

When the pool of tears be-neath my feet
Like crim-nals they have choked the breath Of

© 1981 SPECIAL RIDER MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
Flood every new-born seed, there's a dying voice within me.

Consolidation and good cheer. The sun beat down upon

in me the steps of time to light my way, Toil ing in the
don't idle And in the memory of despair.

danger And in the morals of decay.

And have the inclination To look back on any mistake.

Have gaze into the doorway Of temptation's angry flame.

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

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

Then onward in my journey I come to understand.

That every leaf that trembles, Like every grain of sand.

Then onward in my journey I come to understand.

That every leaf that trembles, Like every grain of sand.

Then onward in my journey I come to understand.

That every leaf that trembles, Like every grain of sand.

Oh, the sand.
gone from rags to riches
In the sorrow of the night,
In the violence of a summer's dream,
In the chill of a wintery light,
In the bitter dance of loneliness
Fading into space,
In the broken mirror of innocence
On each forgotten face.
hear the ancient footsteps  Like the motion of the sea.  Sometimes I turn; there's someone there.  Other times it's only me.  I am

hanging in the balance       Of the reality of man,  Like

every sparrow falling,  Like every grain of sand.
EVERYTHING IS BROKEN
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, with a steady beat

E7

Brok-en lines,-
brok-en strings,-
Brok-en threads,-
brok-en springs,-
Brok-en i-dols,
brok-en heads,-
People sleeping in broken beds.
Ain't no use jiving.

Ain't no use joking.
Every thing 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,

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

Brok'en cut-ters, brok'en saws,
Brok'en buck-les,

brok'en laws,
Brok'en bod-ies, brok'en bones,
Broken voices on broken phones. Take a deep breath.

feel like you’re choking,
Every thing is broken.

Every time you leave and go off

someplace,
Things fall to pieces in my face.
Broken hands on broken ploughs, Broken treaties,

Broken vows. Broken pipes, Broken tools,

People bending broken rules. Hound dog howling,

Bullfrog croaking. Everything is broken.
FOREVER YOUNG
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, with a steady beat

G

C

G

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

mf

D

al-ways do for oth-ers, And let oth-ers do for you. May you

G

C

build a lad-der to the stars and climb on ev'-ry rung. May you

© 1973, 1985 RAM'S HORN MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED
stay forever young,  May you

stay forever young.  2. May you

grow up to be righteous, May you grow up to be true.  May you
hands always be busy, May your feet always be swift.  May you

always know the truth. And see the lights surrounding you. May you
have a strong foundation when the winds of changes shift. May your
al-ways be cou-ra-geous, Stand up-right and be strong... May you
heart al-ways be joy-ful, May your song al-ways be sung... May you

stay for-ev-er young,

stay for-ev-er young.

3. May you stay for-ev-er young,

young, May you stay for-ev-er young.
GOTTA SERVE SOMEBODY
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow

Am

Verse:

1. You may be an ambasador to England or France...

You may like to gamble, you might like to dance...

© 1979 SPECIAL RIDER MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION, ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
You may be the heavyweight champion of the world...

Chorus:

You may be a socialite with a long string of pearls. But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed. You're gonna have to serve somebody.
it may be the devil or it may be the Lord. But you're gonna have to

serve somebody.

2. You

repeat and fade
Additional Lyrics

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

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

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

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

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

7. You may call me Terry, you may call me Timmy.  
You may call me Bobby, you may call me Zimmy.  
You may call me R.J., you may call me Ray.  
You may call me anything, but no matter what you say.  
Chorus
HURRICANE
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

Am          F          Am          F

mf

Am          F          Am

1. Pistol shots ring out in the bar room night, Enter Patty Valentine from the

upper hall. She sees the bartender in a pool of blood.

© 1975 RAM'S HORN MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
Cries out, "My God, they killed them all!"

Here comes the story of the

Hurricane,
The man the authorities came to blame,

For some-thin' that he nev-er done,

Put in a pris-on cell, but

one time he could-a been

The cham-pi-on of the world.
Additional Lyrics

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Moderately

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

They say ev'-ry man must fall.

Yet I swear I see my re-

© 1967, 1976 DWARF MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
flection

so high above the wall.

Chorus:

I see my light come shining

From the west down to the
Additional Lyrics

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

Chorus

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

Chorus
I WANT YOU
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately bright (quasi in 2)

Verse:

1. The

guilty undertaker sighs,

Am/E

drunken politician leaps.

The lonely organ

where

grinder cries,

Dm

mothers weep,

...The silver saxophones say I should

And the saviors who are fast asleep...They
refuse you. The cracked bells and
wait for you. And I wait for them to

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

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

Chorus:
I want you,
I want you

so bad,

Hon-ey, I want

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

4. Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit,
He spoke to me, I took his flute.
No, I wasn't very cute to him,
Was I?
But I did it, though, because he lied,
Because he took you for a ride,
And because time was on his side,
And because I...
Chorus
I’LL BE YOUR BABY TONIGHT
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

\[ F \]

Close your eyes, Close the door,
(Shut the) light, Shut the shade,

\[ mf \]

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

\[ G7 \]

I’ll be your baby tonight,

\[ Bb \]

\[ C7 \]

© 1968, 1976 DWARF MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
F

1. C7

night.

Shut the

2. F7

Well, that mockingbird's gonna sail away.

Bb

F

We're gonna forget it,

G

That big, fat moon is gonna

C7

shine like a spoon.

No chord

But, we're gonna let it,

You won't regret it. Kick your
shoes off,
Do not fear,
Bring that bottle over here,

I'll be your baby tonight.
IS YOUR LOVE IN VAIN?

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, with a beat

1. Do you love me, so fast that you cannot see that I must have solitude?

3. Alright, I'll take a chance, I will fall in love with you.

Do you need me half as bad as you say, or are you tude?

When I am in the darkness,

If I'm a fool, you can have the night; you can...
you just feeling - ing
why do you in - trude?
I've been burned be - fore, and I
have the morn - ing
too.

know the score, so you won't hear me com - plain.
know my kind; or must I ex - plain?

Will I be a - ble to
Will you let me
Are you will - ing to

know - ing - ing - ing - ing
know - ing - ing - ing - ing

count - on you, or is your love in vain?
be - my - self, or is your love in
risk it all, or is your love in

1. D

2. A
been to the mountain, and I've been in the wind... I've been in and out of happiness.

I have dined with kings, I've been offered wings, and I've never been too impressed.

D.S. al Coda

never vain?

f

rit.
JOKERMAN
Words and Music by Bob Dylan

Brightly

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

eyes of the idol with the iron head are glowing.

Distant ships sailing

© 1983 SPECIAL RIDER MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
in to the mist. You were born with a snake in both of your fists while a hurricane was blowing.

Freedom just around the corner for you.

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

Joker-man dance to the

nightingale tune. Bird fly high by the

light of the moon. Oh, oh, oh, oh, joker-

er-man.
Additional Lyrics

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

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

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

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

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

W ORDS AND M USI C BY Bob D YLAN

Moderately slow (with a feel)

F
Bb
C7
F

1. No-bod-y feels any pain,
   night as I stand inside the rain,
   Ev-ry-bod-y knows that
lieve I'll go see her again.
lieve it's time for us to quit.
No-bod-y has to guess that
When we meet again,

2. Mar-ty, she's my friend.

Yes, I be-

Yes, I be-

mf

Bb
C7
F
Bb
C7
Baby's got new clothes. But lately, I finally see her
baby can't be blessed Till she sees don't let on
introduced as friends, Please

Ribbons and her bows have fallen with her fog, her amphetamine, and her
she's like all the rest when I was hungry and it was your

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

Woman, But she breaks just like a lit-tle girl.
Woman, But she breaks just like a lit-tle girl.
Woman, But you

1. F
2. F

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

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

pain in here, _ I can’t stay in here, _ Ain’t it clear _ that

break just like a lit - tle girl.
Slowly

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

G x000

I can't use it an - y more,
I can't shoot them an - y more.

G x000

It's get - tin' dark, too dark for me to see,
That long black cloud is com - in' down,

D xx0

Am7 xo 0 0

G x000

D xx0

C 0 0

G x000

D xx0

Am7 xo 0 0

© Copyright 1973 Rams Horn Music, USA.
This arrangement © Copyright 2002 Rams Horn Music.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
I feel like I'm knock-in' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knock-in' on heaven's door.

Repeat and fade
LAY, LADY, LAY
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly

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

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

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

© 1969, 1985 BIG SKY MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine.
Lay, la - dy, lay,

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

stay with your man a - while.
Un - til the break of day,

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

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

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

Why wait any longer for the world to begin,?
You can have your cake and eat it too.

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

Lay, lay, lay, lay, lay, lay, across my big brass bed.

Stay, stay, stay, stay.
stay while the night is still asleep,

I long to see you in the morning light,
I long to reach for you.

in the night,
Stay, lady, stay,
stay while the night is still asleep.
LIKE A ROLLING STONE
WORDS & MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Verse
Once upon a time you dressed so fine,
You threw the bums a dime

in your prime,
Didn't you?

People'd call, say "be-ware doll you're bound to fall,"
You thought they were all

© Copyright 1965 Warner Brothers Music
Copyright renewed 1993 SPECIAL RIDER MUSIC, USA
This arrangement © Copyright 1995 SPECIAL RIDER MUSIC
All Rights Reserved International Copyright Secured
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.

Refrain
How does it feel,

To be without a home,

Like a complete unknown,
LIKE A ROLLING STONE?
Verse 2. You've gone to the finest school all right Miss Lonely,
But you know you only used to get
Julec 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 you want to
Make a deal?

Refrain:

Verse 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.

Refrain:

Verse 4. 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 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.

Refrain:
MOST OF THE TIME
WORDS & MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly
Fbass
C
F
C

I'm clear focused all around. Most of the time...

I can keep both feet on the ground.

I can follow the path...

© Copyright 1988 Special Rider Music, USA.
This arrangement © Copyright 2001 Special Rider Music.
All Rights Reserved. International Copyright Secured.
I can read the signs,
Stay right with it
when the road un-winds,
I can handle whatever
I stumble upon.
I don't even notice
she's gone,
Most of the time.

To Coda
2.3. Most of the time__
   she ain't ev'en in my mind, I won't know her if I saw her,

New line

3. Most of the time_
   She's that far behind.

New line

Most of the time__
   I can't ev'en be sure__

New line

If she was ev'er with me__
   Or if I was ev'er with her__
Verse 2:
Most of the time
It’s well understood
Most of the time
I wouldn’t change it if I could
I can make it all match up,
I can hold my own,
I can deal with the situation
Right down to the bone.
I can survive,
I can endure,
And I don’t even think, about her,
Most of the time.

Verse 3:
Most of the time
My head is on straight,
Most of the time
I’m strong enough to hate.
I don’t build up illusion
‘Til it makes me sick,
I ain’t afraid of confusion
No matter how thick.
I can smile in the face.
Of mankind.
Don’t even remember
What her lips felt like on mine
Most of the time.

Verse 4:
Most of the time
I’m halfway content,
Most of the time
I know exactly where it all went,
I don’t cheat on myself,
I don’t run and hide.
Hide from the feelings
That are buried inside,
I don’t compromise
And I don’t pretend.
I don’t even care
If I ever see her again
Most of the time.
Mr. Tambourine Man

Moderato (in 2)

Hey! MIS - TER TAM - BOU - RINE MAN play a song for me, I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm go-in' to.

Hey! MIS - TER TAM - BOU - RINE MAN play a song for me in the
Verse
1. Though 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
Seein' 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:
SARA

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

1. I laid on a dune, I looked at the sky, When the children were babies And played on the beach. You

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

© 1975, 1976 RAM'S HORN MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
always so close and still within reach.

Sara, Sara,

Whatever made you want to change your mind.

Sara, Sara, So
Additional Lyrics

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

   Sara, oh Sara,  
   Glamorous nymph with an arrow and bow.  
   Sara, oh Sara,  
   Don't ever leave me, don't ever go.
SHELTER FROM THE STORM

WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately, in 2

1. 'Twas in another lifetime,
word was spoke between us,
I turned around;
the preacher rides a mount;
blackness was a virtue
everything up to that point had been
but nothing really matters much,
I bargained for salvation

D A G D

mf

D A G

D A

D

when blackness was a virtue and the
with silver bracelets on her wrists and
it's

© 1974, 1976 RAM'S HORN MUSIC
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
road was full of mud.  
left unresolved.
flow'rs in her hair.  
doom a lone that counts.
gave me a lethal dose.  

I came in from' the wil -
Try im ag - in' a place -
She walked up to me so grace -
And the one-eyed un - der - tak -
I of - fered up my in -

A

der - ness, where a crea - ture void of form,  
ful - ly and took my crown of thorns,  
er, he blows a futile horn,  
nocence and got re-paid with scorn,

"Come

D

in," she said, "I'll give you shel - ter from the storm."
And if I pass this way again, you can rest assured I'll never go back again. 
I was burned out from experience, now there's a wall between us, some thin thing.
I've heard newborn babies wailing, but I'm bound to cross the line. 
Well, I'm living in a foreign country, I'll always do my best for her, on that trail I gave my word. 
Poisoned in the bushes, blown out. 
Took too much for granted, strand ed without love. 
Old men with broken teeth, someday I'll make it mine.
In a world of steel-eyed death and men who are
Hunted like a crocodile,
Just to think that it all began on a
Do I understand your question, man, is it
If I could only turn back the clock to when

fighting to be warm,
raped in the corn,
long for forgotten morn?
God and her were born,

"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

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

ritard.
SHENANDOAH
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately

1. Oh, Shen - an - do - ah, I long to hear you. Look a - way,
   sou - ri is a might - y riv - er. Look a - way,
you roll-in' river.

Oh,

Shenandoah, I long to hear you.

Indians camp along her border.

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

1.  
   2.  
2. Now the Mis-

3. Well, a
white man loved an Indian maiden. Look a-
way, you roll-in' river. With notions his canoe was laden. Look away, we're bound away across the wide Mis-

1.-3. [4.

sou-ri. 4. Oh. 5. For 6. Well, it's

Look a
Additional Lyrics

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

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

6. Well, it's fare-thee-well, my dear, I'm bound to leave you.
    Look away, you rollin' river.
    Shenandoah, I will not deceive you.
    Look away, we're bound away across the wide Missouri.
SHOT OF LOVE
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Moderately slow, with a steady beat

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

shot of love... 1. Don't need a shot of heroin to kill my disease. Don't

(funky)

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

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

Eb  Db  Bbm

shot of love... I need a

Eb  Db  Bbm

shot of love...
2. Doctor, can you hear me? I need some med-i-caid... I seen the

king-dom of the world... and it's mak-in' me feel a-fraid...

What I got ain't pain-ful, it's just bound to kill me dead... Like the men...

...that fol-lowed Je-sus when they put a price up-on his head... I need a
I need a shot of love.
shot of love. I need a shot of love.
If you're a doctor, I need a shot of love.
repeat and fade
Additional Lyrics

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

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

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

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

(To 3rd ending)
SILVIO
Words and Music by Bob Dylan & Robert Hunter

Moderately bright

Stake my future on a hell of a past...
One of these days and it won't be long...
Going down in the valley and...

Coming on fast.
Ain't complaining 'bout what I got,
Sing my song. I will sing it loud and sing it strong...
Let the

© 1988 SPECIAL RIDER MUSIC & ICE NINE PUBLISHING CO., INC.
USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
Seen better times but who has not?

Silvio, silver and gold won't buy back the beat of a heart.

Grown cold. Silvio, I gotta go.

Find out something only dead men know.
C 0 0  G x000

F  C 0 0  G x000

F

Hon-est as the next jade rol-ling that stone, When I come a-knock-in', don't
give what I got un-til I got no more; I take what I get un-til

C 0 0  G x000

F

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

C 0 0  G x000

F

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

off again. I can stroke your body and relieve your pain. Since every pleasure's got an edge of pain.

Charm the whistle off an evening train. Silvio,

silver and gold won't buy back the beat of a heart grown cold.
Silvio, I gotta go find out something only

dead men know...

I

D.S. al Coda
dead men know...
Sil - vi - o, silver and gold won't
buy back the beat of a heart... grown cold...
Sil - vi - o, I gotta go...
find out something only dead men know...
**STUCK INSIDE OF MOBILE**

**WITH THE MEMPHIS BLUES AGAIN**

**WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN**

Moderately, with a beat

**Verse:**

F \[\text{Gm} \times 0\] F

1. Oh, the rag-man draws circles, up and down the block.

Dm \[\text{F} \times 0\] F

I'd ask him what the matter was, but I

Dm \[\text{F} \times 0\]

know that he don't talk, and the ladies treat me kind-

Bb \[\text{C7} \times 0\] Bb

© 1966, 1976 DURF MUSIC

USED BY PERMISSION. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
And furnish me with tape,

But deep inside my heart
I know I can't escape.

Chorus:
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end, To be stuck

Inside of Mobile With the Memphis blues again.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

9. Now the bricks lay on Grand Street
   Where the neon madmen climb.
   They all fall there so perfectly,
   It all seems so well timed.
   An' here I sit so patiently,
   Waiting to find out what price,
   You have to pay to get out of
   Going through all these things twice.
   Chorus
SWEETHEART LIKE YOU
WORDS AND MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

Slowly, with a beat

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

They say that vanity got the best of him, but he sure left after sun-down.
By the way, that's a cute hat.
And that smile's... so hard to resist.

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

1. B9sus4
2. B9sus4
3. A

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

You know,
Bridge 1:

You can make a name for yourself. You can hear them tires squeal.

You can be known as the most beautiful woman who ever crawled across.

Glass to make a deal.

4. You know,
news of you has come down the line
even be-
fore ya came in the door.
They say in your
father's house, there's man-y
mansions,
Each one of them
got a fire-proof floor.
Snap out of it, baby, people are jealous of you. They

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

What's a sweetheart like you do -

in' in a dump like this?
Additional Lyrics

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

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

(to Bridge I, then to Verse 4.)

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

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

Moderately, in 2

D

Dsus4

Dsus2

D

Dsus4

Dsus2

C/D

D

C/D

G

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

Won-drin' if she'd changed at all. If her hair was still...
red.
Her folks, they said our lives together

Sure was gonna be rough...
They never did like Mama's

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

I was standin' on the side of the road,... Rain fallin' on my shoes...
Heading out for the East Coast, Lord

knows I've paid some dues Gettin' through...

Tangled up in blue.
Additional Lyrics

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

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

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

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

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

7. So now I’m goin’ back again,
   I got to get to her somehow.
   All the people we used to know,
   They’re an illusion to me now.
   Some are mathematicians,
   Some are carpenters’ wives.
   Don’t know how it all got started,
   I don’t know what they’re doin’ with their lives.
   But me, I’m still on the road,
   Headin’ for another joint.
   We always did feel the same,
   We just saw it from a different point
   Of view.
   Tangled up in blue.
Come gather 'round people where ever you roam, and adapt
mit 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 saving then you
The Times They Are A-Changin'

better start swimmin' or you'll sink like a stone, for the times they are a changin'.

Come writers and critics who prophesy 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 telling who that it's namin' For the

loser now will be later to win, for the times they are a changin'
Come

sen a tors, con gress men, please heed the call. Don't stand in the
door way; don't block up the hall. For he that gets hurt will be he who has stalled.
There's a battle out side and it's rag in'.

It'll soon shake your win dows and

rat tle your walls, for the times they are a chang in'.

Come
The Times They Are A-Changin'

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 ag'in. So get out of the new one if you

can't lend your hand, for the times they are a changin'.

The line 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 fad'in'.

And the first one now will later be last, for the times they are a chang'in'.
THINGS HAVE CHANGED
WORDS & MUSIC BY BOB DYLAN

1. A worried man with a
(Verses 2-4 see block lyrics)

worried mind,
no one in front of me and nothing behind.
There's a
woman on my lap and she's drinking champagne.

Got white skin, got assassin's eyes,

I'm looking up into the sapphire-tinted skies, I'm well dressed, waiting on the last train.
Standing on the gallows with my head in the noose.

Any minute now I'm expecting all hell to break loose.

People are crazy and times are strange,
I'm locked in tight, I'm out of range.
used to care but things have changed.

Guitar

[Music notation]
Verse 2:
This place ain’t doing me any good
I’m in the wrong town, I should be in Hollywood
Just for a second there I thought I saw something move
Gonna take dancing lessons do the jitterbug rag
Ain’t no shortcuts, gonna dress in drag
Only a fool in here would think he’s got anything to prove.
Lot of water under the bridge, lot of other stuff too
Don’t get up gentlemen, I’m only passing through.

People are crazy etc.

Verse 3:
I’ve been walking forty miles of bad road
If the bible is right, the world will explode
I’ve been trying to get as far away from myself as I can
Some things are too hot to touch
The human mind can only stand so much
You can’t win with a losing hand.
Feel like falling in love with the first woman I meet
Putting her in a wheel barrow and wheeling her down the street.

People are crazy etc.

Verse 4:
I hurt easy, I just don’t show it
You can hurt someone and not even know it
The next sixty seconds could be like an eternity
Gonna get low down, gonna fly high
All the truth in the world adds up to one big lie
I’m in love with a woman who don’t even appeal to me

Mr Jinx and Miss Lucy, they jumped in the lake
I’m not that eager to make a mistake.

People are crazy etc.
To Make You Feel My Love

Words & Music by
Bob Dylan

Copyright © 1997 Special Rider Music (SESAC)
International Copyright Secured. All Rights Reserved.
I could offer you a warm embrace

To make you feel my love.

When the evening shadows and the stars appear.

And there is no one there to dry your tears.
(And) I could hold you for a million years.

To make you feel my love.

I know you haven't made your mind up yet.
The storms are raging on the rollin' sea.

But I would never do you wrong.
And on the highway of regret.
I've known it from the moment that we met.
The winds of change are blowin' wild and free.

No doubt in my mind where you belong.
You ain't seen nothin' like me yet.

I'd go hungry, I'd go black and blue.

I'd go crawlin' down the avenue.
There's nothing that I wouldn't do
To make you feel my love.

I could make you happy, make your dreams come true.

Nothing that I wouldn't do.
Go to the ends of the earth for you

To make you feel my love

There is noth - in' that I would - n't do

To make you feel my love.
I've known it from the moment that we met,
The winds of change are blowin' wild and free.

No doubt in my mind where you belong.
You ain't seen nothing like me yet.

I'd go hungry, I'd go black and blue.

I'd go crawlin' down the avenue.