THE **BOB DYLAN** SONGBOOK

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Created by `seal` version 0.1-pre (revision 83M).
Typeset using LaTeX on September 8, 2006.

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Preface

A while ago, I got a mail from a guy down in Germany. It said:

> Should you be interested, I have converted some of your html tabs to LaTeX, because I created my own Dylan songbook and wanted it to look as good as could be.

There were also some pdf files of a couple of songs. To be honest, I didn't think much about it — I didn't really see how a LaTeX version of 'some of the tabs' would ever be useful for me. LaTeX — that wildly complicated markup language which claimed to produce the most beautiful output, typographically, but at the cost of a steep learning curve, and a default output which makes everything look like something from a mathematical journal (because they are all made in LaTeX).

I answered back, politely, I think (I hope). The reply I got in return mentioned something about making a whole book that one could take to the local copyshop and get bound.

I still wasn't too impressed; I already had such a file — Adobe Acrobat could make the whole site into a big PDF file in a whiz, so why should I consider this anything special?

Well, in the end, I did, and I do, with ever greater thrill, joy, and inspiration, and the project, from which you are now reading this, has not only turned dylanchords.com into a beautiful book, it has also become a story of friendship, intellectual stimulation, and inspiration to learn, which has — among other things — led me (slowly, slowly) to pick up my programming attempts where I left them in college, after I had made a semi-functional version of Minesweeper with 8×12 squares in Basic (remember? the programming language which the school authorities in the eighties thought that everyone needed to learn, now that the computer age was coming); in the end, it also led me to finally ditching Windows in favour of Linux, something I should have done a long time ago.

What Seal can do

But first things first.

This book — I quickly learned that it was not simply a matter of stuffing all the tab files into a PDF file and that was that. For instance, print out some pages from the tab files on the net and try to play from that, and you will sooner or later — sooner, I'd guess — run into tab systems which are divided in the middle, or verses which have the chords on one page and the lyrics on the next.

Then turn to page ... — no, wait: *any* page — in this book, and you will find everything to be where it should be. Page breaks break pages, not songs.

If you're reading this directly from a PDF file, you will also be able to use the index and the table of contents as a link page — quite handy for a 1500+ pages book, and nothing that my Adobe-generated PDF dump could ever dream of.

And new additions to the site? Changes, revisions? No problem — they are incorporated directly the next time you run the program (as long as you have the updated files, of course).

You want just a booklet with the songs from Empire Burlesque instead of the whole book? Sure, make some small changes to one file, and you have your 'Love Songs from the Eighties' hit parade collection in your hand.

And last but not least: it looks good. There are details which distinguish a professionally printed page from what you dump from Your Average Word Processor to your printer. Some of them are considerable (such as fonts: if Your Average Word Processor is called MS Word, your font will by default be Times New Roman or Arial — bad choices, whichever way you look at it), other are more subtle and will most likely not be noticed by anyone without a special interest or a trained eye. Yet, I happen to think that they are important, not only for the typography freaks who delight in the perfect curve of a Garamond 'n' and who take it as a personal insult if page margins aren't proportioned according to the Golden Section. But in an age when most reading is done either from computer screens or from printouts from browsers or MS Word, where not a thought has been given to the visual appearance, I see it as the responsibility of anyone who produces text to make sure they are appealing; to counteract the print world's equivalent to elevator muzak. It is my firm belief that good typography will not save the world, but that bad typography ruins it just a little. Seal counteracts this — not bad for a piece of guitar-strummer's helper software, eh?

All this and more is done magically by Heinrich Küttler's creation, Seal. Here's what it does, as seen from a layman's perspective: it takes all the files from whatever version of Dylanchords you have got; turns it all into LaTeX files, where hyphenations, page breaks, fonts, layout, and what not is taken care of; generates an index from this; and outputs it to PDF or postscript. And voilà — you have a book in your hands, which rivals any chord book you can buy, both in terms of layout quality, and of usability and versatility.

In order for it to work, there was a whole lot that had to be done with the files on the site. When I started making the site in 1997, I didn't know much about html, and I used software which knew even less. Over the years, this had resulted in a jumble of files, some of which were ok, many of which were horrible, and none of which were valid files, in any definition of html.

But Heiner had put together a script which did away with the worst outgrowths, and from there, I could clean out the rest. In May 2005 the files were good enough to replace the old ones. Thus, Seal turned out to have benefits beyond the use of Seal itself.

That is just about all I can tell you about it; for the technical details, ask Heiner. What I know is: it works!

What you can do

What you can do? Well, you can do anything you can with any other pdf file, such as: print it out or send it to your friends, but that's not what I was going to say. The contents is released under the Creative Commons (CC) licence. This means that you are

free — and encouraged:

- to copy, distribute, display, and perform the work
- to make derivative works

as long as you:

- attribute the work in the manner specified by the author or licensor, and
- don't use it for commercial purposes.
- If you alter, transform, or build upon this work, you may distribute the resulting work only under a license identical to this one.

In other words: just like the dylanchords site, the contents is distributed freely, available for anyone who wants to play some good music, and — hopefully — learn something along the way. The conditions are that the attribution is retained, that you don't make any money from it (I don't count the free beer you get, playing from it in your local pub), and that if you use it in a "derivative work", e.g. include it in teaching material or make your own book, this new work should also be made publicly available under the same conditions.

The intention is to make sure the material is and will remain freely available, but without abandoning all control. That is why the CC licence is also labeled "Some Rights Reserved". It is not a complete "copyleft".

It goes without saying that this applies only to the parts of the contents which is in some way or another my "intellectual property" — the introductions and instructions, of course, but even the chord charts fall under this category, even though Bob Dylan, as the copyright holder of the original work, has the right to decide about their publication. The same, naturally, goes for the lyrics (where my contribution is more modest: correcting some errors in the published versions, and, probably, adding some new ones).

I've been hesitant to put a CC banner on the site before because of this — I wouldn't want to postulate a publishing licence for Dylan's work — but I now feel more confident and justified, both because the context is different, and because I now know more about the legal issues involved.

For me, this is a way of responding to the statement "Everybody must give something back for something they get". Working this closely with Dylan's music over the years has given me tremendously much: a deeper insight in one of the most remarkable musicians in modern Western culture; a peek into the musical universe populated by the likes of Dock Boggs, Woody Guthrie, heck, even Hank Williams, which I would otherwise never have touched but which has been opened up with Dylan as a guide; some great friends; some html skills; and an opportunity to tune my ear (and my guitar). This is my way of paying back.

Roadmaps for the Soul

General principles

Just a few words about the principles that (mostly) have been followed in making the tabs on this site.

First of all: this is a guitar site, not a "chord" site. The ideal "readers" I have in mind are the average (or average-to-good-to-very-good) guitar players, playing for their own enjoyment (let's not talk about the neighbours – just love them). That means on the one hand that I transcribe the songs into what is convenient to play on a guitar, not necessarily into what is actually sounding – in other words: I use the capo, just like Bob Dylan himself. Just because a song happens to be played in the key of Eb major, doesn't mean that it has to be tabbed in that key, when it is actually played in "C major" with a capo on the third fret.

2. A corollary of this is that my aim is not just giving the chords of a song, but also to figure out as exactly as possible what is being played in the version up for study.

3. On the other hand there is the problem of the "piano songs" and the "full band songs". Whereas Dylan prefers (or preferred; things have changed) the keys of C major and G major on the guitar, he delights in odd, awkward keys with lots of black keys, especially C♯ major (or D♭ major), when he's at the piano. In these cases it is of course impossible to reproduce exactly what is being played. I still use a capo (of course). In the "full band songs" – especially in later years – Dylan usually just plays the chords, in any position, usually with barre chords somewhere up on the neck.

This means that there are three main types of tabs/chord-files on this site, corresponding with three kinds of arrangements: (1) The solo acoustic songs, or songs where the guitar work is of some prominence. Here exactness is a goal. (2) Then there is the big group of songs where no particular instrument is prominent, least of all Dylan's guitar. Here the aim of the tabs is to present an approximation of what is going on in the song, rather than figuring out exactly what Dylan is playing (which in these cases is quite uninteresting, actually). (3) The piano songs constitute a sub-division of this group.

Many of the tabs are of rare live songs. I presume that anyone who would want to use the tabs already knows what the songs sound like. Therefore, more specific performance indications, apart from the fingerings, are considered unnecessary.

Chords and Chord Names

Chords and scales – a little theory and some terms. A chord is a selection of tones which are perceived as a unity and not just as several notes sounding at the same time. It gets its special character to a large extent thanks to the place the tones have in the *tonal system*, which, slightly simplified, means the hierachical system of relationships between the relevant tones of a song or a style in general. In C major, the tone **c** is more central than **a**, which again is more central than **f sharp**.

It is customary to arrange the available tones in a *scale*, a "ladder", and to refer to them according to their position in the scale. The keynote is called "prime", the tone above it "second", the next "third", etc. Thus, the tones in a C major scale would be called:

```
-------------------------------------------------------
----------------------------------------0------1----
----------------------------0-----2------------------
---------0------2-----3-----------------------------
--3----------------------------------------------------
-------------------------------------------------------
  c      d      e     f      g     a      b      c'
 prime second third fourth fifth sixth seventh octave
```

The most weighty tones in the scale are the *prime* (or *unison*), the *fifth*, and the *third* (in C major: **c**, **g** and **e**). Then follow the remaining tones in the main scale (**d, f, a**, and **b**), and lastly the tones that are extraneous to the scale: the semi-tones (**f sharp, e flat**, etc.)

I mention the fifth before the third, but they are important in different ways. The fifth is stable, a loyal companion to the prime, always there, not without its conflicts, but they are always resolved, and always in favour of the prime – somewhat like a good old (or bad old, depending on the perspective) patriarchal marriage. In fact, one might consider all music within the western musical tradition (until the late nineteenth century in the art-music tradition, and until this day in the popular traditions) as nothing more than a play with the balance between these two scale steps.

As I said, the fifth is always there. When you strike a string, it will vibrate in many different ways. The whole string will swing and produce the loudest tone. But all the possible equal divisions of the string will also swing, and produce *overtones*. The difference in sound between different instruments is caused by different constellations of overtones – which are strong and which are not. The division of the string in two (at the twelfth fret) will sound an octave higher, i.e. with a tone of the same pitch class, which will strengthen the basic tone further. But the division in three, at the seventh fret, will produce the fifth. (Exercise: strike a bass string while touching it at the seventh fret, but without pressing it down. Then play the open string, and you should be able to hear the fifth *in* the full tone of the open string.) Thus, If you play a **c**, you will also hear a **g**.

The third is a different matter. Where the fifth gives support and reenforcement, the third adds character. It is unstable, at times nervously shimmering, other times over-earthly sonorous. It can not be defined as easily as the fifth. It lies two divisions above the fifth in the series of overtones (you can isolate it on a string by touching it, without pressing the finger down, at the fourth fret; this will divide the string in five) and therefore sounds less strongly than the fifth. Furthermore, it exhibits a peculiarity of the tonal system which has plagued theoreticians since the days of Pythagoras: if one stacks four fifths on top of each other – **c-g, g-d, d-a** and **a-e** – one might think that one gets to the same **e** as when one divides a string in five, but one doesn't – one gets to a

tone that lies considerably higher (*c.* a quarter of a semi-tone, which is quite a lot). This is not really a problem, but an opportunity: tension is the mother of all development, and the third is as tense as it gets.

The most significant difference between the fifth and the third, though, is that, whereas there is only one fifth, there are two possible places for the third. Both **c-e** and **c-e flat** are thirds, but one is *major*, the other *minor*. The third is the interval which decides the most fundamental character of a chord: whether it is major or minor. **C-e-g** is a C major chord, **c-e flat-g** is C minor. The same distinction can be drawn on the second, sixth, and seventh steps, whereas the prime, the fifth, and the fourth can only be (violently!) augmented or diminished.

For "losers, cheaters, six-string abusers" (ain't we all...). The tabs present what is being played, by trained and proficient musicians (yes, I'm counting in Dylan). On the one hand Dylan is an ideal artist for a beginner, since he always uses quite simple and logical chord shapes, and licks and tricks that let him get maximum effect from minimum effort. Still, the beginner may run into problems, with strange chord names, barre chords etc. Here's just a few cheats.

(1) All chords, basically, go back to the three fundamental chords in a key (in C: C, G and F) and their minor relatives (Am, Em, Dm). Most frequent are the variations to the dominant chord, i.e. the chord on the fifth step above the key note (G in this example), where the variations are different ways of creating and sustaining tension before the return to the key note. That means that "strange" chord names can often be replaced by the simple chord without all the fuzz behind it (G♭+, E7-10, Dm7-5, Cadd9 become G♭, E, Dm, C). This does not happen without loss: the "fuzz" is there for some reason (e.g. the E7-10 is the quintessential blues chord, which is minor and major at the same time; it is an E chord, but the plain E does not get the same effect), but functionally the plain chord will usually do the job adequately.

(2) Chords can be replaced with their relatives. When I was nine, before I had the finger strength to play barre chords, I discovered that I could replace most F chords with Dm or Am – one of those would usually work. Now I know that the reason why it works is that they both share two out of three chord tones with F, which often is enough. I don't recommend this method, however (unless you're nine). It *is* cheating, and the only person you're fooling, in the long run, is yourself.

(3) Some songs are consistently noted with chords like A♭, Eb, B♭ etc. That is because they are played with those chords, as barre chords, and in those cases I've seen no reason to introduce a capo. The easiest way to avoid those barre chords, is to drop all the bs, and play E, B, A instead. This only works if all chords have a b attached to them, though. Other chords you'll have to transpose based on the thorough knowledge of the outline of the fretboard that you've gained, e.g. from the figure below.

Chord short-hand. I usually present the chords used in the song, unless it should be obvious (someone who doesn't know how to play a C major chord probably doesn't have anything to do in here anyway...). Chords are presented with one number for each string, beginning with the lowest (6th) string. An open string is 0, a finger on the 3rd fret is 3 etc. An unused string is marked by 'x', and strings that are disregarded are marked '-'. Thus C major looks like this: x32010, and the recurring fill in "Blood in my Eyes" like this: x32010 -53--- -64--- -75---.

Bass notes. I prefer to write the chords with the key note as the lowest bass note in the chord. Thus, even though C major can be played 032010 or 332010 (and often should be), either of the tones on the 6th string will disturb the "C-majority" of the chord, and is better left out, unless they are explicitly wanted, e.g. in a running bass progression.

A chord with a bass note other than the keynote is indicated with a slash between the chord name and the bass note: C/g is a C major chord with G as the lowest tone: 332010.

The slash and the bass note can be used alone to indicate a bass progression against a sustained chord: C /b /a /g (x32010 – x22010 – x02010 – 332010).

I usually use lower-case letters for these bass tones, because it looks less ugly.

Chord names. In general I use the following system (exemplified with C chords throughout): Major chords: C. Minor chords: Cm. The following table explains the additional symbols and chord types. All the examples are variants of C. Third = the third note of the scale from the key note, fifth = the fifth note of the scale, etc. Since there are only seven different steps in the scale, the second is the same as the ninth, the fourth is the same as the eleventh etc. In chord names one will usually use the higher of these, except where the basic triad is altered; e.g. C9 and not C2 (but Csus4 and Cm7-5). The reason for this is that all chords are considered as stacks of thirds over the keynote. The simplest chords consist of the first two thirds, so C = c-e-g. All the more "sophisticated" chords are considered as extensions of the basic chord with selections from the stack of thirds above it: c-e-g continues B♭-d-f-a, which are the 7th, the 9th, the 11th and the 13th. The convention is that a single number (e.g. 11) indicates how far up the stack goes, denoting the *last member* of the stack, not just a single tone: C11 consists of the all the tones in the stack, up to the eleventh, thus: c-e-g-b♭-d-f.

C7 (*minor*) *seventh*
x32310
The minor seventh is added to the root chord. Note that "minor" here refers to the tone on the seventh step (which can be both major and minor: B♭ and B), not to the chord itself i.e., it is a chord with a minor seventh, not a minor chord with a seventh – cf. the "m7" chord below. Note also that "7" alone always refers to the *minor* seventh. If the major seventh is used, it has to be specified with "maj7". The "minor" is usually left out of the name.

Cmaj7 *major seventh*
x32000
The major seventh is added to the root chord. Whereas the seventh chord usually has a dominant function, i.e. is used to lead back to the chord five steps lower (C7→F), the major seventh is rather a colouring of the chord, without this "driving" effect.

Cm7 —
x35343
The (minor) seventh is added to the minor chord. Cf. the "7" chord above.

Cm7-5 —
x34340
The fifth of the m7 chord is lowered by a semitone.

C9 *ninth*

x32330
The ninth *and* the seventh are added to the root chord.

C+

augmented
x32110
The fifth is raised by a semitone (half step=one fret)

Co

diminished
x34242
A stack of minor thirds. Since all the intervals in the chord are equal, any of the tones can function as root. Thus: Co=E♭o=F♯o=Ao. Hence, there only exists three different dim chords.

C11

eleventh
x33333
The seventh, ninth and eleventh are added to the root chord. Since these three tones make up the chord on the tone one step below the root (for C: B♭), this chord usually functions as a conflation of these two chords.

C6

sixth
x35555
The sixth is added to the root chord.

Csus4

suspended fourth
x33010
The third is temporarily "suspended": raised to the fourth, and left there hanging in wait for a resolution back to the root chord. Thus, in a true sus4 chord, the third is not included. If that were the case, the chord would be called add11 or add4. Note: the chord Cmsus4 is identical to Csus4 and might for this reason be considered redundant. But whereas the sounds are identical, the functions are not: the name indicates that this is *in fact* a Cm chord, it's just a little indisposed at the moment.

Csus2

—
x30010
Same as the previous, only that the third "hangs" below, on the second.

C7-10

—
x3234x
The blues chord *par exellence*. Since it contains both the major and the minor third, the chord corresponds to the ambiguity of the third step in the blues scale. This chord is usually called 7+9 (or 7#9), but since the extra tone really functions as a low third (=tenth) and not a raised second, I prefer the name 7-10 (the raised ninth and the lowered tenth are of course the same tone on the guitar, although they are functionally different. Subtleties, subtleties!).

Cadd*x*

—
Any added tone that does not fall within the stack of thirds upon which the rest of the system is based. A special case is chords containing tones which do belong to the stack, but not all the members below it. E.g., in the chord c-e-g-d (x32030), the d is the ninth, but since the seventh (b♭) is missing, the chord must be called Cadd9 and not C9. Note the difference between Cadd9, which is a full C with an added d, and Csus2, which is a plain C

major chord where the third is temporarily suspended downwards to d.

C-*x*/C+*x* —

Lowers/raises a scale step by a semitone (one fret). E.g. Cm7-5 and C7+13. Note: "+" does not mean that the 13th is added, but that it is raised.

C5 *"Power chord"*
x355xx
A chord containing only the prime (the root) and the fifth. In other words: a chord without the third. Since the third is the tone that defines whether a chord is major or minor, the "power chord" is neutral in this respect.

C(iii) —
x35553
A chord in the third position, i.e. fingered so that it begins on the third fret. Thus, the quality of the chord is not changed, only its sonority. (I have not been quite consistent concerning this notation, mostly due to the fact that the parentheses are space-consuming.)

These additions to the chord names can be combined in just about any way you like: Cmmaj9, Cadd-9add13, Cm7-5, etc. Heck, you could even write Cmaj7add7 (x32303)

I usually also prefer simple names to "exact" names. A chord like 3x3211 should perhaps (but not necessarily) be called G11, but I prefer to call it F/g, since that more immediately says what is to be played (and because it retains the ambiguity inherent in the chord, between the subdominant and the dominant, which is so central to Dylan's tonal language). See Blood in my Eyes for a more extreme case. (I'm beginning to change my mind on this, though. In the more recent tabs, you'll see G11 more often than F/g).

Approximated chord names are written like "G6" (x33000) or F♯m7' (202200) for brevity.

Any chord can be fingered in many different ways. "C" does not "mean" x32010 – that is just the simplest and usually most convenient way to finger it. To get from chord name to a chord, you have to know where the tones are positioned on the fretboard. The tones are distributed on the strings as follows (e' is the lightest string, E is the darkest):

```
e'||-f'-|-f#'|-g'-|-g#'|-a'|-
b ||-c'-|-c#'|-d'-|-d#'|-e'|-
g ||-g#-|-a--|-bb-|-b--|-c'|- etc.
d ||-d#-|-e--|-f--|-f#-|-g-|-
A ||-Bb-|-B--|-c--|-c#-|-d-|-
E ||-F--|-F#-|-G--|-G#-|-A-|-
```

To find a chord like Am/f♯ (the most important chord in Trying to Get to Heaven), start with the basic chord (Am) and search out the bass tone (f♯) on one of the darkest strings, where it can be played. In this case there are two possibilities: on the 4th string:

```
e'||-f'-|-f#'|-g'-|-g#'|-a'|
b ||-c'-|-c#'|-d'-|-d#'|-e'|
g ||-g#-|-a--|-bb-|-b--|-c'|
d ||-d#-|(e)-|-f--|-f#-|-g-|
A ||-Bb-|-B--|-c--|-c#-|-d-|
E ||-F--|-F#-|-G--|-G#-|-A-|
```

or on the 6th:

```
e'||-f'-|-f#'|-g'-|-g#'|-a'|
b ||-c'-|-c#'|-d'-|-d#'|-e'|
g ||-g#-|-a--|-bb-|-b--|-c'|
d ||-d#-|-e--|-f--|-f#-|-g-|
A ||-Bb-|-B--|-c--|-c#-|-d-|
E ||-F--|-F#-|-G--|-G#-|-A-|
```

The second fingering is probably the best one, since it produces a fuller chord, and since you can use all the strings – unless the higher sound is precisely what you want, in which case the first fingering is better. In that case, xx4555 is a third alternative. It even has the advantage of having the key note (A) on the highest string, thus emphasising it.

In the same way we can find the fingering for the chord Bm7-5. First find the tones: Bm = b, d, f♯. Add the 7th (a) and lower the 5th (f♯ → f), and we have the tones b, d, f and a.

```
e'||-f'-|-f#'|-g'-|-g#'|-a'|-
b ||-c'-|-c#'|-d'-|-d#'|-e'|-
g ||-g#-|-a--|-bb-|-b--|-c'|- etc.
d ||-d#-|-e--|-f--|-f#-|-g-|-
A ||-Bb-|-B--|-c--|-c#-|-d-|-
E ||-F--|-F#-|-G--|-G#-|-A-|-
```

We probably want the key note (b) in the bass, which in practice leaves us with the alternatives x2323x or x2x231. A third possibility is xx(3)435. (Note: Am/f♯ and Bm7-5 are actually chords of the same type. Am/f♯ is the same chord as F♯m7-5. Try it!)

Reading Tab

The principles I've followed in the tabs have varied a little over the years, but the following points apply, as a rule, to all files:

The rhythm is indicated above the tab, with dots for each beat and : for the heavier beats:

```
:   .   .   .   :   .   .   .
```

In the cases where an even finer subdivision is needed, a comma is used:

```
:   .   ,   .   ,   .   ,   .
```

As far as possible I let the tabs be a graphical image of the rhythms, so that two spaces are of equal duration anywhere in the tab. That way one can easily differentiate between the triple time feel of this example

```
  :     .     .     .
|-0---0--------------------|
|-1---1(0---0-0---0-0---0)-|
|-0---0(0---0-0---0-0---0)-|
|-2---2-3---3-4---4-5---5--|
|-3---3-5---5-6---6-7---7--|
|--------------------------|
```

and the square rhythms of this (both from Blood in My Eyes):

```
  :     .     .     .
|-0--0--------------------|
|*1--1-(0--0--0--0--0--0)-*|
|-0--0-(0--0--0--0--0--0)--|
|-2--2--3--3--4--4--5--5---|
|*3--3--5--5--6--6--7--7--*|
|--------------------------|
```

Repeats are indicated as in the previous example, or as written-out instructions ("x3")

Sometimes I've indicated rhythms also in the "chords" part of the files. Then the bars are indicated, and the main pulse within each bar. I'm sorry to say that I haven't followed any consistent system to denote subdivisions of the beat, but I've often joined such chords together with a hyphen:

```
| A . . . | D . A . |E A/e-E . . |
```

The last bar might be tabbed:

```
    :   .   .   .
   |-0---0-0-0-------|
   |-0---2-0-0-------|
   |-1---2-1-1-------|
   |-2---2-2-2-------|
   |-2-------2-------|
   |-0---0---0-------|
```

Special signs:

```
Sign  Meaning     Usage
p     pull-off    2p0
h     hammer-on   0h2 (or h2 if obvious or too fast
                       to be significant)
/     slide up
\     slide down
b     bend        3b5 = finger the string at the third
                        fret, and bend it up until it
                        sounds as if it was fingered
                        at the fifth fret.
r     release     release the bended string
                  to normal position.
```

Open/alternate tunings

For some of the songs, Dylan uses alternate or open tunings. An *open* tuning is a tuning where all the strings are tuned to a chord, whereas *alternate* tunings are altered in some other way.

Open tunings

There were tuned instruments before the guitar's ancestors. They were usually tuned in open fifths, usually with drone strings and one or two melody strings. The baroque lute was tuned to an open d minor chord (with additional bass strings). The main advantage of the fourths/third tuning that we use, is the possibility of creating simple fingering patterns for *many different* chords in the same position.

An obvious consequence of open tunings is that playing is more limited to the key to which the open strings are tuned. The benefits are quite simple chord shapes, at least for the basic chords, which makes it easier to do fancy things on top of those chords; furthermore, unless one produces the other chords by simply putting a barre across all the strings, there will usually be open, sounding strings in all chords, thus giving a handy set of fancy-chords-with-very-long-names.

The most common open tunings (and the only ones encountered in Dylan's production) are open D, open E, open G, and (in two songs) open A.

Open D and E are basically the same tuning, only one tone apart. Open E gives a brighter sound, which may be preferable, but it has the nasty side-effect of also producing the sharp sound of a broken string more often, and of putting extra strain on the neck of the guitar, so it is recommended to tune to open D and use a capo on the 2nd fret. Open D/E is encountered in a number of the songs on *Freewheelin'*, and the entire *Blood on the Tracks* was originally recorded in this tuning. For a more thorough presentation of Dylan's use of the open D/E tuning, I refer to my introductory notes on Blood on the Tracks.
Open D: D A d f♯ a d'
Open E: E B e g♯ b e'

Songs. Highway 51 — In My Time Of Dying — Roll On John — Two Trains Running — I shall be Free — Corrina Corrina — Oxford Town — Gypsy Lou — Tomorrow is a Long Time — Standing On The Highway — Rambling Gambling Willie — Walkin' Down the Line — Whatcha Gonna Do? — Ballad For A Friend — **Blood On The Tracks** (*all the songs*)

Open G is the most common slide guitar tuning, popular among delta blues players. Since Dylan was an old delta blues player himself early in his carreer, you'll find a few songs in this tuning. The only song on this site, though, is I Was Young When I Left Home.
Open G: D G d g b d'

Open A. Two songs uses a completely different tuning: the Freewheelin' outtake Wichita and One too many mornings.

Open A: E A c♯ e a e' (Wichita Blues) or
E A c♯ e a c♯' (One Too Many Mornings)

Alternate tunings

Again, there are really only three different tunings to keep track of in Dylan's catalogue: drop D, drop C and double drop D (to my knowledge he's never played "drop dead"). They all involve the 6th and deepest string: in drop D, the 6th string is tuned one step down, and in drop C, two steps. In double drop D both the 1st and the 6th strings are tuned down to D.

Standard tuning: E A d g b e'
Drop D: D A d g b e'
Drop C: C A d g b e'
Double drop D: D A d g b d'

All these tunings have their own distinct sets of chords, always centering around the deepest bass tone. An example is the chord G. In drop D tuning, the central chord is D (000232). Thus the natural way to finger G is 020033. In drop C, on the other hand, the central chord is C (032010), and the most comfortable version of G is 220001. This is a G7 chord, and this is consequently the only tuning in which Dylan consistently uses the dominant 7th chord, which he usually shuns. Another instructive example is Desolation Row, where drop C is used on the album, drop D in the live shows of 1965/66.

The three tunings had their periods. *Double drop D* is a thing of the early days. Since the third in the D chord (on the first string) is gone, it's a perfect tuning for modal,

folky songs like Ballad of Hollis Brown or John Brown, or blues tunes like Rocks And Gravel, Motherless Children, West Texas and Quit Your Low Down Ways. *Drop D* is also favoured in the early days. It is not as insistently a D-ish tuning as double drop D – it is more versatile, used both as a folky, modal tuning as in Barbara Allen or Masters of War, and as a way of varying the sound of standard three-chord songs like Mr Tambourine Man. *Drop C* is the favoured tuning in 1965/66, both solo, with Robbie in hotel rooms, and with the band on stage. It gives a very forceful foundation, thanks to the doubled C in the bottom.
The merit of all these tunings is the fuller sound they produce. This may be a need felt by a solo acoustic act, but in a band, there is a bass player to fulfill that function. Double drop D disappeared very early, and there are no drop C songs after the 1966 tour. But on two songs he has been faithful to drop D, throughout his carreer: "It's alright ma" and "A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall".

Songs in Double Drop D. Down the Highway — Ballad of Hollis Brown — John Brown — Rocks And Gravel — Motherless Children — West Texas — Quit Your Low Down Ways.

Songs in Drop D. Gospel Plow — See That My Grave is Kept Clean — Fixin' to Die — Long Ago, Far Away — Masters of War — A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall — Handsome Molly — Cuckoo Is A Pretty Bird — Barbara Allen — I ode Out One Morning — James Alley Blues — Mr Tambourine Man — It's Alright Ma — Desolation Row — Tell me Momma — House Carpenter — Broke Down Engine

Songs in Drop C. The Two Sisters (1960) — It's All Over Now, Baby Blue — Love Minus Zero/No Limit — Desolation Row — 4th Time Around — Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands, Absolutely Sweet Marie — Just Like a Woman — I Wanna Be Your Lover — Farewell Angelina — On A Rainy Afternoon/Does She Need Me? — What Kind Of Friend Is This?

Fingering

The F word. Uh, chord. You will not get far in the world of Dylan songs if you can't finger it. In general, what one can say about the F chord applies to all chords where you need to finger all the strings. There are four ways:

Barre chords. This requires a strong index finger, but, perhaps even more, a relaxed hand: you should not press too hard either. Your hand should know (from experience) just how hard you have to press to make all the strings sound clean, but without straining you hand.

Use your thumb. Any classical guitar teacher would kill me for saying this (and then he would kill *you* for following my advice), but in a sense, while they shoot me through the head, they are also shooting themselves in the foot. The reason for the classical guitarists' "thumb always below the middle of the neck" rule is to ensure economy of means: a maximum flexibility with a minimum of physical effort, but if you don't need to play chords like 243115, which you don't (it can be done, though...), the most economical thing *is* to use the thumb. The switch between C=332010 and F=133211 is much, much easier and smoother with the thumb-F than with the barre-F. Again, you don't have to push very hard to get the sound you need. (Besides, there is no way on earth you are ever going to look as cool as Keith Richards if you only play barre chords.)

Use only some strings, and/or open strings. You don't always have to finger all six strings. If you play with an emphasis on the bass, you can do with 133xxx, or if you need the full chord or a brighter sound, xx3211 is perfectly acceptable. In the latter

case, you can even play x03211, since **a** is part of the F chord. A similar case is B flat, a terrible chord to finger the ordinary way (x13331), but much more playable as xx0331 or x5333x.

This is not limited to "standard" barre chords; a chord like A benefits strongly from a barre treatment (with or without the first string), both because it is easier, and because you can then easily switch to D/a=x04232. A half barre on the middle strings (A=x02220 with the index finger bent at the last joint) is a handy technique to have acquired.

Cheat. Try some closely related chords instead, like D minor or A minor, or allow some open strings (x03210, e.g.).

G major. This chord should be fingered with the middle, ring, and little fingers. This leaves the index finger free to do other things, or to move in position for the C chord which is very likely to follow, at least in Dylan's idiom. This is particularly true of the embellishing figure G – C/g – G (320003 – 3x2013 – 320003) which you will find all over Dylan's output. Watch Joan Baez do that with the "index-middle-ring-finger G" in *Renaldo & Clara* (or is it the *Hard Rain* TV special?), then go and rehearse the "pinky G" instead (I cringe everytime I watch that sequence) (she's cute, though).

And again, cheating can be a good thing. You may not need the first string: 32000x is perfectly legitimate, and should it happen to sound anyway (320000), no big harm is done – you're just playing G6 instead...

Dampening. Sometimes you have to dampen some strings. To play G11=3x3211 you need both the sixth string, which is the only **g** in there, and all the others, but you don't want the **a** on the fifth string. You have to mute it with the ring finger.

F6 is an even trickier chord. It has to be played 13x231, because you need both the **c** and the **d**. Again, the ring finger does the muting. (Another alternative is to play xx3535).

"How on earth... am I supposed to play 355443 from 'In the Garden'?" Answer: you're not. You pick some of the strings, perhaps different strings each time. It's a bit mean of me to write a chord like that, but my intentions are good.

Incidentally (and you are never going to need this for playing Dylan), 243115, which I mentioned above, can be played with a "twisted barre", with an index finger that covers both the two 1s (second and third string) and the 2 on the sixth string. The chord can be called F♯mmaj9-5. (Exercise 1: find out why. Exercise 2: find other names for it. ["Gerald" is not a legitimate answer.])

Fingerpicking

Although he doesn't use it much these days, many of the old songs use what I call "standard fingerpicking". I don't know if there is such a thing, but here is what I mean, as an example. (Chords: G and C. 'h' in the second measure means hammer-on)

```
  G   .   .   .     C/g .   .   .
|-3---------------|-----------3-----| ring finger
|-----------0-----|-0h1-------------| middle finger
|-------0-------0-|-------0-------0-| index finger
|-----0-------0---|-----2-------2---| thumb
|-----------------|-----------------| (thumb)
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------| thumb
```

The variations are of course unlimited, but the main principle is as rock solid as the thumb ought to be: The thumb alternates between the bass strings, and the other fingers fill in.

For examples of different patterns, more or less fully written out, see the following songs:

Girl of the North Country (*several versions, fully written out*) — Boots of Spanish Leather (*same song, musically speaking*) — Percy's Song — Don't Think Twice, It's All Right (*basically simple, if it wasn't for all the little details...*) — Suze (The Cough Song) — Cocaine Blues — Barbara Allen (*"tricky licks" department*) — Rocks and Gravel — Seven Curses (*quite similar to* Rocks and Gravel) — Buckets of Rain (*open E tuning*) — Tomorrow is a Long Time (*standard and open E tuning*)

1

Bob Dylan

Recorded November 20 and 22, 1961 — Released March 19, 1962

22 You're No Good
23 Talking New York
25 In My Time of Dyin'
28 Man of Constant Sorrow
31 Fixin' to Die
32 Pretty Peggy-O
34 Highway 51 Blues
36 Gospel Plow
38 Baby, Let Me Follow You Down
41 House of the Rising Sun
45 Freight Train Blues
46 Song to Woody
48 See That My Grave Is Kept Clean

You're No Good

(That's what it's called on bobdylan.com anyway)

(Jesse Fuller)
Played by Bob Dylan on *Bob Dylan* (1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Note that the harmonica interlude is played in the key of G major, but with a C harp, cross-harp style.

```
C   F   C   G

        C               F              C /b /Bb  A7
Well, I don't know why I love you like I do
  D7                   G             C
Nobody in the world can get along with you
           C              F                   C /b /Bb A7
You got the ways of a devil sleeping in a lion's den
       D7                 G                   C
I come home last night you wouldn't even let me in.
   E                              F
Oh sometimes you're as sweet as anybody want to be
   D7                              G    (n.c.)
Oh when you get the crazy notion of jumping all over me
         C                   F                C /b /Bb A7
Well, you give me the blues, I guess you're satisfied
        D7                  G                  C
When you give me the blues I wanna lay down and die.

G . . . |C . . . |G . /f# /f |E . . .|
A7. . . |D7. . . |G .  .  .  |. . . .|
B7. . . |. . . . |C .  .  .  |. . . .|
A7. . . |. . . . |D(n.c.) .  |. . . .|
G . . . |C . . . |G . /f# /f |E . . .|
A7. . . |D7. . . |G .  .  .  |. . . .|

I helped you when you had no shoes on your feet, pretty mama
I helped you when you had no food to eat
Now you're that kind of woman that just don't understand
You're taking all my money and give it to another man.
Well, you're that kind of woman makes a man lose his brains
You're that kind of woman drives me insane
Well, you give me the blues, I guess you're satisfied
    D7                  G                  C   /b /Bb A7
You give me the blues, I wanna lay down and die.
    D7                  G                  C  .  . G C
You give me the blues, I wanna lay down and die.
```

Talking New York

(Bob Dylan/trad.)
Played by Bob Dylan on *Bob Dylan* (1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G . C . D . .
G . C . D . . G C/g G . G . . .

G                   C    /b
Rambling out of the wild west
D
Leaving the towns I love the best
G                     C
Thought I'd seen some ups and downs
        D                  /f# G (. /e/d . )
'Till I come into New York town
C                              /b
People going down to the ground
D                             /f# G
Buildings going up to the sky.

G . C /b D . . /f#G ./e/d G

Wintertime in New York town
The wind blowing snow around
Walk around with nowhere to go
Somebody could freeze right to the bone
I froze right to the bone
New York Times said it was the coldest winter in seventeen years
I didn't feel so cold then.

I swung on to my old guitar
Grabbed hold of a subway car
And after a rocking, reeling, rolling ride
I landed up on the downtown side:
Greenwich Village.

I walked down there and ended up
In one of them coffee-houses on the block
Got on the stage to sing and play
Man there said: "Come back some other day
You sound like a hillbilly
We want folksingers here.

Well, I got a harmonica job begun to play
Blowing my lungs out for a dollar a day
I blowed inside out and upside down
The man there said he loved my sound
He was raving about he loved my sound
Dollar a day's worth.

After weeks and weeks of hanging around
I finally got a job in New York town
In a bigger place, bigger money too
```

Even joined the Union and paid my dues.

Now, a very great man once said
That some people rob you with a fountain pen
It don't take too long to find out
Just what he was talking about
A lot of people don't have much food on their table
But they got a lot of forks and knives
And they gotta cut something.

So one morning when the sun was warm
I rambled out of New York town
Pulled my cap down over my eyes
And heated out for the western skies
So long New York
Howdy, East Orange.

In My Time of Dyin'

Sung by Bob Dylan on the *self-titled album* (1961)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The song is basically just a finger-picking/bottleneck exercise over a sustained chord in Open D/E tuning. It's all in the singing... :-)

Open D tuning (D-A-d-f♯-a-d')/Capo 4th fret or (preferably, since the 12th fret is easier to hit then) Open E tuning (E-B-e-g♯-b-e')/capo 2nd fret.

Below is the intro and the first verse tabbed the way it is played. All the slide figures are played with the bottleneck, but if you haven't emptied your bottle yet, the fingers will have to do.

The lick that is played here and there in the intro and between lines eventually settles into a more fixed form:

```
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .
|-----------------0-------|-------------------|
|-----------------0-------|-------------------|
|-----------2/3-----1-----|-------------------|
|-------------------------|-3---0-------------|
|-------------------------|-----------0-----3-|
|-0-----0-----0---------0-|-------0-----0-----|
```

```
[Intro]

 .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
-------------|-----0-----------0-------|-------------------------|-----0-------------0-----|
-------------|-----0-----------0-------|-------------------------|-----0-----------0-0-----|
-------------|-----------2/3-----2\1---|-------------------------|-----------2/3---3-----1-|
-----------0-|-----------------------3-|-3---0-----------------0-|-------------------------|
-----3-------|-------------------------|-0---------0-----3-------|-------------------------|
-0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----------|-------0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|

  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-----0-----------0-------|-----------0----/7-------|
|-------------------------|-----0-----------0-------|-----------0-----0-------|
|-------------------------|-----------2-----3-1-----|-------------------------|
|-3---0-----0-----------0-|-------------------------|-3-----------------------|
|-3p0-------------3-------|-------------------------|-0---0-------------------|
|-------0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0---------0-|-------0-----0-----0---0-|

  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-5-----3---0-----------3-|----p0----/12----12------|-----12------------------|
|-0---------------0-----3-|----p0----/12------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------0-------------|
|-------------------------|-----0-------------------|-------------0---------0-|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------3-------|
|-0---0-0---0-0-----0-----|-0-----0---0-0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|
```

```
  :     .     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-----0-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-----0-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-----0-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|
                       Well,     In  my    time    of  dyin

          :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-----------------0-------|-------------------------|-----------------------0-|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------0-----------0-|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-----0-----3-------------|-------------------------|-----3-----------0-------|
|-----------------------0-|-----3-----0-----3-----0-|-------------------------|
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|
                  don't  want   no -  body to     moan                      All

  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------3-----0-------|
|-----0-----3-----0-----3-|-----0-----3-----0-----3-|-----0-----------------3-|
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|
  I         want   for  you     to    do, is      take    my      bo-dy     home

  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-----------------------0-|-----------0-------------|-------------------------|
|-----------------------0-|-----------0-------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-----0-----------3-----1-|-------------------------|
|-----------------0-------|-------------------------|-----3-----0-----------0-|
|-----0-----3-------------|-------------------------|-----------------3-------|
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|
            Well  well  well         so I can die     ea -  sy, well  well  well

  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|---0-------7/12--12----0-|-----------------0-------|-----0-----------0-------|
|---0-------7/12--12----0-|-----------------0-------|-----0-----------0-------|
|-----------------------0-|-------------------------|-----------1/3---3-1-----|
|-------------------------|-----------0-------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-----3-------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0---------0-|
                                  well  well  well         so I can die

  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-3---0-----------------0-|-------------------------|-----------0-------------|
|-----------0-----3-------|-----3-----0-----3-----0-|-----3-----------3-----0-|
|-------0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|
  ea -  sy, Je-sus gonna make up,     Jesus   gonna make  up,   Jesus   gonna make
```

```
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-----------------0-----7/|(12)-12-----/7-----5-----|
|-----------------------0-|-----------------0-----7/|(12)-12------------------|
|-----------------------3-|-------------------------|-----------0-------------|
|------------0----3-------|-----------0-------------|-----------0-------------|
|-----3-----------------0-|-----3-------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0---0-0---0-|
  up my dying     bed

  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-3---0-----------------0-------|----------------0-------|------------------0-------|
|-----------------------0-------|------------------------|--------------------------|
|-----------0-----0-------------|----------2--/3---1-----|-----------2/3------1-----|
|-------------------------------|----0-------------0-----|-3---0--------------------|
|-------------------------------3-|------------------------|--------------------------|
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----0-----|0-----0-----0---------0-|-------0-----0----------0-|

  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------0-|----------0-------------|-----------0-----------0-|
|-----------------3-------|-----------0-------------|-------------------------|
|---------1/2/3---3-------|----/3-----0-3-----3-----|-------------------------|
|-3---0-------------------|-----0-------3-----3---0-|-----------------0-------|
|-------------------------|-------------3p0---------|-----0-------------------|
|-------0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|
```

Well, in my time of dying don’t want nobody to mourn
All I want for you to do is take my body home
Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Well, well, well
Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Jesus gonna make up, Jesus gonna make up
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed.

Well, meet me Jesus, meet me, meet me in the middle of the air
If these wings should fail to me,
Lord, won’t you meet me with another pair?
Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Well, well, well
Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Jesus gonna make up, Jesus gonna make up
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed.

Lord, in my time of dying don’t want nobody to cry
All I want you to do is take me when I die
Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Well, well, well
Well, well, well, so I can die easy
Jesus gonna make up, Jesus gonna make up
Jesus gonna make up my dying bed.

Man of Constant Sorrow

First published in 1913 by the blind Richard Burnett. Also recorded by the Stanley Brothers and others.
Played by Bob Dylan on *Bob Dylan* (1962), and released in a live version (from the TV show "Folk Songs & More Folk Songs", March 1963) on *No direction home* (2005)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
/c /b D/a

       G               C
I am a man of constant sorrow
 /b       D              G      /c-b D/a
I've seen trouble all my days
             G          C
I'll say goodbye to Colorado
           D               G
Where I was born and partly raised.

Your mother says I'm a stranger
My face you'll never see no more
But there's one promise, darling:
I'll see you on God's golden shore.

Through this open world I'm about to ramble
Through ice and snows, sleet and rain
I'm about to ride that morning railroad
Perhaps I'll die on that train.

I'm going back to Colorado
The place that I started from
If I had known how bad you'd treat me honey
I never would have come.
```

Version from spring tour 2002

For the spring tour 2002, Dylan brought out this song again, and played it in a version that is basically the same as the version from *Oh Brother, where art thou?*, crossed with the start/stop arrangement of Cold Irons Bound.
The bracketed lines are sung in three-part harmony with Larry and Charlie.
The tab is based on the version from Stockholm, Apr 5, 2002. I have a vague recollection of seeing him play it in C (chords: C, F and G) in Oslo two days later, but I may be wrong – I had other things on my mind. Anyway, F is the key of the version in the film, so Bob may have copied that too (can that man never come up with an original thought...?) (just kidding) (in case you wondered).

```
F . . .    F  . .    .        Bb      . .
I     am a man    of constant sorrow
.          C . .   .      F
I've seen trouble all my days
```

```
F . . .       F   . .    .      Bb    . .
I'll  bid farewell    to old Kentucky
    .           C . .     .        F      . .
The place where I     was born and raised.
     .           C . .     .        F
[The place where he    was born and raised.]

Through this whole world I'm bound to ramble
Through ice and snow, sleet and rain
I'm about to ride that morning railroad
Perhaps I'll die on that train.
[Perhaps he'll die on that train.]

Your friends say that I'm a stranger
My face you'll never see no more
But there's one promise, one promise that is given:
We'll meet again on that golden shore.
[We'll meet again on that golden shore.]

For six long years I've been in trouble
Nor pleasure here on earth I find
For I'm bound to ride that morning railroad
Perhaps I'll die on that train
[perhaps he'll die on this train.]

I am a man of constant sorrow
I've seen trouble all my days
I'll  bid farewell to old Kentucky
The place that I was born and raised.
[The place where he was born and raised.]
[The place where he was born and raised.]
[The place where he was born and raised.]
```

The Soggy Bottom Boys version:

```
I am a man of constant sorrow
I've seen trouble all my days
I bid farewell to old Kentucky
The place where I was born and raised
(The place where he was born and raised)

For six long years I've been in trouble
No pleasure here on earth I found
For in this world I'm bound to ramble
I have no friends to help me down
(He has no friends to help him down)

It's fare thee well my old true lover
I never expect to see you again
For I'm bound to ride that northern railroad
Perhaps I'll die upon this train
(Perhaps he'll die upon this train)

You can bury me in some deep valley
For many years where I may lay
```

And you may learn to love another
While I am sleepin' in my grave
(While he is sleepin' in his grave)

Maybe your friends think I'm just a stranger
My face you never will see no more
But there is one promise that is given
I'll meet you on God's golden shore
(He'll meet you on God's golden shore)

Fixin' to Die

(Booker White)
Played by Bob Dylan on *Bob Dylan* (1962)
Tabbed by Jeffrey Kokosinski

```
Drop D Tuning (DADGBe)

prominent bass fills:
  D                D/C      D/B
  Riff 1   Riff 2   Riff 3   Riff 4
e---------------------------------
B---------------------------------
G---------------------------------
D-------------0-------------------
A----------3b-------0h3------0h2--
D--5s0----------------------------

Intro:  Riff 1 x 4, Riff 2 x 2

D                               Riff 3      Riff 4   D     Riff 2  x 2
Feelin funny in my mind lord, I believe I'm fixin to die
D                               Riff 3      Riff 4   D     Riff 2  x 2
Feelin funny in my mind lord, I believe I'm fixin to die
D                              Riff 3          Riff 4   D     Riff 2  x 2
Well I don't mind dyin' but I hate to leave my children cryin'

Well look over yonder, to that buryin ground
Look over yonder, to that buryin ground
Sure seems lonesome, lord when the sun goes down
                                                          [Riff 1 x 2]
Feelin' funny in my eyes lord, I believe I'm fixin to die, fixin to die
Feelin' funny in my eyes lord, I believe I'm fixin to die
Well I don't mind dyin' but I hate to leave my children cryin'

Well there's black smoke risin' lord, it's risin' up above my head,
[Riff 1 x 2]
up above my head
Well there's black smoke risin' lord, it's risin' up above my head
Can tell Jesus, "Make up my dyin' bed"

Well I'm walkin' kinda funny lord, I believe I'm fixin' to die,
[Riff 1 x 2]
fixin' to die
Yes I'm walkin' kinda funny lord, I believe I'm fixin' to die,
[Riff 1 x 4]
fixin' to die, fixin' to die
Well I don't mind dyin' but I hate to leave my children cryin'
```

Pretty Peggy-O

Arranged by Bob Dylan
Played by Bob Dylan on *Bob Dylan* (1962) and occasionally during the Never Ending tour (21 performances in 1992, last performance 1998)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

One verse intro (w/harp)

I've been around this whole country
But I never yet found Fennario.

```
         G
Well, as we marched down, as we marched down
                              D
Well, as we marched down to Fennerio'
          G                           C
Well, our captain fell in love with a lady like a dove
    D                              G
the name that she had was Pretty Peggy-O

Well, what will your mother say, what will your mother say
What will your mother say, Pretty Peggy-O
What will your mother say to know you're going away
You're never, never, never coming back-io ?

Come a-running down your stairs
Come a-running down your stairs
Come a-running down your stairs, Pretty Peggy-O
Come a-running down your stairs
Combing back your yellow hair
You're the prettiest darned girl I ever seen-io.

The lieutenant he has gone
The lieutenant he has gone
The lieutenant he has gone, Pretty Peggy-O
The lieutenant he has gone, long gone
He's a-riding down in Texas with the rodeo.

Well, our captain he is dead, our captain he is dead
Our captain he is dead, Pretty Peggy-O
Well, our captain he is dead, died for a maid
He's buried somewhere in Louisiana-O.
```

Live version (Albany, NY April 18 1998)

```
D             G                  D
As we marched out, to Fennario
   D          Bm          F#m
As we marched out, to Fennario
          G               D                       G
Well, our captain fell in love with a lady like a dove
```

```
                                D
And he called her by name Pretty Peggy-O

Would you marry me, Pretty Peggy-O
Would you marry me, Pretty Peggy-O
Would you marry me, your cities I will free,
Free all the ladies in the are-o.

I would marry you, sweet William-o.
I would marry you, sweet William-o.
I would marry you, but your guineas are too few.
I'm afraid my mama would be so angry-o.

What would your mama think, Pretty Peggy-O
What would your mama think, Pretty Peggy-O
what would your mama think if she could hear my guineas clink
see me marching out ahead of my soldiers-o?

If ever I return, Pretty Peggy-O
If ever I return, Pretty Peggy-O
If ever I return, your cities I will burn
Destroy all the ladies in the area-o

Come tripping down the stairs, Pretty Peggy-O
Come tripping down the stairs, Pretty Peggy-O
Come tripping down the stairs, come and make your yellow hair
Bid your last farewell to sweet William-O.

The captain he is dead, Pretty Peggy-O
The captain he is dead, Pretty Peggy-O
The captain he is dead, and he died for a maid
He's buried in Lousiana Country-O

As we marched out, to Fennario
As we marched out, to Fennario
the captain fell in love with a lady like a dove
And he called her by name Pretty Peggy-O
```

Highway 51 Blues

Recorded by Bob Dylan on *Bob Dylan* (1961)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Played in Open D/E tuning. The song is played in E, so either tune in open E or (recommended) in open D with a capo on the 2nd fret. The basic chords are:

```
E 000000
A 020120
B x02100
```

The most dominant riff that goes through the whole song, or rather: wherever there is an E chord, is (it is mainly played on the bass strings, but of course it doesn't matter if more strings are sounding):

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---------------|-------------------
|-0---------------|-------------------
|-0---------------|-------------------
|-0---------------|-3---0-5---0-3-----
|-0---------------|-3---0-5---0-3-----
|-0---------------|-3---0-5---0-3-----
```

The verses end with a different lick:

```
  :   .   .   .     :
|-----------------|--------
|-----------------|--------
|-----------------|--------
|-3---0-----------|--------
|---------3p0-----|--------
|-------------3---|-0------
```

There are other riffs, but they are all mainly variations on the same theme: open strings and strings stopped on the 3rd fret. One might even use one's own imagination...

```
E
Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door
A                                  E
Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door
     B
If I don't get the girl I'm loving
                                 E
Won't go down to Highway 51 no more.

Well, I know that highway like I know my hand
Yes, I know that highway like I know the back of my hand
Running from up Wisconsin
way down to no man's land.

Well, if I should die before my time should come
And if I should die before my time should come
```

Won't you bury my body
out on the Highway 51.

Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door
I said, Highway 51 runs right by my baby's door
If I don't get the girl I'm loving
Won't go down to Highway 51 no more.

Gospel Plow

(Bob Dylan/trad.)
Played by Bob Dylan on *Bob Dylan* (1962)
Tabbed by Jeffrey Kokosinsky (and Eyolf Østrem)

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e′)

Chords:

```
D   000232
A   x02220 or 202220
G   020033

fill:
   :  .  .  .    :
---2-----------|---
---3-----------|---
---2-----------|---
---0-----------|-0-
---------0--3--|---
---------------|---
```

```
     D
Mary wore three links of chain,
      A              D
Ev'ry link was Jesus name,
            G            A          D   [fill]
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on,
    A         D   [fill]
Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord,
            G            A          D   [fill]
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on.

Mary, Mark and Luke and John,
All these prophets so good and gone,
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on,
Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord,
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on.

I never been to heaven, but I've been told,
Streets up there are line with gold,
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on,
Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord,
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on.

Dig my grave with a bloody spade,
See that my digger gets well paid,
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on,
Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord,
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on.

That gospel line gets mighty hot,
```

But just hang on with all you got,
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on,
Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord,
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on.

When I get to the glory land,
Gonna play in the glory land,
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on,
Oh, Lord, Oh, Lord,
Keep-a your hand on that plow, hold on.

Baby, Let Me Follow You Down

(trad./Eric Von Schmidt)
Released by Bob Dylan on *Bob Dylan* (1962) and on *Biograph* (1985), and in a live version on *Live 1966* (1998)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

Chords (The F is played with a hammer-on from the open 6th string):

```
Eb/g   3xx343
G/b    7xx787
D/a    5xx775 or x0x775
C/e    000553
D/f#   200232
C/g    332010
```

He doesn't always get the descent ("I'll do anything…") right – sometimes it seems he just sends the thumb away to some bass string (sometimes both the E and the A). Especially the G/b – it is generally so blurred that it's apparent that he's fingering *something* – most logically the 7th fret with the thumb – but the *b* rarely sounds, and at times he just plays an E on the open 6th string.

The tab of the intro below is fairly accurate, which does not mean that it should be slavishly copied; the basic features are the steady thumb and the triple feel of the treble strings, in some variation or another. Between the chords in the descent (mm. 3-5), the last upbeat of each chord is struck while in transition from one chord to the next, hence they are either muted (indicated with "x") or open strings.

Intro:

```
     G                         F                         C/g
     :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
---|-----3-------3---3-------|-------1---------1-------|-------------------------|
---|-0---0-------0---0-------|-------1---------1-------|-------1-----1---1-----x-|
---|-0---------0-------------|-----------2-----------0-|-----------------------x-|
---|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----2-----2-------------|
---|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
-0-|-3-----3-----3-----3-----|-0--h1-1-----1-----1-----|-3-----3-----3-----3-----|

  Eb/g                      G/b         D/a           C/e         D/f#
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-3-----3---3-------3-----|-7-----7-----5---5-------|-3---3-3---2-------------|
|-4-----4---4-------4---x-|-8-----8--(0)7---7----(0)|-5---5-5---3-------------|
|-----3-----------3-----x-|-----7----(0)---------(0)|-----------------2-----0-|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-3-----3-----3-----3-----|-7-----7-----5-----5-----|-0-----0-----2-----2-----|
```

```
  C/g         D/f#          G
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|(0)----------2-----------|-------3---------3-------|
|-1-----------3-----------|-------------------------|
|-----0-----0-----2-------|-----0-------0-----------|
|-----------------------0-|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-3-----3-----2-----2-----|-3-----3-----3-----3-----|
```

I first heard this from Ric von Schmidt. He lives in Cambridge.
Ric is a blues guitar player.
I met him one day in the green pastures of Harvard University.

```
G                       F     C/g                    Eb/g
Baby let me follow you down, baby let me follow you down
          G/b   D/a           C/e         D/f#
Well I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
       C/g         D/f#       G
If you just let me follow you down.

Can I come home with you, baby can I come home with you?
Yes I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
If you just let me come home with you.

Baby let me follow you down, baby let me follow you down
Well I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
If you just let me follow you down.

Yes I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
If you just let me follow you down.
```

Additional verses (from Witmark demo):

```
I'll buy you a diamond ring, I'll buy you a wedding gown
Yes I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
If you just let me follow you down.

I just want you to understand, baby please understand,
Well I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
if you just let me be your man.
```

Live 1966 version

Differences from the above:

- Capo 2nd fret (Dylan's guitar anyway. Robbie may be playing without a capo)
- The F has much more of a Dm about it (sounds better as an Em or a G6 (320000) without a capo – but it's probably Garth on the organ)
- The Eb/g is played as a straight Eb (F without capo)
- The subtleties of the bass line … well, what's a bass player there for anyway?

```
G                      F     C                      Eb
Baby let me follow you down, baby let me follow you down
          G     D             C          D
Well I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
       C           D          G
If you just let me follow you down.

I'll buy you a diamond ring, I'll buy you a wedding gown
Well I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
If you just let me follow you down.

Can I come home with you, baby can I come home with you?
Yes I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
If you just let me come home with you.

I'll buy you a broken twine, honey, just for you to climb
I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
if you just once drive me out of my mind

I'll buy you a serpent skirt,
I'll buy you a velvet shirt
I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
if you just don't make me hurt.

Baby let me follow you down, baby let me follow you down
Well I'll do anything in this godalmighty world
If you just let me follow you down.
```

*) Melbourne, Sydney et al.: "a gun that squirts"

House of the Rising Sun

(Bob Dylan/trad., arr. "borrowed" – along with some records – from Dave Van Ronk)
Played by Bob Dylan on *Bob Dylan* (1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Intro: (* = slide up on the sixth string). Interlude between verses something of the same as the intro.

```
Am . C/g . |D/f# . F . |Am . E . *|Am . . .

      Am   C/g           D/f#      F
There is a house down in New Orleans
     Am       C/g    E
they call the rising sun
         Am       C/g     D/f#        F
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl
    Am     E        Am
and me, oh God, I'm one.

My mother was a tailor,
she sowed these new blue jeans
My sweetheart was a gambler, Lord,
down in New Orleans.

Now the only thing a gambler needs
is a suitcase and a trunk
And the only time when he's satisfied
is when he's on a drunk.

He fills his glasses up to the brim
and he'll pass the cards around
And the only pleasure he gets out of life
is rambling from town to town.

Oh tell my baby sister
not to do what I have done
But shun that house in New Orleans
they call the rising sun.

Well with one foot on the platform
and the other foot on the train
I'm going back to New Orleans
to wear that ball and chain.

I'm going back to New Orleans,
my race is almost run
I'm going back to end my life
down in the rising sun.

There is a house in New Orleans
they call the rising sun
And it's been the ruin of many a poor girl
and me, oh God, I'm one.
```

12 April 1963 (Fourth McKenzie Tape)

Drop D tuning (D-a-d-g-b-e'), guitar tuned a half step down.

Quite energetic playing on this one, despite the extreme simplicity. Most of the song is reduced to an alternating thumb between the two d-strings, with occasional turns to an f or c in the bass. But when he raises the energy level in the fifth verse, he really gets going.

The turns to f (indicated with "/f'' in the tab) are either played with the full "/f figure'' (see below), or just with the bass tone as in the fourth measure of the intro.

The a (third string, second fret) in the second measure of the /f-figure is probably just hammered on or sounded when the chord changes, without necessarily having to be thought about at all. It could also be picked with the index finger, but that disrupts the rhythm pattern a bit.

```
/f figure                              A                 G/b
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .      .   .
|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------||---------||
|---------------3-|-----------------||-----------------||-------3-||
|-----------0-----|(2)--------------||-----------2-----||---0-----||
|-----0-------0---|-----0-----------||-----2-------2---||-----0---||
|-----------------|-----------------||-0---------------||-2-------||
|-0-------3-------|-0---------------||---------2-------||---------||
```

Intro:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------3-------|

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---------------3-|---------------3-|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------2-----|-----------2-----|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
                                                              There ...

     D                /f /d
There is a house in New Orleans
                 /f  /d
they call the rising sun
                     /f     /f   /d
It's been the ruin of many a poor soul
               /f  /d
and me, oh God, I'm one.


                          /f G/b  /d
If I had listened to what my momma said,
```

```
I'd-a been at home today

But being so young and foolish,
               A        D
I let gambling lead me astray.


          /f /d
Now the only thing a gambler needs
                 /f /d
is a suitcase and a trunk
                       /f /f /d
And the only time he's satisfied
            G/b    D
is when he's on a drunk.


He fills his glasses up to the brim
                     /f /d
and passes the cards around
                       /f /f /d
And the only time he's satisfied
                 /f  /f  /d
is rambling from town to town.

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---------------3-|-----------------|---------------3-|-------3-------3-|
|-----------2-----|-----------------|-----------2-----|---2-------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|---------3-------|-----------------|---------3-------|
|-0-------0-------|-0---------------|-0-------0-------|-0---------------|
town

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---------------3-|---------------3-|---------------3-|---------------3-|
|-----------0-----|(2)--------0-----|(2)--------0-----|(2)--------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------3-------|-0-------3-------|-0-------3-------|-0-------3-------|
                                                                  Oh...

   /d /f   /d /f /d
Oh tell my baby sister
                /f /f  /d
not to do what I have done
                       /f   /f /d
But shun that house in New Orleans
               A      D
they call the rising sun.

                           /f  /f  /d
Well it's one foot on the platform
                    /f  /f /d
and the other foot on the train
```

```
                 /f   /f /f
I'm going back to New Orleans
           /f   /f  /d
to wear my ball and chain.

                      /f /d
I'm going back to New Orleans,
           /f /f  /d
my race is almost run
                 /f    /f /d
I'm going back to spend my days
  /f     /f /d G/b D
beneath the rising sun.
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---------------3-|---------------3-|-------3-------3-|
|-----------------|-----------2-----|-----------2-----|---0-------0-----|
|-----0-----------|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-3---3-------3---|
|-0-------0---3---|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|---------0-------|
..sun
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----2-----------|-----2-----------||
|-------3---------|-----------------|-----3---------3-|-----3-----------||
|---0-------0-----|-----------x-----|-----2-----2-----|-----2-----------||
|-----------------|-----0-----------|-----0-------0---|-----0-----------||
|-----2-----------|-------------3---|-----------------|-----------------||
|-0-------0---3---|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0---------------||
```

Freight Train Blues

(trad.)
Played by Bob Dylan on *Bob Dylan* (1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
Intro:

|:C . . . |. . G C :|
|C . . . |. . . . D |G . . . |
|C . . . |F . . . |C . . G |C

C
I was born in Dixie in a boomer shack
                            G        C
Just a little shanty by the railroad track
C
Freight train was it taught me how to cry
                             G    C
hummin' of the driver was my lullaby

I got the freight train blues
                                              D        G
Oh Lord mama, I got them in the bottom of my rambling shoes
             C                        F
And when the whistle blows I gotta go baby, don't you know
         C                           G                      C
Well, it looks like I'm never gonna lose the freight train blues.


Well, my daddy was a fireman and my old ma here,
She was the only daugther of an engineer
My sweetheart loved a brakeman and it ain't no joke
It's a shamethe way she keeps a good man broke
I got the freight train blues
Oh Lord mama, I got them in the bottom of my rambling shoes
And when the whistle blows I gotta go oh mama, don't you know
Well, it looks like I'm never gonna lose the freight train blues.

Well, the only thing that makes me laugh again
Is a southbound whistle on a southbound train
Every place I wanna go
I never can go, because you know
I got the freight train blues
Oh Lord mama, I got them in the bottom of my rambling shoes.

[finish off with harp]
```

Song to Woody

(Bob Dylan, based on Woody Guthrie's 1913 Massacre
Released on *Bob Dylan* (1962) and *No direction home* (2005)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

Intro:

```
  G
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-----3-3-3-3-|-----3-3-3-3-|-----3-3-----|
|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-----|
|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-----|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-2-----------|-0h2---------|-0h2-----0---|
|(3)----------|-------------|-------------|

  G
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-----3---3---|-----3-------|-----3---3---|-----3---3--|
|-----0---0---|-----0-------|-----0---0---|-----0---0--|
|-----0---0---|-----0-------|-----0---0---|-----0---0--|
|-----0---0---|-0h2---------|-------------|-0----------|
|-------------|---------2---|-------------|------------|
|-3-----------|-------------|-0-----------|------------|
                                          I'm

  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-------------|-------------|--------------|
|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----3-3-3-3--|
|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----2-2-2-2--|
|-----0-0-0-0-|-0h2---------|-----0-0-0-0--|
|-2-----------|-------------|--------------|
|(3)----------|-------------|-2------------|
 out here a     thou -  sand  miles...
```

```
    G                   D/f#          G     [lick 1]
I'm out here a thousand miles from my home
C         G/b        D/a           G        [lick 1]
Walking a road other men have gone down
    G           /DhE     C          G       [lick 1]
I'm seeing your world of people and things
     G [lick 2]  /b           (D/a)       G [lick 1]
Hear paupers and peasants and princes and kings.

Hey hey Woody Guthrie I wrote you a song
About a funny old world that's coming along
Seems sick and it's hungry, it's tired and it's torn
It looks like it's dying and it's hardly been born.

Hey Woody Guthrie but I know that you know
All the things that I'm saying and a many times more
I'm singing you this song but I can't sing enough
'Cause there's not many men that've done the things that you've done.
```

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

I'm leaving tomorrow but I could leave today
Somewhere down the road someday
The very last thing that I'd want to do
Is to say I've been hitting some hard travelling too.
```

---

lick 1:

```
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-----3-3-----|-----3---3---|-----3---3---|
|-----0-0-----|-----0---0---|-----0---0---|
|-----0-0-----|-----0---0---|-----0---0---|
|-0h2---------|-------------|-0-----------|
|---------2---|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-3-----------|-------------|
```

lick 2 (in verses 2-4 the hammer-ons are on the fifth string):

```
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|---
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-----3---3---|-----3---3---|---
|-----0---0---|-----0---0---|-----0---0---|-----0---0---|-----0---0---|-----0---0---|---
|-------------|-0h2---------|-0h2---------|-0h2---------|-------------|-------------|---
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-0h2-----0---|-------------|---
|-3-----------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-3-
  paupers_____________________________________  and   peasants....
```

See That My Grave Is Kept Clean

(Blind Lemon Jefferson)
Performed by Bob Dylan on *Bob Dylan* (1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Album Version

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e′)

Chords:

```
D    000232
D/c  x30030
D/b  x20030
\ = slide down
```

```
Intro:

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---2-2-(etc.)----|-----------------|-----------------|----
|---3-3-----------|-----------------|-----------------|----
|---2-3-----------|-----------------|-----------------|----
|---0-0---0-----3-|-3-0-------------|-----------------|-0--
|-0-----3---------|-----3-0---------|---------------3-|----
|-0---------------|---------0--\3---|-0--\3---0-------|----

             D          D/c        D/b    D    (/c-d)
Well there's one kind-a favor I'll ask of you
             D          D/c        D/b    D    (/c-d)
Well there's one kind-a favor I'll ask of you
             D        D/c        D/b    D    (/c-d)
There's just one kind favor I'll ask of you
       D           D/c      /b   D
You can see that my grave is kept clean.

            D         /c     /b        D   (/c-d)
And there's two white horses following me
            D         /c     /b        D   (/c-d)
And there's two white horses following me
      D         /c     /b         (5th str: 0h2)
I got two white horses following me
D         c  /b       D
Waiting on my burying ground.

Did you ever hear that coughin' sound
Did you ever hear that coughin' sound
Did you ever hear that coughin' sound
Means another poor boy is underground.

Did you ever hear them church bells tone
Have you ever hear that church bells tone
```

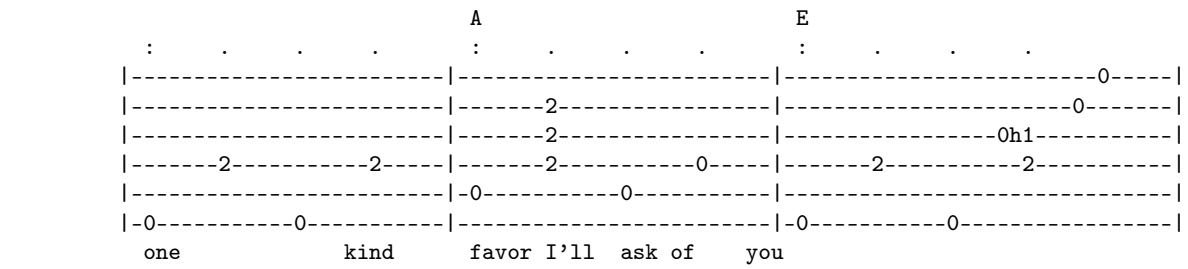
```
Did you ever hear them church bells tone
Means another poor boy is dead and gone.

And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold
And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold
And my heart stopped beating and my hands turned cold
Now I believe what the bible told.

There's just one last favor I'll ask of you
And there's one last favor I'll ask of you
There's just one last favor I'll ask of you
See that my grave is kept clean.
```

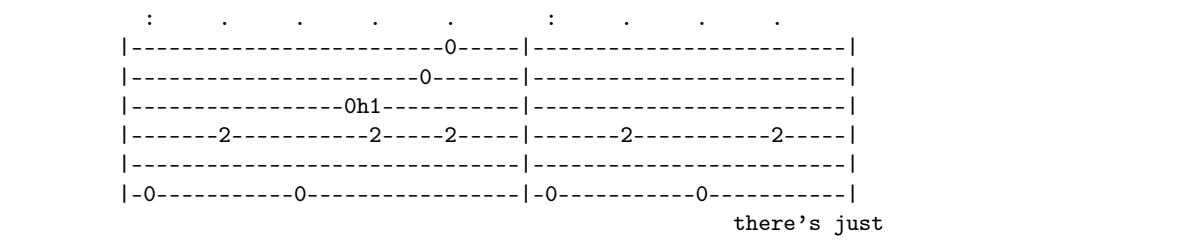
Version from the Third McKenzie Tape (1962)

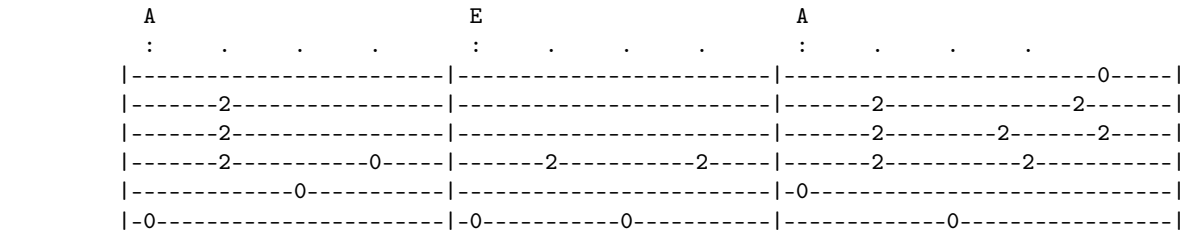
After singing one verse of this version, Dylan breaks off and says, "I don't play it like that anymore". Notice the extra beat in the measures with the intro figure, which breaks up the steady thumb movement. It takes some concentration or some practice to get it right.

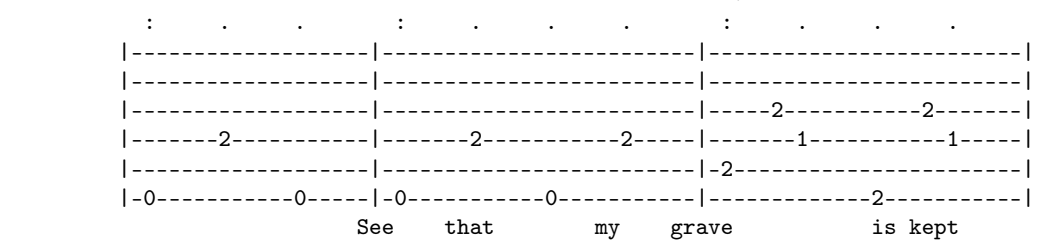
[Intro:]

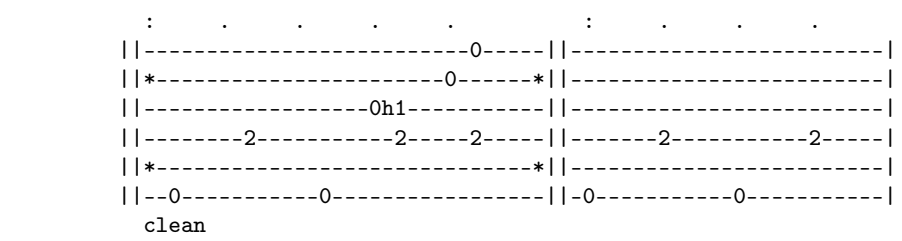
```
  E
  :     .     .     .     .          :     .     .     .
||-------------------------0-----||-------------------------|
||*----------------------0------*||-------------------------|
||------------------0h1-----------||-------------------------|
||--------2-----------2-----2-----||-------2-----------2-----|
||*-----------------------------*||-------------------------|
||--0-----------0-----------------||-0-----------0-----------|
                                                    Well there's

  E
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------0-----|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------0-------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------0h1-----------|
|-------2-----------2-----|-------2-----------2-----|-------2-----------2-----2-----|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------------|
|-0-----------0-----------|-0-----------0-----------|-0-----------0-----------------|
  one             kind    favor I'll    ask of    you

  :     .     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------0-----|-------------------------|
|-----------------------0-------|-------------------------|
|-----------------0h1-----------|-------------------------|
|-------2-----------2-----2-----|-------2-----------2-----|
|-------------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-----------0-----------------|-0-----------0-----------|
                                              and there's
```











"I don't sing it like that anymore"

2

The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan

Recorded: April 24, 1962–April 24, 1963 — Released: May 27, 1963

53 Blowin' in the Wind
56 Girl of the North Country
62 Masters of War
65 Down the Highway
67 Bob Dylan's Blues
68 A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall
71 Don't Think Twice, It's All Right
78 Bob Dylan's Dream
79 Oxford Town
81 Talkin' World War III Blues
85 Corrina, Corrina
88 Honey, Just Allow Me One More Chance
90 I Shall Be Free

Introductory notes

Eyolf Østrem

Ah, but what can I say…! This is the album that is responsible for my addiction to Dylan (and not because I bought it when it was released). It is not the one I play most regularly, but whenever I pick it out, I ask myself why I don't do it more often.

Several of the songs are part of the daily routine, of course. Don't Think Twice, Masters of War, Hard Rain, Girl of the North Country, not to mention Blowin' in the Wind – I do believe I hear at least one of these every day. Half an album of songs, almost 40 years old, by a then folk singer, that still hold their ground in the repertory of a man who has for 35 of those years been a rock artist – that's in itself a brand of quality. And the rest of the songs ain't so bad either.

What this album first of all shows (and which was confirmed by *Good As I Been To You*) is what an accomplished guitar player Dylan was – and still is, when he wants to. There is some really nice guitar work on some of these tracks: the finger-picking on Don't Think Twice and Talkin' WW3 Blues, the free-rhythmical blues a la Big Joe Williams of Down the Highway, the lyricism of Corrina Corrina, and the persistent, rhythmical hammering-on of Masters of War. None of it is really (really) difficult – he gets as much effect as possible from techniques that are actually quite simple (once you master them). This is not to say that he's a cheater (those who have access to "Hero Blues", an outtake from the *Freewheelin'* sessions, can hear for themselves that Dylan anno 1963 had a quite good control of his instrument).

A contributing element is the use of altered or open tunings. Three of the songs on *Freewheelin'* are in open D (I shall be Free, Corrina Corrina, and Oxford Town) and three in Dropped D tuning (Masters of War, Down the Highway, and Hard Rain). Several of the outtakes also use such tunings. It is noteworthy that the playing style in these songs differs considerably from the style of the songs, which were also originally played in open D tuning. It is said that it was Joni Mitchell who inspired and/or taught him to use open D tuning, and although he apparently knew it even ten years earlier, he didn't use the same style and technique then.

A striking unifying feature of the playing style of *Freewheelin'* is the many second-inversion chords, *i.e.* chords with the fifth in the bass, such as D/a (x**0**0232), which is so prominent in Blowin' In The Wind. Another (I think related) feature is the many ways he uses to avoid the dominant, such as the turn C – Gadd4/b – G in Blowin' in the Wind and Bob dylan's Dream, about which I intend to write a little piece some day.

Blowin' in the Wind

Words and music Bob Dylan (not Lorre Wyatt)
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963), *Greatest Hits I* (1967) and *Biograph* (1985), and in live versions on *Before the Flood* (1975), *Budokan* (1978) *Live 1975* (2002), and *No direction home* (2005)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

***Freewheelin'* version**

Capo 7th fret (sounding key D major)

```
Chords:
G     320003
C     x32010
C/b   x20010
D/a   x00232
D/f#  200232

G        C     /b     D/a      G
How many roads must a man walk down
G          C    /b    G
Before you call him a man?
         G        C    /b     D/a        G
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
G          C      /b     D(/a and f#)
Before she sleeps in the sand?
         G        C     /b       D/a          G
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
  G            C  /b   G
Before they're forever banned?
    C   /b     D/a        G              C
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
    C   /b    D/a            G
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many years can a mountain exist
Before it's washed to the sea?
Yes, 'n' how many years can some people exist
Before they're allowed to be free?
Yes, 'n' how many times can a man turn his head,
Pretending he just doesn't see?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.

How many times must a man look up
Before he can see the sky?
Yes, 'n' how many ears must one man have
Before he can hear people cry?
Yes, 'n' how many deaths will it take till he knows
That too many people have died?
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
The answer is blowin' in the wind.
```

No Direction Home version (1963)

Recorded live at New York Town Hall, Dec 4, 1963

```
C        F            G        C
How many roads must a man walk down
  C        F               C    G
Before you call him a man?
C         F           G           C
 how many seas must a white dove sail
C          F      C      G     G6 G7
Before she sleeps in the sand?
C             F         G            C
How many times must the cannon balls fly
C              F       C
Before they're forever banned?
    F          G          C              F
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
    F         G              C
The answer is blowin' in the wind.
```

Version from *Before the Flood* (1974)

```
G        C            G
How many roads must a man walk down
G          C          G
Before you call him a man?
         G        C           G
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
G          C             D
Before she sleeps in the sand?
         G        C              G
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
  G            C       G
Before they're forever banned?
    C          D          G              C
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
    C         D              G
The answer is blowin' in the wind.
```

Live 1975 version

(duet with Joan Baez)

```
G        C            G
How many roads must a man walk down
G          C          G
Before you call him a man?
         G        C           G
Yes, 'n' how many seas must a white dove sail
```

```
G          Am            D
Before she sleeps in the sand?
         G        C             G
Yes, 'n' how many times must the cannon balls fly
  G           C       G
Before they're forever banned?
    C          D          G              C
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
    C         D             G
The answer is blowin' in the wind.
```

Version from *Budokan* (1978)

```
D         G/d   D                 G/d
 How many roads   must a man walk down
D           G/d        D     G/d
 Before you call him a man?
D         G/d  D                  G/d
 How many seas  must a white dove sail
D           G/d    D      A
 Before she sleeps in the sand?
D         G/d   D                      G/d
 How many times  must the cannon balls fly
D               G/d     D
 Before they're forever banned?
    Em         A          D       A/c#   Bm
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
    G         A              D      G/d    D    G/d
The answer is blowin' in the wind.
```

Current version (2002)

Submitted by Patrik Winkvist

```
C        F            C   Csus4 C    Csus2
How many roads must a man walk down
  C       F               C   Csus4  C
Before you call him a man?
C         F                     C    Csus4 C
 how many seas must a white dove sail
  C        F             G     (C/g  G7)
Before she sleeps in the sand?
C             F                    C
How many times must the cannon balls fly
  C              F    C
Before they're forever banned?
    F          G          C              F
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind,
    F         G              C
The answer is blowin' in the wind.
```

Girl of the North Country

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963) and in different versions on *Nashville Skyline* (1969) and *Real Live* (1984)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords (*Freewheelin'* version):

```
G       320003
C/g     3x2013
Em9     05403x
D7/F#   20021x
Em      022000
```

(Nashville skyline version:)

```
G       320003
Bm      224432
C       x32010
```

(*Real Live* and most other live renditions:)

```
G       320003
C/g     3x2013
"D"     x54030
C       x32010
Em      022000
```

The theoretically inclined may note the interesting change that the third chord has undergone, mainly because of the change in what follows.
The chords are the same as for *Boots of Spanish Leather.*

***Freewheelin'* version**

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key B♭ major)
More or less standard fingerpicking with this basic pattern:

```
  :   .   .   .
|-----------------|
|-----0---------0-|
|-----------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|
```

Intro:

```
  G       G/g               G         C/g     G         C/g     G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----3-----------|---------------3-|---------------3-|---------------3-|
|-----0---------1-|-----1-----------|-----1-----------|-----1-----------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----0-------2---|-----0h2-----0---|-----2-------0---|-----2-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|

  C/g     G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----||
|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------||
```

Verse:

```
     Em9                               D7/f#
     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
||-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
||-*-----3-----------|-----3-----------|-----1-----------|
||-------------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------2-----|
||-------4-------4---|-----4-------0---|-----0-------0---|
||-*-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
||---0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-2-------2-------|
         If    you're  travelin' in the  north   country

  G       C/g               G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------||
|-----0---------1-|-----1---------0-|-----0-----------*-||
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-------|| x2
|-----0-------2---|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0-----||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------*-||
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3---------||
  fair

  Em                                C/g
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-----------|-----0---------1-|-----1---------0-|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------0---|-----2-------2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-3-------3-------|
(Re)member          me        to      one     who lives
```

```
  G       C/g               G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0---------1-|-----1---------0-|-----0-----------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----0-------2---|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|    D.C.
  there
```

```
Em9                         D7/f#         G
 If you're travelin' in the north country fair,
          Em9                   D7/f#    G
Where the winds hit heavy on the borderline,
  Em           C             G
Remember me to one who lives there.
Em9            D7/f#        G
She once was a true love of mine.

Well, if you go when the snowflakes storm,
When the rivers freeze and summer ends,
Please see if she's wearing a coat so warm,
To keep her from the howlin' winds.

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.

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.

So if you're travelin' 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.
```

Nashville Skyline version

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

***Real Live* version**

The following figure is played at the end of each line:

```
  G         C/g       G
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .
|-3---------333333|-3-3-------------
|-0---------111111|-1-0-------------
|-0---------000000|-0-0--etc--------
|-0---------222222|-2-0-------------
|-2---------xxxxxx|-x-2-------------
|-3---------333333|-3-3-------------
..fair

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

30th Anniversary Celebration version (1991)

As the Real Live version (with the same emphatical C/g-G at the end of lines). In some verses the Em is played xx5450.

Ends with the following scale figure (the a in parentheses is accidental...):

```
  C/g                     G

|-3-33333----------------|-3--------
|-1-11111----------------|-3--------
|-0-00000----------------|-4--------
|-2-22222----------0-2-4-|-5--------
|----------0-2-3--(0)----|-5--------
|-3-33333----------------|-3--------
```

Düsseldorf, Nov 8, 2003

New version, which is a cross between Ring Them Bells and Friend of the Devil (and, for that matter, One Too Many Mornings)

Capo 1st fret

As so often: what is actually played by all the individual instruments would be impossible to put into a single guitar. What is important in this version is the bass and the chord sequence. An outline of these is presented below. Some of the chords might be played differently, such as the E/g♯, which is more correctly played 420100 (instead of 420000, which gives a much more muddy sound), and the last line, which could be played:

```
C Am Dm/f . | C/e C/g  C . |
```

```
  C   G/b Am  C/g   F   C/e Gsus4 G   C   G/b Am  C/e   F   C/e G   E/g#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---------0-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-1---3---1---1---|-1---1---1---0---|-1---0---1---1---|-1---1---0---0---|
|-0---0---2---0---|-2---0---0---0---|-0---0---2---0---|-2---0---0---0---|
|-2---0---2---2---|-3---2---0---0---|-2---0---2---2---|-3---2---0---0---|
|-3---2---0---3---|-3---3---2---2---|-3---2---0---3---|-3---3---2---2---|
|-------------3---|-1---0---3---3---|-------------3---|-1---0---3---4---|

  Am  C/g F   C/e  F  D7/f# G   E/g#  Am  G   C   G/b D7/f#     F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|---------0---3---|-2-------1-------|
|-1---1---1---1---|-1---1---0---0---|-1---3---1---3---|-1-------1-------|
|-2---0---2---0---|-2---2---0---1---|-2---0---0---0---|-2-------2-------|
|-2---2---3---2---|-3---0---0---0---|-2---0---2---0---|-0-------3-------|
|-0---3---3---3---|-3---0---2---2---|-0---2---3---2---|-0-------3-------|
|-----3---1---0---|-1---2---3---4---|-----3-----------|-2-------1-------|

  C(6)    Dm/f    C/e Gsus4 C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---------1-------|-0---0---0-------|
|-1-------3-------|-1---1---1-------|
|-0---2---2---2---|-0---0---0-------|
|-2-------3-------|-2---3---2-------|
|-3---------------|-3-------3-------|
|-----------------|-0---3-----------|
```

St Louis, March 3, 2004

In principle the same as the above, with some minor differences, and with a more detailed tab.

```
  C   G/b Am  G     F   C/e G11 G7    C   G/d C         Dm  C   G   E/g#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---------------|-----------------|-0-----------0---|-1---0-----------|
|-----3---1---0---|---1-0-1-----3---|-----3---1-----1-|---3-----3---0---|
|-----------------|-2-------2-------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---2---0---2---0-|-----------3---3-|---2---0---2-----|-0-----2---0---2-|
|-3---2---0-------|--------------(2)|-3---2---3---3---|-----3-----------|
|-------------3---|-1---0---3---3---|-----------------|---------3---4---|

  C   G   F   C/e   F   D7  G   G#o   Am  G/b C         D       F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|---------0---3---|-2-----2-1-----1-|
|-1---0-----1---1-|---1---1-0-----3-|-1---3--(1)------|-----3-------1---|
|---------2---0---|-2---2---0---1---|--------(0)----0-|---2-------2-----|
|---2---0-3---2---|-3---4-----0-3---|---2---0---2-----|-0---------------|
|-0---------------|-----------------|-0---2---3-------|-----------------|
|-----3-----------|-----------------|-----------------|---------1-------|
```

```
  Am      Dm       C(/e /g  /c)
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-8-------10------|-12--12--12------|                |-12--12--12------|
|-----10------10--|-----------------|  last measure  |-----------------|
|-9-------10------|-12--12--12------|  can be played |-12--12--12------|
|-----10------12--|-10--10--10------|  like this:    |-10--10--10------|
|-----------------|-----------------|                |-----10----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|                |-12-----(8)------|
```

Masters of War

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963) and *Biograph* (1985) and in live versions on *Real Live* (1984) and on *No direction home* (2005)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The source of the melody is the folk tune *Nottamun Town* (Roger McGuinn's did this)

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key F minor, but it is tuned a bit low on the record)

Dropped D tuning (DAdgbe')

Chords:

```
Cadd2   030030
Dm/f    003230 or 003030
G/b     020030
```

Occasionally the G/b chord is inserted in the return from Cadd2 to Dm.
At *) a Cadd2 is inserted in some of the verses.

Intro and recurring rhythmical pattern:

```
  Dm                  Cadd2     Dm              Cadd2
  |   .   .   ;   .   .     |   .   .   ;   .   .
|-1---1-1-1-1-1---1-1-0---|-0h1-1-1-1-1-1-----1-0---
|-3---3-3-3-3-3---3-3-3---|-3---3-3-3-3-3-----3-3---
|-2---2-2-2-2-2---2-2-0---|-0h2-2-2-2-2-0h2---2-0---  etc.
|-0---0-0-0-0-0---0-0-0---|-0---0-0-0-0-0-----0-0---
|-0---0-0-0-0-0---0-0-3---|-0---0-0-0-0-0-----0-3---
|-0---0-0-0-0-0---0-0-0---|-0---0-0-0-0-0-----0-0---
```

```
Dm
Come you masters of war

You that build the big guns

You that build the death planes
         Cadd2         Dm
You that build all the bombs

You that hide behind walls
         *)
You that hide behind desks
                   Cadd2
I just want you to know
                        Dm
I can see through your masks

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

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

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

You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
                    Dm/f
You ain't worth the blood
     Cadd2   Dm
That runs in your veins

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
                 Cadd2
Even Jesus would never
   G/b   Dm
Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question
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

And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon
I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered

```
Down to your deathbed
                          Dm/f
And I'll stand o'er your grave
         Cadd2             Dm
'Til I'm sure that you're dead
```

***Real Live* version**

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

Or with a capo on the second fret and the chords Am, G, F and Dm

---

***No Direction Home* version**

Basically the same as the album version, but with an intro which is worth quoting:

I believe in the ten commandments, the first one : I'm the Lord thy god, it's a great commandment if it's not said by the wrong people.

and some nice between-verses flourishes along the lines of:

```
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-----strum upper strings throughout------|-------------|-1-------0---|-1-----------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-3-------3---|-3-----------|
|-0h2-----0h2-|-0-----------|-------------|-------------|-0h2-----0---|-0h2---------|
|-0-----------|-----3---0---|-3---0-------|-------------|-0-----------|-0-----------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|---------3---|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|---------3---|-0-----------|-------------|-------------|
```

Down the Highway

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Double drop D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-d')
Capo 5th fret (sounding key G major)

Chords:

```
D7    000210
G     5----- or a full 500003
A     20---- or 20222x
```

Recurring riff:

```
|-----------------------------0--
|-111111111--------------------3--
|-222222222--------------------2--
|-000000000-3p0----------------0--
|---------------3p0------------0--
|-------------------3---3---0--0--
```

An occasional flourish:

```
  .   .   .   .
|-------3-0--
|------------
|------------
|------------
|------------
|---3-0------
```

```
D7
Well, I'm walkin' down the highway

With my suitcase in my hand.
         G
Yes, I'm walkin' down the highway
        D7 (riff)
With my suitcase in my hand.
        A
Lord, I really miss my baby,
              (riff)
She's in some far-off land.

Well, your streets are gettin' empty,
Lord, your highway's gettin' filled.
And your streets are gettin' empty
And your highway's gettin' filled.
Well, the way I love that woman,
I swear it's bound to get me killed.

Well, I been gamblin' so long,
```

Lord, I ain't got much more to lose.
Yes, I been gamblin' so long,
Lord, I ain't got much more to lose.
Right now I'm havin' trouble,
Please don't take away my highway shoes.

Well, I'm bound to get lucky, baby,
Or I'm bound to die tryin'.
Yes, I'm a-bound to get lucky, baby,
Lord, Lord I'm a-bound to die tryin'.
Well, meet me in the middle of the ocean
And we'll leave this ol' highway behind.

Well, the ocean took my baby,
My baby stole my heart from me.
Yes, the ocean took my baby,
My baby took my heart from me.
She packed it all up in a suitcase,
Lord, she took it away to Italy, Italy.

So, I'm a-walkin' down your highway
Just as far as my poor eyes can see.
Yes, I'm a-walkin' down your highway
Just as far as my eyes can see.
From the Golden Gate Bridge
All the way to the Statue of Liberty.

Bob Dylan's Blues

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

```
G
Well, the Lone Ranger and Tonto

They are ridin' down the line

Fixin' ev'rybody's troubles
            C
Ev'rybody's 'cept mine
              G
Somebody musta tol' 'em
     C (C/b) D/a  G
That I was   doin' fine

[1 verse harmonica solo:

G' . .  . |        G' = xxx087
G' . .  . |        G7'= xxx065
G' . G7'. |
C  . .  . |
G  . D  . | G]

Oh you five and ten cent women
With nothin' in your heads
I got a real gal I'm lovin'
And Lord I'll love her till I'm dead
Go away from my door and my window too
Right now

Lord, I ain't goin' down to no race track
See no sports car run
I don't have no sports car
And I don't even care to have one
I can walk anytime around the block

Well, the wind keeps a-blowin' me
Up and down the street
With my hat in my hand
And my boots on my feet
Watch out so you don't step on me

Well, lookit here buddy
You want to be like me
Pull out your six-shooter
And rob every bank you can see
Tell the judge I said it was all right
Yes!
```

A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963) and on *Greatest Hits II* (1971) and in live versions on *Live 1975* (2002) and *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e')
Capo 2nd fret (sounding key E major); Live 1964: capo 3rd fret

Chords:

```
D      000232
G      020033
A      202220
G/d    000433
A/d    000655
*)     000030
```

```
D       G     D

    D                       G         D
Oh, where have you been, my blue-eyed son?
    D                                   A
And where have you been, my darling young one?
     G/d                     A/d          D
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,
     G/d                        A/d         D
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways,
     G/d                      A/d       D
I've stepped in the middle of seven sad forests,
     G/d                    A/d        D
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans,
          G/d                        A/d        D
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard,
    *)     D               A            D               G
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard,
           D        A          D
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall.

Oh, what did you see, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what did you see, my darling young one?
I saw a newborn 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,
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.

And what did you hear, my blue-eyed son?
```

```
And what did you hear, my darling young one?
I heard the sound of a thunder, 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,
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.

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

Oh, what'll you do now, my blue-eyed son?
Oh, what'll you do now, my darling young one?
I'm a-goin' back out 'fore the rain starts a-fallin',
I'll walk to the depths 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',
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.
```

Live 1975 version

The following riff goes through the song where there's an A.

```
  A     A6    A     D   A
|-------------------------|
|-------------------3---2-|
|-------------------2---2-|
|-2---2-4---4-2---2-4---2-|
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|
|-------------------------|

A    .              .   . D A    .          .     .  D A
 Oh, where have you been,     my blue-eyed son?
```

```
                                        E
And where have you been, my darling young one?
     D                       E           A
I've stumbled on the side of twelve misty mountains,
     D                          E          A
I've walked and I've crawled on six crooked highways,
D                     E         A
been in the middle of seven sad forests,
     D                       E          A
I've been out in front of a dozen dead oceans,
     D                               E          A
I've been ten thousand miles in the mouth of a graveyard,
           A    *)            E          A(7)             D          *) A-D/a-A
And it's a hard, and it's a hard, it's a hard, and it's a hard,
           A    E              A
And it's a hard rain's a-gonna fall
```

Don't Think Twice, It's All Right

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963) and on *Greatest Hits II* (1971), in a different studio version on *No direction home* (2005), and in live versions on *Before the Flood* (1974), *Budokan* (1978), and *Live 1964* (2004). Included are also the lyrics from Gaslight III (late 1962), which differ considerably from the later
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Freewheelin' version

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

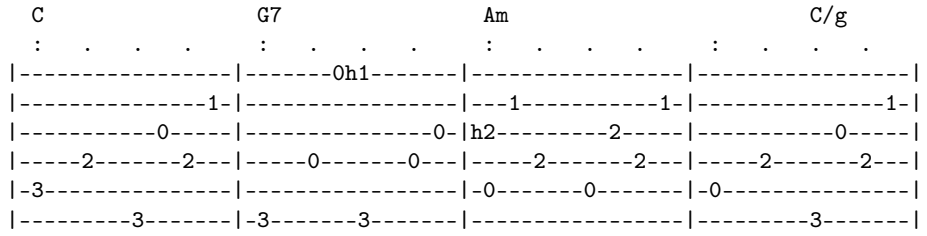
Standard fingerpicking

Intro:

```
   C                G7               Am      C/g       F
   :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
||-----------------|-------0h1-------|-----------------|-----------------|
||---------------1(|p0)------------1-|---------------0h|-1-----1-------0h|
||-----------0-----|---0-------0---(0|h2)2-------0-----|---2-------2-----|
||-----2-------2---|-----0-------0---|-----2-------2---|-----3-------3---|
||-3---------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------|
||---------3-------|-3-------3-------|---------3-------|-1-------0h1-----|

   C/g              G7               C/g
   :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|--------0---------|-------0h1-------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-h1-------------0-|---------------1-|-------1---------|-------1-------1-||
|----0-------0-----|---0-------0-----|---0-------------|---0-------0-----||
|------2-------2---|-----0-------0---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---||
|------------------|-----------------|---------3-------|-----------------||
|--3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3---------------|-3-------3-------||
```

Verse:

```
   C                G                Am                        C/g
   :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
||-----------------|-------0h1-------|-----------------|-----------------|
||---------------1-|-----------0--(1)|---1-----------1-|---------------0-|
||-----------0-----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------0-----|
||-----2-------2---|-----0-------0---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|
||-3---------------|-----------------|-0-------0-------|-0---------------|
||---------3-------|-3-------3-------|-----------------|---------3-------|

  F                                  C/g              G7
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------0h1-------|
|-------1-------1-|-----------1-----|---------------0-|---------------1-|
|---2-------2-----|---2---0h2-------|-----------0-----|---0-------0-----|
|-----3-------3---|-----3-------3---|-----2-------2---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|---------3-------|-3---------------|-----------------|
|-1-------1-------|-1---------------|---------3-------|-3-------3-------|
```




```
        C              G             Am         /g
Well, it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
```

```
F                        C        G
 Iff'n you don't know by now
       C               G              Am         /g
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
D7/f#              G  (G6-G7)
It'll never do somehow
          C                    C7
When your rooster crows at the break of dawn
F                        D7/f#
Look out your window and I'll be gone
C          G          Am   /g   F
You're the reason I'm trav'lin' on
C           G               C
Don't think twice, it's all right

C   G    Am      /g F   C

An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe
That light I never knowed
An' it ain't no use in turnin' on your light, babe
I'm on the dark side of the road
Still I wish there was somethin' you would do or say
To try and make me change my mind and stay
We never did too much talkin' anyway
But don't think twice, it's all right

So it ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal
Like you never did before
An' it ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal
I can't hear you any more
I'm a-thinkin' and a-wond'rin' walkin' down the road
I once loved a woman, a child I'm told
I give her my heart but she wanted my soul
But don't think twice, it's all right

So long, honey babe   *)
Where I'm bound, I can't tell
Goodbye is too good a word, gal
So I'll just say fare thee well
I ain't sayin' you treated me unkind
You could have done better but I don't mind
You just kinda wasted my precious time
But don't think twice, it's all right
```

*) "I'm walking down that long and lonesome road" in most live versions ever since.

Gaslight III version (1962)

```
Well, it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
[hm]
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
If'n you don't know by now
When the rooster crows at the break of dawn
Look out your window and I'll be travellin' on
You're the reason I'll be gone
```

```
Don't think twice, 'cause it's all right

So it ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal
[a-ia] like before
An' it ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal
I can't hear you any more
I wish there was somethin' you would do or say
To try and make me change my mind and stay
We never did too much talkin' anyway
But don't think twice, 'cause it's all right

Well it ain't no use in turnin' on your lights, babe
Lights I never knowed
An' it ain't no use in burnin' your lamp, babe
I'm on the dark side of the road
Well, it's lonesome travellin' down the lonesome road
I once loved a woman, a child I'm told
I give her my heart but she wanted my soul
But don't think twice, 'cause it's all right

So I'm ramblin' all by myself babe.
This time, maybe more
And I can't use nobody else, babe
Whatever you claimed before.
I ain't sayin' you treated me unkind
You could have done better but I don't mind
You just wasted my precious time
But don't think twice, 'cause it's all right.
```

Live 1964 version

Same as the album version, except:

- The beginning of the first verse goes:

  ```
  Well, there ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
  It don't matter anyhow.
  And there ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
  It don't matter anyhow.
  ```

- Between the verses, the G-G6-G7 figure is played (320003 – 32200x – 32300x)
- In the third verse, the second to last line is played:

  ```
    C           E             Am     /g F
  I gave her my heart but she wanted my soul
  ```

- The last verse begins: "So I'm walkin' down that long, lonesome road, babe"

Before the Flood version (1974)

Basically the same as the album version, with the following changes:

- No fingerpicking – energetic strumming instead.
- No capo – played in key of C.
- Between each verse he stays on a Csus4-chord (x33010).
- The first verse goes (as in most live renditions):

```
Well, it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
Iff'n you don't know by now.
And it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
It don't matter anyhow.
```

(the lyrics from bobdylan.com are:

```
It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
It don't matter, anyhow
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
If you don't know by now)
```

- And in the last verse, the first line is (as in the official lyrics):

```
I'm walkin' down that long, lonesome road, babe
```

Budokan version (1978)

Neat reggae version.

```
         C               G              Am
Well, it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
F                        G
 Iff'n you don't know by now
       C               G              Am
An' it ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe
D7/f#              G7
It don't matter anyhow
          F       C            F        C
When your rooster crows at the break of dawn
Bb            F          Bb      F
Look out your window and I'll be gone
C          G          Am        F
You're the reason I'm trav'lin' on
C           G               Am     F
Don't think twice, it's all right, babe
C           G               C
Don't think twice, it's all right
```

Current (2001) live version

Here's the fingerpicking that is played (not by Dylan himself) these days. Tabbed from various fall shows 2001.
Capo 5th fret (so it's still C major).

Chords:

```
D6      xx0202
G(v)    xx5707
D7(iii) xx0535
```

```
  G                D6               Em
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-3---------3-----|-2-----0---2-----|-0---------0-----|---0-------0-----|
|-------3---------|-0---------------|-------0-------0-|-------0---------|
|-----------------|-----2-------2---|-----0-----------|-----0-----------|
|-----0-------0---|-0-------0-------|-0h2-----2---4---|-5-------4---2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
  C                                    G                D/f#
  :   .   .   .    :       .   .   .   :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-0---------------|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------1-----|-1-------------------|-----------3-----|-------3---------|
|-------0---------|-0h2p0----0---0---0-|-------0---------|-2---------2-----|
|-----2-------2---|--------2---0-------|-----0-------0---|-----0-----------|
|-3-------3-------|----------------3---|-2---------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---------------------|---------3-------|-2-------2---0h2-|
```

```
  G                D                Em
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----3-----------|-2-----0---2-----|-0---------2-----|-3-----2---0-----|
|-----------3-----|---3---0---------|-------0-------0-|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----2-------2---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----0-------0---|-0-------0-------|-2-------2-------|-2-------2-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
  A7                               D/f#
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-0-------------0-|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-2-----2---3-----|-------3---2-----|----------0----1-|-------0---------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-------2---------|-----------2---0-|
|-2-------2-------|-2-------2-------|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-2-------2-------|-2-------2-------|
```

```
  G                                G7
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------0-----|-------0---1-----|-3-----3---1-----|-0-----0---------|
|-------0---------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|
```

```
  C                                A
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|---------------0-|-----------------|---------------0-|-----------------|
|-----1-1---3-----|-----------1-----|-----2-2---3-----|-----------2-----|
|-----------------|-------0---------|-----------------|-------2---------|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
  G(v)              D7(iii)           Em                C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-7-----7---------|-5-----5---------|-3-----2---3---0-|-----------------|
|---0-------0-----|---3-------3-----|---0-------------|-------3---1-----|
|-----7-------7---|-----5-------5---|-----0-------0---|---0-------------|
|-5-------5-------|-0-------0-------|-2-------2-------|-----2-------2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-3-------3-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  G                 D/f#              G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|---------------3-|---------------3-|
|-0-----1---0-----|-------0---------|-----------3-----|-----------3-----|
|---0-------------|-2---------2-----|-0-----0---------|-------0---------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-2-------2-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|
```

Samples of the between-the-lines flou11orishes played during the NET

(all taken from Brixton, March 29, 1995)
These are used both with the F and the D/f♯ chords.

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|-5-5-5-7-----8---|-----7\5-----5---|-3----
|-6-6-6-8-----10--|-----8\6-----6---|-5----
|-----------------|-----------------|------
|-----------------|-----------------|------
|-----------------|-----------------|------
|-----------------|-----------------|------

  :   .   .   .     :   .     .   .     :
|-5-5-5-7---------|-8-----10-----12--|-----
|-6-6-6-8---------|-10----12-----13--|-----
|-----------------|------------------|-----
|-----------------|------------------|-----
|-----------------|------------------|-----
|-----------------|------------------|-----

 .     :   .   .   .     :   .     .     .     :
-5---|-----7-------8---|-8-/---10---12-12---|-12---
-6---|-----8-------10--|-10/---12---13-13---|-13---
-----|-----------------|--------------------|------
-----|-----------------|--------------------|------
-----|-----------------|--------------------|------
-----|-----------------|--------------------|------
```

Bob Dylan's Dream

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G

      G           Am
While riding on a train goin' west,
              C/g    D/f#
I fell asleep for to take my rest.
C /b G                    C/g     G
I    dreamed a dream that made me sad,
             D            C         /b        G
Concerning myself and the first few friends I had.

With half-damp eyes I stared to the room
Where my friends and I spent many an afternoon,
Where we together weathered many a storm,
Laughin' and singin' till the early hours of the morn.

By the old wooden stove where our hats was hung,
Our words was told, our songs was sung,
Where we longed for nothin' and were satisfied
Jokin' and talkin' about the world outside.

With hungry hearts through the heat and cold,
We never much thought we could get very old.
We thought we could sit forever in fun
And our chances really was a million to one.

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

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

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

Oxford Town

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D tuning (D-A-d-f♯-a-d')
Capo sixth fret (sounding key A♭ major)

Chords [As John Hammond said immediately after the recording: "Don't tell me that's all?"]:

```
D     000000
D3    004300 or 004350
G     020100
```

Intro and recurring pattern in and between the verses (continuous strumming throughout, but only the chord changes have been noted):

```
  D  D3          G  D  G          D  D3        G    D
  |   .   .   .     |   .  .  .   |   .   .   .     |   .  .  .
|-----------------|-0-----------|-0-0-------------|-0------------|
|-----0---0------0|-0-0---------|-0-h5---------0--|-0-0----------|
|-----0h3-3------1|-0-h1--------|-0-h3---------1--|-0-h1---------|
|-----0h4-4------0|-0-0---------|-0-h4---------0--|-0-0----------|
|-----0---0------2|-0-h2--------|-0-0----------2--|-0-h2---------|
|-0---0---0------0|-0-0---------|-0-0----------0--|-0-0----------|

D3           G      D
Oxford Town, Oxford Town
G                               D
Ev'rybody's got their heads bowed down
        G                        D
The sun don't shine above the ground
        G                   D
Ain't a-goin' down to Oxford Town

He went down to Oxford Town
Guns and clubs followed him down
All because his face was brown
Better get away from Oxford Town

Oxford Town around the bend
He come in to the door, he couldn't get in
All because of the color of his skin
What do you think about that, my frien'?

Me and my gal, my gal's son
We got met with a tear gas bomb
I don't even know why we come
Goin' back where we come from

Oxford Town in the afternoon
Ev'rybody singin' a sorrowful tune
Two men died 'neath the Mississippi moon
Somebody better investigate soon
```

```
Oxford Town, Oxford Town
Ev'rybody's got their heads bowed down
The sun don't shine above the ground
Ain't a-goin' down to Oxford Town
```

Talkin′ World War III Blues

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin′* (1963)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key B♭ major)

Intro:

```
  |   .   ;   .   ;   .   ;   .     |   .   ;   .   ;   .   ;   .     |   .   ;  . ;   .
|-3-------1-----------0-0-----0-0-|-----0-0-----0-0---------0---0---|--------------------|
|-------------0---3-------1-------|-----0-0-----0-0---------0---0---|----0-0-------------|
|-------------------------0-------|-3-------2-------0---------------|----0-0----------0--|
|---------------------------------|----------------------3-----------|-2------0----0------|
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|-----------1-1h2----|
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|--------------------|

  |   .   ;   .   ;   .   ;   .     |   .   ;   .   ;   .   ;   .   ;   .     |
|---------------------------------|-----------------------------------------|----
|---------------------------------|---------0-0-0---0---0-------0-0-0-0-----|----
|-----0-0-----0-0-----0-0-----0-0-|---------0-0-0---0---0-------0-0-0-0-----|---- etc
|-----0-0-----0-0-----0-0-----0-0-|-0---2-----------2---2-------0-0-0-0-----|----
|---------2-------3-------4-------|-------------------------3---------------|----
|-3-------------------------------|-----------------------------------2---|-3--
```

```
G                     C
Some time ago a crazy dream came to me,
  D                                          /f#
I dreamt I was walkin' into World War Three,
  G                     C
I went to the doctor the very next day
   D
To see what kinda words he could say.
           /f#   G            /a  /b
He said it was a bad dream.
C
I wouldn't worry 'bout it none, though,
          (/b)   D                                    /f#  G
They were my own dreams and they're only in my head.

I said, "Hold it, Doc, a World War passed through my brain."
He said, "Nurse, get your pad, the boy's insane,"
He grabbed my arm, I said "Ouch!"
As I landed on the psychiatric couch,
He said, "Tell me about it."

Well, the whole thing started at 3 o'clock fast,
It was all over by quarter past.
I was down in the sewer with some little lover
When I peeked out from a manhole cover
Wondering who turned the lights on us.

Well, I got up and walked around
up and down the lonesome town.
I stood a-wondering which way to go,
```

I lit a cigarette on a parking meter
And walked on down the road.
It was a normal day.

Well, I rung the fallout shelter bell
And I leaned my head and I gave a yell,
"Give me a string bean, I'm a hungry man."
A shotgun fired and away I ran.
I don't blame them too much though,
they didn't know me.

Down at the corner by a hot-dog stand
I seen a man,
I said, "Howdy friend, I guess there's just us two."
He screamed a bit and away he flew.
Thought I was a Communist.

Well, I spied me a girl and before she could leave,
I said: "Let's go and play Adam and Eve."
I took her by the hand and my heart it was thumpin'
When she said, "Hey man, you crazy or sumpin',
You see what happened last time they started."

Well, I seen a Cadillac window uptown
And there was nobody aroun',
I got into the driver's seat
And I drove 42nd Street
In my Cadillac.
Good car to drive after a war.

Well, I remember seein' some ad,
So I turned on my Conelrad.
But I didn't pay my Con Ed bill,
So the radio didn't work so well.
Turned on my record player -
It was Rock-A-Day Johnny singin',
"Tell Your Ma, Tell Your Pa,
Our Loves Are Gonna Grow Ooh-wah, Ooh-wah."

I was feelin' kinda lonesome and blue,
I needed somebody to talk to.
So I called up the operator of time
Just to hear a voice of some kind.
"When you hear the beep
It will be three o'clock,"
She said that for over an hour
And I hung it up.

Well, the doctor interrupted me just about then,
Sayin, "Hey I've been havin' the same old dreams,
But mine was a little different you see.
I dreamt that the only person left after the war was me.
I didn't see you around."

Well, now time passed and now it seems
Everybody's having them dreams.
Everybody sees themselves walkin' around with no one else.

Half of the people can be part right all of the time,
and some of the people can be all right part of the time,
but all of the people can't be all right all of the time.
I think Abraham Lincoln said that.
"I'll let you be in my dreams if I can be in yours,"
I said that.

Live 1964 version

One time a crazy dream came to me,
I dreamt I was walkin' in World War Three,
I went to the doctor the very next day
To see what kinda words he had to say.
He said it was a bad dream.

I said, "Hold it, Doc, a World War passed through my brain."
He said, "Nurse, get your pad, the boy's obviously insane,"
He grabbed my arm, I said "Ouch!"
As I landed on the psychiatric couch,
He said, "Tell me about it, your dream."

Well, the whole thing started at 3 o'clock fast,
It was all over by a quarter past.
I was down in the sewer with some little lover
When I peeked out through a manhole cover
Wondering who turned the lights on.

Well, I got up and I walked around
up and down the lonesome town.
Just a-wondering which way to go,
I lit a cigarette on a parking meter
And walked on down the road.
It was a normal day.

Well, I rung me a fallout shelter bell
And I leaned my head and I gave a big yell,
"Give me a TV dinner, I'm a hungry man."
A shotgun fired and away I ran.
I don't blame them much, though,
they didn't know me.

Down the corner by the hot-dog stand
I seen another man,
I said, "Howdy friend, I guess there's just us two."
He screamed, down the road he flew.
Thought I was a Communist.

Well, I grabbed me a girl before she could leave,
I said: "Let's go play Adam and Eve."
I took her by the hand and my heart was thumpin'
she said, "Hey man, are you crazy or sumpin'?
You see what happened last time they started."

Well, I remember seein' some newspaper ad,
So I turned on my Conelrad.

But I didn't pay my Con Ed bill,
So the radio didn't work so well.
I turned on the record player -
It was Martha and the Van Dellas,
Talkin' about leader of the pack

I seen me a Cadillac window uptown
there was nobody aroun',
I got into the driver's seat
And I drove down 42nd Street
In my Cadillac.
Good car to drive after a war.

By that time I was feelin' blue,
I needed somebody to talk to.
So I called up the operator of time
Just to hear a voice of some kind.
She said, "When you hear the beep
It will be three o'clock."
She said that for over an hour
And I hung up.

Well, the doctor interrupted me just about then,
Sayin, "I've been havin' the same old dreams,
But mine's different, don't you see.
I dreamt the only person left after the war was me.
I didn't see you around.
And nobody looks like you."

Time passed and now it seems
Everybody's having them dreams.
Everybody sees themselves
walkin' around with no one else.
Well, some of the people couldn't be part right all of the time,
all the people couldn't be some right part of the time,
part of the people couldn't be some right all of the time
but all of the people can't be all right all of the time.
Carl Sandburg said that.
"I'll let you be in my dream if I can be in your dream,"
I said that.

Corrina, Corrina

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The tab is based on the outtake without the band, where Dylan's guitar can be heard more clearly. It may not fit the album version exactly, but it ought to be good enough to give an idea about the playing style. It is played in open D tuning (D-A-d-f♯-a-d') (Thanks to Jeff Kokosinsky for notifying me). The outtake version is in F♯ major, but the album version is in F major, so the capo would be in the 3rd fret.

The second guitar seems to be playing with a capo in the 5th fret in standard tuning, over chords from the C – F – G group.

```
  |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .
|---0--0--0--0|---0-0---0--0|---0--0--0-0-|---0--0--0--0|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|----1-10-----|----------1-1|-0---0-------|
|----5--4--2--|-0-----------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|----2-20-----|----------2-2|-0-----------|
|-0--5--4--2--|-0--------5--|-4--2--0-----|----0--0--0--|

  |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .
|------0------|---------0--0|---0--0--0--0|---0--0--0-0-|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|------------1|-------2--1--|-0--1--0-----|-0--------1-1|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|------------2|-------4--2--|-0--2--0-----|----------2-2|
|-0--0--0--0--|-0--0--------|----------5--|-4--2--0-----|
  Corrina..     girl.. been.. long

  |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .
|---0--0--0--0|---0-0---0--0|---0--0--0---|-0--0----0--0|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-0-----------|----1-10-----|-1----------3|---3--31--1--|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-0-----------|----2-20-----|-2--2--2--2-4|---4--42--2--|
|----5--4--2--|-0--------0--|-------------|-------------|
                               Corr..       where..

  |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .
|---0--0--0--0|---0--0--0-0-|---0--0--0--0|---0-0------0|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|----1--0-----|----------1-1|-0-----------|----1-10-----|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|----2--0-----|----------2-2|-0-----------|----2-20-----|
|-0--------5--|-4--2--0-----|----5--4--2--|-0--------0--|
 long                                                  I been

  |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .
|---0--4--00--|---------0--0|---0--0--0--0|---0--0--0
|-------------|-------------|-------------|----------
|-3--3--3--3-1|------13--3--|----1--0-----|----------
|-------------|-------------|-------------|---------- etc.
|-4--4--4--4--|-2--2--4--4--|----2--0-----|----------
|-------------|-------------|-0--------5--|-4--2--0--
worr'in'        baby please come home
```

```
E
Corrina, Corrina,
A              B       E
Gal, where you been so long?
A                 B              A       E
Corrina, Corrina, Gal, where you been so long?
       B
I been worr'in' 'bout you, baby,
A                 E
Baby, please come home.

I got a bird that whistles,
I got a bird that sings.
I got a bird that whistles,
I got a bird that sings.
But I ain' a-got Corrina,
Life don't mean a thing.

Corrina, Corrina,
Gal, you're on my mind.
Corrina, Corrina,
Gal, you're on my mind.
I'm a-thinkin' 'bout you, baby,
I just can't keep from crying.
```

Intro in standard tuning:

```
  |  .  .  .    |  .  .  .    |  .  .  .    |  .  .  .
|---0--0--0--0|---0-0---0--0|---0--0--0-0-|---0--0--0--0|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|----2-21-----|----------2-2|-1---1-------|
|----7--6--4--|-2-----------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|------42--0--|----------4--|-2-----------|
|-0--5--4--2--|-0-----------|-4--2--0-----|----0--0--0--|

  |  .  .  .    |  .  .  .    |  .  .  .    |  .  .  .
|------0------|---------0--0|---0--0--0--0|---0--0--0-0-|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|------------2|-------4--2--|-1--2--1-----|-1--------2-2|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|------------4|-------6--4--|-2--4--2--0--|----------4-4|
|-0--0--0--0--|-0--0--------|-------------|-4--2--0-----|
  Corrina..     girl.. been.. long

  |  .  .  .    |  .  .  .    |  .  .  .    |  .  .  .
|---0--0--0--0|---0-0---0--0|---0--0--0---|-0--0----0--0|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-1-----------|----2-21-----|-2----------4|---4--42--2--|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-2--0--------|----4-42-----|-4--4--4--4-6|---6--64--4--|
|-------4--2--|-0--------0--|-------------|-------------|
                              Corr..       where..
```

```
  |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .
|---0--0--0--0|---0--0--0-0-|---0--0--0--0|---0-0------0|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|----2--1-----|----------2-2|-1-----------|----2-21-----|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|----4--2--0--|----------4-4|-2--0--------|----4-42-----|
|-0-----------|-4--2--0-----|-------4--2--|-0--------0--|
 long                                                I'm a-

  |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .   |  .  .  .
|---0--4--00--|---------0--0|---0--0--0--0|---0--0--0
|-------------|-------------|-------------|----------
|-4--4--4--4-2|------24--4--|----2--1-----|----------
|-------------|-------------|-------------|---------- etc.
|-6--6--6--6--|-4--4--6--6--|----4--2--0--|----------
|-------------|-------------|-0-----------|-4--2--0--
thinkin'        just..keep    cryin'
```

Honey, Just Allow Me One More Chance

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
A7    002223
G7    320001
```

```
G         C   G

G
Honey, just allow me one more chance
   C             G
To get along with you.
G
Honey, just allow me one more chance,
      A7              D
Ah'll do anything for you.
           G
Well, I'm a-walkin' down the road
        G7
With my head in my hand,
    C
I'm lookin' for a woman
        A7
Needs a worried man.
       G        D       G   C
Just-a one kind favor I ask you,
G              D        G
'Low me just-a one more chance.

[1 verse harmonica solo]

Honey, just allow me one more chance
To ride your aeroplane.
Honey, just allow me one more chance
To ride your passenger train.
Well, I've been lookin' all over
For a gal like you,
I can't find nobody
So you'll have to do.
Just-a one kind favor I ask you,
'Low me just-a one more chance.

[1 verse harmonica solo]

Honey, just allow me one more chance
To get along with you.
Honey, just allow me one more chance,
Ah'll do anything with you.
```

Well, lookin' for a woman
That ain't got no man,
Is just lookin' for a needle
That is lost in the sand.
Just-a one kind favor I ask you,
'Low me just-a one more chance.

[1 verse harmonica solo]

It's just-a one kind favor I ask you,
'Low me just-a one more chance.

I Shall Be Free

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Freewheelin'* (1963)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D tuning (D-A-d-f♯-a-d')
Capo 4th fret (sounding key F♯ major)

```
Chords:
D    000000
A    002100 or 002102
A/e  200100 or 202100
G    020100
```

Intro and between verses:

```
D . |A . . . |A . . |D G D G |D G D G |D .
```

```
        A/e
Well, I took me a woman late last night,
                                      D  A/e  D  A/e  D
I's three-fourths drunk, she looked alright.
        A/e
Til she started peelin' off her onion gook,
                                   D      G  D
Took off her wig, said, "How do I look?"
    G      D  G  D  G       D      G   D
I's hot-flyin'. . . bare-naked . . .
        G    D   A
Out the window!

Well, sometimes I might get drunk,
Walk like a duck and smell like a skunk.
Don't hurt me none, don't hurt my pride
'Cause I got my little lady right by my side.
(She's a-tryin' to hide
pretendin' she don't know me)

I's out there paintin' on the old woodshed
When a can a black paint it fell on my head.
I went down to scrub and rub
But I had to sit in back of the tub.
(Cost a quarter
half prize)

Well, my telephone rang it would not stop,
It's President Kennedy callin' me up.
He said, "My friend, Bob, what do we need to make the country grow?"
I said, "My friend, John, Brigitte Bardot,
Anita Ekberg, Sophia Loren."
(Country will grow)

Well, I got a woman five feet short,
She yells and hollers and screams and snorts.
```

She tickles my nose, pats me on my head,
rolls me over and kicks me out of bed.
(She's a man eater
meat grinder
bad looser)

Oh, there ain't no use in me workin' all the time,
I got a woman who works herself blind.
Works up to her bridges, up to her neck,
writes me letters and sends me checks.
(She's a humdinger
Folk singer

Late one day in the middle of the week,
Eyes were closed I was half asleep.
I chased me a woman up the hill,
Right in the middle of an air raid drill.
(I jumped a fallout shelter
I jumped a string bean
I jumped a TV dinner
I jumped a shot gun)

Now, the man on the stand he wants my vote,
He's a-runnin' for office on the ballot note.
He's out there preachin' in front of the steeple,
Tellin' me he loves all kinds-a people.
(He's eatin' bagels
He's eatin' pizza
He's eatin' chitlins

Oh, I sat me down on a television floor,
I flip the channel to number four.
Out of the shower comes a football man
With a bottle of oil in his hand.
(Greasy kid stuff.
What I want to know, Mr. Football Man, is
What do you do about Willy Mays and Martin Luther King,
Olatunji)

Well, the funniest woman I ever seen
Was the great-granddaughter of Mr. Clean.
She takes about fifteen baths a day,
Wants me to grow a mustache on my face.
(She's insane!)

Well, ask me why I'm drunk alla time,
It levels my head and eases my mind.
I just walk along and stroll and sing,
I see better days and I do better things.
(I catch dinosaurs
I make love to Elizabeth Taylor . . .
Catch hell from Richard Burton!)

3

The Times They Are A-Changin'

Recorded August–October 1963 — Released January 13, 1964

94 The Times They Are A-Changin'
100 Ballad of Hollis Brown
103 With God on Our Side
106 One Too Many Mornings
112 North Country Blues
114 Only a Pawn in Their Game
116 Boots of Spanish Leather
119 When the Ship Comes In
121 The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll
123 Restless Farewell

The Times They Are A-Changin'

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Times They Are A-changin'* (1964), *Greatest Hits* (1967) and *Biograph* (1985), in alternate versions on *Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991) and *Love And Theft* (limited edition, 2001), and live on *At Budokan* (1978), *Unplugged* (1995) and *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
G     320033
D2/c  x30230
G/b   x20030
```

The *Bootleg Series* version is the same as below, only played at the piano, and with pianistic instead of guitaristic chords in the descent at the end.
The Unplugged version is also the same as below, only with a capo on the 2nd fret.

```
     G             Em
Come gather 'round people
    C        G
Wherever you roam
      G            Em
And admit that the waters
 C              D
Around you have grown
      G            Em
And accept it that soon
          C               G
You'll be drenched to the bone.
        G       Am           D
If your time to you Is worth savin'
         D            D2/c
Then you better start swimmin'
          G/b         D/a
Or you'll sink like a stone
        G     C *)       D   G . .            *) Not played in the first verse
For the times they are a-changin'.

G . . | Em . . | C . . | G . . | . . . | . . . | . . .

Come writers and critics
Who prophesize 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'.
'Cause the loser now
Will be later to win
For the times they are a-changin'.

Come senators, congressmen
Please heed the call
```

```
Don’t stand in the doorway
Don’t block up the hall
For he that gets hurt
Will be he who has stalled
The battle outside ragin’
Will soon shake your windows *)
And rattle your walls
For the times they are a-changin’.

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’.

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’.
```

---

*) The official lyrics have:

There′s a battle outside and it is ragin′.
It′ll soon shake your windows

Budokan version

Capo 5th fret (sounding key F major)

```
     C             Em
Come gather ’round people
    F        C
Wherever you roam
      C            Em
And admit that the waters
 F              G
Around you have grown
      C            Em
And accept it that soon
          F               C
You’ll be drenched to the bone.
        C       Em
If your time to you
```

```
         G
Is worth savin'
         G
Then you better start swimmin'

Or you'll sink like a stone
        C               G   C
For the times they are a-changin'.
```

Alternate studio version (Oct 1963)

Released as a bonus track on the limited edition of *"Love and Theft" (2001)*.
This version combines two well-known Dylan features, the G-G6-G7 figure and the high capo position, in a song that's usually played in G.

Capo 5th fret (sounding key F major)

The "G-G6-G7" figure in its two versions:

```
  G       G6    G7                  G   G6  G7
  :   .   .     :   .   .           :   .   .
|-3-------0---|(0)----------|     |-3---0---0---|
|-0-------0---|-0-----------|     |-0---0---0---|
|-0-------0---|-0-----------| and |-0---0---0---|
|-0-------2---|-3-----------|     |-0---2---3---|
|-2-------2---|-2-----------|     |-2---2---2---|
|-3-------3---|-3-----------|     |-3---3---3---|
```

```
     C             Am
Come gather 'round people
    F        C
Wherever you roam
      C            Am
And admit that the waters
 F              G      (G6 G7)
Around you have grown
      C            Am
And accept it that soon
          F               C
You'll be drenched to the bone.
        C       Dm
If your time to you
         G . G6 G7
Is worth savin'
                     F
Then you better start swimmin'
          Am          G
Or you'll sink like a stone
        C     Csus4 C     G G6 G7 C
For the times they  are a-chan - gin'.
```

Alternatives for the next to last lines ("then you better. . . –. . . like a stone"):

```
G7 . . | G6 . . | F . . | G G6 G7 | (verses 2 and 4)

G7 . . | G6 . . | G(6) . . | G . . | (last verse; G6=322000, G(6)=320000)
```

Alternative for the last line (3rd verse):

```
C . . | F C G | G G6 G7| C
```

Lyrically the only change is that he sings "vibrate your walls'' instead of "rattle your walls'' in the third verse.

Live version from Drammenshallen, July 10, 1981

This is a very special version, not only because it was on the first bootleg I ever got, or because it was a one-off opener during that tour, or because of the delightful error in the second verse, or because it was played not far from where I stayed at the time (not that I had the slightest idea, just a kid acting smart at the time) – but for all these reasons taken together.

Chords:

```
G6          xx9780
G6(/a)      x09080  (or x09780)
Em7(/a)     x09980
Bm7(7a)     x07777
Am7         x05555

G6  .  .   | Bm7/a .  .    | Am7  .  .  | .  .  . |
G   .  .   | .     .  C/g  | .    .  .  | .  .  . |

     G             Em
Come gather 'round people
    C        G
Wherever you roam
  G            Em
Admit that the waters
 C              Am
Around you have grown
  G            Em
Accept it that soon
          C               G
You'll be drenched to the bone.
        G       Em           Am
If your time to you Is worth savin'
         G6/a         Em7/a
Then you better start swimmin'
          Bm7/a       Am7
Or you'll sink like a stone
        G6/a  Em7/a      Bm7/a Am7
For the times they are a-changin'.

     G           Em
Come writers and critics
          C              G        C/g
Who prophesize with your pen
```

```
    G              Em
And keep your eyes wide
          C
The chance won't come again
    G               Em
And don't speak too soon
        C                G      C/g
For the wheel's still in spin
           G6/a       Em7/a         Bm7
And there's no tellin' who that it's namin'.
        G6/a  Em7/a   *)                              *) For these two chords, Dylan goes
For the loser now                                        one fret too high...
        Bm7/a    Am7
Will be later to win
        G     C       /b Am  G
For the times they are a-changin'.

     G6          Em7/a
Come mothers and fathers
       Bm7/a     Am7
Throughout the land
    G6/a       Em7/a
And don't criticize
         Bm7/a      Am7
What you can't understand
     G6/a          Em7/a
Your sons and your daughters
      Bm7/a        Am7
Are beyond your command
     G           C       Am
Your old road is rapidly agin'.
    G          Em
Get out of the new one
       C            Am
If you can't lend a hand
        G     C          Am  G    C/g          G    C/g
For the times they are a-changin'.

     G6/a      Em7/a
Come senators, congressmen
Bm7/a           Am7
Please heed the call
      G            Em
Don't stand in the doorway
      C            Am
Don't block up the hall
G            Em
He that gets hurt
        C          G
Will be he who has stalled
          G         Em            Am
There's a battle outside and it's ragin'
        G6/a            Em7/a
It will soon shake your windows
    Bm7/a       Am7
And rattle your walls
        G6/a  Em7/a      Bm7/a  Am7
```

```
For the times they are a-changin'.

[Harmonica solo, while the band sneaks in]

G  Em    C   G
G  Em    C
G  Em    C   G
G  Em    Am
G  Em    C   Am
G  C C/b Am  G

    G6/a       Em7/a
The line it is drawn
    Bm7/a           Am7
And the curse it is cast
    G6/a     Em7/a
The slow one now
     Bm7/a    Am7
Will later be fast
       G6/a    Em7/a
As the present now
     Bm7/a    Am7
Will later be past
    G6/a     Em7/a   Bm7/a    Am7
The order is rapidly fadin'.
        G6/a      Em7/a
And the first one now
     Bm7/a    Am7
Will later be last
        G6/a  Em7/a      Bm7/a  Am7
For the times they are a-changin'.

[instrumental verse as above, this time with full band]
```

Ballad of Hollis Brown

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Times They Are A-changin'* (1964)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Double dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-d, i.e. tune the 1st and the 6th strings down one whole step).
Capo 1st fret (sounding key Eb minor)

Intro (same strumming pattern throughout the song):

```
  |   .   .   .      |   .   .   .
|---0--keep--------|-----------------|
|---3-strumming----|-----------------|
|---2--------------|-----------------|
|---------0------3-|-0-------0-----3-|etc.
|-------3----------|-------3---------|
|-0----------------|-----------------|

Dm
Hollis Brown
                /c         Dm
He lived on the outside of town

Hollis Brown
                /c         Dm
He lived on the outside of town

With his wife and five children

And his cabin broken down

    .   .     |
|---0---0-|---0---
|---3---3-|---3---
|---2---0-|---2---
|---------|-------
|-3---2---|-------
|---------|-0-----
cabin broken down

You looked for work and money
And you walked a rugged mile
You looked for work and money
And you walked a rugged mile
Your children are so hungry
That they don't know how to smile

Your baby's eyes look crazy
They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve
Your baby's eyes look crazy
They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve
You walk the floor and wonder why
With every breath you breathe

      [Additional verse in the Gaslight version:
```

[There's bedbugs on your baby's bed
There's chinches on your wife
There's bedbugs on your baby's bed
There's chinches on your wife
Gangerene snuck in your side,
It's a-cuttin' you like a knife.]

The rats have got your flour
Bad blood it got your mare
The rats have got your flour
Bad blood it got your mare
If there's anyone that knows
Is there anyone that cares?

You prayed to the Lord above
Oh please send you a friend
You prayed to the Lord above
Oh please send you a friend
Your empty pockets tell yuh
That you ain't a-got no friend

Your babies are crying louder now
It's pounding on your brain
Your babies are crying louder now
It's pounding on your brain
Your wife's screams are stabbin' you
like the dirty drivin' rain

Your grass it is turning black
There's no water in your well
Your grass is turning black
There's no water in your well
You spent your last lone dollar
On seven shotgun shells

Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That's hangin' on the wall

Your brain is a-bleedin'
And your legs can't seem to stand
Your brain is a-bleedin'
And your legs can't seem to stand
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That you're holdin' in your hand

There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
Seven shots ring out
Like the ocean's pounding roar

There's seven people dead

```
On a South Dakota farm
There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
Somewhere in the distance
There's seven new people born.
```

The Gaslight II version (late oct 1962) is basically the same as the above (with the extra verse), only not as persistently regular (the bass pattern changes more, and more unpredictably), and with the capo on the 5th fret.

With God on Our Side

Words and Music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Times They Are A-Changin'* (1963) and in live versions on *Unplugged* (1995) and *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Album version

The * denotes the G – G6 – G7 figure that Dylan is so fond of:

```
G   320003
G6  322003  or 3x2003
G7  323003  or 3x3003
```

It can be replaced by just a G chord.

```
C (First measure harp only)  |F   |Em   |G * |C

C               F Em
Oh my name it ain't nothin'
   G   *        C
My age it means less
    F   Em  G C
The country I come from
   F          C
Is called the Midwest
    F      Em  G       C
I's taught and brought up there
    F        C
The laws to abide
                        F    Em
And that the land that I live in
    G   *      C
Has God on its side.

Oh the history books tell it
They tell it so well
The cavalries charged
The Indians fell
The cavalries charged
The Indians died
Oh the country was young
With God on its side.

The Spanish-American
War had its day
And the Civil War too
Was soon laid away
And the names of the heroes
I's made to memorize
With guns in their hands
And God on their side.
```

```
The First World War, boys
It came and it went
The reason for fighting
I never did get *)
But I learned to accept it
Accept it with pride
For you don't count the dead
When God's on your side.

The Second World War
Came to an end
We forgave the Germans
And then we were friends
Though they murdered six million
In the ovens they fried
The Germans now too
Have God on their side.

I've learned to hate the Russians
All through my whole life
If another war comes
It's them we must fight
To hate them and fear them
To run and to hide
And accept it all bravely
With God on my side.

But now we got weapons
Of chemical dust
If fire them we're forced to
Then fire them we must
One push of the button
And a shot the world wide
And you never ask questions
When God's on your side.

Through many dark hours
I've been thinkin' about this
That Jesus Christ
Was betrayed by a kiss
But I can't think for you
You'll have to decide
Whether Judas Iscariot
Had God on his side.

So now as I'm leavin'
I'm weary as Hell
The confusion I'm feelin'
Ain't no tongue can tell
The words fill my head
And then fall to the floor
That if God's on our side
He'll stop the next war.
```

*) The official lyrics have (as a rather silly attempt at producing a better rhyme than the original):

```
It closed out its fate
The reason for fighting
I never got straight
```

Unplugged version

Basically the same as above, only slightly simplified.

```
C                F Em
Oh my name it is nothin'
   G            C
My age it means less
    C *)
The country I come from
   F          C
Is called the Midwest
    C
I's taught and brought up there
    F        C
The laws to abide
                     F    Em
And that land that I live in
    G          C
Has God on its side.
```

*) The Cs are usually embellished by Csus4s.

One Too Many Mornings

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Times They Are A-changin'* (1964) and in live versions on *Live 1966* (1998) and *Hard Rain* (1976)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The song is played in open A tuning: E-A-c♯-e-a-c♯' (tune down the fourth string a semitone and the three highest strings to the same tones as the three lowest; this is the tuning that was used for Wichita Blues, with the exception of the highest string), and with a capo on the 3rd fret (sounding key C major).

If you're not comfortable with open tunings, it is of course possible to play it in standard tuning, either with ordinary chord shapes, or with the chords suggested below, which come close to the sound of the open A version.

Chords:

	Open A	Standard
C	000000	
Cv	500500	
Em/b	4004x0	x22010
F/a	20120x	x0321x
C/g	043000	3x5050
Csus4	053000	xx3010
C/e	x43000	xx2010
G9	021000	3x303x

```
  C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0---------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-0---------------|-0---------------|
|---------0-------|---------0-------|
                            Down the

  Cv                Em/b              F/a
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----0-----------|-----------------|
|-----------5-----|-----------4-----|-2---------2-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|(1)--1-------1---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-5-------5-------|-4-------4-------|-2-------0-------|
streets the dogs are barking and the day  is  getting
```

```
 C/g
 :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
---------------0-|-----------------|
-----0-----------|-----------------|
-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
-----3-------3---|-----3-------3---|
-4---------------|-----------------|
---------0-------|-0-------0-------|
 dark                      As the

  C/g     Csus4     C/e     C/g
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----0-----------|-----0-----------|
|-----------------|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----3-------3---|-----3-------3---|-----3-------3---|
|---------5-------|-4---------------|-----------------|
|-0---------------|---------0-------|-0-------0-------|
night comes in a-falling       the dogs will lose their

  G9                C/g               G9
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0---------0-|-----0---------0-|-----0-----------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----1-------1---|/----3-------3---|\----1-------1---|
|-2---------------|/4---------------|\2---------------|
|---------0-------|---------0-------|---------0-------|
bark                                          And the

  C                 Em/b              F/a
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----0-----------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----5-----5-----|-----------4-----|-2---------2-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----1-------1---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-5-------5-------|-4-------4-------|-2-------0-------|
silent  night will shatter  from the sounds inside my

 C/g
 :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
---------------0-|-----------------|
-----0-----------|-----------------|
-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
-----3-------3---|-----3-------3---|
-4---------------|-----------------|
---------0-------|-0-------0-------|
mind                      Cause I'm
```

```
  C/g     Csus4     C/g               G9                C/g     G9
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----0-----------|-----0---------0-|-----0-----------|
|------------ ----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----3-------3---|-----3-------3---|-----1-------1---|/----3-(\1)--1---|
|---------5-------|-4---------------|-2---------------|/4-----(\2)------|
|-0---------------|---------0-------|---------0-------|---------0-------|
one too many    mornings    and a     thousand         miles        behind

  C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-----------|-----0-----------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-0---------------|-----------------|
|---------0-------|-0-------0-------|

[Harp verse:]

  C                 Em/b              F/a                C/g
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|----(0)----------|
|-----------------|-----0-----------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|
|-----------5-----|-----------4-----|-2---------2-----|------------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|(1)--1-------1---|(/3)--3-------3---|-----3-------3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-/4---------------|-----------------|
|-5-------5-------|-4-------4-------|-2-------0-------|----------0-------|-0-------0-------|

                                    G9
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----3-------3---|-----3-------3---|-----1-------1---|-----1-------1---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-2---------------|-2---------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|---------0-------|---------0-------|

  C                 Em/b              F/a                C/g
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----0-----------|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|
|-----------5-----|-----------4-----|-2---------2-----|------------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|(1)--1-------1---|(/3)--3-------3---|-----3-------3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-/4---------------|-----------------|
|-5-------5-------|-4-------4-------|-2-------0-------|----------0-------|-0-------0-------|

  C/e     Csus4     C/e     C/g       G9                C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-----------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-----0-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|
|-----3-------3---|-----3-------3---|-----1-------1---|-----0-------0---|
|-4-------5-------|-4---------------|-2---------------|-0---------------|
|-----------------|---------0-------|---------0-------|---------0-------|
```

```
  F/a               C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----0-----------|-----0-----------|
|---0-------2-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----0h1-----1---|-(p0)0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-2-------2-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
```

```
         C                   Em/b
Down the street the dogs are barking
         F/a            C/g
And the day is a-getting dark.
       C/g         Csus4  C/e
As the night comes in a-fallin'
                            G9    C/g   G9
The dogs, they'll lose their bark.
    C                 Em/b
And the silent night will shatter
         F/a               C/g
From the sounds inside my mind
                Csus4  C/e
And I'm one too many mornings
      G9       C/g  G9 C
And a thousand miles behind.


From the crossroads of my doorstep,
My eyes start to fade.
And I turn my head back to the room
Where my love and I have laid.
And I gaze back to the street
the sidewalk and the sign.
And I'm one too many mornings
And a thousand miles behind.

It's a restless, hungry feeling
That don't mean no one no good.
When everything I'm saying,
You can say it just as good.
You are right from your side,
And I am right from mine.
We're both just one too many mornings
And a thousand miles behind.
```

Version from the BBC show, June 1, 1965

```
Bm'     xx4430 (or xx4030)
D/c     x30030
```

```
         G                   Bm'
Down the street the dogs are barking
        C              G . . /b-c | D . .
And the day is getting dark.
```

```
       G                Bm'
As the night comes in a-fallin'
    C                       D . . D/c |D . .
The dogs, they'll lose their bark.
        G                Bm'
And the silent night will shatter
         C               G . . /b-c | D . .
From the sounds inside my mind
       G            Bm'
As I'm one too many mornings
      C        G /B-c D     G
And a thousand mi  -  les behind.

Bm' C  G D
```

Live 1966 version

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major). Robbie's guitar is uncapoed.

```
|: G     Gsus4:|

         G                   Bm
Down the street the dogs are barking
        C              G      Gsus4 G
And the day is getting dark.
       G                Bm
As the night comes in a-fallin'
    C                       D    Dsus4 D
The dogs, they'll lose their bark.
    G                 Bm
The silent night will shatter
         C                G     Gsus4 G
From the sounds inside my mind
       G            Bm
As I'm one too many mornings
      C        G     D
And a thousand miles
  G
behind.
```

Hard Rain version

```
         G                   D
Down the street the dogs are barking
         B             Em
And the day is getting dark.
       C                G
As the night comes in a-fallin'
                            D  . C . Bm . D .  *)
The dogs, they'll lose their bark.
    G                D
The silent night will shatter
```

```
         B                Em
From the sounds inside my mind
           C            G
As I leave one too many mornings
      C       (/e-f#)  G     C    G
And a thousand miles behind.

. . .
```

Additional last half-verse (the first part of the verse instrumental):

```
I've no right to be here
If you've no right to stay
Until we're both one too many mornings
And a thousand miles away
```

---

*) Play the Bm with the first string open, or as xx4030 – that will imitate *some* of the delightful clashes that only a full, desperate Rolling Thunder band can produce.

North Country Blues

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Times They Are A-changin'* (1964)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key C minor)

Intro:

```
  |   .   .     |  .   .
|-----0---0---|----0-0-----|-----0---0---|-----0---0--
|-----1---1---|----1-1-----|-----1---1---|-----1---1--
|-----2---2---|----2-2-----|-----2---2---|-----2---2--
|-----2---2---|----2-2-----|-----2---2---|-----2---2--
|-0-----------|------------|-0-----------|-0----------
|-------------|-0------3---|-------------|------------
                                          Come...
```

```
     Am
Come gather 'round friends
         G
And I'll tell you a tale
            Am       G              Am
Of when the red iron ore pits ran a-plenty.

But the cardboard filled windows
        G
And old men on the benches
         Am           G             Am
Tell you now that the whole town is empty.

In the north end of town,
My own children are grown
But I was raised on the other.
In the wee hours of youth,
My mother took sick
And I was brought up by my brother.

The iron ore poured
As the years passed the door,
The drag lines an' the shovels they was a-humming.
'Til one day my brother
Failed to come home
The same as my father before him.

Well a long winter's wait,
From the window I watched.
My friends they couldn't have been kinder.
And my schooling was cut
As I quit in the spring
To marry John Thomas, a miner.

Oh the years passed again
And the givin' was good,
With the lunch bucket filled every season.
```

What with three babies born,
The work was cut down
To a half-a-day shift with no reason.

Then the shaft was soon shut
And more work was cut,
And the fire in the air, it felt frozen.
'Til a man come to speak
And he said, in one week
That number eleven was closin'.

They complained in the East,
They are paying too high.
They say that your ore ain't worth digging.
That it's much cheaper down
In the South American towns
Where the miners work almost for nothing.

So the mining gates locked
And the red iron rotted
And the room smelled heavy from drinking.
When the sad, silent song
Made the hour twice as long
As I waited for the sun to go sinking.

I lived by the window
As he talked to himself,
This silence of tongues it was building.
Till one morning's wake,
The bed it was bare,
And I's left alone with three children.

The summer is gone,
The ground's turning cold,
The stores one by one they're a-foldin'.
My children will go
As soon as they grow.
Well, there ain't nothing here now to hold them.

Only a Pawn in Their Game

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Times They Are A-changin'* (1964)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The figure C /b /a G which at every transition from C to G through the whole song, is played:

```
  C/b/a   G
  .       |
|-0-----|-3--
|-1-----|-0--
|-0-----|-0--
|-2-0-0-|-0--
|-3-2-0-|-2--
|-------|-3--
```

Verses 3-5 are played as the second verse, with the Bm' chord x04430 in the first line

---

```
  G               C   /b /a G         C      /b /a  G
A bullet from the back of a bush took Medgar Evers' blood.
  G                C          /b  D/a
A finger fired the trigger to his name.
/c /b G          C   /b /a  G
A     handle hid out in the dark
  C            G
A hand set the spark
    C             G
Two eyes took the aim
  C            G
Behind a man's brain
    C           G
But he can't be blamed
     G /b C D    C  /b    G
He's only a pawn in their game.

  G         Bm'    Am              C          G
A South politician preaches to the poor white man,
         G             C       /b       D
"You got more than the blacks, don't complain.
/c /b  G           C              /b        /a    G      C      G
You're better than them, you been born with white skin," they explain.
And the Negro's name
Is used it is plain
For the politician's gain
As he rises to fame
And the poor white remains
On the caboose of the train
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

The deputy sheriffs, the soldiers, the governors get paid,
And the marshals and cops get the same,
But the poor white man's used in the hands of them all like a tool.
He's taught in his school
```

From the start by the rule
That the laws are with him
To protect his white skin
To keep up his hate
So he never thinks straight
'Bout the shape that he's in
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

From the poverty shacks, he looks from the cracks to the tracks,
And the hoof beats pound in his brain.
And he's taught how to walk in a pack
Shoot in the back
With his fist in a clinch
To hang and to lynch
To hide 'neath the hood
To kill with no pain
Like a dog on a chain
He ain't got no name
But it ain't him to blame
He's only a pawn in their game.

Today, Medgar Evers was buried from the bullet he caught.
They lowered him down as a king.
/c /b G C G C
But when the shadowy sun sets on the one
That fired the gun
He'll see by his grave
On the stone that remains
Carved next to his name
His epitaph plain:
Only a pawn in their game.

Boots of Spanish Leather

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *The Times They Are A-changin'* (1964)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

These seem to be the chords on the album version:

```
G 320003
C/G 3x2013
Em9   05403x
D7/F# 20021x
Em 022000
```

but note that in all recent live renditions, he plays:

```
G 320003
C/G 3x2013
"D" x54030
C x32010
Em 022000
```

The theoretically inclined may note the interesting change that the third chord has undergone, mainly because of the change in what follows.
The chords are the same as for Girl From the North Country.

```
  G       C/g              G             Gsus4   G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0--(1)----1-|-----1---------0-|-----0h1-------0-|-----0-----------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----0-------2---|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|

                    Em9                                 D7/f#
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-----------|-----3-----------|-----3-----------|-----1-----------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----4-------4---|-----4-------4---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-2-------2-------|
      Oh, I'm       sailing     away          my        own     true love

  G       C/g              G                           Em9
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0---------1-|-----1---------0-|-----0-----------|-----3-----------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----0-------2---|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----4-------4---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-0-------0-------|
                                              I'm a -   sailing     a-
```

```
          D7/f#     G                 C/g     G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0---1-------|-----3---------1-|-----1---------0-|-----0-----------|
|-----------------|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------2-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|
 way      in  the   morning                                  Is there some-

  Em                            Em7   C/g     G                 C/g
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0---------0-|-----0-----------|-----1---------0-|-----0---------1-|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------0---|-----2-------0---|-----0-------2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|
thing I     can send you    from a -  cross   the   sea

          G                           Em9               D7/f#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----1---------0-|-----0-----------|-----3-----------|-----1---------0-|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----4-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-0-------0-------|-2-------2-------|
                            From the place that         I'll      be

  C/g     G                                   D7/f#     G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----1---------0-|-----0---------0-|-------1-------0-|-----0-----------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|---0-------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------2-------|-3-------3-------|
  landing

  :   .   .   .
|-----------------|
|-----0-----------|
|-----------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|
          No, there's...

G C/G G

        Em9               D7/f#    G     C/g   G
Oh, I'm   sailin' away my own true love
    Em9      D7/f#      G
I'm sailin' away in the mornin'
         Em                              C/g       G
Is there something I can send you from across the sea
```

```
         Em9        D7/f#   G       C/g    G
From the place that I'll be landing?

No, there's nothing you can send me my own true love.
There's nothing I'm a-wishin' to be ownin'.
Just a-carry yourself back to me unspoiled
from across that lonesome ocean.

Ah, but I just though you might want something fine
made of silver or of golden
either from the mountains of Madrid
or the coast of Barcelona.

But if I had the stars from the darkest night
and the diamonds from the deepest ocean,
I'd foresake them all for your sweet kiss,
for that's all I'm wishin' to be ownin'

But I might be gone a long old time,
and it's only that I'm askin'.
Is there something I can send you to remember me by,
To make your time more easy passin'?

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

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

If you my love must think that a'way
I'm sure your mind is a'roamin'.
I'm sure your thoughts are not with me
but with the country to where you're goin'.

So take heed, take heed of the Western winds.
Take heed of the stormy weather.
And yes, there's something you can send back to me:
Spanish Boots of Spanish Leather.
```

When the Ship Comes In

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Times They Are A-changin'* (1964)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
Bm'(/f#) xx4430 (or xx4030)
C/e      (30)2010
```

```
       G             Bm'
Oh the time will come up
         C/e        G
When the winds will stop
        Em          C           G
And the breeze will cease to be breathin'.
         G               Bm'
Like the stillness in the wind
           C           G
Before the hurricane begins,
    G             D          G
The hour that the ship comes in.
        Bm'
And the sea will split
        Am7       G
And the ship will hit
        Bm'          Am7               G
And the sands on the shoreline will be shaking.
         G         Bm'
Then the tide will sound
        Am7       G
And the waves will pound
        G       /b   /c   D /c /b-a G
And the morning will be a-brea  -   king.

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 that are used
For to get the ship confused
     Em          C               G
Will not be understood as they're spoken.
For the chains of the sea
Will have busted in the night
       G      /b     C      /b     D  /c /b-a G
And be buried at the bottom of the o    -     cean.

A song will lift
As the mainsail shifts
And the boat drifts on to the shoreline.
And the sun will respect
The every face on the deck,
```

```
The hour that the ship comes in.
Then the sands will roll
Out a carpet of gold
         Em    C            G
For your weary toes to be a-touchin'.
And the ship's wise men
Will remind you once again
         G      /b  C     /b D  /c /b-a G
That the whole wide world is wa    -    tchin'.

Oh the foes will rise
With the sleep still in their eyes
And they'll jerk from their beds and think they're dreamin'.
But they'll pinch themselves and squeal
And they'll know that it's for real,
The hour that the ship comes in.
Then they'll raise their hands,
Sayin' we'll meet all your demands,
But we'll shout from the bow your days are numbered.
And like Pharaoh's tribe,
They'll be drownded in the tide,
And like Goliath, they'll be conquered.
```

The Bootleg Series 1-3 version

Played on the piano, in basically the same way as the guitar version. I had to tune the guitar up a little bit; he may have played it in A♭ major, since he likes the black keys on the piano.

```
D11/a = x00010

       G              Bm
Oh the time will come up
         C          G
When the winds will stop
        G           Bm          G
And the breeze will cease to be breathin'.
         G                Bm
Like the stillness in the wind
          Em   C      G
'Fore the hurricane begins,
    G             D    C/a   G
The hour that the ship comes in.
       Bm
Oh the sea will split
        C         G
And the ship will hit
                   Bm              G
And the shoreline's sands will be a-shaking.
         G         Bm
Then the tide will sound
        C          G
And the waves will pound
        G  /a   /b   /c D  D11/a G
And the morning will be brea  -  king.
```

The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Times They Are A-changin'* (1964) and on *Biograph* (1985) and in live versions on *Live 1975* (2002) and *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major). *Live 1975*: no capo

In most live renditions, he ends each phrase of the verse with a G chord.

The place marked with *) is often embellished with the following figure:

```
  G   G6  G7
|-------------|
|-------------|
|-------------|
|-0---2---3---|
|-2-----------|
|-3-----------|
```

```
C          Am            Em
William Zanzinger killed poor Hattie Carroll
       C           Am                 Em
With a cane that he twirled around his diamond ring finger
     C         Am      Em
At a Baltimore hotel society gath'rin'.
        C                Am         Em
And the cops was called in and his weapon took from him
        C           Am      Em
As they rode him in custody down to the station
           C          Am         Em                    G
And booked William Zanzinger for first-degree murder.
    F   G *)   C            Am        F    G  *)    C
But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears,
F        G *) C             Am
Take the rag away from your face.
F             G *)          C
Now ain't the time for your tears.

William Zanzinger, who at twenty-four years
Owns a tobacco farm of six hundred acres
With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him
And high office relations in the politics of Maryland,
Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders
And swear words and sneering, and his tongue it was a-snarling,
And in a matter of minutes on bail was out walking.
But you who philosophize disgrace and criticize fears,
Take the rag away from your face.
Now ain't the time for your tears.

Hattie Carroll was a maid in the kitchen.
She was fifty-one years old and gave birth to ten children
Who carried the dishes and took out the garbage
```

And never sat once at the head of the table
And didn’t even talk to the people at the table
Who just cleaned up all the food from the table
And emptied the ashtrays on a whole other level,
Got killed by a blow, lay slain by a cane
That sailed through the air and came down through the room,
Doomed and determined to destroy all the gentle.
And she never done nothing to William Zanzinger.
And you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears,
Take the rag away from your face.
Now ain’t the time for your tears.

In the courtroom of honor, the judge pounded his gavel
To show that all’s equal and that the courts are on the level
And that the strings in the books ain’t pulled and persuaded
And that even the nobles get properly handled
Once that the cops have chased after and caught ’em
And that the ladder of law has no top and no bottom,
Stared at the person who killed for no reason
Who just happened to be feelin’ that way without warnin’.
And he spoke through his cloak, most deep and distinguished,
And handed out strongly, for penalty and repentance,
William Zanzinger with a six-month sentence.
Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace and criticize all fears,
Bury the rag deep in your face
For now’s the time for your tears.

Restless Farewell

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *The Times They Are A-changin'* (1964)
Tabbed by Andrew Mullins

Capo at 4th fret
Played with no strict time, very freely. Also played freely are the strings strummed or picked for each chord, varying from chord to chord and verse to verse. Occasionally some chords are left out, played with a different root, notes hammered etc.

Harmonica played cross harp (blues style) – use key of A

Chords:

```
C/g     332010
G6      3x200x
G7      3x300x
Csus4   x33010
F/c     x33211
Am/g    3x2210
f       1XXXXX (passing note)
g       3XXXXX (passing note)
```

```
   C/g                      F                C/g
Oh all the money that in my whole life I did spend
G     G6   G7       Csus4 C Csus4 C g
Be it mine right or wrongfully
C   Csus4  C        F        C/G
I'd let it slip gladly to my friends
G      G6     G7               C   Csus4 C
To tie up the time most forcefully
        C       F/c C           C/g    F    C
But the bottles are done, we've killed each one
/b      Am   Am/g f G G6 G7 C g
And the table is full and overflowed
C       F      C/g            F       C/g
And the corner sign says it's closing time
          F  C            G G6 G7    C    Csus4 C
So I'll bid farewell and be down the road

    harmonica break: F C G G6 G7 C C/G

Oh every girl that ever I've touched
I did not do it harmfully
And every girl that ever I've hurt
I did not do it knowingly
But to remain as friends, you need the time
To make amends and stay behind
And since my feet are now fast
And point away from the past
I'll bid farewell and be down the line

Oh every foe that ever I faced
```

```
The cause was there before we came
And every cause that ever I fought
I fought it full without regret or shame
But the dark does die as the curtain is drawn
And somebody's eyes must meet the dawn
And if I see the day I'd only have to stay
So I'll bid farewell in the night and be gone

Oh every thought that strung a knot in my mind
I might go insane if it couldn't be sprung
But it's not to stand naked under unknown (unknowin'?) eyes
It's for myself and my friends my stories are sung
But the time ain't tall if on time you depend
And no word is possessed by no special friend
And though the line is cut it ain't quite the end
I'll just bid farewell till we meet again

Oh a false clock tries to tick out my time
To disgrace, distract and bother me
And the dirt of gossip blows into my face
And the dust of rumors covers me
But if the arrow is straight and the point is slick
It can pierce through the dust no matter how thick
So I'll make my stand and remain as I am
And bid farewell and not give a damn
```

Version from the Frank Sinatra 80th Birthday Tribute (19 Nov, 1995)

(lots of C – Csus2 – C – Csus4 etc. thrown in during C chords)

```
Csus2  x30010

C                     F            C
All the money that in my life I did spend
G                  C  Csus4 C
Be it mine right or wrongfully
C                      F     C
I'd let it slip gladly to my friends
   G                    C    Csus4  C
To tie up the time most forcefully
        C       F/c C           C      F/c  C
But the bottles are done, we've killed each one
C                         F    C
And the table is full and overflowed
        F      C              F       C
And the corner sign says it's closing time
        C   F   C           G        C   Csus4 C
So I'll bid farewell and be down the road
```

4

Another Side Of Bob Dylan

Recorded: June 9 1964 — Released: August 8, 1964

127 All I Really Want to Do
129 Black Crow Blues
131 Spanish Harlem Incident
134 Chimes of Freedom
136 I Shall Be Free No. 10
138 To Ramona
140 Motorpsycho Nightmare
142 My Back Pages
144 I Don't Believe You (She Acts Like We Never Have Met)
147 Ballad in Plain D
150 It Ain't Me, Babe

Introductory Remarks

Eyolf Østrem

Another Side Of Bob Dylan was recorded during one glorious, nightly session on June 9 1964, over a bottle of Beaujolais–and it shows... The album may be a "rich, complex album" and a proof of his "genius", as Paul Williams and Paul Cable have it, but–for once–Clinton Heylin may have given the most adequate description, as "a typical Dylan session–flashes of sheer brilliance, improvisational flair, songs coming together and falling apart (in fairly equal measure)–in the studio" (Heylin: *Dylan Behind Closed Doors, the Recording Sessions [1960-1994]*). In other words: he can't be all right all the time.

In several of the songs, most notably in *Ballad in Plain D* and *My Back Pages,* it is evident that Dylan hasn't really learnt the chord changes properly before he started recording. In these two songs it is difficult to find two verses that are played in the same way. There are lots of temporary solutions. True enough, the variations work out quite well, but it would be over-indulgent to call them planned...

Apart from this, it is interesting to note how a few guitaristic specialties recur in song after song. One is the use of the chord changes C/d – G/d (xx0553 – xx0433), as in All I Really Want To Do, slightly varied in I Don't Believe You, and most beautifully in Chimes of Freedom. Another is the progression xx0430 – xx0210 – 320003 which occurs both in All I Really Want To Do and in Spanish Harlem Incident. And the most persistent of these "tricks" is the figure G-G6-G7 found in To Ramona, My Back Pages, I Don't Believe You and Ballad in Plain D. Add to this that all of the songs (except, of course, the piano song Black Crow Blues) are played in G or C, with an occasional capo, and you have an album which is quite simple, guitaristically speaking.

Then there is the genius, of course.

All I Really Want to Do

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* (1964) and *Greatest Hits II* (1971). Live versions on *At Budokan* (1978) and *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

Chords:

```
C/d    xx0553
G/d    xx0433
C/g    3x2013
G'/d   xxx430 (or -- occasionally (i.e. accidentally) -- xx0430)
D7'    xxx210 (or xx0210)
```

```
Intro: G

C/d     G/d        D            G
I ain't lookin' to compete with you
C/g     G        D7       G
Beat or cheat or mistreat you
C/d   G/d     D     G
Simplify you, classify you
C/g     G     D7   G
Deny, defy or crucify you
G'/d  D7' (G'/d D7') G   C/g  G'/d
All I really want to do
    D7'      G            C/g
Is, baby, be friends with you.

G   C/g   G   C/g   G   D7   G   C/g   G   G

No, and I ain't lookin' to fight with you
Frighten you or uptighten you
Drag you down or drain you down
Chain you down or bring you down
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I ain't lookin' to block you up
Shock or knock or lock you up
Analyze you, categorize you
Finalize you or advertise you
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I don't want to straight-face you
Race or chase you, track or trace you
Or disgrace you or displace you
Or define you or confine you
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.
```

```
I don't want to meet your kin
Make you spin or do you in
Or select you or dissect you
Or inspect you or reject you
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.

I don't want to fake you out
Take or shake or forsake you out
I ain't lookin' for you to feel like me
See like me or be like me
All I really want to do
Is, baby, be friends with you.
```

Budokan version

Capo 6th fret (sounding key D♭ major)
Played in a very square rhythm

```
C       G             D         G
I ain't lookin' to compete with you
C       G        D        G
Beat or cheat or mistreat you
C     G       D     G
Simplify you, classify you
C       G     D7   G
Deny, defy or crucify you
G     Am7            G   Am7
All I really want to do
G     Am7            G   Am7
All I really want to do
G     Am7            G   Am7
All I really want to do
             D            G
Is, baby, be friends with you.
```

Black Crow Blues

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* (1964)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

On this occasion, the "other side" of Dylan is the piano player. Here's a suggestion for a rendition on a guitar.

D11 = xx0010

```
Intro (incl. G-riff)                    C-riff:
  G                   D
  :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|--|-----------------||-----------------|
|-----------------|--|---3-3-3-3-3-3-3-||(1)--------------|
|-----------------|x3|---2-2-2-2-2-2-2-||---0-2-0-3---2-0-|
|---0-2-0-3---2-0-|--|-0---------------||-----------------|
|-----------------|--|-0---------------||-3---------------|
|-3---------------|--|-----------------||-----------------|


   G
I woke in the mornin' wand'rin'
C7                  G
Worried and worn out
       C7
I woke in the mornin' wand'rin'
                   G
Weary and worn out
           D
Wishin' my long-lost lover

Will walk to me, talk to me
D11                   G         D
Tell me what it's all about.

I was standin' at the side road
Listenin' to the billboard knock
Standin' at the side road
Listenin' to the billboard knock
Well, my wrist was empty
But my nerves were kickin'
Tickin' like a clock.

If I got anything you need, babe
Let me tell you in front
If I got anything you need, babe
Let me tell you in front
You can come to me sometime
Night time, day time
Any time you want.

Sometimes I'm thinkin I'm
Too high to fall
Sometimes I'm thinkin I'm
Much too high to fall
```

Other times I'm thinkin' I'm
So low I don't know
If I can come up at all.

Black crows in the meadow
Sleeping across a broad highway
Black crows in the meadow
Across a broad highway
Though its funny, honey
I just don't feel much like a
Scarecrow today.

Spanish Harlem Incident

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Another Side of Bob Dylan* (1964), and in a live version on *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The little figure that sets off the intro is used here and there where there is a transition from G to C. In the third verse the xxx330 chord formation (called G' in the chord table) is used for the Gs that start each line in the first part of the verse.
The strumming through the rest of the intro is of course only an approximation, as to which strings sound at which particular moment.

Chords:

```
C/d   xx0553
G/d   xx0433
G'    xxx330
```

the C/d chord marked with a * is basically the same, only that the A string is sounding:

```
      x00553
```

Intro:

```
 G         C                 G
 .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .   .
---------|-0---0-0-0---0-0-|-3---3---3---3---3-------|-
-----3-0-|-1---1-1-1---1-1-|-0---0---0---0---0---3-0-|-
-----3-0-|-0---0-0-0---0-0-|-0---0---0---0---0---3-0-|-
---------|-2-------2-------|-------------------------|-
-2-------|-3-------3-------|-------2-------2---------|-
-3-------|-----------------|-------3-------3---------|-
                                                Gypsy . . .

G     C                 G
Gypsy gal, the hands of Harlem
       C              G
Cannot hold you to its heat
            C                  G
Your temperature's too hot for taming
             C                     G
Your flaming feet a-burnin' up the street
C/d  G/d       C/d      G
I am homeless, come and take me
C/d    G/d           C/d*     D
To the reach of your rattling drums
C      G          C    D(riff 1) G
Let me know, babe, all about my fortune
      C       D(riff 2) G
Down along my restless palms
```

```
Riff 1:
  |---------3-------
  |-3---1---0-------
  |-4---2---0-------
  |-0---0---0-------
  |---------2-------
  |---------3-------
(a)bout my  fortune

Riff 2:
  (D)        G       C/g
  .   .      |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .      |   .   .   .     | . . .
|---------+--3---3-3-3---3-3-+-0-0-0-0-0--------+-3---3-3-3---3-3-+-3------
|-3---2---+.-0---0-0-1---1-1-+/3-3-3-3/3-1-0---.+-0---0-0-1---1-1-+-0------
|-4---1---+--0---0-0-0---0-0-+/4-4-4-4/4-2-0----+-0---0-0-0---0-0-+-0------
|-0---0---+--0---0---2---2-2-+------------------+-0---0-0-2---2-2-+-0------
|---------+.-2---2---x-------+----------------.+-2---2---x-------+-2------
|---------+--3---3--(3)------+---------------3--+-3---3--(3)------+-3------
                                                                    Gypsy...

Gypsy gal, you got me swallowed
I have fallen far beneath
Your pearly eyes, so fast an' slashing
An' your flashing diamond teeth
The night is pitch black, come an' make my
Pale face fit into place, ah, please!
Let me know, babe, I am nearly drowning
If it's you my lifelines trace.

G'     C              G
I been wond'rin' all about me
G'   C                G
Ever since I seen you there
       G'             C                  G
On the cliffs of your wildcat charms I'm riding
            G'              C          G
I know I'm 'round you but I don't know where
You have slayed me, you have made me
I got to laugh halfways off my heels
I got to know, babe, will you surround me
So I can know if I'm really real.
```

The Live 1964 version

Intro:

```
  C/d     G/d       D7      G         C/g     G         C/d     G/d
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3---3-3-3---3-3-|-2---2-2-3---3---|-3---3---3---3-3-|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|
|-5---5-5-3---3-3-|-1---1-1-0---0---|-1---1---0---0-0-|-5-5-5-5-3-3-3-3-|
|-5---5-5-4---4-4-|-2---2-2-0---0---|-0---0---0---0-0-|-5-5-5-5-4-4-4-4-|
|-0---0-0-0---0-0-|-0---0-0-0---0---|-2---2-2-0---0-0-|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|
|-----------------|-----0-0-2---2-2-|---------2---2-2-|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----2-2-3---3-3-|-3---3-3-3---3-3-|-----------------|
```

```
  D7      G         C/g     G                      C/d   G/d
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|-2-2-2-2-3---3---|-3---3---3---3---|-3---3---3---3---|-3-----
|-1-1-1-1-0---0---|-1---1---0---0---|-0---0---0---5---|-3-----
|-2-2-2-2-0---0---|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---0---5---|-4-----
|-0-0-0-0-0---0---|-2---2---0---0---|-0---0---0-----0-|-------
|---------2---2-2-|---------2---2-2-|-2---2-2-2-0-----|-------
|---------3---3-3-|-3---3-3-3---3-3-|-3---3-3-3-------|-------
                                                 Gypsy gal...

C/d   G/d      D7       G
Gypsy gal, the hands of Harlem
 [C/d] G/d      D7     G
Cannot hold you to its heat
     C/d    G/d        D7      G
Your temperature's too hot for taming
     C/d     G/d            D7     G  .  C/g  .  G  .  .  .
Your flaming feet a-burnin' up the street
C/d  G/d       D7       G
I am homeless, come and take me                        G              G/d  D7 G
C/d      G/d           D7/f#    D              ------|--------      |-----------------
Into the reach of your rattling drums           ------|--------      |-3---3-1-0-------
C *)   G          C    G/d    D7 G **)      *) ------|-0------  **) |-4---4-2-0-------
Let me know, babe, all about my fortune         ------|-0------      |-0-------0-------
C/d  G/d      D        G                       --3-2-|-2------      |---------2-------
Down along my restless palms                    ------|-3------      |---------3-------
                                                Let me know...    (a)-bout my  fortune...

. . . .

C/d    G/d       D7   G
I been wond'rin' all about me
C/d  G/d     D7       G
Ever since I seen you there
       C/d            G/d     D7         G
On the cliffs of your wildcat charms I'm riding
  C/d      G/d              D7         G
I know I'm 'round you but I don't know where
. . . .
```

Chimes of Freedom

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* (1964), and in a live version on *No Direction Home* (2005)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
G/d       xx0433
C/d       xx0553
C/g       3x2013
```

```
G      G/d

                      D          G/d        C/d    G
Far between sundown's finish an' midnight's broken toll
   G/d      C/d      G/d        D            G       C/g    G
We ducked inside the doorway as thunder went crashing
     G/d             D            G/d     C/d    G
As majestic bells of bolts struck shadows in the sounds
G/d        C/d    G/d       D       G       C/g   G
Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing
D                               G           C/g    G
Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight
C                G               Am              D
Flashing for the refugees of the unarmed road of flight
        G              D        G              C
An' for each an' ev'ry underdog soldier in the night
       G              D                 G         C/g     G
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.


Through the city's melted furnace, unexpectedly we watched
With faces hidden as 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.

Through 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
And the poet and the painter far behind his rightful time
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

In 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
and the mistreated, mateless mother, the mistitled prostitute
For the misdemeanor outlaw, chained an' cheated by pursuit
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Even though a cloud's white curtain in a far-off comer 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 to personal a tale
And for each unharmful gentle soul misplaced inside a jail
And we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.

Starry-eyed and 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 'til the tolling ended
Tolling for the aching ones whose wounds cannot be nursed
For the countless confused, accused, misused, strung-out ones an' worse
An' for every hung-up person in the whole wide universe
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.
```

No Direction Home version

Basically the same as the album version, only with simpler chords – no fancy half-barres here, just plain C, D and Am, and the beautifully full, chiming G major.

```
      G                  D           G                  C
Far between the finished sundown an' midnight's broken toll
   G                 C          D            G
We ducked inside the doorway as thunder went crashing
     G               D            G              C
As majestic bells of bolts struck shadows in the sounds
   G              C         D       G
Seeming to be the chimes of freedom flashing
D                               G
Flashing for the warriors whose strength is not to fight
C                G               Am             D
Flashing for the refugees on the unarmed road of flight
        G              D        G              C
An' for each an' ev'ry underdog soldier in the night
       G              C         D       G
An' we gazed upon the chimes of freedom flashing.
```

I Shall Be Free No. 10

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Another Side of Bob Dylan* (1964)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
(Harmonica intro)
:    .    .    .   :  .  .  .  :  .  .  :  .  .  .  .  .  .
D Em    D Em   D   G     C     D        G


G                 C
I'm just average, common too
    D
I'm just like him, the same as you
    G           C
I'm everybody's brother and son

I ain't different than anyone
G
It ain't no use a-talking to me
              C
It's just the same as talking to you.

(Harmonica)
:  .  :  .  .  .  :    .    .    .
D     G     C     D Em    D Em   D


I was shadow-boxing earlier in the day
I figured I was ready for Cassius Clay
I said "Fee, fie, fo, fum, Cassius Clay here I come
26, 27, 28, 29, I'm gonna make your face look just like mine
Five, four, three, two, one, Cassius Clay you'd better run
99, 100 101, 102, your ma won't even recognize you
14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, gonna knock him clean right out of his spleen.

Well, I don't know, but I've been told
The streets in heaven are lined with gold
I ask you how things could get much worse
If the Russians happen to get up there first
Wowee! pretty scary !

Now, I'm liberal, but to a degree
I want ev'rybody to be free
But if you think that I'll let Barry Goldwater
Move in next door and mary my daughter
You must think I'm crazy !
I wouldn't let him do it for all the farms in Cuba.

Well, I set my monkey on the log
And ordered him to do the Dog
He wagged his tail and shook his head
And he went and did the Cat instead
He's a weird monkey, very funky.
```

I sat with my high-heeled sneakers on
Waiting to play tennis in the noonday sun
I had my white shorts rolled up past my waist
And my wig-hat falling in my face
But they wouldn't let me on the tennis court.

I gotta woman, she's so mean
She sticks my boots in the washing machine
Sticks me with buckshot when I'm nude
Puts bubblegum in my food
She's funny, wants my money, calls me honey.

Now I gotta friend who spends his life
Stabbing my picture with a bowie-knife
Dreams of strangling me with a scarf
When my name comes up he pretends to barf
I've got a million friends !

Now they asked me to read a poem
At the sorority sister's home
I got knocked down and my head was swimmin'
I wound up with the Dean of Women
Yippee ! I'm a poet, and I know it
Hope I don't blow it.

I'm gonna grow my hair down to my feet so strange
So I look like a walking mountain range
And I'm gonna ride into Omaha on a horse
Out to the country club and the golf course
Carry the New York Times, shoot a few holes, blow their minds.

You're probably wondering by now
Just what this song is all about
What's probably got you baffled more
What this thing here is for
It's nothing
It's something I learned over in England

To Ramona

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* (1964) and *Biograph* (1985), and in a live version on *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C
Ramona, come closer
                        G    G6  G7
Shut softly your watery eyes

The pangs of your sadness
                              C    Csus4   C
Will pass as your senses will rise
    F
The flowers of the city
                                    G      G6   G7
Though breathlike, get deathlike sometimes

And there's no use in tryin'

To deal with the dyin'
                                  C
Though I cannot explain that in lines.

Your cracked country lips
I still wish to kiss
As to be by the strength of you skin
Your magnetic movements
Still capture the minutes I'm in
But it grieves my heart, love
To see you tryin' to be a part of
A world that just don't exist.
It's all just a dream, babe
A vacuum, a scheme, babe
That sucks you into feelin' like this.

I can see that your head
Has been twisted and fed
With worthless foam from the mouth
I can tell you are torn
Between stayin' and returnin'
Back to the South
You've been fooled into thinking
That the finishin' end is at hand
Yet there's no one to beat you
No one to defeat you
'Cept the thoughts of yourself feeling bad

I've heard you say many times
That you're better than no one
And no one is better than you
If you really believe that
You know you have
```

Nothing to win and nothing to lose
From fixtures and forces and friends
Your sorrow does stem
That hype you and type you
Making you feel
That you gotta be just like them.

I'd forever talk to you
But soon my words
They would turn into a meaningless ring
For deep in my heart
I know there is no help I can bring
Everything passes
Everything changes
Just do what you think you should do
And someday, maybe
Who knows, baby
I'll come and be cryin' to you.

Motorpsycho Nightmare

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* (1964)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

This figure is played whereever there is a G:

```
  G      C/g Gsus4 G     C/g
  |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .
|-3---3---3---3---3---3---3---3----
|-0---0---1---1---0---0---1---1----
|-0---0---0---0---0---0---0---0----
|-0---0---2---0---0---0---2---0----
|-2---------------2----------------
|-3---------------3----------------
```

```
  G
I pounded on a farmhouse Lookin' for a place to stay

I was mighty, mighty tired, I had come a long, long way
        C
I said, "Hey, hey, in there Is there anybody home ?
      G
I was standin' on the steps, Feelin' most alone
      D
Well, out comes a farmer He must have thought that I was nuts
   G
He immediately looked at me and stuck a gun into my guts

I fell down to my bended knees
Saying, "I dig farmers, don't shoot me please"
He cocked his rifle and began to shout
"You're that travelin' salesman that I have heard about?"
I said, "No! No! No! I'm a doctor and it's true
I'm a clean-cut kid and I been to college too".

Then in comes his daughter whose name was Rita
She looked like she stepped out of La Dolce Vita
I immediately tried to cool it with her dad
And told him what a nice, pretty farm he had
He said, "What do doctors know about farms, pray tell?"
I said, "I was born at the bottom of a wishing well".

Well, by the dirt 'neath my nails I guess he knew I wouldn't lie
He said "I guess, you're tired." He said it kinda sly
I said, "Yes, ten thousand miles today I drove"
He said, "I got a bed for you, underneath the stove
Just one condition, You can go to sleep right now:
That you don't touch my daughter and in the morning, milk the cows".

I was sleepin' like a rat when I heard something jerkin'
There stood Rita lookin' just like Tony Perkins
```

She said, "Would you like to take a shower? I'll show you up to the door"
I said, "Oh, no, no, I've been through this movie before
I knew I had to split, but I didn't know how
When she said, "Would you like to take that shower now?"

Well, I couldn't leave unless the old man chased me out
'Cause I'd already promised that I'd milk his cows
I had to say something to strike him very weird
So I yelled: "I like Fidel Castro and his beard"
Rita looked offended, but she got out of the way
As he came charging down the stairs Sayin', "What's that I heard you say?"

I said, "I like Fidel Castro! I think you heard me right"
And I ducked as he swung At me with all his might
Rita mumbled something 'Bout her mother on the hill
As his fist hit the icebox He said he's going to kill
me If I don't get out of the door In two seconds flat
"Your unpatriotic Rotten doctor Commie rat".

Well, he threw a Reader's Digest at my head and I did run
I did a somersault as I seen him get his gun
And chrashed through the window at a hundred miles an hour
And landed fully blast in his garden flowers
Rita said, "Come back" as he started to load
The sun was comin' up and I was runnin' down the road.

Well, I don't figure I'll be back there for a spell
Even though Rita moved away and got a job in a motel
He still waits for me, constant, on the sly
He wants to turn me in to the FBI
Me, I romp and stomp, thankful as I romp
        G   C   G
Without freedom of speech I might be in the swamp.

My Back Pages

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* (1964) and *Greatest Hits II* (1971)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Most G's are played with a small figure (G – G6 – G7) going up to G7:

```
G  320003
G6 322003
G7 323003
```

This is noted with a *).

He didn't seem to spend too much time rehearsing this song before he went into the studio (the whole album was recorded in one evening/night session) – he gets the first verse all wrong in the chords, and he struggles a lot with the final lines of each verse. I've written out the chords for the first two verses and in the following verses deviations from the *second* verse.

Capo 3rd fret (original key Eb major)

```
C       Am          Em
Crimson flames tied through my ears
        F        G *)   C
Rollin' high and mighty traps
C            Am      Em      C
Pounced with fire on flaming roads
      F     Em    G   *)
Using ideas as my maps
       F       Am     G *)        C
"We'll meet on edges, soon," said I
Am                  F G
Proud 'neath heated brow
        C             Am    C
Ah, but I was so much older then
    F       G *)      C       G *)
I'm younger than that now.

C            Am    Em
Half-cracked prejudice leaped forth
     F        G *)     C
"Rip down all hate," I screamed
C         Am      Em
Lies that life is black and white
F                      G  *)
Spoke from my skull, I dreamed
  Am              Em
Romantic facts of musketeers
    F                  G
Foundationed deep, somehow
        C     Am      Em    F
Ah, but I was so much older then
    G *)              C
I'm younger than that now.

Girls' faces formed the forward path
```

```
From phony jealousy
To memorizing politics
Of ancient history
Flung down by corpse evangelists
Unthought of, thought, somehow
        C             F     C
Ah, but I was so much older then
    F       G *)      C
I'm younger than that now.

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
        C             Am
Ah, but I was so much older then
    F       G *)      C
I'm younger than that now.

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
   Am                  F      C
My existence led by confusion boats
Am          Em       G *)
Mutiny from stern to bow
        C     Am      F     C
Ah, but I was so much older then
    G       *)        C
I'm younger than that now.

Yes, my guard 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
        C     Am      F     C
Ah, but I was so much older then
    G       *)        C
I'm younger than that now.
```

I Don't Believe You (She Acts Like We Never Have Met)

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* (1964), and in live versions on *Biograph* (1985), *Live 1966* (1998), and *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Version from *Another Side*

Capo 2nd fret (original key D major)

Chords:

```
C/g   xxx053
G7'   xxx031
C     x32010
Csus4 x33010
G     320003
G6    322003
G7    323003
```

```
  C/g        G7'
I can't understand
        C/g      G7'
She let go of my hand
    C/g          G7'        C    Csus4   C
An' left me here facing the wall
    C/g          G7'
I'd sure like to know
C/g         G7'
Why she did go
    C/g         G7'             C   Csus4  C
But I can't get close to her at all
          Am                               Em
Though we kissed through the wild blazing nighttime
    F                    G  G6 G7
She said she would never forget
        C/g      G7'
But now mornin's clear
     C/g          G7'
It's like I ain't here
    C/g          G7    C
She acts like we never met.

It's all new to me
Like some mystery
It could even be like a myth
But it's hard to think on
That she's the same one
That last night I was with
From darkness, dreams are deserted
Am I still dreamin' yet?
```

```
I wish she'd unlock
Her voice once and talk
'Stead of acting like we never met

If she ain't feelin' well
Then why don't she tell
'Stead of turnin' her back to my face
Without any doubt
She seems too far out
For me to return to or chase
Though her skirt it swayed as the guitar played
Her mouth was watery and wet
But now something has changed
For she ain't the same
She just acts like we never have met.

If I didn't have to guess
I'd gladly confess
To anything I might've tried
If I was with her too long
Or have done something wrong
I wish she'd tell me what it is, I'll run and hide
Though the night ran swirling and whirling
I remember her whispering yet
But evidently she don't
evidently she won't
She just acts like we never have met.

I'm leavin' today
I'll be on my way
Of this I can't say very much
But if you want me to
I can be just like you
And pretend that we never have touched
And if anybody asks me: "Is it easy to forget?"
I say, "It's easily done
You just pick anyone
And pretend that you never have met."
```

Live 1964 version

The main difference from the album version is the long guitar intro, which is once interrupted: "Oh God! [strumming] Here's the second verse of it'', and later: "Does anybody know the first verse of this song?''

The other main difference is that the parts of the following verses have been mixed:

```
If she ain't feelin' well
Then why don't she tell
'Stead of turnin' her back to my face
Without any doubt
She seems too far out
For me to return to or chase
Though the night ran swirling and whirling
I remember her whispering yet
```

```
But evidently she don't
And evidently she won't
She just acts like we never have met.

If I didn't have to guess
I'd gladly confess
To anything I might've tried
If I was with her too long
Or have done something wrong
I wish she'd tell me what it is, I'll run and hide
Though her skirt it swayed as the guitar played
Her mouth was watery and wet
But now something has changed
For she ain't the same
She just acts like we never have met.
```

Biograph and Live 1966 versions

(The version from Biograph (May 6 1966) and Live 1966 (May 17 1966) is basically the same, only in E major. The recurring riff is played by Robbie Robertson on the frets —-97 and —-75.)

Live version from the Rolling Thunder Revue (1975)

Chords

```
Em/d  xx0453
Dm    xx0231
```

```
  Em/d       Dm
I can't understand
        Em/d     Dm
She let go of my hand
    Em/d         Dm         C    Csus4   C
An' left me here facing the wall
    Em/d         Dm
I'd sure like to know
Em/d        Dm
Why she did go
    Em/d        Dm              C   Csus4  C
But I can't get close to her at all
          Am                                Em
Though we kissed through the wild blazing nighttime
    Am                      G   C/g
She said she would never forget
        Em/d     Dm
But now mornin's clear
     Em/d         Dm
It's like I ain't here
  Em/d       Dm        C
She acts like we never met.
```

Ballad in Plain D

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* (1964)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Probably Dylan's most misnamed song, since it's not really in plain D, but in plain C with a capo on the 2nd fret (which of course turns it into D, but hardly "plain", from a guitar perspective, anyway)

The F chord at the end of lines 1 and 3 is sometimes played, sometimes not – it's just an embellishment, really.

What is played C/g-G7 in the last line of the first verse, is in most subsequent verses replaced with a G-G6-G7 turn.

Other deviations from the chords of the first verse are noted.

Chords:

```
G     320003
G6    322003
G7    323003
C/g   332010
Bb/d  xx0331   (in some verses he plays x00331, probably an error
                but quite nice)
```

```
G-G7 C            Am        C/g     (F) C
I    once loved a girl, her skin it was bronze
                        Am            Bb/d          F
With the innocence of a lamb, she was gentle like a fawn
  C           Am           C/g    (F) C
I courted her proudly, but now she is gone
            C/g          G7 C     G G6 G7
Gone as the season she's taken.

In a young summer's youth, I stole her away
From her mother and sister, though close did they stay
Each one of them suffering from the failures of their day
With strings of guilt they tried hard to guide us.

Of the two sisters, I loved the young
     Am                  C/g          F
With sensitive instincts, she was the creative one
The constant scrapegoat, she was easily undone
By the jealousy of others around her.

For her parasite sister, I had no respect
C            Am           C/g      F
Bound by her boredom, her pride to protect
Countless visions of the other she'd reflect
As a crutch for her scenes and her society.

Myself, for what I did, I cannot be excused
The changes I was going through can't even be used
For the lies that I told her in hopes not to lose
```

```
The could-be dream-lover of my lifetime.

     C      Am             C/g   F           C
With unseen consciousness, I possessed in my grip
A magnificent mantelpiece, though its heart being chipped
Noticing not that I'd already slipped
To a sin of love's false security.

     C           Am       F            C
From silhouetted anger to manufactured peace
Answers of emptiness, voice vacancies
Till the tombstones of damage read me no question but, "Please
What's wrong and what's exactly the matter?"

And so it did happen, like it could have been foreseen
    C          Am         Bb        F
The timeless explosion of fantasy's dream
At the peak of the night, the king and the queen
Tumbled all down into pieces.

     C      Am          F          C
"The tragic figure" her sister did shout
"Leave her alone, God damn you, get out"
    C       Am     (Dm)    F C
And I in my armor, turning about
And nailing her in the ruins of her pettiness.

Beneath a bare light bulb the plaster did pound
Her sister and I in a screaming battleground
And she in between, the victim of sound
Soon shattered as a child to the shadows.

       C            Am                   C
All is gone, all is gone, admit it, take flight
I gagged in contradiction, tears blinding my sight
My mind it was mangled, I ran into the night
Leaving all of love's ashes behind me.

    C              Am          F          C
The wind knocks my window, the room it is wet
The words to say I'm sorry, I haven't found yet
  C            Am               F          C
I think of her often and hope whoever she's met
Will be fully aware of how precious she is.

Harmonica solo verse:

C   Am    F    C
C   Am    Bb/d F
C   Am    C/g  F   C
C   G  G6 G7   C

G G6 G7

Ah, my friends from the prison, they ask unto me
     C         Em           F
"How good, how good does it feel to be free"?
```

```
And I answer them most mysteriously
"Are birds free from the chains of the skyway"?

Harmonica:

Am    C/g    F       F
C     C      G G6 G7 G7
C
```

It Ain't Me, Babe

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Another Side Of Bob Dylan* (1964), *Greatest Hits* (1967) and *Biograph* (1985), and in different live versions on *Before the Flood* (1974), *Real Live* (1984), *Live 1975* (2002) and *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
D'   x54030
Bm7' xx4030
Am7  x02010
```

```
G  C/g  G

       D'       C
Go 'way from my window
D'                       G
Leave at your own chosen speed
    D'              C
I'm not the one you want, babe
    D'              G
I'm not the one you need
    Bm7'               Am7
You say you're lookin' for someone
           Bm7'            Am7
Who's never weak but always strong
      Bm7'           Am
To protect you an' defend you
        Bm7'             Am
Whether you are right or wrong
    C                           D
Someone to open each and every door
             G
But it ain't me, babe
C       D            G
No, no, no, it ain't me babe
         C         D       G
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.

Go lightly from the ledge, babe
Go lightly on the ground
I'm not the one you want, babe
I will only let your down
You say you're lookin' 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 lookin' for, babe.
```

```
Go melt back in the night
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 you life an' nothing more
But it ain't me, babe
No, no, no, it ain't me, babe
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.
```

Version from *Before the Flood* w/The Band (1974)

```
    G           D
Go 'way from my window
D7                       G
Leave at your own chosen speed
                      D
I'm not the one you want, babe
D7                    G
I'm not the one you need
Bm                       Am
You say you're lookin' for someone
Bm                      Am
never weak but always strong
Bm                     Am
To protect you an' defend you
Bm                          Am
Whether you are right or wrong
    C                             D
Someone to open each and every door
             G
But it ain't me, babe
C       D/a          G
No, no, no, it ain't me babe
         C         D/a     G
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.
```

Version from *Real Live* (1984)

This version is basically the same as the original album version.

```
       D'       C
Go 'way from my window
D'             C          G       C/g   G
Leave at your own chosen speed
    D'              C
I'm not the one you want, babe
    D'      C       G            C/g   G
I'm not the one you need
```

```
    Bm7'               Am7
You say you're lookin' for someone
           Bm7'            Am7
Who's never weak but always strong
      Bm7'           Am7
To protect you an' defend you
        Bm7'             Am7
Whether you are right or wrong
    C                           D
Someone to open each and every door
            G
But it ain't me, babe
C   /b  Am           G
No, no, no, it ain't me babe
         C  /b     Am      G
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.
```

Live version from the Rolling Thunder Revue 1975

```
Intro: C

Em              Dm
Go 'way from my window
Em            Dm         C
Leave at your own chosen speed
Em                  Dm
I'm not the one you want, babe
Em  Dm              C
I'm not the one you need
Em                     Dm
You say you're lookin' for someone
           Em              Dm
Who's never weak but always strong
Em                    Dm
To protect you an' defend you
Em                        Dm
Whether you are right or wrong
    F                           G
Someone to open each and every door
            C
But it ain't me, babe
F           G           C
No, no, no, no, it ain't me babe
         F         G       Am   F
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.
         C         G       C
It ain't me you're lookin' for.

[final instrumental verse ends on Am instead of C]
```

Live version, 2004

Based on the version from March 6, 2004

Capo 1st fret (sounding key D♭ major)

Chord suggestions:

```
Em          022003
C           x32013
Fadd9       xx3213  or  x33563
G7add11     xx0013  or  x55503
F6          13x231
G11         3x3211
```

These are merely suggestions how to reproduce the full band sound on one guitar. All the chords in the chorus part could be played differently.

```
Em              C
Go 'way from my window
Em                        C
Leave at your own chosen speed
Em                         C
I'm not the one you want, babe
    Em                   C
I'm not the one you need
    Em                           C
You say you're lookin' for someone
      Em              C
never weak but always strong
      Em             C
To protect you an' defend you
        Em                    C
Whether you     are right or wrong
    Fadd9       G7add11  Fadd9 G7/d
Someone to open each and every door
             C
But it ain't me, babe
F       F6           C
No, no, no, it ain't me babe
         F                 C
It ain't me you're lookin' for, babe.
         G11       G       C
It ain't me you're lookin' for.
```

*) Or, as Dylan sings it: You must leave now take what you need,
[mumble mumble]
Leave at your own chosen speed

5

Bringing It All Back Home

Recorded January 13–15, 1965 — Released March 22, 1965

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185 It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)
190 It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Subterranean Homesick Blues

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965), *Greatest Hits* (1967) and *Biograph* (1985), and in an alternate version on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

In the early solo version on *The Bootleg Series*, Dylan's guitar is capoed on the 5th fret. That's probably how it is played on the *Bringing it All Back Home* version too.

```
 A
Johnny's in the basement

Mixing up the medicine

I'm on the pavement

Thinking about the government

The man in the trench coat

Badge out, laid off

Says he's got a bad cough

Wants to get it paid off
D
Look out kid

It's somethin' you did
A
God knows when

But you're doin' it again

You better duck down the alley way

Lookin' for a new friend
E
The man in the coon-skin cap

In the big pen
      A
Wants eleven dollar bills

You only got ten

Maggie comes fleet foot
Face full of black soot
Talkin' that the heat put
Plants in the bed but
The phone's tapped anyway
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

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
By losers, cheaters
Six-time users       *)
Hangin' 'round the theaters
Girl by the whirlpool
Lookin' for a new fool
Don't follow leaders
Watch the parkin' meters

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
```

*) Copyrighted version: "But users, cheaters, Six-time losers"

The *Bootleg series* version

capo 5th fret

A7 = x02223
B7′ = x21200

```
Intro:
    .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
--0-0---0-|-------0-----------0-----|-------0---------0-0---0--
--0-0---0-|-------0-----------0-----|-------0---------0-0---0--
--0-0---1-|-------0h1---------0h1---|-------0h1-------0-0---1-- etc.
--0-0---2-|-------2-----------2-----|-------2---------0-0---2--
--0-0---2-|-2-----------2-----------|-2-----------2---0-0---2--
--0-0---0-|-0-----------0-----------|-0-----------0---0-0---0--

E
Johnny's in the basement

Mixing up the medicine

I'm on the pavement

Thinking about the government

The man in the trench coat

Badge out, laid off

Says he's got a bad cough

Wants to get it paid off
A7
Look out kid

It's somethin' you did
E
God knows when

But you're doin' it again

You better duck down the alley way

Lookin' for a new friend
B7'
The man in the coon-skin cap

In the big pen
      E
Wants eleven dollar bills

You only got ten

A7   E
```

She Belongs to Me

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965) and *Greatest Hits II* (1971), and in live versions on *Self Portrait* (1970) and *Live 1966* (1998)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

```
(open E-string) - G

G
She's got everything she needs,
         C                      G      C/g G
She's an artist, she don't look back.
          C
She's got everything she needs,
                                G      C/g G
She's an artist, she don't look back.
                 A
She can take the dark out of the nighttime
    C                 G               C/g G
And paint the daytime black.

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.

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.

She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks.
She wears an Egyptian ring
That sparkles before she speaks.
She's a hypnotist collector,
You are a walking antique.

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.
```

Live 1966 version

Same as above, but with Capo 5th fret (sounding key C major)

Self Portrait (Isle of Wight) version

Either same as Live 66, or with C major chords:

```
          C
She's got everything she needs,
         F                      C
She's an artist, she don't look back.
          F
She's got everything she needs,
                                C
She's an artist, she don't look back.
                 D
She can take the dark out of the nighttime
    F                 C
And paint the daytime black.
```

Maggie's Farm

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965) and *Greatest Hits II* (1971), and in live versions on *Hard Rain* (1976), *Budokan* (1978), *Real Live* (1984), and *No Direction Home* (2005)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key G major)

The "E" chord contains a whole lot of gravel – some Em, some Esus4, some E7, and probably a whole lot more.

Intro:

```
         E
.        :       .       .       .
--0-0-0|-0---0-----0-0-0-0---0----
--0-0-0|-0---0-----0-0-0-0---0----
--0-0-1|-1--h1-----0-0-1-1---1---- etc.
--0-0-2|-2---2-----2-2-2-2---2----
--0-0-2|-2---2-----2-2-2-2---2----
--0-0-0|-0---0-----0-0-0-0---0----
```

```
  E(7)
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.

No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.

Well, I wake up in the morning,

Fold my hands and pray for rain.

I got a head full of ideas

that are drivin' me insane.
       C#m                                B7
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor.
  E
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.


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 you 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.

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.

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 fifty-four.
I ain't gonna work for Maggie's ma no more.

I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
No, 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 say "sing while you slave," and I just get bored.
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
```

No Direction Home Version

```
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-------------------------------------------------------------------
|-------------------------------------------------------------------
|-------------------------------------------------------------------
|-------------------------------------------------------------------
|-------------------------------------------------------------------
|-------------------------------------------------------------------
```

Hard Rain version

Dylan's little riff. The first part of it is used at the end of each line, together with Mick Ronson's parallel riff

```
  :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .
|-8---8---8---8-8---6-------------|------------------------6---8---|
|---------------------8-6-8-------|---------------------6-8---------|
|-----------------------------5---|-5---5---5---5-5---8-------------|
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
```

Mick Ronson's guitar:

```
  :   .   .   .   :    .    .   .         :   .   .   .   :    .    .   .
|-12--12--12--1212--10-8------------    |-12--12--12--1212-----------------
|-------------------------10-8-------    |-------------------15-13----------
|--------------------------------9--- or |-----------------------14-12-----
|-----------------------------------    |--------------------------------14-
|-----------------------------------    |-----------------------------------
|-----------------------------------    |-----------------------------------
```

```
  C                                          [riff]
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
                               F       C
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.

Well, I wake up in the morning,

Fold my hands and pray for rain.

I got a head full of ideas

drivin' me insane.
                                             G      Dm
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floo - or
F    G   *)
oh - oh.
     C                            F       C
No I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
```

---

*) At this point, Dylan does something of the kind that only he can do, something different in each verse: he just seems to strike something chord-like, which really doesn't make sense, but which becomes quite right in the context of the performance – it's part of that which characterizes the performance, defines it.

1st verse:

```
|-5----7----10-------
|-6----8----12-------
|-5----7----11------- [the 11 glides up to 12]
|--------------------
|--------------------
|--------------------
```

3rd verse (something similar in the 4th):

```
|--------10-----------12--8--12---
|--11----12-----------13--8--13---
|--------12-----------12--9--12---
|--10-----------------12-----12---
|--------------------------------
|--------------------------------
```

Budokan version

```
  A7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|--------(99999)--|-----------------|--------(99999)--|
|-----------------|--------(88888)--|-----------------|--------(88888)--|
|-----------------|---0-2--(99999)--|-2-0-------------|--------(99999)--|
|-----------0---2-|--------(77777)--|-----2-0---------|--------(77777)--|
|-----0-3---------|-----------------|-----------3---0-|-----0-----------|
|-0-3-------------|-----------------|-----------------|---3-------------|

  A           C               D       A       [riff]
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
  A           C               D       A       [riff]
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
        D
Well, I wake up in the morning,

Fold my hands and pray for rain.

I got a head full of ideas

drivin' me insane.
       C                D                   A     E
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor

  E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----0-----------|-0---------------|-----------------|
|---------------0-|---3-------------|---3-0-----------|-----------------|
|-------0---2-----|-----------------|-------2---0-----|-----------------|
|---0-2-----------|-----------------|---------------2-|---0-2-----------|
|-2---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  A7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|--------(99999)--|-----------------|--------(99999)--|
|-----------------|--------(88888)--|-----------------|--------(88888)--|
|-----------------|---0-2--(99999)--|-2-0-------------|--------(99999)--|
|-----------0---2-|--------(77777)--|-----2-0---------|--------(77777)--|
|-----0-3---------|-----------------|-----------3---0-|-----0-----------|
|-0-3-------------|-----------------|-----------------|---3-------------|
```

Real Live version

```
G7
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.

No, I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.

Well, I wake up in the morning,

Fold my hands and pray for rain.
```

```
I got a head full of ideas

drivin' me insane.
       Em                                  D7
It's a shame the way she makes me scrub the floor.
  G7
I ain't gonna work on Maggie's farm no more.
```

Love Minus Zero/No Limit

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965) and on *Budokan* (1978), and in a live version on *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Album Version

Dylan's guitar is in dropped C tuning (C-A-d-g-b-e') with a capo on the 4th fret (sounding key E major) and with the following chords:

```
C       032010
G(7)    220001
F       003211 or 033211
Dm      x00231
```

Since Dylan's guitar isn't the most prominent one, I've given the plain chords (without the G7), played by the other main guitar.

```
   C
My love she speaks like silence,
G  F                 C
    Without ideals or violence,
G  F                             C
    She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
          Dm         F         G
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.
C
People carry roses,
G  F                        C
    And make promises by the hours,
G  F                          C
    My love she laughs like the flowers,
Dm        G      C
Valentines can't buy her.

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.

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.
```

```
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 and rainy,
My love she's like some raven
At my window with a broken wing.
```

Budokan version

Same as above, but in standard tuning, and in the key of D:

```
   D
My love she speaks like silence,
A  G                  D
    Without ideals or violence,
A  G                               D
    She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
          Em         G         A      Asus4 A
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.
D
People carry roses,
A  G                          D
    And make promises by the hours,
A  G                            D
    My love she laughs like the flowers,
Em        A      D
Valentines can't buy her.
```

Live 1975 version

Played quite squarely, with a constant emphasis on the up-beats

```
   C
My love she speaks like silence,
G  F                  C
    Without ideals or violence,
G  F                               C
    She doesn't have to say she's faithful,
          Dm                   G    C/g  G
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.
C
People carry roses,
G  F                          C
    And make promises by the hours,
G  F                            C
    My love she laughs like the flowers,
Dm        G      F      C
Valentines can't buy her
```

***Unplugged* version**

Standard tuning

```
Dm  = standard or xx3230
G11 = 3x3211
```

At least in the intro the F is rather a F9 133213 (or, more playable: 13x213).

"C-G-F"-figure:

```
  C         G   F
  :   .   .   .     :
|-0-----000-333-11|-1---
|-1-----111-000-11|-1---
|-0-----000-000-22|-2---
|-2-----222-000-33|-3---
|-3-----333-222-33|-3---
|-----------333-11|-1---
```

```
C
My love she speaks like silence,
G  F                              C
    Without ideals or violence,
G  F                                 C
    doesn't have to say she's faithful,
          Dm                        G11
Yet she's true, like ice, like fire.
C
People carry roses,
G  F                             C
    make promises by the hours,
G  F                                  C
    My love she laughs like the flowers,
Dm                   G11  C
Valentines can't buy her.
```

Outlaw Blues

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

As usual in this kind of blues song, there's a whole lot of Em in the E.

Intro and basic riff:

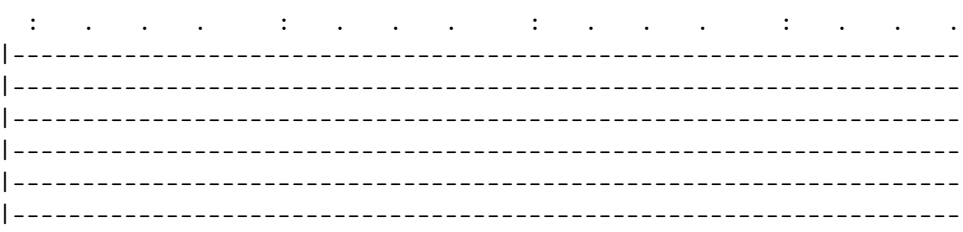
```
          Em    Em6   Em7   Em6
 .  ,     :     .     .     .
-------||------------------------||
-------||*----------------------*||
---00-0||-0--0--------------------||
---00-2||-2--2--2--2--2--2--2--2--||
---00-2||*2--2--4--4--5--5--4--4-*||
---00-0||-0--0--0--0--0--0--0--0--||
```

```
         E
Ain't it hard to stumble

And land in some funny lagoon?
         A
Ain't it hard to stumble
                          E
And land in some muddy lagoon?
                      B7
Especially when it's nine below zero
    A (n.c.)                        E
And   three o'clock in the afternoon.

Ain't gonna hang no picture,
Ain't gonna hang no picture frame.
Ain't gonna hang no picture,
Ain't gonna hang no picture frame.
Well, I might look like Robert Ford
But I feel just like a Jesse James.

Well, I wish I was on some
Australian mountain range.
Oh, I wish I was on some
Australian mountain range.
I got no reason to be there, but I
Imagine it would be some kind of change.

I got my dark sunglasses,
I got for good luck my black tooth.
I got my dark sunglasses,
I'm carryin' for good luck my black tooth.
Don't ask me nothin' about nothin',
I just might tell you the truth.

I got a woman in Jackson,
I ain't gonna say her name.
I got a woman in Jackson,
```

```
I ain't gonna say her name.
She's a brown-skin woman,
but I love her just the same.
```

Outtake version

Released as a



```
Ain't it hard to stumble
On the black side of the lagoon?
'specially when it's nine below zero
And   three o'clock in the afternoon.

Ain't gonna hang no picture,
Ain't gonna hang no picture frame.
Well, I might look like Robert Ford
But I feel like Jesse James.

Well, I wish I was on some
Austrian mountain range.
Well, I got no reason to be there, but I
Imagine it would be some kind of change.

Well I paid fifteen cents,
I didn't care if I was right or wrong
Then I saddled up a night-mare,
and I rode her all night long

I got a girl in Jackson,
I ain't gonna say her name.
She's a brown-skin woman,
but I love her just the same.
```

On the Road Again

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
A

        A
Well, I wake up in the morning

There's frogs inside my socks

Your mama, she's a-hidin'

Inside the icebox
     D
Your daddy walks in wearin'
                                A
A Napoleon Bonaparte mask
         E
Then you ask why I don't live here
D                            A
Honey, do you have to ask?

Well, I go to pet your monkey
I get a face full of claws
I ask who's in the fireplace
And you tell me Santa Claus
The milkman comes in
He's wearing a derby hat
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, how come you have to ask me that?

Well, I asked for something to eat
I'm hungry as a hog
So I get brown rice, seaweed
And a dirty hot dog
I've got a hole
Where my stomach disappeared
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, I gotta think you're really weird.

Your grandpa's cane
It turns into a sword
Your grandma prays to pictures
That are pasted on a board
Everything inside my pockets
Your uncle steals
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, I can't believe that you're for real.

Well, there's fist fights in the kitchen
They're enough to make me cry
The mailman comes in
```

Even he's gotta take a side
Even the butler
He's got something to prove
Then you ask why I don't live here
Honey, how come you don't move?

Bob Dylan's 115th Dream

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G
      G      C/g    G
I was riding on the Mayflower
When I thought I spied some land . . . [ha, ha, ha]

[Start again:]

G

      G      C/g    G
I was riding on the Mayflower

When I thought I spied some land

I yelled for Captain Arab

I have yuh understand
         C
Who came running to the deck

Said, "Boys, forget the whale
     G
Look on over yonder

Cut the engine, change the sail
D
Haul on the bowline"

We sang that melody
     G
Like all tough sailors do

When they are far away at sea

"I think I'll call it America"
I said as we hit land
I took a deep breath
I fell down, I could not stand
Captain Arab he started
Writing up some deeds
He said, "Let's set up a fort
And start buying the place with beads"
Just then this cop comes down the street
Crazy as a loon
He throw us all in jail
For carryin' harpoons

Ah me I busted out
```

Don’t even ask me how
I went to get some help
I walked by a Guernsey cow
Who directed me down
To the Bowery slums
Where people carried signs around
Saying, "Ban the bums"
I jumped right into line
Sayin’, "I hope that I’m not late"
When I realized I hadn’t eaten
For five days straight

I went into a restaurant
Lookin’ for the cook
I told them I was the editor
Of a famous etiquette book
The waitress he was handsome
He wore a powder blue cape
I ordered some suzette, I said
"Could you please make that crepe"
Just then the whole kitchen exploded
From boilin’ fat
Food was flying everywhere
And I left without my hat

Now, I didn’t mean to be nosy
But I went into a bank
To get some bail for Arab
And all the boys back in the tank
They asked me for some collateral
And I pulled down my pants
They threw me in the alley
When up comes this girl from France
Who invited me to her house
I went, but she had a friend
Who knocked me out
And robbed my boots
And I was on the street again

Well, I rapped upon a house
With the U.S. flag upon display
I said, "Could you help me out
I got some friends down the way"
The man says, "Get out of here
I’ll tear you limb from limb"
I said, "You know they refused Jesus, too"
He said, "You’re not Him
Get out of here before I break your bones
I ain’t your pop"
I decided to have him arrested
And I went looking for a cop

I ran right outside
And I hopped inside a cab
I went out the other door
This Englishman said, "Fab"
As he saw me leap a hot dog stand

And a chariot that stood
Parked across from a building
Advertising brotherhood
I ran right through the front door
Like a hobo sailor does
But it was just a funeral parlor
And the man asked me who I was

I repeated that my friends
Were all in jail, with a sigh
He gave me his card
He said, "Call me if they die"
I shook his hand and said goodbye
Ran out to the street
When a bowling ball came down the road
And knocked me off my feet
A pay phone was ringing
It just about blew my mind
When I picked it up and said hello
This foot came through the line

Well, by this time I was fed up
At tryin' to make a stab
At bringin' back any help
For my friends and Captain Arab
I decided to nip a coin
Like either heads or tails
Would let me know if I should go
Back to ship or back to jail
So I hocked my sailor suit
And I got a coin to flip
It came up tails
It rhymed with sails
So I made it back to the ship

Well, I got back and took
The parkin' ticket off the mast
I was ripping it to shreds
When this coastguard boat went past
They asked me my name
And I said, "Captain Kidd"
They believed me but
They wanted to know
What exactly that I did
I said for the Pope of Eruke
I was employed
They let me go right away
They were very paranoid

Well, the last I heard of Arab
He was stuck on a whale
That was married to the deputy
Sheriff of the jail
But the funniest thing was
When I was leavin' the bay
I saw three ships a-sailin'
They were all heading my way

```
I asked the captain what his name was
And how come he didn't drive a truck
He said his name was Columbus
I just said, "Good luck."
```

Mr. Tambourine Man

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965), *Greatest Hits* (1967) and *Biograph* (1985), and in live versions on *Budokan* (1978), *Live 1966* (1998), *Live 1975* (2002), and *Live 1964* (2004)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

***Bringing It All Back Home* version**

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e')
Capo 3nd fret

Chords:

```
D       000232
Dsus4   000233
Dsus2   000230
G       020033
A       x02220 or 202220
Asus4   x02230 or 202230
Asus2   x02200 or 202200
Em      222000
```

```
|: D        D Dsus2 D :|

     G        A               D               G
     Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
             D               G               A         Asus4 A
     I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
     G        A               D               G
     Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
            D             G                A         D   Dsus4 D Dsus2 D
     In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

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

     Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
     I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
     Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
     In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.
```

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 dancing spell my way,
I promise to go under it.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

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 chasing.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

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 waving 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.

Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.

Live 1964 and Live 1966 versions

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e′)
Capo 2nd fret
Chords as above.

```
|: D        D Dsus4 D :|

G        A               D               G
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
        D               G     Em        A         Asus4 A
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
G        A               D               G
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
```

```
       D             G       Em        A         D   Dsus4 D Dsus2 D
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.
```

Live 1975 version

The chords aren't exactly the same from verse to verse. The Em is frequently skipped over.

```
C  Csus4 C

F        G              C      Em       F
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
        C     (Em)       Dm    F         G         C/g G
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
F        G              C      Em         F
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
       C     (Em)    Dm      F         G         C      Csus4   C
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.
```

Budokan version (March 1978)

```
  F                   G                  C                   F
  :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .      :    .   .   .      :   .    .   .
|--------------------|-----------------|--------------------|--------------------|
|-13------13---12-12-|---10--10--8-----|--8-10---8----------|--------------------|
|-14------14---12-12-|---10--10--9-----|--9-10---9---9------|------------------9-|
|--------------------|-----------------|-10---------10---10-|------10-10-12---10-|
|--------------------|-----------------|-------------------8-|-------8--8-10------|
|--------------------|-----------------|--------------------|--------------------|

  C                  F                 G
  :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|------------------|-----------------|---------------3-|-----------------|
|---8---8---8---10-|-----8---6-5---5-|-----3-3---------|-----3---------3-|
|---9---9---9---10-|-----9---7-5---5-|-----4-4---------|-4h5---5-4---4---|
|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------5-----|
|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

F        G              C              F
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
        C               F              G
I'm not sleepy and there is no place I'm going to.
F        G              C              F
Hey! Mr. Tambourine Man, play a song for me,
       C            F                 G         C
In the jingle jangle morning I'll come followin' you.
```

1995 Acoustic version, intro

Based on the version from Brixton, 30 March 1995

```
  F                G                C                F
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-1---1---1---1---|-----0-----------|-----1-----------|-1---1---1---1---|
|-2---2---2---0---|-----0-----------|-----0-----------|-2---2---2---0---|
|-3---3---3---2---|-----0-----------|-----2---0---2---|-3---3---3---0---|
|-----------------|---------0---2---|-3---------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-3---------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  C                F   C            G                G7
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----1-----------|-1---1---1---1---|-----0---------0-|-----0---0---0---|
|-----0-----------|-2---0---0---0---|-----0-------0---|-----0---0---0---|
|-----2---0---2---|-3---2---0---2---|-----0---0h2-----|-3---------------|
|-3---------------|-------------3---|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-3---------------|-----------------|

  F                G                C                F
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-1---1---1---1---|-----0-----------|-----1-----------|-1--(1---1---1)--|
|-2---2---0---0---|-----0-----------|-----0-----------|-2--(2---2---2)--|
|-3---3---2---0---|-----0-----------|-----2---0---2---|-3--(3---3---3)--|
|-----------------|---------0---2---|-3---------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-3---------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  C                F   C            Gsus4            C
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----1-----------|-1---1---1---1---|-----1-----------|--------light----|
|-----0-----------|-2---0---0---0---|-----0-----------|------strumming--|
|-----2---0---2---|-3---2---0---2---|-----0-----------|-----------------|
|-3---------------|-------------3---|-----------------|-3---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-3---------------|-----------------|

  C                                                    F
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||-----1-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||-----2-----------| etc
|---------3---2---|-----------------|---------0---2---||-3-------2---0---|
|-3---------------|-3---------------|-----------------||-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|
```

Gates of Eden

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965), and in a live version on *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
G       320003 or 320033 (before Cadd9)
C/g     3x2013
Bm'     x04430
Bb'     xx3330  or x03330
Cadd9   x32033
```

The exact chord progression of the last two lines varies somewhat from verse to verse, but the version in verse 4 is the default for the rest of the song.

```
G

   G                Dm
Of war and peace the truth just twists
    F      C       G         C/g  G
Its curfew gull it glides
  G             Dm
Upon four-legged forest clouds
    F      C     G        C/g  G
The cowboy angel rides
         G      Bm'   Am     G
With his candle lit into the sun
           G     Bm'        C          D
Though its glow is waxed in black
G               Bm'       Am       G       C/g
All except when 'neath the trees of Eden

The lamppost stands with folded arms
Its iron claws attached
To curbs 'neath holes where babies wail
Though it shadows metal badge
All and all can only fall
       Bm'          Am          C        D
With a crashing but meaningless blow
   G          Bb'            C        G
No sound ever comes from the Gates of Eden

The savage soldier sticks his head in sand
And then complains
Unto the shoeless hunter who's gone deaf
But still remains
Upon the beach where hound dogs bay
At ships with tattooed sails
G               Cadd9    G
Heading for the Gates of Eden

With a time-rusted compass blade
```

```
Aladdin and his lamp
Sits with Utopian hermit monks
Side saddle on the Golden Calf
And on their promises of paradise
    Am              C        D
You will not hear a laugh
G            Bb'      C        G
All except inside the Gates of Eden

Relationships of ownership
They whisper in the wings
To those condemned to act accordingly
And wait for succeeding kings
And I try to harmonize with songs
The lonesome sparrow sings
There are no kings inside the Gates of Eden

The motorcycle black madonna
Two-wheeled gypsy queen
And her silver-studded phantom cause
The gray flannel dwarf to scream
As he weeps to wicked birds of prey
Who pick up on his bread crumb sins
And there are no sins inside the Gates of Eden

The kingdoms of Experience
In the precious wind they rot
While paupers change possessions
Each one wishing for what the other has got
And the princess and the prince
Discuss what's real and what is not
It doesn't matter inside the Gates of Eden

The foreign sun, it squints upon
A bed that is never mine
As friends and other strangers
From their fates try to resign
Leaving men wholly, totally free
To do anything they wish to do but die
And there are no trials inside the Gates of Eden

At dawn my lover comes to me
And tells me of her dreams
With no attempts to shovel the glimpse
Into the ditch of what each one means
At times I think there are no words
But these to tell what's true
And there are no truths outside the Gates of Eden
```

Live version from the Halloween Show (Philharmonic Hall, Oct 31 1964)

```
G . Dm . . . F . C . G . . .

   G                 Dm
Of war and peace the truth it twists
```

```
    C      F         G         C/g  G
Its curfew gull just glides
  G              Dm
Upon four-legged forest clouds
    F            G        C/g  G
The cowboy angel rides
         G      Bm'   Am     G
With his candle lit into the sun
           Bm'     Am       C          D
Though its glow is waxed in black
G                Bb'       Am       G       C/g
All except when 'neath the trees of Eden
```

Occasionally the following figure (or some variation of it) is played between verses or lines, replacing the G – C/g – G turn (only the changes are noted, and the F must be played with the thumb in order for the little figure to be playable):

```
  G          F                          D
  |  .  .    |   .   .     |   .   .     |   .   .
|-3--------|-1-----------|-1-----------|-2-----------|-
|-0--------|-1-----------|-1-----------|-3-----------|-
|-0--------|-2-----0-2-0-|-2-----0-2-0-|-2-----------|-
|-0--------|-3-----------|-3-----------|-0-----------|-
|-2--------|-3-----------|-3-----------|-0-----------|-
|-3--------|-1-----------|-1-----------|-2-----------|-
```

And the D in the penultimate line is often played in the same manner:

```
  |   .   .     |   .   .     |   .   .     |
|-2-----0-2-0-|-2-----0-2-0-|-2-----0-2-0-|-2--
|-3-----3-3-3-|-3-----3-3-3-|-3-----3-3-3-|-3--
|-2-----0-2-0-|-2-----0-2-0-|-2-----0-2-0-|-2--
|-0-----------|-0-----------|-0-----------|-0--
|-------------|-------------|-------------|----
|-------------|-------------|-------------|----
```

Live version from 1988, various locations

Chords:

```
G         320033
Dmadd4/f  xx3233
Cadd9     x32033
G6        xx5430
D'/f#     xx4030
C         x32010
```

```
   G                Dmadd4/f
Of war and peace the truth just twists
    Cadd9           G
Its curfew gull just glides
  G              Dmadd4/f
Upon four-legged forest clouds
```

```
    Cadd9        G
The cowboy angel rides
         G      D'/f# C(/e)  G(/d)
With his candle lit into the sun
           C       /b       Am
Though its glow is waxed in black
G              Dmadd4/f   Cadd9    G
All except when 'neath the trees of Eden
```

It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1966) and in live versions on *Before the Flood* (1974), *Budokan* (1978) and *Live 1964* (2004)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Album version

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e')
capo 2nd fret (sounding key E minor)

Chords:

```
D      000232
G/b    02003x (or -0 or -3)
Csus2  030030
Bb6    01003x
F/d    000211
G/d    000433
A      202220
```

```
   |   .   .   .      |   .   .   .
|--1--/3-------1----|(2)--------------|-
|.-1--/3-------1----|-3---3-3-3-3-3--.|-
|--2--/4-------2----|-2---2-2-2-2-2---|-
|--0---0-------0----|-0---0-0-0-0-0---|-
|.-0---0-------0----|-0---0-0-0-0-0--.|-
|--0---0-------0----|-0---0-0-0-0-0---|-
```

```
G/b
Darkness at the break of noon
D
Shadows even the silver spoon
    Csus2
The handmade blade, the child's balloon
G/b
Eclipses both the sun and moon
   Bb6
To understand you know too soon
                     D
There is no sense in trying.

Pointed threats, they bluff with scorn
Suicide remarks are torn
From the fool's gold mouthpiece
The hollow horn plays wasted words
Proves to warn
That he not busy being born
Is busy dying.

Temptation's page flies out the door
```

You follow, find yourself at war
Watch waterfalls of pity roar
You feel to moan but unlike before
You discover
That you'd just be
One more person crying.

```
          D           A
     So don't fear if you hear
       D                    G/b
     A foreign sound to your ear
     D    A  G/b   A            D
     It's alright, Ma, I'm only sighing.
```

As some warn victory, some downfall
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 nothing 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 looking 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.

An' though the rules of the road have been lodged
It's only people's games that you got to dodge
And it's alright, Ma, I can make it.

Advertising signs that con you
Into thinking you're the one
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 nothing 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 fergit
That it is not he or she or them or it
That you belong to.

Although the masters make the rules
For the wise men and the fools
I got nothing, Ma, to live up to.

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 on principles baptized
To strict party platform ties
Social clubs in drag disguise
Outsiders they can freely criticize
Tell nothing except who to idolize
And then 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't please him.

Old lady judges watch people in pairs
Limited in sex, they dare
To push fake morals, 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 have 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.
```

Before the Flood version

Same as above, except that the fourth verse is omitted, and that the audience is more noisy after the second.

Budokan version

It's hard to tell if there is an A major involved in the A minor as well. There probably is.

```
|: Am Am    C   D C  :|

Am
  Darkness at the break of noon
C
  Shadows even the silver spoon
    D
The handmade blade, the child's balloon
F
Eclipses both the sun and moon
   E
To understand you know too soon
                     Am Am
There is no sense in trying.

...

          Am          E
     So don't fear if you hear
       A                    D
     A foreign sound to your ear
     A    E  D     D            Am Am
     It's alright, Ma, I'm only sighing.

     ...
```

30th Anniversary Celebration version

The song itself is played as the album version, but there is an instrumental verse at the end, which is worth looking at.

Chords for the final instrumental verse:

```
  G/d  D   C   G   Bb  D
|-/7--(7)--0---3---6---2------
|-/8---7---1---3---6---3------
|-/7---7---0---4---7---2------
|--0---0---2---5---8---0------
|----------3---5---8---0------
|----------------------0------
```

```
  D                A                                 D
  : , . , . , . ,   :   ,   .   ,   .   ,   .   ,     :   .   .   .
|-5---------------|---------------------------------|-2-------5-------|
|-7---------------|-2-------------------------------|-3-------7-------|
|-7---------------|-2-------------------------------|-2-------7-------|
|-7---------------|-2-----------2-----------2-------|-0---------------|
|-0---------------|-0-------3h4-----0---3h4---------|-0---------------|
|-0---------------|---------------------------------|-0---------------|
```

```
  G                D   A   D   G/b
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .        .   .   .
|-3---------------|-2---0---2---3--------3-3-------------------------|
|-3---------------|-3---2---3---3--------3-3-------------------------|
|-4---------------|-2---2---2---0--------0-0-------------------------|
|-----------------|-------------0--------0-0-0-2-4-2---0-2-0---2-4-2-0-|
|-----------------|-0---0---0---2--------2-2---------2-------2-0-0-0-0-|
|-----------------|-----------------------------------------------------|
```

```
  D

|---------------10-10-10-10-10-|
|-/7-7-7-7--/7--7--7--7--7--7--|
|-/7-7-7-7--/7--7--7--7--7--7--|
|-/7-7-7-7--/7--7--7--7--7--7--|
|-/9-9-9-9------------------9--|
|--------------------------0--|
```

It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Bringing It All Back Home* (1965) and *Greatest Hits II* (1971), and in live versions on *Live 1966* (1998), *Biograph* (1985) and *Live 1975* (2002)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dropped C tuning (C-A-d-g-b-e')
Capo 4th fret

Chords:

```
C       032010
G7      220001
F       033211 or 003211
Dm      xx0231 or 200231
E       x22100
```

Album version

```
C

G7                                        F          C
You must leave now, take what you need, you think will last.
        G7                          F      C
But whatever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast.
Dm                 F               C
Yonder stands your orphan with his gun,
Dm            F           C
Crying like a fire in the sun.
E                       F      G7
Look out the saints are comin' through
    Dm            F         C
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.

The highway is for gamblers, better use your sense.
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.

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.

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.
```

Live 1966 and *Biograph* version

Same as the above, but with capo on the 2nd fret, and with this little figure going through the whole song, wherever there is a C chord:

```
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .
e-0---0-0---0---0-|-0-----0---0---0--
b-1---1-1---1---1-|-1-----1---1---1--
g-0---0-0---0---0-|-0-----0---0---0--  etc.
d-2---2-2---3---2-|-0h2---2---3---2--
A-3---3-3---3---3-|-3-----3---3---3--
C-0---0-0---0---0-|-0-----0---0---0--
```

Live 1975 version

```
G                                        F          C
You must leave now, take what you need, you think will last.
        G                           F      C
But whatever you wish to keep, you better grab it fast.
Dm                 F               C
Yonder stands your orphan with his gun,
Dm            F           C
Crying like a fire in the sun.
E                              F
Look out the saints are comin' through
    Dm            F         C               *) 1st verse: G
And it's all over now, Baby Blue.
```

6

Highway 61 Revisited

Recorded May 12–August 4, 1965 — Released August 30, 1965

194 Like a Rolling Stone
198 Tombstone Blues
202 It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry
207 From a Buick 6
208 Ballad of a Thin Man
215 Queen Jane Approximately
216 Highway 61 Revisited
218 Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues
220 Desolation Row

Like a Rolling Stone

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965), *Greatest Hits* (1967) and *Biograph* (1985), in an alternate version on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991) and in live versions on *Self Portrait* (1970), *Before the Flood* (1974), *At Budokan* (1978), Unplugged (1995), *Live 1966* (1998), and *No direction home* (2005)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Note the similarity with *She's Your Lover Now.*

Highway 61 Revisited version

```
C                   Dm7
Once upon a time you dressed so fine
    C/e                   F             G
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
C                   Dm7                 C/e
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"
    F                     G
You thought they were all    kiddin' you
F           G
 You used to laugh about
F                  G
 Everybody that was hangin' out
F         C/e  Dm7     C
 Now you don't talk so loud
F         C/e  Dm7     C
 Now you don't seem so proud
      Dm                     F              G
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

                C     F G
     How does it feel
                C     F G
     How does it feel
                    C    F G
     To be without a home
                      C      F G
     Like a complete unknown
                   C       F  G
     Like a rolling stone?

You've gone to the finest school all right, Miss Lonely
But you know you only used to get juiced in it
And nobody has ever taught you how to live on the street
And now you 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 say do you want to make a deal?

     How does it feel
     How does it feel
```

```
     To be on your own
     With no direction home
     Like a complete unknown
     Like a rolling stone?

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 discover that
He really wasn't where it's at
After he took from you everything he could steal.

     How does it feel
     How does it feel
     To be on your own
     With no direction home
     Like a complete unknown
     Like a rolling stone?

Princess on the steeple and all the pretty people
They're drinkin', thinkin' that they got it made
Exchanging all precious gifts
But you'd better take 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 ain't got nothing, you got nothing to lose
You're invisible now, you got no secrets to conceal.

     How does it feel
     How does it feel
     To be on your own
     With no direction home
     Like a complete unknown
     Like a rolling stone?
```

Bootleg Series version

Played on the piano, as always on the black keys, one semitone higher than the guitar-based version.

```
C                   Dm7
Once upon a time you dressed so fine
    C/e                 F             Gsus4        G
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
C                   Dm7                C/e
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"
    F                   Gsus4       G
You thought they were all kiddin' you
F           Gsus4          G
 You used to make fun about
```

```
F                   Gsus4         G
 Everybody that was hangin' out
F         Em   Dm7     C
 Now you don't talk so loud
F         C/e  Dm7     C
 Now you don't seem so proud
      Dm7sus4           Dm7          Gsus4   G
About having to scrounge   your next meal.

                C     F Gsus4 G
     How does it feel
                C     F Gsus4 G
     How does it feel
                      C    F Gsus4
     To be out on your own
      G      C      F Gsus4
     So unknown
            G       G      C F  Gsus4 G
     Like a rolling stone?

     C F  Gsus4 G

["My voice is gone. Wanna try it again?"]
```

Budokan version

Fmaj7 = (1)33210

```
C . Fmaj7 .  [repeat]

C                    Fmaj7
Once upon a time you dressed so fine
          C           Fmaj7          C          Fmaj7 C Fmaj7
Threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
C                    Fmaj7               C
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"
    Fmaj7                 C           Fmaj7 C
You thought they were all kiddin' you
F            G
 You used to laugh about
F                   G
 Everybody that was hangin' out
F        Em    Dm      C
 Now you don't talk so loud
F        Em    Dm      C
 Now you don't seem so proud
      Dm                             F              G
About having to be scrounging around for your next meal.

                C     F G
     How does it feel
                C     F G
     How does it feel
```

```
                C    F G
    To be without a home
                  C       F G
    With no direction home
                  C      F G
    Like a complete unknown
               C       F  G
    Like a rolling stone?
```

Unplugged version

This is also the live version from Isle of Wight, released on Self Portrait, except that there is no capo, the Bm is played more like G/b and the Am may have the character of a C/g with the a provided by the bass (perhaps just a Am7).

Capo 2nd fret (Jackson)

```
G                   Am
Once upon a time you dressed so fine
    Bm                    C              D             Dsus4 D
You threw the bums a dime in your prime, didn't you?
G                   Am                  Bm
People'd call, say, "Beware doll, you're bound to fall"
    C                     D             Dsus4 D
You thought they were all kiddin' you
C            D
 You used to laugh about
C                  D
 Everybody that was hangin' out
C          Bm  Am      G
 Now you don't talk so loud
C          Bm  Am      G
 Now you don't seem so proud
      Am                     C              D
About having to be scrounging for your next meal.

                G     C D
    How does it feel
                G     C D
    How does it feel
                  G     C D
    To be without a home
                  G     C D
    Like a complete unknown
                G        C  D
    Like a rolling stone?
```

Tombstone Blues

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965), *Biograph* (1985) and *No direction home* (2005), and in live versions on *Real Live* (1984) and Unplugged (1995)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem. Solo licks tabbed by Jeff Kokosinsky

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key F♯ major)

```
    E                          A          E
The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course
    E                           A    E
The city fathers they're trying to endorse
    E               A             E
The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse
        E           A          E
But the town has no need to be nervous

The ghost of Belle Starr she hands down her wits
To Jezebel the nun she violently knits
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who sits
At the head of the chamber of commerce

A
Mama's in the fact'ry
          E
She ain't got no shoes
A
Daddy's in the alley
     E
He's lookin' for food
A
I'm in the kitchen *)
                   E
With the tombstone blues

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"

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for food
I'm in the kitchen
With the tombstone blues

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 bar bell he points to the sky
Saying, "The sun's not yellow it's chicken"

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for food
I'm in the kitchen
With the tombstone blues

The king of the Philistines his soldiers to save
Puts 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 blowtorch 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

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for food
I'm in trouble
With the tombstone blues

The geometry of innocent flesh on the bone
Causes Galileo's math book to get thrown
At Delilah who's sitting 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

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for food
I'm in the kitchen
With the tombstone blues

Where Ma Raney 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

Mama's in the fact'ry
She ain't got no shoes
Daddy's in the alley
He's lookin' for the fuse
I'm in the streets
With the tombstone blues
```

---

*) The copyrighted version has "looking for the fuse / I am in the streets"

Solo licks:

```
Main Riff Throughout        w/ the Tombstone Blues...
||--2-----------------|-||-------------------------------|-----------------
||----5----2----2-----|-||-------17^---17^--------------|-----------------
||*-----4^--4^--2---|-||*---16-----16-----16-16^14----|-----------------
||*-----------------4-|-||*---------------------------16-|-----------------
||--------------------|-||-------------------------------|-----------------
||--------------------|-||-------------------------------|-----------------

||------12-----------------------------------|-----------------------------
||--12^---12-12-12-12-10---12^-------------|-----------------------------
||*-----------------------------11-----------|-----------------------------
||*-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------
||---------------------------------14-14^---|-----------------------------
||-----------------------------------------14-|-----------------------------
```

***Real Live* version**

```
    B
The sweet pretty things are in bed now of course

The city fathers they're trying to endorse

The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse
        A                      B
But the town has no need to be nervous

. . .

E
Mama's in the fact'ry
          B
She ain't got no shoes
E
Daddy's in the alley
     B
He's lookin' for food
E
I'm in the kitchen
                   B
With the tombstone blues
```

Unplugged version

(recorded nov 1994)

The G is a bluesy mix of G major and minor (exactly the same used in Viola Lee Blues.

The following riff is played by one of the guitars throughout the song, where there's a line with G.

```
  G
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|---------------1---------|-
|-------------------------|------------23--3--------|-
|--- 3----0---------3--0--|----3----0---------3--0--|-
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-
```

```
    G
The sweet pretty things they're in bed now of course

The city fathers they're trying to endorse

The reincarnation of Paul Revere's horse
        Bb          C          G
But the town has no need to be nervous

The ghost of Belle Starr she hands down her wits
To Jezebel the nun she violently knits
A bald wig for Jack the Ripper who sits
At the head of the chamber of commerce

C
Mama's in the fact'ry
          G
She ain't got no shoes
C
Daddy's in the hallway
G
lookin' for the fuse
C
I'm in the kitchen with the
C   Bb    G
tombstone blues
```

It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965), in different studio versions on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991) and *No Direction Home* (2005), and in a live version on *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Original album version

Capo 1st fret (original key A♭ major)

The G – C/g – G (320003 – 3x2013 – 320003) pattern goes through the whole song. One could play just a sustained G as well. The change of this pattern that I've indicated in lines 2 and 4 is mainly to get an approximation to what the second guitar plays there. Likewise, in the last line there seems to be very little activity – maybe there should be just a G all through it.

In later years, the song has been played as a slow, electric blues.

Intro and recurring riff:

```
      G     C/g   G     C/g
  .   :     .     .     .
|---|---------3-------------3-|-
|---|---------1-------------1-|-
|---|-------0---0-----------0-|- etc.
|---|-0---0-2---2-0---0-2---2-|-
|-0-|-2---2-x---x-2---2-x---x-|-
|-0-|-3---3-3---3-3---3-3---3-|-
```

```
        G         C/g        G    C/g
Well, I ride on a mailtrain, baby,
G7      C/g    G      C/g G C/g G
  Can't buy a  thrill.
      C/g       G   C/g G    C/g
Well, I've been up all night,
G             C/g    G
Leanin' on the window sill.
      G    G7(/f)
Well, if I die
   C/e        D    Dsus4 D
On top of the hill
    G  C/g     G   C/g
And if I don't make it,
G    C/g     G C/g G
 You know my baby  will.

Don't the moon look good, mama,
Shinin' through the trees?
Don't the brakeman look good, mama,
Flagging down the "Double E"?
Don't the sun look good
Goin' down over the sea?
Don't my gal look fine
When she's comin' after me?
```

```
Now the wintertime is coming,
The windows are filled with frost.
I went to tell everybody,
But I could not get across.
Well, I wanna be your lover, baby,
I don't wanna be your boss.
Don't say I never warned you
When your train gets lost.
```

No Direction Home version

```
Well, I ride on a mailtrain, mama,
Can't buy no thrill.
I've been up all night, baby,
Leanin' on the window sill.
But if I die
On top of the hill
And if I don't make it,
You know my baby  will.

Ah, don't the sun look good, baby,
Coming down through the trees?
Don't the ghost child look good, mama,
Sittin' on this mad-man's knee?
Don't the moon look good
Goin' down over the sea?
Don't my gal look fine
When she's runnin' after me?

Well I just been to the baggage room
where the engineer he's been tossed
Oh, I stamped on 40 compasses,
God knows what they cost
Well, I wanna be your lover, baby,
I don't wanna be your boss.
And I can't help it
if this train gets lost.
```

Bootleg Series version

Uptempo electric blues with Dylan at the piano (presumably – it sounds like him, and none of the guitars do). The most appropriate way to play it on a guitar would be with a capo on the 4th fret (or with barr chords), as in the following tab.e chords), as in the following tab.

The accompaniment figure would then be:

```
  E           E6            E7          E6
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-2-----2-----4-----4-----|-5-----5-----4-----4------|
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0------|
```

The solo guitar plays this little lick at the end of each two-bar period (during the E-E6-E7-E6, that is):

```
     (E6)          (E)
      .     .       :     .
------------------|------------
------------------|------------
------------------|------------
---b8r6---4-------|------------
------------6---4-|-6----------
------------------|------------
```

(b8r6 means that the string is struck in bent position, two semitones, as if played on the 8th fret, then released to normal position, on the 6th fret).

```
        E         E6         E7    E6
Well, I ride on a mailtrain, baby,
E E6    E7      E6     |: E E6 E7 E6 :|
  Can't buy no thrill.
               E     E6      E7     E6
Yes, I've been up all night, baby
E       E6    E7 E6  |: E E6 E7 E6 :|
Leanin' on the   window sill.
         E    E7/d
Yes, but if I die
   A/c#       B
On top of the hill
      E E6     E7      E6
And if I don't make it,
E E6       E7 E6       |: E E6 E7 E6 :| x4
  You know my baby will.
```

Bangla Desh Concert version

Great (almost) solo acoustic version, played at the Concert for Bangla Desh, Aug 1, 1971 (Us release Dec 20, 1971)

Chords:

```
G/d      xx043x
Eo'      xx032x
D7       xx021x
G/d(iii) xx0433 (half-bar chord)
D7(iii)  xx0535
G7/f     120003
```

```
Intro and recurring riff:          "Can't buy a thrill" figure:

  G     C/g G       C/g G          G/d         Eo'   D7
  :     .     .     .              :     .     .     .
|-3---3-3---3-3---3-3---3-|      |-------------------------|-3---       the bass plays an
|-0---0-1---0-0---0-1---0-|      |-3---3-3---3-2-----1-----|-0---       ascending d-e-f#-g here)
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|      |-4---4-4---4-3-----2-----|-0---
|-0---0-2---0-0---0-2---0-|      |-0-----------0-----0-----|-0--- etc.
|-2---2-----2-2---2-----2-|      |-------------------------|-2---
|-3---3-3---3-3---3-3---3-|      |-------------------------|-3---
                                          can't buy   a       thrill

"Top of the hill" figure:

  G           G7/f        C/e           D           G/d(iii)      D7(iii)     D
  :     .     .     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-3-----------3-----------0-----------|-2---2-2---2-3---3-3---3-|-5-5-5-5---5-2---2-2---2-|
|-0-----------0-----------1-----------|-3---3-3---3-3---3-3---3-|-3-3-3-3---3-3---3-3---3-|
|-0-----------0-----------0-----------|-2---2-2---2-4---4-4---4-|-5-3-5-5---5-2---2-2---2-|
|-0-----------0-----------2-----------|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|
|-2-----------2-----------3-----------|-------------------------------------------------|
|-3-----------1-----------0-----------|-------------------------------------------------|
  If  I       die      on top   of the  hill
```

```
       G
Well, I ride a mailtrain, baby,
G/d     Eo' D7 G
  Can't buy a  thrill.
               G
Well, I've been up all night,
G/d            Eo' D7 G
Leanin' on the window sill.
      G    G7/f
Well, if I die
   C/e        D    G/d(iii)  D7(iii)  D
On top of the hill
       G
And if I don't make it,
             G/d D7    G
 You know my baby   will.
```

A variant for the "can't buy a thrill" figure in subsequent verses is:

```
|-7---7-7---7-6---6-5---5-|-3--
|-------------------------|-0--
|-7---7-7---7-6---6-5---5-|-0-- etc.
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-0--
|-------------------------|-2--
|-------------------------|-3--
```

Rolling Thunder Revue version

See the Bangla Desh version for intro and recurring riff and for the basic outline of the "top of the hill" figure.

```
        G
Well, I ride a mailtrain, baby,
G       C   C G
  Can't buy a thrill.
               G
Well, I've been up all night,
G              C  C   G
Leanin' on the window sill.
      G    G7/f  *)                              *) could be played G7sus4/f (xx3013)
Well, if I die                                     or plain F instead
   C/e        D    G/d(iii)  D7(iii)  D
On top of the hill
       G
And if I don't make it,
            C C  G
You know my baby will.
```

From a Buick 6

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C
          C
I got this graveyard woman, you know she keeps my kid

But my soulful mama, you know she keeps me hid
F                                                C
She's a junkyard angel and she always gives me bread
          G                                                          C
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

Well, when the pipeline gets broken and I'm lost on the river bridge
I'm cracked up on the highway and on the water's edge
She comes down the thruway ready to sew me up with thread
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

Well, she don't make me nervous, she don't talk too much
She walks like Bo Diddley and she don't need no crutch
She keeps this four-ten all loaded with lead
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.

Well, you know I need a steam shovel mama to keep away the dead
I need a dump truck mama to unload my head
She brings me everything and more, and just like I said
Well, if I go down dyin', you know she bound to put a blanket on my bed.
```

Ballad of a Thin Man

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965) and in live versions on *Before the Flood* 1974), *At Budokan* (1978), *Real Live* (1984), *Live 1966* (1998), and *No direction home* (2005).
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Piano song, original key B minor. Here's a guitar version in Am, which is what he usually plays these days. The Dm can be played x03230, which makes the transition between Am and Dm quite smooth. I'm quite certain I've heard him play that himself, just can't remember where/when.

The chords of the initial descending bass line can be played with a sustained Am and a descending bass, or as in the more elaborate Budokan version (see below).

In the second verse (at least) there is a "d" sounding in the F of the last line, which would make it an F6 or a Dm/f.

The intro then goes like this:

```
      Am            Dm  Am
      |      .     .     .
|---|--------0---0-0---0-------|---
|---|.-------1---1-3---1------.|---
|---|--------2---2-2---2-------|---
|---|--------2---2-3---2-------|--- etc
|---|.0-----------------------.|-0-
|-0-|-------------------------0-|---
```

Or in a rhythm from the Never-Ending Tour (1995; in 1998 he's back to the version above):

```
      Am            Dm  Am   Dm            Am
      |      .   , .   , .   ,   |     .     .     .
|---|--------0---0-0---0-----0-|-----------0-------------|-
|---|.-------1---1-3---1-----3-|-----------1------------.|-
|---|--------2---2-2---2-----2-|-----------2-------------|-
|---|--------2---2-3---2-----3-|-----------2-------------|-
|---|.0-----------------------|-----------------------.|-
|-0-|-------------------------|-------------------------|-
```

Album version

Capo 2nd fret

```
Am
You walk into the room
/g#
With your pencil in your hand
/g
You see somebody naked
       /f#
And you say, "Who is that man?"
F
You try so hard
```

```
        Dm
But you don't understand
C                   Em
Just what you will say
             Am
When you get home
  C                   Em
Because something is happening here
        Am
But you don't know what it is
F               Am
Do you, Mister Jones?

You raise up your head *)
And you ask, "Is this where it is?"
And somebody points to you and says
"It's his"
And you say, "What's mine?"
And somebody else says, "Where what is?"
And you say, "Oh my God
Am I here all alone?"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You hand in your ticket
And you go watch the geek
Who immediately walks up to you
When he hears you speak
And says, "How does it feel
To be such a freak?"
And you say, "Impossible"
As he hands you a bone

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

      Am
      You have many contacts
      C
      Among the lumberjacks
         F
      To get you facts
                                    Am
      When someone attacks your imagination

      But nobody has any respect
      C
      Anyway they already expect you
         F
      To just give a check
         Dm                          G         (/g#)
      To tax-deductible charity organizations

You've been with the professors
```

And they've all liked your looks
With great lawyers **) you have
Discussed lepers and crooks
You've been through all of
F. Scott Fitzgerald's books
You're very well read
It's well known

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to you
And then he kneels
He crosses himself
And then he clicks his high heels
And without further notice
He asks you how it feels ***)
And he says, "Here is your throat back
Thanks for the loan"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Now you see this one-eyed midget
Shouting the word "NOW"
And you say, "For what reason?"
And he says, "How?"
And you say, "What does this mean?"
And he screams back, "You're a cow
Give me some milk
Or else go home"

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is ****)
Do you, Mister Jones?

Well, you walk into the room
Like a camel and then you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket
And your nose on the ground
There ought to be a law
Against you comin' around
You should be made
To wear earphones *****)

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Lyric variations from *Live 1966*

*) "You walk in so politely"
*) "With lawyers and scholars"
**) ""He *tells* you how it feels"
***) "Yes, and now you're positive something's happening, and you wish you knew what it was. Don't you, Mr Jones?"
****) "You should be made to be wearing at all times a telephone''. Other variants: "Next time you do, please remember to telephone''

Most live versions are faithful to the album version. The variations (apart from the placement of the capo – usually 1st or 2nd fret or no capo) occur in two places: the "what you will say when you get home'' line, where most versions incorporate the intro figure, and the end of the bridge ("tax deductible charity organizations''), where at least *Real Live* strongly emphasizes the chromatic bass line G-G♯-A.

Before the flood version (1974)

```
Am                Em
what you're gonna say
             Am
When you get home
```

Budokan version (1978)

Chords:

```
Am    002210
E+    022110
C/g   332010
D9    xx0210 or x54530 or x54550
```

Capo 2nd fret

```
Am
You walk into the room
E+
With your pencil in your hand
C/g
You see somebody naked
              D9
And you say, "Who is that man?"
F
You try so hard
        Dm
But you don't understand
Am                     Em
just what you're gonna say
             Am     Am Am Dm Am (=intro figure)
When you get home
C             Em/b
 something is happening
```

```
        Am                    C/g
But you don't know what it is
F       Dm     Am     Am Am Dm Am (=intro figure)
Do you, Mister Jones?

You sneak in through the window
And you say, "Is this where it is?"
somebody points his finger at you and says
"It's his"
And you say, "What's mine?"
someone else says, "Where what is?"
you say, "Oh my God
Am I here all alone?"

Something is happening
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You hand in your ticket
to go see the geek
Who walks up to ya
When he hears you speak
And says, "How does it feel
To be such a freak?"
And you say, "Impossible"
As he hands you a bone

something is happening
and you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

     Am
     You have many contacts
     C
     Among the lumberjacks
        F
     To get you facts
                                  Am       Am Am Dm Am
     When someone attacks your imagination ('ma-gi-na-tion)

     But noone has any respect
     C
     Anyway they just expect you
        F
     To hand over your check to
     Dm                           G
     tax-deductible charity organizations

Well, the sword swallower, he comes up to you
And then he kneels
He crosses himself
And then he clicks his high heels
And without further notice
asks you how it feels
And says, "Here is your throat back
Thanks for the loan"
```

```
something is happening
and you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

You crawl into the room
Like a camel and then you frown
You put your eyes in your pocket
And you put your nose on the ground
There ought to be a law
Against you comin' around
You gotta be made
To be wearing a telephone

Because something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?
```

Real Live version (1984)

```
Am
You walk into the room
/g#
With your pencil in your hand
/g
You see somebody naked
       /f#
And you say, "Who is that man?"
F
You try so hard
        Dm
But you don't understand
Am                Dm/f Am
what you're gonna say
                  Am Dm/f Am   (intro figure)
When you get home
  C                  Em/b
Because something is happening here
        Am                C/g
But you don't know what it is
F       Dm     Am     (intro figure)
Do you, Mister Jones?

. . .

   Dm                           G  .  .  .  E/g# (or just E)
To tax-deductible charity organizations
```

Recent live versions (ca. 1995)

```
Am                Dm/f Am
what you're gonna say
```

```
                  Am Dm/f Am (=intro figure)
When you get home
```

Last lines:

```
        Am                 C/g
But you don't know what it is
F       Dm     Am     (intro figure)
Do you, Mister Jones?
```

Queen Jane Approximately

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
F . . . |Em . Dm . |C . Csus4 . |C . .

          F      Em         Dm           C       Csus4 C
When your mother sends back all your invitations
         F              Em     Dm   G        /f /e /d
And your father to your sister he explains
            C            F                    C        (/c /b /bb) Am
That you're tired of yourself and all of your creations
C/g            F/g           C       F
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
C              F(/g)         C
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all of the flower ladies want back what they have lent you
And the smell of their roses does not remain
And all of your children start to resent you
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all the clowns that you have commissioned
Have died in battle or in vain
And you're sick of all this repetition
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

When all of your advisers heave their plastic
At your feet to convince you of your pain
Trying to prove that your conclusions should be more drastic
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?

Now when all the bandits that you turned your other cheek to
All lay down their bandanas and complain
And you want somebody you don't have to speak to
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
Won't you come see me, Queen Jane?
```

Highway 61 Revisited

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965), in an alternate take on *No direction home* (2005), and in live versions on *Before the Flood* (1974) and *Real Live* (1984)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key B♭ major)

```
   A
Oh God said to Abraham, "Kill me a son"

Abe says, "Man, you must be puttin' me on"

God say, "No." Abe say, "What?"

God say, "You can do what you want Abe, but
    D7                                    A
The next time you see me comin' you better run"
     E7
Well Abe says, "Where do you want this killin' done?"
A
God says, "Out on Highway 61."

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.

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.

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.

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.
```

Before the Flood

Same as above, but without the capo.

Real Live

Same as above, but with capo 2nd fret (or no capo and the chords B, E and F♯).

Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Highway 61 Revisited* (1965) and *Greatest Hits II* (1971), from an earlier take on *No direction home* (2005), and live on *Live 1966* (1998)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Intro (more or less): The "Em/d" at the beginning could be played xx0453 as well

```
 Em/d D               D C             C/g G
    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
||--0-2-------------|-2-0-------------|-----------------|-3---------------||
||*-0-3-------------|-3-1-------------|-1-0-------------|-1p0-----------*||
||--0-2-------------|-2-0-------------|-0-0-------------|-0---------------||
||--0-0-------------|-0-2-------------|-2-0-------------|-2p0-------------||
||*-----------------|---3-------------|-x-2-------------|-x-------------*||
||-----------------|-----------------|-3-3-------------|-3-3-------------||
```

```
            G                      C(/g)
When you're lost in the rain in Juarez
                   G
And it's Eastertime too
         G
And your gravity fails
        C(/g)                G      (/g-a-b)
And negativity don't pull you through
      C
Don't put on any airs
                                 G
When you're down on Rue Morgue Avenue
             D
They got some hungry women there
                                G
And they really make a mess outa you


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

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

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

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

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

Desolation Row

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Highway 61 Revisited*, in another studio verision on *No direction home* (2005), and in live versions on *Live 1966* and Unplugged (1995)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Album version

Dropped C tuning (C-A-d-g-b-e′)
Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

I think I've had more requests for the solo part of this song than for all other songs taken together. Here it is.

Chords:

```
C     032010
Csus4 033010
F     003211 or 033211
G     220001 or 220003
```

Intro:

```
  C           Csus4  C
  |   .   .   .      |
|-0---0-0-0---0000-|-0------
|-1---1-1-1---1111.|-1------
|-0---0-0-0---0000-|-0------
|-2---2-2-2---3333-|-2--etc
|-3---3-3-3---3333.|-3------
|-0---0-0-0---0000-|-0------
```

```
               C        F      C
They're selling postcards of the hanging
        F                     C
They're painting the passports brown
    G
The beauty parlor is filled with sailors
F               C
The circus is in town
C
Here comes the blind commissioner
        F           C
They've got him in a trance
           G
One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker
    F              C
The other is in his pants
        F
And the riot squad they're restless
     C                F
They need somewhere to go
```

```
   C               G
As Lady and I look out tonight
     F          C
From Desolation Row

Cinderella, she seems so easy
"It takes one to know one," she smiles
And puts her hands in her back pockets
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 better leave"
And the only sound that's left
After the ambulances go
Is Cinderella sweeping up
On Desolation Row

Now the moon is almost hidden
The stars are beginning to hide
The fortunetelling 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

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

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 drainpipes
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
```

Dr. Filth, he keeps his world
Inside of a leather cup
But all his sexless patients
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

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 spoonfeeding 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 Outa Here If You Don't Know
Casanova is just being punished for going
To Desolation Row"

Now at midnight all the agents
And the superhuman crew
Come out and round up everyone
That knows 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

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

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 mention

```
Yes, I know them, they're quite lame
I had to rearrange their faces
And give them all another name
Right now I can't read too good
Don't send me no more letters no
Not unless you mail them
From Desolation Row
```

No Direction Home version

Basically the same as the Live 1966 version below, with some lyric changes – most notably in the Casanova verse, where the Phantom of the Opera is spoonfeeding him "the boiled guts of birds / then he'll torture him with self confidence / and poison him with words" – and with the distinctive descent d-c-b in the electric guitar (written here as if played by the acoustic guitar):

```
  :   .   .   .
|-2---2-2---------|
|-3---3-3---------|
|-2---2-2---------|  followed by D or A
|-0---0-0---------|
|-0---0-0-3---2---|
|-0---0-0---------|
```

Strumming patterns:

```
Intro:              Song:               Between verses:       or:
  :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .
|-----2---2---0000-||--2---2-2-2---2-2-||--2---2-2-33-32---||--2---2-2-3--0---||
|---x-3---3---3333-||--3---3-3-3---3-3-||--3---3-3-33-33---||--3---3-3-3--3---||
|---x-h2--h2--0000-||--2---2-2-2---2-2-||--2---2-2-22-22---||--2---2-2-2--2---||
|---x---------0000-||--0---0-0-0---0-0-||--0---0-0-0-------||--0---0-0-0--0---||
|-------------3333-||--0---0-0-0---0-0-||--0---0-0-0-------||--0---0-0-0--0---||
|-0----------------||--0---0-0-0---0-0-||--0---0-0-0-------||--0---0-0-0--0---||
```

Live 1966 version

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e′)

Chords:

```
D     000232
G     020033
A     202220
```

```
  D           G     D
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .
|-2---2---2--23-3-|-2-----
|-3---3---3--33-3-|-3-----
|-2---2---2--20-0-|-2--etc
|-0---0---0--00-0-|-0-----
|-0---0---0--02-2-|-0-----
|-0---0---0--00-0-|-0-----
```

```
               D         G      D
They're selling postcards of the hanging
        G                      D
They're painting the passports brown
    A
The beauty parlor is filled with sailors
G                D
The circus is in town
D
Here comes the blind commissioner
        G            D
They've got him in a trance
            A
One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker
    G               D
The other is in his pants
        G
And the riot squad they're restless
     D                 G
They need somewhere to go
   D               A
As Lady and I look out tonight
     G           D
From Desolation Row
```

***Unplugged* version**

The special thing about this version is the rhythm, with a 3-3-2 division of the bar.

```
               D
They're selling postcards of the hanging
        G                      D
They're painting the passports brown
    A
The beauty parlor is filled with sailors
G                D
The circus is in town
D
Here comes the blind commissioner
        G            D
They've got him in a trance
            A
One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker
    G               D
The other is in his pants
        G
And the riot squad they're restless
     D                 G
They need somewhere to go
   D               A
As Lady and I look out tonight
     G           D
From Desolation Row
```

7

Blonde on Blonde

Recorded October 5, 1965–March 10, 1966 — Released May 16, 1966

226 Rainy Day Women #12 & 35
228 Pledging My Time
229 Visions of Johanna
232 One of Us Must Know (Sooner or Later)
234 I Want You
238 Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again
244 Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat
247 Just Like a Woman
255 Most Likely You Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine
257 Temporary Like Achilles
259 Absolutely Sweet Marie
261 4th Time Around
264 Obviously Five Believers
267 Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands

Rainy Day Women #12 & 35

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966) and *Greatest Hits* (1967) and in live versions on *Before the Flood* (1974) and *Unplugged* (1994))
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

I suggest a capo on the first fret for this one.

The B-riff is not used in the album version – just a straight B is played.

```
  E-riff               A-riff              B-riff
  :  .  .  .   :       :  .  .  .   :      :  .  .  .    :
|-4-----3--2-|-0----||-9-----8--7-|-5---||-11----10-9--|-7------
|------------|------||------------|-----||-------------|--------
|-4-----3--2-|-1----||-9-----8--7-|-6---||-11----10-9--|-8------
|------------|------||------------|-----||-------------|--------
|------------|------||------------|-----||-------------|--------
|------------|------||------------|-----||-------------|--------
```

```
             E
Well, they'll stone ya when you're trying to be so good,

They'll stone ya just like they said they would.
        A
They'll stone ya when you're tryin' to go home.
             E
Then they'll stone ya when you're there all alone.
      B
But I would not feel so all alone,
E
Everybody must get stoned.

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

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

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

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

Unplugged version

Played in E without a capo. The descending riffs are played with the chord shapes xxx434, xxx323, xxx212, 022100, and correspondingly on the other scale steps (see tab above).
The lyrics correspond more to what he sings these days. The three verses seem to be there mostly as an excuse for long 12-bar blues jams. Methinks he likes that…

```
They'll stone ya when you're trying to be so good,
They'll stone ya just like they said they would.
Stone ya and they'll say that it's the end.
stone you, they'll be back again.
I would not feel so all alone,
Everybody must get stoned.

Stone ya when you're at the breakfast table.
Stone ya when you are young and able.
Stone ya and they'll say, "good luck."
Stone ya just like you got hit by a truck.
I would not feel so all alone,
Everybody must get stoned.

They'll stone you and they'll be back for more
Stone you and then they'll close the door
stone you and say that it's the end.
stone you and they'll be back again.
I would not feel so all alone,
Everybody must get stoned.
```

Pledging My Time

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
                  A
Well, early in the mornin'

'Til late at night,
               D
I got a poison headache,
               Dm
But I feel all right.
                A        E
I'm pledging my time to you,
                            A    D  A  E
Hopin' you'll come through, too.

Well, the hobo jumped up,
He came down naturally.
After he stole my baby,
Then he wanted to steal me.
But I'm pledging my time to you,
Hopin' you'll come through, too.

Won't you come with me, baby?
I'll take you where you wanna go.
And if it don't work out,
You'll be the first to know.
I'm pledging my time to you,
Hopin' you'll come through, too.

Well, the room is so stuffy,
I can hardly breathe.
Ev'rybody's gone but me and you
And I can't be the last to leave.
I'm pledging my time to you,
Hopin' you'll come through, too.

Well, they sent for the ambulance
And one was sent.
Somebody got lucky
But it was an accident.
Now I'm pledging my time to you,
Hoping you'll come through, too.
```

Visions of Johanna

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966) and in live versions on *Biograph* (1985) and on *Live 1966* (1998)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Below is the album version. The *Live 1966* version is identical, save for the G/b in the last line, which is played as a straight G. (In live versions from the never ending tour, this chord is played as a G6 chord: 320000)

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

```
G   C/g G

         G
Ain't it just like the night
        C                  D               G      C/g G
to play tricks when you're tryin' to be so quiet?
   G
We sit here stranded,
             C             D         G
though we're all doin' our best to deny it
    D
And Louise holds a handful of rain,
                  G         C/g G
temptin' you to defy it
       C                          G
Lights flicker from the opposite loft
   C                              G
In this room the heat pipes just cough
    C                            G
The country music station plays soft
                                              D
But there's nothing, really nothing to turn off
        G           C     D    G
Just Louise and her lover so entwined
          C          G/b          D          G
And these visions of Johanna that conquer my mind


In the empty lot where the ladies play
blindman's bluff with the key chain
And the all-night girls
they whisper of escapades out on the "D" train
We can hear the night watchman click his flashlight
Ask himself if it's him or them that's really insane
Louise, she's all right, she's just near
She's delicate and seems like the mirror                    1)
But she just makes it all too concise and too clear
That Johanna's not here
The ghost of 'lectricity howls in the bones of her face
Where these visions of Johanna
have now taken my place

Now, little boy lost,
```

he takes himself so seriously
He brags of his misery,
he likes to live dangerously
And when bringing her name up
He speaks of a farewell kiss to me 2)
He's sure got a lotta gall
to be so useless and all
Muttering small talk at the wall
while I'm in the hall
How can I explain?
Oh, it's so hard to get on
And these visions of Johanna,
they kept me up past the dawn

Inside the museums,
Infinity goes up on trial
Voices echo this is what
salvation must be like after a while
But Mona Lisa musta had the highway blues
You can tell by the way she smiles
See the primitive wallflower freeze
When the jelly-faced women all sneeze
Hear the one with the mustache say, "Jeeze
I can't find my knees"
Oh, jewels and binoculars hang from the head of the mule
But these visions of Johanna,
they make it all seem so cruel

The peddler now speaks 3)
to the countess who's pretending to care for him
Sayin', "Name me someone that's not a parasite
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, herself, prepares 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
The harmonicas play the skeleton keys and the rain
And these visions of Johanna
are now all that remain

Textual variants in the *No Direction Home* version:

1) Like silk, she seems like the mirror

2) . . . of her farewell . . .

3) Last verse:

The fiddler now plays
for the countess who's pretending to care for him
He says, "Name me someone that's not a parasite
and I'll say a prayer for him"

But like Louise says
"Ya can't look at much, can ya man"
As she, herself, prepares for him
Madonna, she still has not showed
We see the empty cage now corrode
Where her cape of the stage once had flowed
The peddler, he now steps to the road
ev'rything's gone which was owed
he examines the nightingale's code
Still written on the fish truck that loads
my conscience explodes
The harmonicas play the skeleton keys and the rain
And these visions of Johanna
are all that remain

One of Us Must Know (Sooner or Later)

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 5th fret (sounding key F major)
The 2nd guitar is probably playing with a capo on the 1st fret and chords in E major

*) If you include the note in the piano here, you would get a Dm/f chord

In the refrain there is a nice bass line that one can get by playing the chords:

```
C . G/b . |F/a . C/g . |F . C/e . |G
```

BTW, this is the same line as in the refrain of Sad-Eyed Lady.

```
C . . F |C . . F |C . . F |C . . .

  C                       F*) C
I didn't mean to treat you so bad
F             C      (F) G(sus4)      G
You shouldn't take it so personal
  C                      F  C
I didn't mean to make you so sad
F        C          (F) G               (Gsus4-G)
You just happened to be there, that's all
Am                                  Em
When I saw you say "goodbye" to your friend and smile
Dm                          C
I thought that it was well understood
Am                              Em
That you'd be comin' back in a little while
Dm                                   F              G
  I didn't know that you were sayin' "goodbye" for good

          C         G      F              C
     But, sooner or later, one of us must know
     F             C                  G
     That you just did what you're supposed to do
     C         G      F              C
     Sooner or later, one of us must know
     F             C              G
     That I really did try to get close to you

I couldn't see what you could show me
Your scarf had kept your mouth well hid
I couldn't see how you could know me
But you said you knew me and I believed you did
When you whispered in my ear
And asked me if I was leavin' with you or her
I didn't realize just what I did hear
I didn't realize how young you were

     But, sooner or later, one of us must know
```

You just did what you're supposed to do
Sooner or later, one of us must know
That I really did try to get close to you

I couldn't see when it started snowin'
Your voice was all that I heard
I couldn't see where we were goin'
But you said you knew an' I took your word
And then you told me later, as I apologized
That you were just kiddin' me, you weren't really from the farm
An' I told you, as you clawed out my eyes
That I never really meant to do you any harm

But, sooner or later, one of us must know
You just did what you're supposed to do
Sooner or later, one of us must know
That I really did try to get close to you

I Want You

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966), *Greatest Hits* (1967) and *Biograph* (1985), and in live versions on *At Budokan* (1978) and *Dylan & the Dead* (1988)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 5th fret (sounding key F major). I can't guarantee that this is what he's playing, but it's the most convenient key, especially if you want to retain that characteristic little turn that goes through the whole song, which can be played with all the important chords in C major:

```
  C                 Em                Am                G
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .
|-0-0---0---------|-0-0---0---------|-0-0---0---------|-3--
|-1-1---1---------|-0-0---0---------|-1-1---1---------|-0--
|-0-0---0---------|-0-0---0---------|-2-2---2---------|-0--
|-2-2---2-32-0-2--|-2-2---2-32-0-2--|-2-2---2-32-0----|-0--etc
|-3-3---3---------|-2-2---2---------|-0-0---0-------3-|-2--
|-----------------|-0-0---0---------|-----------------|-3--
```

On the album, this lick is played one octave higher (noted relative to capo, although it can of course be played without a capo):

```
  C                 Em                Am                G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---0--0--10---0--|---0--0--10---0--|---0--0--10------|-----------------|
|------------3----|------------3----|------------3--1-|-3--10-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|--------20-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  F                 G                 Am                G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .     .
|-----------------|-----------------|---0---0-10------|------------2nd------|---
|---1--1--10----1-|---3--3--3-1-03--|------------3--1-|-3--10------guitar:--|---
|------------2----|-----------------|-----------------|--------20-----------|-0-
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------023|---
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------------023---|---
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------013------|---
```

The same guitar that plays the swoosh at the end, also plays this, at the C before the verses:

```
  :   .   .   .
|-----------------|---
|-----------------|---
|-----------------|---
|-----------------|---
|---------------03|~--
|-------------03--|---
```

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

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

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

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.
I want you, I want you,
I want you so bad,
Honey, I want you.

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 . . .
I want you, I want you,
I want you so bad,
Honey, I want you.
```

Budokan and Dylan & the Dead versions

The Dylan & the Dead version is a fairly straightforward version in A major (chords: A, C♯m, F♯m, E, D, E, F♯m, E etc.).

Budokan is played – slowly – in E major (Chords: E, G♯m, C♯m, B, A, B, C♯m, B etc.)

Unplugged version (outtake)

If you don't have this one, do yourself the favor of getting it. It's worth it, whichever price you have to pay. (Almost).

Slow and sweet.

```
  C                                   Em                                    Am
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-0--------------|-----------------|-0--------------|-----------------|-0-
|-1--------------|-----------------|-0--------------|-----------------|-1-
|-0--------------|-----------------|-0--------------|-----------------|-2- etc
|-2--------------|---------023-2-0-|-2--------------|---------023-2-0-|-2-
|-3--------------|-----------------3|-2--------------|-----------------3|-0-
|----------------|-----------------|-0--------------|-----------------|---

C
 The guilty undertaker sighs,
                            /b
The lonesome organ grinder cries,
    Am
The silver saxophones say I
G        F         Am   G
should refuse you.
    C
The cracked bells and washed-out horns
                       /b
Blow into my face with scorn,
         Am
But it's not that way, I wasn't born
G    F            Am   G
to lose you.
  C           Em
I want you, I want you,
(E) Am          G
I   want you so bad,
```

```
         C
Honey, I want you.

. . .

         Em
      Now all my fathers, they've gone down
           F
      True love they've been without it.
         Em
      But all their daughters put me down
            F              G
      'Cause I don't think about it.
```

Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966) and *Greatest Hits II* (1971), in a different studio version on *No direction home* (2005), and in a live version on *Hard Rain* (1976)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

Chords:

```
Csus4   033010
G11     3x3211
```

```
|: C   Csus4  C  Csus4 :|

        C            Am
Oh, the ragman draws circles
C                   Am
Up and down the block.
    C                Am
I'd ask him what the matter was
      F                  G
But I know that he don't talk.
        F               C
And the ladies treat me kindly
    Am              C
And furnish me with tape,
    Am             C
But deep inside my heart
  F             C
I know I can't escape.
Em
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
      C       G       F
To be stuck inside of Mobile
C        G11            C
With the Memphis blues again.

  |   .   .   .   ;   .   .   .
|---------------------------------
|-1-------------------------------
|-------3-----0-----3-----1-------
|-----------------------------3---
|---------------------------------
|---------------------------------

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.
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

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."
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

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.
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

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.
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

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."
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

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.
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

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."
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

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.
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
To be stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.
```

No Direction Home version

Capo 4th fret

```
    C               Am
The ragman he draws circles
C/g                 Am
Up and down the block.
    C/g               Am
I'd ask him what the matter was
      F                 G
But I know that he don't talk.
        C               Am
And the ladies treat me kindly
    C/g             Am
They furnish me with tape,
    C/g                 Am
But neither them nor the rainman
    F           C
Can help me to escape
Em
Oh, Mama, this could be the end,
```

```
      C       G       F
I'm stuck down in Mobile
C        G11            C
With the Memphis blues again.
```

```
  C   G/b Am  C/g   G11     C         C   G/b Am  C/g   G11   C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-1---3---1---1---|-----1---1-------|-1---3---1---1---|---1---1---------|
|-0---0---2---0---|-2---2---0-------|-0---0---2---0---|-2-2---0---------|
|-2---0---2---2---|-3---3---2-------|-2---0---2---2---|-3-3---2---------|
|-3---2---0-------|---------3-----35|-3---2---0-------|-------3---------|
|-------------3---|-3---3-------35--|-------------3---|-3-3-------------|
stuck...  Mobile    ...    again
```

```
 :   .   .   .
-----------------|----
-----------------|----
-----------------|----
-----------------|----
-3---3---3-----35|-3--
-------------35--|----
```

Shakespeare'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 talked,
But the post office has been stolen
And the mailbox is locked.
Oh, Mama, this could be the end,
I'm stuck down in Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Mona tried to tell me
To stay away from the train line.
She said, all railroad men
is gonna drink my blood like wine.
An' I said, "Oh, I don't know,
But then again, there's only one I've met
An' he just smoked my eyelids
An' punched my cigarette."
Oh, Mama, this could be the end,
I'm stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Now, Grandpa died last week
He's died in the rocks,
Everybody still talking about
How badly they were shocked.
But me, I expected it,
I knew he'd lost control
When I saw him build a fire on Main Street
And shot it full of holes.
Oh, Mama, this might be the end,
I'm stuck inside of Mobile

With the Memphis blues again.

Now the senator came here
He ever showed his gun,
He's handing out free tickets
To the wedding of his son.
An' I nearly got busted
Wouldn't it be my luck
To be caught without a ticket
And be found beneath a truck.
Oh, Mama, this could be the end,
I'm stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the preacher he was baffled
every time I'd ask why he dressed
With twenty pounds of headlines
Stapled to his chest.
And he'd curse me out
And say ... say not even you
...
...
Oh, Mama, this could be the end,
I'm stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the rainman ... cures,
he ... 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.
Oh, Mama, this could be the end,
I'm stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

Now, Ruthie says come see her
In her honky-tonk lagoon,
Where I can watch her waltz
Beneath her Panamanian moon.
An' I say, "I don't know,
You must know about my debutante."
An' she says, "Your debutante just knows what you need
But I know what you want."
Oh, Mama, this could be the end,
I'm stuck inside of Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.

[hum hum]
. . .
. . .
seems so well timed.
An' here I sit so p...
Waiting to find the price
That you have to pay

```
to get out of going through all these things twice.
Oh, Mama, this might be the end,
I'm stuck inside Mobile
With the Memphis blues again.
```

Hard Rain version

Transcribed for a capo on the 4th fret (sounding key E major)

```
        C            Am
Oh, the ragman draws circles
C                   Am
Up and down the block.
    C                Am
I'd ask him what the matter was
      F                  C
But I know that he don't talk.
        F               C
And the ladies treat me kindly
    F               C
And furnish me with tape,
    F              C
But deep inside my heart
  F             C
I know I can't escape.
Em  C              Em            F   (/g-a-b)
Oh, Mama, can this really be the end,
      C       Em      Am
To be stuck inside of Mobile
C/g      Fmaj7
With the Memphis blues again.
```

Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966), in an alternate take on *No direction home* (2005), and in a live version on *Live 1966* (1998), essentially identical to the album version.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Turnaround:

```
  .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|---9-----8-----7---|-5-----0---0-----------
|-------------------|-------5---5-----------
|-9---9-8---8-7---7-|-6-----7---7-----------
|-------------------|-------6---6-----------
|-------------------|-------7---7-----------
|-------------------|-------0---0-----------
```

```
[1 verse instrumental intro]

        A               D                               A
Well, I see you got your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat
       D                                                A
Yes, I see you got your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat
              E
Well, you must tell me, baby
                                        A
How your head feels under somethin' like that
 (turnaround)                                    E7
Under your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Well, you look so pretty in it *)
Honey, can I jump on it sometime?
Yes, I just wanna see
If it's really the 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

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

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

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
```

No Direction Home version

Mostly not-so-finished lyrics, compared to the released version, but also a different intro:

```
          B                          A
   .      :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|----9---|\7-------------------9---|---------------------------|
|--------|-------------------------|-10-10---------------8-----|
|-/9---9-|\7----------------/9-----|-----------------/9---7p5-|
|--------|-------------------------|---------------------------|
|--------|-------------------------|---------------------------|
|--------|-------------------------|---------------------------|

  E                              B7
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|---------9-----8---------|-------0---0-------------|
|-------------------------|-------5---5-------------|
|-------9---9-8---8-7---5-|-------7---7-------------|
|-7-----------------------|-7-----6---6-------------|
|-------------------------|-------7---7-------------|
|-------------------------|-------0---0-------------|

Well, I see you got your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat
Yes, I see you got your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat
Well, tell me now, baby, how's your head feel, under that,
Under your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Well, you wear it so pretty, honey, can I jump on it sometime?
Well, you wear it so pretty, can I jump on it sometime?
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

Well, if you wanna see the sun, honey, I know where
Mmmm, if you wanna see the sun, we'll 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

Well, I asked the doctor could I see you
but he said it was bad for my health, he said
```

Well, I disobeyed his orders
I came to see you and found him there instead
Well, I don't mind he's cheating
But how come he was wearing on his
Your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat?

Well, I see you got a new boyfriend; well, I don't wanna see him no more.
Well, I saw you makin' love with him, you forgot to close the garage door
You might think he loves you for your money
But that ain't true, I know what he really loves you for:
Your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Well I don't drink whiskey, no, I don't drink gin
But I'm so dirty honey, I've been working all day in the coal bin
Right now I wanna see you, honey, will you let me in?
Your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Well, can I be your chaufueur, honey, can I be your chauffeur?
Well, you can ride with me, honey I'll be your chaufeur
just as long as you stay in the car -
if you get out and start to walk, you just might topple over
in your brand new leopard-skin pill-box hat

Lyric variants from *Live 1966*

*) "You wear it so pretty"

Just Like a Woman

(Words and Music by Bob Dylan)
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966), *Greatest Hits* (1967) and *Biograph* (1985), and in live versions on *Before the Flood* (1974), *Budokan* (1978), *Live 1966* (1998) and *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Read my essay about this song: Just Like a Woman Revisited.

"Live 1966" version

Manchester Free Trade Hall, May 17 1966

Dropped C tuning (C-A-d-g-b-e')
Capo 5th fret (sounding key F major)

Chords:

```
C      032010
Csus4  033020
F      033211 or 003211
G7     220001
G      220003
Em/b   x22000
Dm     xx0231
E      x22100
```

Intro:

```
  C           Em    Dm      F                         C       Em    Dm
  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .    : . : . :  .  :  .
|-0----------------------|-1----1---1--------------|-0-------------------|
|-1----------------------|-1----1---1--------------|-1-------------------|
|-0-----------------2--0--|-2--------2--------0h2---|-0-------------2--0--|
|-3p2------2--0h2---0--0--|-3--3-----3--------3-----|-2-------0h2------0--|
|-3-----------2-----------|-3--3--3--3--------------|-3-------0h2---------|
|-0----------------------|-0----------------------|---------------------|

  F                     C        Csus4            C                    Csus4
  :  .  :  .  :  .  :    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|----------------------|-0----------------------|---------------0---------|
|-1--------1----1--1---|-1----1---------1----1---|-1-----1--------1--------|
|-2--------02---2---0--|-0----0---0-----0--------|-0-----0--------0-----0--|
|-3--------3----3---3--|-3p2------2h3---------3--|-02----2--------------2h3|
|-3-----3--------------|-3----------------------|-3-----3-----------------|
|-------0----0----0----|----0--0-----0-----0-----|-0--------0--------0-----|
```

```
             C
  |  .  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|------------------0------------------|
|---1-----1--------1------------------|
|------------------0------------------|
|----3-----3--2----2---2-----2--------|
|-------------3--------3-----3--------|
|-0-----0-----0--0--0-----0-----0-----|
                                  No - body

  C    F     G7  C    Csus4
Nobody feels any pain
  C          F       G7       C
Tonight as I stand inside the rain
F         G7
Ev'rybody knows
     F              G7
That Baby's got new clothes
    F   Em/b Dm C       F               G7
But lately   I  see her ribbons and her bows
     Am     F        G7
Have fallen from her curls.
    C     Em/b Dm     F
She takes just like a woman, yes she does,
    C     Em/b Dm     F
she makes love like a woman, yes she does,
             C     Em/b Dm     F
And then she aches just like a woman,
        G7                        C      Csus4  C  Csus4  C
but she breaks just like a little girl.

Queen Mary, she's my friend
Yes, I believe I'll go see her again
Nobody has to guess
That Baby can't be blessed
Till she sees finally that she's like all the rest
With her fog, with her amphetamine and her pearls.
She takes just like a woman,
And she makes love like a woman,
And she aches just like a woman
But she breaks just like a little girl.

            E
     It was raining from the first

     And I was dying there of thirst
          C            Csus4 C
     So I came in here
              E
     And your long-time curse hurts

     But what's worse
             F
     Is this pain in here
             G7
     I can't stay in here

     Ain't it clear that
```

```
C F    G     C    etc.
I just don't fit
Yes, I believe it's time for us to quit
And when we meet again
Introduced as friends
Please don't let on that you knew me when
I was hungry and it was your world.
You take just like a woman,
And you take just like a woman, yes you do
And you make love like a woman, yes you do
and then you ache just like a woman,
but you break just like a little girl.
```

Blonde on Blonde version

Bob seems to be playing with a capo on the 4th fret, and more or less the same chords as above. The 2nd guitar plays without a capo, using the following pattern (w/variations):

```
  E           A     B7      E
|-------0-----------------|-------0-----------0-----|
|-----0---0-------2-----0-|-----0---0-------0---0---|
|---1-------1---2-----2---|---1-------1---1-------1-|
|-2-----------2-----1-----|-2-----------2-----------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
```

The easiest way to play the G7sus4 G7 G7sus2 G7 figure (same as in Sad-Eyed Lady) would be:

```
G7sus4  G7  G7sus2  G7
|-1-----1-----1-----1---
|-0-----0-----0-----0---
|-0-----0-----0-----0---
|-0-----0-----0-----0---
|-3-----2-----0-----2---
|-3-----3-----3-----3---

  C    F     G   C
Nobody feels any pain
  C          F       G        C
Tonight as I stand inside the rain
F         G
Ev'rybody knows
     F              G
That Baby's got new clothes
    F   Em   Dm C       G7
But lately   I  see her ribbons and her bows
     Am     C    F   G7sus4 G7 G7sus2 G7
Have fallen from her curls.
    C     Em   Dm     F
She takes just like a woman, yes she does,
    C          Em   Dm     F
she makes love just like a woman, yes she does,
        C     Em   Dm     F
And she aches just like a woman,
```

```
        G7sus4    G7       G7sus2 G7 C     [famous fill]
but she breaks just like a little    girl.
```

famous fill:

```
|-----1-----0-----1-----3-0---
|---1-----1-----1-----3---1---
|-2-----0-----2-----4-----0---
|-------------------------2----
|-------------------------3----
|----------------------------
```

```
...

            E
     It was raining from the first

     And I was dying there of thirst
          C            Csus4 C
     So I came in here
             E
     And your long-time curse hurts

     But what's worse
            F
     Is this pain in here
     G7sus4     G7           G7sus2  G7
        I can't stay in here
     G7sus4  G7 G7sus2     G7
     Ain't it   clear that

C F    G     C    etc.
I just don't fit
```

"Before the Flood" version

Played in a very square 4/4 beat. The chords marked "/B"are probably G/B, but may even be C/B (or rather: Cadd2/b: x20010). The second and third Choruses are rushed out of tempo.

* These Am chords are Ds in subsequent verses.

```
G      C     Am* G    C/G G
Nobody feels any pain
G            C       Am*       G      C/G G
Tonight as I stand inside the rain
C    /B   Am
Ev'rybody knows
     C      /B      Am
That Baby's got new clothes
    C   /B Am G      C           /B      D
But lately I see her ribbons and her bows
     Em     C    /B  D
Have fallen from her curls.
```

```
    G          D      C
She takes just like a woman,
        G          D      C
And she aches just like a woman
        G          D      C
And she wakes just like a woman,
             Am                        G
Yea, but she breaks just like a little girl.

Queen Mary, she's my friend
Yes, I believe I'll go see her again
Nobody has to guess
That Baby can't be blessed
Till she sees finally that she's like all the rest
With her fog, with her amphetamine and her pearls.
She takes just like a woman,
And she wakes just like a woman,
And she aches just like a woman
But she breaks just like a little girl.

            B7
     It was raining from the first

     And I was dying there of thirst
          Em           B7  Em
     So I came in here
              B7
     And your long-time curse hurts

     But what's worse
             C
     Is this pain in here
             Am
     I can't stay in here
     C        Am
     Ain't it clear that

G
I just don't fit
Yes, I believe it's time for us to quit
And when we meet again
Introduced as friends
Please don't let on that you knew me when
I was hungry and it was your world.
You take just like a woman,
And you wake just like a woman
And you make love just like a woman,
But you break just like a little girl.
```

Live 1975 version

```
G      C     D   G
Nobody feels any pain
G            C       D        G
Tonight as I stand inside the rain
```

```
C (/b-a-g) D
Ev'rybody  knows
     C (/b- a-  g)  D
That Baby's got new clothes
    C   G/b Am G       C (/b-  a-  g)  D/f#-e-d
But lately  I  see her ribbons and her bows
     Em     C        D
Have fallen from her curls.
    G                C
She takes just like a woman,
        G                C
And she aches just like a woman
             G                C       /b
And she makes love just like a woman
        Am     D                 G
but she breaks just like a little girl.

. . .

          B7
     It was raining from the first

     And I was dying there of thirst
          Em           B7  Em
     So I came in here
             B7
     And your long-time curse hurts

     But what's worse
            C              /b
     Is this pain in here
            Am
     I can't stay in here
     D           Cadd9 G/b D/a
     Ain't it clear            that
```

"Bangla Desh concert" version (Aug 1, 1971)

The special feat of this version is the use of the F9/a (x03213) chord shape, together with the C = x32013 shape.
Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

```
  C                             G       F       C     G7
                .   .     .     .   .   .   .   .     .   .
|-----0-0----3--33333-3-(/6-6)-/7777777-55555-5-33333-11111-1-|
|----1--1-/5----55555-5-(/7-7)-/8888888-66666-6-55555-33333-3-|
|---0---0-----------------------------------------------------|
|--2----2-----------------------------------------------------|
|-3-----3-----------------------------------------------------|
|-----------------------------------------------------------|
```

```
  G   F   C   G7    C             C                 F9/a    G/b       C
  :   .   .   .                   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   . .   : . . .
|-77775-5-333-1-1-|-0----------|--3-------3-----3-|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|-3-------|
|-88887-7-555-3-3-|-1----------|*-1-------1-----1-|-1-1-1-1-0-0-0-0-|-1------*|
|-----------------|-0-(testing-|--0-------0-------|-2-2-2-2-0-0-0-0-|-0-------|
|-----------------|-2--harp)---|--2--(2)--2--(2)--|-3-3-3-3-0-0-0-0-|-2-------|
|-----------------|-3----------|*-3--(3)--3--(3)--|-0-0-0-0-2-2-2-2-|-3------*|
|-----------------|------------|------------------|-----------------|---------|
```

```
  C    F9/a  G   C    Csus4
Nobody feels any pain
  C          F9/a    G        C  .  F9/a  C
Tonight as I stand inside the rain
F         G
Ev'rybody knows
     F              G
That Baby's got new clothes
    F   Em Dm C       Dm              G
But lately I  see her ribbons and her bows
     Am     Fmaj7    G
Have fallen from her curls.
    C                 F
She takes just like a woman
    C                 F
she wakes just like a woman
        C                 F
then she bakes just like a woman,      [that's what he sings...]
       Dm                 G      C   .  F9/a  .  |: C . F9/a . :|
but she breaks just like a little girl.

           E
     It was raining from the first

     And I was dying there of thirst
          C            Csus4 C
     So I came in here
             E
     And your long-time curse hurts

     But what's worse
            Am
     Is this pain in here
            F
     I can't stay in here
     G
     Ain't it clear that . . .
```

Budokan version

One guitar plays with a capo on the 4th fret, the other (Dylan's) is uncapoed.
This is played by Dylan between the verses:

```
Uncapoed:                    or capoed:
```

```
  A     G#m   F#m     E         F     Em    Dm      C
  .     .     .       :         .     .     .       :
----5-----4-----2---|-0--     ----1-----0---------|----
--------------------|----     ----------------3---|-1--
--6---6-4---4-2---2-|-1--     --2---2-0---0-------|----
--------------------|----     --------------3---3-|-2--
--------------------|----     --------------------|----
--------------------|----     --------------------|----
```

A variant of the same is played at the end of some lines.

```
  C    F     G   C
Nobody feels any pain
  C          F       G        C
Tonight as I stand inside the rain
Dm        G
Ev'rybody knows
     Dm             G
That Baby's got new clothes
    F   Em Dm C       Dm              G
But lately I  see her ribbons and her bows
     Am     F        G
Have fallen from her curls.
    C                 F
She takes just like a woman
    C                 F
she aches just like a woman
             C                F
and she makes love just like a woman,
        Dm                 G      C
but she breaks just like a little girl.

            E
     It was raining from the first

     And I was dying there of thirst
          C
     So I came in here
             E
     And your long-time curse hurts

     But what's worse
            F
     Is this pain in here
            D7(f#)
     I can't stay in here
     G
     Ain't it clear that . . .
```

Most Likely You Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966) and in a live version on *Before the Flood* (1974) (also found on *Biograph* (1985))

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The intro figure can be played:

```
  G(7)
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3---------------|-----------------|
|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-0---0---3-----0-|-3-----0-3---0---|
|-2---------------|-----------------|
|-3---------------|-----------------|
```

```
G7

Am
  You say you love me

And you're thinkin' of me,
                           G(7)
But you know you could be wrong.
Am
  You say you told me

That you wanna hold me,
                              G(7)
But you know you're not that strong.
Bm
I just can't do what I done before,
Am
I just can't beg you any more.
          G(7)
I'm gonna let you pass
    D7
And I'll go last.
     G         Bm/f#     C/e     G
Then time will tell just who has fell
    Am(/c)            D7
And who's been left behind,
n.c.                          G
When you go your way and I go mine.


You say you disturb me
And you don't deserve me,
But you know sometimes you lie.
You say you're shakin'
```

```
And you're always achin',
But you know how hard you try.
Sometimes it gets so hard to care,
It can't be this way ev'rywhere.
And I'm gonna let you pass,
Yes, and I'll go last.
Then time will tell just who has fell
And who's been left behind,
When you go your way and I go mine.

         Em
     The judge, he holds a grudge,
                D
     He's gonna call on you.
              Em
     But he's badly built

     And he walks on stilts,
                       D7           D7sus4
     Watch out he don't fall on you.

You say you're sorry
For tellin' stories
That you know I believe are true.
You say ya got some
Other kinda lover
And yes, I believe you do.
You say my kisses are not like his,
But this time I'm not gonna tell you why that is.
I'm just gonna let you pass,
Yes, and I'll go last.
Then time will tell who fell
And who's been left behind,
When you go your way and I go mine.
```

Before the Flood version (live, 1974)

Same as above, only faster, more intensive, and (in my opinion:) better, and with the intro figure played rather like this (on Garth's organ, though):

```
  G(7)
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3---------------|-----------------|
|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-0---0---3---0---|-3-----0-3---0---|
|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-2---------------|-----------------|
|-3---------------|-----------------|
```

Temporary Like Achilles

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966), and never played live.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G
Standing on your window, honey,
C              D      G
Yes, I've been here before.
G
Feeling so harmless,
    C               D      G
I'm looking at your second door.
D                                    G
How come you don't send me no regards?
    G                D7
You know I want your lovin',
                      G
Honey, why are you so hard?
```

```
  :    .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-3------3-----3-----3---|-3-----2---2-------------|
|-0----3---3-2---2-1---1-|-0-----1---1-------------|
|-0----------------------|-------2---2-------------|
|-0----------------------|-------0---0-------------|
|-2----------------------|-------------------------|
|-3----------------------|-------------------------|
```

or, more guitaristically:

```
  :    .     .     .       :     .     .
|-3------7-----6-----5---|-3-----2---2-------------|
|-0----------------------|-3-----1---1-------------|
|-0----7---7-6---6-5---5-|-4-----2---2-------------|
|-0----------------------|-------0---0-------------|
|-2----------------------|-------------------------|
|-3----------------------|-------------------------|
```

```
Kneeling 'neath your ceiling,
Yes, I guess I'll be here for a while.
I'm tryin' to read your portrait, but,
I'm helpless, like a rich man's child.
How come you send someone out to have me barred?
You know I want your lovin',
Honey, why are you so hard?
```

```
           Em
     Like a poor fool in his prime,
                        Bm
     Yes, I know you can hear me walk,
                 Em
     But is your heart made out of stone, or is it lime,
     Bm              D7         D7sus4
       Or is it just solid rock?
```

Well, I rush into your hallway,
Lean against your velvet door.
I watch upon your scorpion
Who crawls across your circus floor.
Just what do you think you have to guard?
You know I want your lovin', Honey, but you're so hard.

Achilles is in your alleyway,
He don't want me here,
He does brag.
He's pointing to the sky
And he's hungry, like a man in drag.
How come you get someone like him to be your guard?
You know I want your lovin',
Honey. but you're so hard.

Absolutely Sweet Marie

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

I have a slight suspicion that Dylan plays in dropped C tuning with a capo on the 2nd fret – it is clearly played with a capo, and the third chord (A, or G with the capo) is played as seventh chord, and he hardly ever does that except in that tuning. It's not much to go by, and it doesn't really matter, so I'll let it fall.
Anyway, the basic riff is much easier to play in D, so I'll leave the tab in the sounding key.

Basic riff:

```
  D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----2---1-2---3-|-----2---1-2-----|
|-----3---3-3---3-|-----3---3-3-----|
|-----2---1-2---4-|-----2---1-1-----|
|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
D

           D             G           A          D
Well, your railroad gate, you know I just can't jump it
G            D                 A
Sometimes it gets so hard, you see
         D           G        A     D       Bm
I'm just sitting here beating on my trumpet
     F#m                    D        A
With all these promises you left for me
    G               A              D
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, I waited for you inside of the frozen traffic
When you knew I had some other place to be
Now, where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

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

Well, six white horses that you did promise
Were fin'lly delivered down to the penitentiary
```

But to live outside the law, you must be honest
I know you always say that you agree
But where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Well, I don't know how it happened
But the river-boat captain, he knows my fate
But ev'rybody else, even yourself
They're just gonna have to wait.

Well, I got the fever down in my pockets
The Persian drunkard, he follows me
Yes, I can take him to your house but I can't unlock it
You see, you forgot to leave me with the key
Oh, where are you tonight, sweet Marie?

Now, I been in jail when all my mail showed
That a man can't give his address out to bad company
And now I stand here lookin' at your yellow railroad
In the ruins of your balcony
Wond'ring where you are tonight, sweet Marie.

4th Time Around

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966) and in a live version on *Live 1966* (1998)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)
And you might as well tune down the E string two steps, to get the dropped C tuning that he uses on Live 1966 (C-A-d-g-b-e').

The versions are quite similar, apart from (1) the little riff running through the album version, and (2) the basic chord alternation, which in the album version is C – F, and on *Live 1966* C – Csus4. (it actually sounds like that's what Dylan is playing in the album version as well, but the little riff clearly alternates between C and F, so that's the predominant sound anyway).

```
  C             F
  :   .   .     :   .   .
|-----3---5-3-|-----5---6-5-|
|---5---5-----|---6---6-----|
|-5-----------|-5-----------|
|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|
```

Chords (with dropped C tuning):

```
C       032010
F       033211 or 003211 or Fmaj7 033210
Csus4   033010
Em      x22000
Dm      xx0231 or 200231
```

```
C    F               C
When she said,"Don't waste
     F                   C
your words, they're just lies,"
  F             C         F   C   F
I cried she was deaf.
    C   F            C
And she worked on my face
      F           C
until breaking my eyes,
           F                  C      F   C  F
Then said, "What else you got left?"
       Em
It was then that I got up to leave
                        Dm
But she said, "Don't forget,
     C         F              C
Everybody must give something back
    F              C       F  C  F
For something they get."
```

I stood there and hummed,
I tapped on her drum and asked her how come.
And she buttoned her boot,
And straightened her suit,
Then she said, "Don't get cute."
So I forced my hands in my pockets
And felt with my thumbs,
And gallantly handed her
My very last piece of gum.

She threw me outside,
I stood in the dirt where ev'ryone walked.
And after finding I'd
Forgotten my shirt,
I went back and knocked.
I waited in the hallway, she went to get it,
And I tried to make sense
Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair
That leaned up against . . .

Her Jamaican rum
And when she did come, I asked her for some.
She said, "No, dear."
I said, "Your words aren't clear,
You'd better spit out your gum."
She screamed till her face got so red
Then she fell on the floor,
And I covered her up and then
Thought I'd go look through her drawer.

And, when I was through
I filled up my shoe
And brought it to you.
And you, you took me in,
You loved me then
You didn't waste time.
And I, I never took much,
I never asked for your crutch.
Now don't ask for mine.

Live 1966 version

As I said, it's identical, just replace all the F's with Csus4's.

Live version from 1999 (various locations)

```
D    Dsus4           D
When she said,"Don't waste
     Dsus4               D
your words, they're just lies,"
  C         G/b  D      Dsus4  D Dsus4
I cried she was deaf.
```

```
    D   Dsus4        D
And she worked on my face
      Dsus4       D
until breaking my eyes,
           C              G/b D      Dsus4 D
Then said, "What else you got left?"
       F#m
It was then that I got up to leave
                        Em
But she said, "Don't forget,
     D         Dsus4          D
Everybody must give something back
    Dsus4          D         Dsus4 D Dsus4
For something they get."
```

Obviously Five Believers

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde*(1966)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The recurring riff here is much more of a harp riff than a guitar riff, but it is playable on a guitar too, of course.
The harp lick (cross harp, harp key D major) is noted under the guitar tab (all notes are draw unless noted by a +. ’ and " = bend one and two half steps down, respectively).

The first guitar figure in the intro is used for the first measures of the subsequent verses.

Intro:

```
    A7
    :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .         :     .     .     .    x4
||--------12--12------12----|-------------------------||-------------------------||
||*-------13--13------13----|-------------------------*||*-----------------------*-||  p=pre-bend up to 8
||--------------------------|-14--------12------------||--------7--p8r7---5------||  before striking the
||--------------------------|-14--------14------------||--------------------7----||  string
||*-------------------------|-------------------------*||*-----------------------*-||  r=release
||--------------------------|-------------------------||-------------------------||
          4   4       4
          3   3   (3) 3       3         3’’                    4’  4 4’’3 2
```

Solo guitar, verse:

```
  A7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----5-----------|-----------------|-----5-----------|(5-----5)--------|
|-----------8-----|-----------------|-----------8-----|(8-----8)--------|
|-----------------|-5---------------|-----------------|-5h6--(5)--------|
|-----------------|-------7---------|-----------------|-------7---------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  D7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-8---------------|-----8-----------|-8---------------|
|-----7-----------|-----------------|-----------------|-10----7---------|
|-----------7-----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  A7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|----/9-----9-9---|-9---------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|----/8-----8-8---|-8---------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|----/9-----9-9---|-9---------------|-----7b9-(9)r7---|-5---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------7---------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
  E7                                n.c.
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|----(0)----------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----5-----5-----|-5-----5---5-----|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----7-----7-----|-7-----7---7-----|---------------7-|b8---7-5-7-5-----|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------7---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

Harp interlude:

```
  A(7)
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------
|-------------------0-----|-2-----0-----------------|-------   x2
|-----------0h2---------2-|-----------2-1---2-0-----|-------
|-------------------------|-----------------------3-|-0-----
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------
            4'4     5   4   6+    5   4 4'4   4"  3   2
```

```
A
Early in the mornin'

Early in the mornin'
            D
I'm callin' you to

I'm callin' you to
            A
Please come home
             E
Yes, I could make it without you
     D                      A
If I just didn't feel so all alone


Don't let me down
Don't let me down
I won't let you down
I won't let you down
No I won't
You know I can if you can, honey
But, honey, please don't

I got my black dog barkin'
Black dog barkin'
Yes it is now
Yes it is now
Outside my yard
Yes, I could tell you what he means
If I just didn't have to try so hard

Your mama's workin'
Your mama's moanin'
She's cryin' you know
She's tryin' you know
```

You better go now
Well, I'd tell you what she wants
But I just don't know how

Fifteen jugglers
Fifteen jugglers
Five believers
Five believers
All dressed like men
Tell yo' mama not to worry because
They're just my friends

Early in the mornin'
Early in the mornin'
I'm callin' you to
I'm callin' you to
Please come home
Yes, I could make it without you
If I just did not feel so all alone

Sad-Eyed Lady of the Lowlands

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blonde on Blonde* (1966)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key D major)

Bob plays in dropped C tuning (C-A-d-g-b-e') with quite simple chords, like he does on the Denver Hotel Tape (March 13, 1966) (See below). That accounts for some of the blurryness of the keys, since the two versions occasionally clash. Two versions follow: the first basically shows what the other instruments do, the second what Bob Dylan does.

The easiest way to play the G7sus4 G7 G7sus2 G7 figure would be:

```
G7sus4  G7  G7sus2  G7
|-1-----1-----1-----1---
|-0-----0-----0-----0---
|-0-----0-----0-----0---
|-0-----0-----0-----0---
|-3-----2-----0-----2---
|-3-----3-----3-----3---
```

Intro:

```
  C           G/b           F/a         G11   G       C/e
  : . . ; . .   : . . ; . .   : . . ; . .   : . . ;  . .   : . . ; . .
|-------0-----|-------3-----|-------1-----|--------------|-------0------
|-----1---1---|-----0-------|-----1-1---1-|---1---010----|-----1---1----
|---0-------0-|---0-----0---|---2-----1---|-2---2----0---|---0-------0-- etc
|-------------|-------------|-------------|------------3-|-2------------
|-3-----------|-2---------2-|-0-----------|--------------|--------------
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-3------------|--------------

|: C  .  G/b  .  F/a  .  G11 G  :|

          C       G/b          F/a        G7
With your mercury mouth in the missionary times,
         C         G/b            F/a          G7
And your eyes like smoke and your prayers like rhymes,
         F      C/e             Dm    G7   C
And your silver cross, and your voice like chimes,
    C           Dm         G7sus4 G7 G7sus2 G7
Oh, who do they think could bury you?
          C       G/b     F/a       G7
With your pockets well protected at last,
         C         G/b               F/a          G7
And your streetcar visions which you place on the grass,
         F          C/e            Dm   G7   C
And your flesh like silk, and your face like glass,
C              Dm     G7sus4 G7 G7sus2 G7
who could they get to carry you?

     Dm                   C  G
     Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
```

```
      Dm                                    C      G7
       Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes,
         C   G/b   F/a   C/g F   C/e G7
      My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
      Dm                         G7sus4 G7 G7sus2 G7
       Should I put them by your gate,
      Dm                          C
      Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

With your sheets like metal and your belt like lace,
And your deck of cards missing the jack and the ace,
And your basement clothes and your hollow face,
Who among them can think he could outguess you?
With your silhouette when the sunlight dims
Into your eyes where the moonlight swims,
And your match-book songs and your gypsy hymns,
Who among them would try to impress you?

      Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
      Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes,
      My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
      Should I leave them by your gate,
      Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

The kings of Tyrus with their convict list
Are waiting in line for their geranium kiss,
And you wouldn't know it would happen like this,
But who among them really wants just to kiss you?
With your childhood flames on your midnight rug,
And your Spanish manners and your mother's drugs,
And your cowboy mouth and your curfew plugs,
Who among them do you think could resist you?

      Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
      Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes,
      My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
      Should I leave them by your gate,
      Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

Oh, the farmers and the businessmen, they all did decide
To show you the dead angels that they used to hide.
But why did they pick you to sympathize with their side?
Oh, how could they ever mistake you?
They wished you'd accepted the blame for the farm,
But with the sea at your feet and the phony false alarm,
And with the child of a hoodlum wrapped up in your arms,
How could they ever, ever persuade you?

      Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
      Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes,
      My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
      Should I leave them by your gate,
      Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?

With your sheet-metal memory of Cannery Row,
And your magazine-husband who one day just had to go,
```

```
And your gentleness now, which you just can't help but show,
Who among them do you think would employ you?
Now you stand with your thief, you're on his parole
With your holy medallion which your fingertips fold,
And your saintlike face and your ghostlike soul,
Oh, who among them do you think could destroy you

     Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
     Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes,
     My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
     Should I leave them by your gate,
     Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?
```

Denver Hotel Room, March 13, 1966

He keeps changing the capo in the beginning, but eventually it settles on the 4th fret.

Dropped C tuning (C-A-d-g-b-e')

Chords:

```
C      032010
G7     220001
F/c    033211
Em     x22000 (the 6th str. can be heard from time to time)
Dm     x00231
Csus4  033010
```

```
          C       G7           F/c        G7
With your mercury mouth in the missionary times,
         C         G7             F/c          G7
And your eyes like smoke and your prayers like rhymes,
         F      Em              Dm         C
And your silver cross, and your voice like chimes,
    C           Dm          G7
Oh, who do they think could bury you?
          C       G7      F/c       G7
With your pockets well protected at last,
         C         G7                F/c          G7
And your streetcar visions which you place on the grass,
         F          Em            Dm         C
And your flesh like silk, and your face like glass,
C              Dm     G7
who could they get to carry you?

     Dm                   C  G7
     Sad-eyed lady of the lowlands,
     Dm                                    C      G7
      Where the sad-eyed prophet says that no man comes,
        C   G7   F/c    C   F   C  G7
     My warehouse eyes, my Arabian drums,
     Dm                         G7
      Should I put them by your gate,
         Dm                      C    Csus4 C
     Or, sad-eyed lady, should I wait?
```

8

John Wesley Harding

Recorded: October/November 1967 — Released: December 27, 1967

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Introductory remarks

Eyolf Østrem

There are three general remarks to be made about this album. One is the consistent use of the capo. Several of the songs (John Wesley Harding, All Along the Watchtower, The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest, As I went out one morning, I pity the poor immigrant), are played with the capo around the 5th fret, which produces the high, ringing guitar sound that is so typical of this album (if it's successful is another question: it also creates a very thin, open sound-scape, with the bass and the guitar far removed from eachother and from the drums – they all stand very much alone; maybe he should have gone back to the studio and added some tracks with the Band as he originally planned).

The other is the very simple chord progressions in many of the songs (The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest, The Drifter's Escape, The Wicked Messenger, not to mention All Along the Watchtower). That these songs nevertheless stand out as some of the most effective on the album is a testimony of Dylan's superb singing on this album.

His harmonica work is also outstanding. A year of wild touring with the Band may have come close to killing him, but his harp playing certainly became more expressive – and this is the only album where it shows directly, IMHO.

One song stands out – in the negative sense: the title track. It was what kept me from buying the record for several years

John Wesley Harding

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 5th fret (sounding key F major)

```
C
John Wesley Harding
      F      G      C
Was a friend to the poor,
   C                           Dm    F   G
He trav'led with a gun in ev'ry hand.
C
All along this countryside,
   F      G      C
He opened many a door,
           C
But he was never known
   F       G      C
To hurt an honest man.

'Twas down in Chaynee County,
A time they talk about,
With his lady by his side
He took a stand.
And soon the situation there
Was all but straightened out,
For he was always known
To lend a helping hand.

All across the telegraph
His name it did resound,
But no charge held against him
Could they prove.
And there was no man around
Who could track or chain him down,
He was never known
To make a foolish move.
```

As I Went Out One Morning

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key F♯ minor)

```
Intro: F   C   Dm

   Dm             C
As I went out one morning
               Dm   C         Dm
To breathe the air around Tom Paine's,
  Dm                C
I spied the fairest damsel
     Dm       C       Dm
That ever did walk in chains.
  F              Am
I offer'd her my hand,
    Dm      C      Dm
She took me by the arm.
  Dm             C
I knew that very instant,
    Dm       C     Dm
She meant to do me harm.

(harmonica as intro)

"Depart from me this moment,"
I told her with my voice.
Said she, "But I don't wish to,"
Said I, "But you have no choice."
"I beg you, sir," she pleaded
From the corners of her mouth,
"I will secretly accept you
And together we'll fly south."

Just then Tom Paine, himself,
Came running from across the field,
Shouting at this lovely girl
And commanding her to yield.
And as she was letting go her grip,
Up Tom Paine did run,
"I'm sorry, sir," he said to me,
"I'm sorry for what she's done."
```

I Dreamed I Saw St. Augustine

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 5th fret (sounding key F major)

The F in the final line is perhaps (and could definitely be) played as an Fmaj7: x33210, which comes very smoothely from the preceeding C/g: 332010.
The C/b in the penultimate line is probably a x20010 chord rather than the "correct" x22010.

```
C
I dreamed I saw St. Augustine,
 F              C
Alive as you or me,

Tearing through these quarters
       D7         F
In the utmost misery,
       C
With a blanket underneath his arm
      F
And a coat of solid gold,
C         /b      Am   C/g
Searching for the very souls
       F               C
Whom already have been sold.

"Arise, arise," he cried so loud,
With a voice without restraint,
"Come out, ye gifted kings and queens
And hear my sad complaint.
No martyr is among ye now
Whom you can call your own,
But go on your way accordingly
And know you're not alone."

(Harmonica verse)

I dreamed I saw St. Augustine,
Alive with fiery breath,
And I dreamed I was amongst the ones
That put him out to death.
Oh, I awoke in anger,
So alone and terrified,
I put my fingers against the glass
And bowed my head and cried.
```

All Along the Watchtower

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967) and *Greatest Hits II* (1971), and in live versions on *Before the Flood* (1974; also released on *Biograph* 1985), *At Budokan* (1978) and *Unplugged* (1995)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (who was also released 1967)

The Unplugged version is the same as below, only without the capo, and Dylan himself leaving the G's to John Jackson, and only playing Am – F.

Capo 4th fret, sounding key C♯ minor

Chord progression repeated for each line.
The Gs are actually played G6 (320000)

```
Am             G        F           G Am              G         F    G
"There must be some way out of here,"  said the joker to the thief,
"There's too much confusion, I can't get no relief.
Businessmen, they drink my wine, plowmen dig my earth,
None of them along the line know what any of it is worth."

"No reason to get excited," the thief, he kindly spoke,
"There are many here among us who feel that life is but a joke.
But you and I, we've been through that, and this is not our fate,
So let us not talk falsely now, the hour is getting late."

All along the watchtower, 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.
```

Or, to put it simply: Am G F G . . .

Budokan version

Same as above, but with the following interlude between the verses:

```
|Em . . . G . . . | x4
```

Oslo, Apr 7, 2002

In Oslo it was played in B minor, with the following intro:

```
        Bm                Em                G       A
  .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
------|-------------2---|-0---------------|-----0-----------|
------|-------------0---|-0-----------0---|-3-------2-------|
------|-4-----------4---|-0---------------|-0-----------2---|
--4---|-4-----------4---|-2---------------|-0---------------|
------|-----------------|-2---------------|-2-------0-------|
------|-----------------|-0----------(0-2)|-3---------------|
```

```
| Bm . . A | G . . A | etc.
```

The Ballad of Frankie Lee and Judas Priest

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 5th fret (sounding key C major)

The same four-chord progression premeates the whole song, played twice as an intro:

```
G   Bm   Am   G
```

That's about all there is to it.

```
      G               Bm
Well, Frankie Lee and Judas Priest,
     Am               G
They were the best of friends.
                           Bm
So when Frankie Lee needed money one day,
      Am                           G
Judas quickly pulled out a roll of tens
                    Bm
And placed them on a footstool
     Am               G
Just above the plotted plain,
        G                Bm
Sayin', "Take your pick, Frankie Boy,
   Am               G
My loss will be your gain."

Well, Frankie Lee, he sat right down
And put his fingers to his chin,
But with the cold eyes of Judas on him,
His head began to spin.
"Would ya please not stare at me like that," he said,
"It's just my foolish pride,
But sometimes a man must be alone
And this is no place to hide."

Well, Judas, he just winked and said,
"All right, I'll leave you here,
But you'd better hurry up and choose
Which of those bills you want,
Before they all disappear."
"I'm gonna start my pickin' right now,
Just tell me where you'll be."

Judas pointed down the road
And said, "Eternity!"
"Eternity?" said Frankie Lee,
With a voice as cold as ice.
"That's right," said Judas Priest, "Eternity,
Though you might call it 'Paradise.'"

"I don't call it anything,"
```

Said Frankie Lee with a smile.
"All right," said Judas Priest,
"I'll see you after a while."

Well, Frankie Lee, he sat back down,
Feelin' low and mean,
When just then a passing stranger
Burst upon the scene,
Saying, "Are you Frankie Lee, the gambler,
Whose father is deceased?
Well, if you are,
There's a fellow callin' you down the road
And they say his name is Priest."

"Oh, yes, he is my friend,"
Said Frankie Lee in fright,
"I do recall him very well,
In fact, he just left my sight."
"Yes, that's the one," said the stranger,
As quiet as a mouse,
"Well, my message is, he's down the road,
Stranded in a house."

Well, Frankie Lee, he panicked,
He dropped ev'rything and ran
Until he came up to the spot
Where Judas Priest did stand.
"What kind of house is this," he said,
"Where I have come to roam?"
"It's not a house," said Judas Priest,
"It's not a house . . . it's a home."

Well, Frankie Lee, he trembled,
He soon lost all control
Over ev'rything which he had made
While the mission bells did toll.
He just stood there staring
At that big house as bright as any sun,
With four and twenty windows
And a woman's face in ev'ry one.

Well, up the stairs ran Frankie Lee
With a soulful, bounding leap,
And, foaming at the mouth,
He began to make his midnight creep.
For sixteen nights and days he raved,
But on the seventeenth he burst
Into the arms of Judas Priest,
Which is where he died of thirst.

No one tried to say a thing
When they took him out in jest,
Except, of course, the little neighbor boy
Who carried him to rest.
And he just walked along, alone,
With his guilt so well concealed,
And muttered underneath his breath,

"Nothing is revealed."

Well, the moral of the story,
The moral of this song,
Is simply that one should never be
Where one does not belong.
So when you see your neighbor carryin' somethin',
Help him with his load,
And don't go mistaking Paradise
For that home across the road.

Drifter's Escape

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

* denotes a quick ornamental G – C/g – G turn:

```
  G          C/g G
  |   .   .   .
|-3---3-3---3-3-3-+-
|-0---0-0---0-1-0-+-
|-0---0-0---0-0-0-+-
|-0---0-0---0-2-0-+-
|-2---2-2---2-x-2-+-
|-3---3-3---3-3-3-+-
```

```
     G                      *
"Oh, help me in my weakness,"
            C/g     G     *
I heard the drifter say,
        G
As they carried him from the courtroom
                C/g  G     *
And were taking him away.
    G
"My trip hasn't been a pleasant one
               C/g         *
And my time it isn't long,

And I still do not know
                 C/g       G
What it was that I've done wrong."

Well, the judge, he cast his robe aside,
A tear came to his eye,
"You fail to understand," he said,
"Why must you even try?"
Outside, the crowd was stirring,
You could hear it from the door.
Inside, the judge was stepping down,
While the jury cried for more.

"Oh, stop that cursed jury,"
Cried the attendant and the nurse,
"The trial was bad enough,
But this is ten times worse."
Just then a bolt of lightning
Struck the courthouse out of shape,
And while ev'rybody knelt to pray
The drifter did escape.
```

Dear Landlord

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967) and on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem
Read my article about this song, The propelling harmony of "Dear Landlord"

A "piano song" which, for a change, adapts well to the guitar.

The only not obvious chord is the "Gm/bb" (to be played correctly: 655333, but permissibly x13333) in the penultimate line, which could be a plain B♭ as well.

Intro:

```
  :     .     .     .
  C     Csus4     C
|-0-----0---0-----0-------|
|-1-----1---1-----1-------|
|-0-----0---0-----0-------| 4 times
|-2-----3---3-----2-------|
|-3-----3---3-----3-------|
|-------------------------|

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

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.

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.
```

I Am A Lonesome Hobo

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The only troublesome chord is the very first chord of the intro. Its function is that of a G minor. The guitar plays xx3331 (or even a full B♭: x13331). The *g*, which is actually the key note of the chord, is only heard in the bass figure (*d f g f g*). On a solo guitar I would play it xxx031, which combines the "best" of the two instruments, although it does not capture the ambiguity between Gm7 and Bb6 of the album. You can't have it all. And besides, it's only one measure of music anyway.

Occasionally he sneaks in a G – C/g – G ornamentation at the line endings.

```
Intro: Gm7  F   C   G

G
I am a lonesome hobo

Without family or friends,

Where another man's life might begin,

That's exactly where mine ends.

I have tried my hand at bribery,

Blackmail and deceit,
                D        C    G
And I've served time for ev'rything
      C             G
'Cept beggin' on the street.

Well, once I was rather prosperous,
There was nothing I did lack.
I had fourteen-karat gold in my mouth
And silk upon my back.
But I did not trust my brother,
I carried him to blame,
Which led me to my fatal doom,
To wander off in shame.

Kind ladies and kind gentlemen,
Soon I will be gone,
But let me just warn you all,
Before I do pass on;
Stay free from petty jealousies,
Live by no man's code,
And hold your judgment for yourself
Lest you wind up on this road.
```

I Pity the Poor Immigrant

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 5th fret

```
Harmonica intro: first four lines

C               F
I pity the poor immigrant
    G                          C
Who wishes he would've stayed home,
         C                   F
Who uses all his power to do evil
           G                       C
But in the end is always left so alone.
     Am                Em
That man whom with his fingers cheats
        F               C
And who lies with ev'ry breath,
    C            F
Who passionately hates his life
    G                   C
And likewise, fears his death.

I pity the poor immigrant
Whose strength is spent in vain,
Whose heaven is like Ironsides,
Whose tears are like rain,
Who eats but is not satisfied,
Who hears but does not see,
Who falls in love with wealth itself
And turns his back on me.

I pity the poor immigrant
Who tramples through the mud,
Who fills his mouth with laughing
And who builds his town with blood,
Whose visions in the final end
Must shatter like the glass.
I pity the poor immigrant
When his gladness comes to pass.
```

The Wicked Messenger

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major). It's really a matter of taste.

```
  G                                                    F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|-----6---3-------|-----------------|-----------------|-1---------
|-------------6---|-3---------------|-----------------|-1---------
|-----------------|-----5---3-------|-----------------|-2---------
|-----------------|-------------5---|-3---------------|-3---------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----5---3-------|-3---------
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------5---|-1---------
was   a  wic-ked   mes-sen-ger, from  E-  li  he  did   come       with a

  G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .      :
|-----6---3-------|-----------------|-3---------------|----------
|-------------6---|-3---------------|-3---------------|----------
|-----------------|-----5---3-------|-4---------------|----------
|-----------------|-------------5---|-5---------------|----------
|-----------------|-----------------|-5---------------|----------
|-----------------|-----------------|-3---------------|----------
mind that mul-ti- plied the smal-lest mat-ter

G
There was a wicked messenger
                F
From Eli he did come,
       G
With a mind that multiplied the smallest matter.

When questioned who had sent for him,
                     F
He answered with his thumb,
        G
For his tongue it could not speak, but only flatter.


He stayed behind the assembly hall,
It was there he made his bed,
Oftentimes he could be seen returning.
Until one day he just appeared
With a note in his hand which read,
"The soles of my feet, I swear they're burning."

Oh, the leaves began to fallin'
And the seas began to part,
And the people that confronted him were many.
And he was told but these few words,
Which opened up his heart,
"If ye cannot bring good news, then don't bring any."
```

Down Along the Cove

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Piano song. On a guitar the little riff that runs through the song would be easier to play either with A chords and a capo on the 2nd fret:
x0222x – x0423x – x0222x, or G chords with the capo on the 4th fret:
320003 – 3x2013 – 320003

```
B
Down along the cove,
E                              B
I spied my true love comin' my way.
E
Down along the cove,
                               B
I spied my true love comin' my way.
       F#
I say, "Lord, have mercy, mama,
   E                                 B
It sure is good to see you comin' today."

Down along the cove,
I spied my little bundle of joy.
Down along the cove,
I spied my little bundle of joy.
She said, "Lord, have mercy, honey,
I'm so glad you're my boy!"

Down along the cove,
We walked together hand in hand.
Down along the cove,
We walked together hand in hand.
Ev'rybody watchin' us go by
Knows we're in love, yes, and they understand
```

I'll Be Your Baby Tonight

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *John Wesley Harding* (1967), *Greatest Hits II* (1971) and *Biography* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

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

Shut the light, shut the shade,
You don't have to be afraid.
I'll be your baby tonight.

                Bb
     Well, that mockingbird's gonna sail away,
     F
     We're gonna forget it.
          G
     That big, fat moon is gonna shine like a spoon,
         C
     But we're gonna let it,
     (no chord)
     You won't regret it.

Kick your shoes off, do not fear,
Bring that bottle over here.
I'll be your baby tonight.
```

9

Nashville Skyline

Recorded February 1969 — Released April 9, 1969

290 Nashville Skyline Rag
291 To Be Alone with You
293 I Threw It All Away
295 Peggy Day
296 Lay, Lady, Lay
299 One More Night
300 Tell Me That It Isn't True
302 Country Pie
303 Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You

Nashville Skyline Rag

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *Nashville Skyline* (1969)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
[fade in] C  . | . . . . | C(7) . . . | . . . . |

Harp verse:

| C  . F .G| C . F .G| C  . F .G| G  /a-b C  . |
| C  . F .G| C . F .G| C  . F .G| G  /a-b C  . |
| D7 . . . | G . . . | E7 . . . | A7 .    nc . |
| C  . F .G| C . F .G| C  . F .G| G  /a-b C  . |

Steel guitar verse

Dobro verse

Ac. guitar verse

Piano verse

Harp solo:

| C  . F . | C . F . | C  . F . | G  /a-b C  . |

 Steel guitar                  Dobro
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---------8-------|-----------------|-----5---3-------|-----------------|
|-----8-----------|-8-----------3---|/5---------5-3---|-----------------|
|-7/9---9---9-7-9-|---9\7---5-------|-----------------|-----5-7-5-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|---------------5-|-5-7-------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  Ac. guitar                        Piano
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|---0-------------|-----------------|
|-1-3-1-0---------|-----------------|-4---4-3-1-------|-1---------------|
|---------2-0-----|-0---------------|-----------2-0-2-|---0-------------|
|-------------0-2-|---2-0-----------|-----------------|-----1-0---------|
|-----------------|-------2-3-------|-----------------|---------3-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

C7
```

To Be Alone with You

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Nashville Skyline* (1969)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Turnaround:

```
|-----4---3---2---0-------------
|-----3---2---1---0-------------
|-----4---3---2---1-------------
|-----------------2-------------
|-----------------2-------------
|-----------------0-------------

E

"Is it rollin', Bob?"

(n.c.)           E
To be alone with you
             A
Just you and me
                      E
Now won't you tell me true
                                B
Ain't that the way it oughta be?
                    E
To hold each other tight
                A
the whole night through
                      E
Ev'rything is always right
B                     E    (turnaround)
 When I'm alone with you.

To be alone with you
At the close of the day
With only you in view
While evening slips away
It only goes to show
That while life's pleasures be few
The only one I know
Is when I'm alone with you.

                    A
     They say that nighttime is the right time
        E
     To be with the one you love
         F#
     Too many thoughts get in the way in the day
                B      n.c.
     But you're always what I'm thinkin' of

I wish the night was here
```

Bringin' me all of your charms
When only you are near
To hold me in your arms.
I'll always thank the Lord
When my working day's through
I get my sweet reward
To be alone with you.

I Threw It All Away

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Nashville Skyline* (1969) and live on *Hard Rain* (1976)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Intro:

```
  A       Dm        C   Em  F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-3-3-1-1---|---0-0-----0-0---|
|---2-------------|----------1----1-|
|-2---------------|---------2-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|

  C       G         C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-1---------3-1--0|-1---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|

C      Am      F      C
I once held her in my arms,
C                 Am     F    G
She said she would always stay.
A         Dm
But I was cruel,
  C           Em     F
I treated her like a fool,
C  F              C      F
    I threw it all away.

Once I had mountains in the palm of my hand,
And rivers that ran through ev'ry day.
I must have been mad,
I never knew what I had,
Until I threw it all away.

     F                G      C                   Am
     Love is all there is, it makes the world go 'round,
     F             G                  A
     Love and only love, it can't be denied.
     F                 G
     No matter what you think about it
     C                 Em      Am
      You just won't be able to do without it.
     Bb                       F  G
     Take a tip from one who's tried.

So if you find someone that gives you all of her love,
```

```
Take it to your heart, don't let it stray,
For one thing that's certain,
You will surely be a-hurtin',
If you throw it all away
C      G             C
If you throw it all away.

[Ending same as intro]
```

Hard Rain version

Capo 2nd fret

```
G      Em       C         G
I once held her in my arms.
G               Em        C     G
She said she would always stay.
E                     Am   G                 C
But I must have been mad, never knew what I had.
G   C                 G     C
      I threw it all away
G   C                 G
      I threw it all away

Once I had mountains in the palm of my hands.
And rivers that ran through every day.
But what did I do?  I let it all slip through.
I threw it all away.
I threw it all away.

     C                 D      G                          (G7)
     Love is all there is, it makes the world go round.
     C             D                    E
     Love and only love, it can't be denied.
     C                   D
      No matter what you think about it,
     G                     C
      You won't be able to do without it.
     F                         D
     Take a tip from one who's tried.

So if you find someone who gives you all of her love
Take it to your heart, don't let it stray.
One thing's for sure, there ain't no cure
If you throw it all away.
If you throw it all away.
```

Peggy Day

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Nashville Skyline* (1969)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The D7 is played x54530

```
     F           D7            Gm          C7
     :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
---|-------1-----------------|-------3----------------|
---|-----1-------------3-----|-------3-----------1----|
---|---2---------------5-----|-----3-----------3------| etc.
--2|-3---------------4-----4-|-5-------------2--------|
---|-----------4-5-----------|-----------0-3----------|
---|-------------------------|------------------------|

F . D7 . Gm . C7

F     D7  Gm        C7          F    D7
Peggy Day  stole my poor heart away,
Gm         C7              F    D7
 By golly, what more can I say,
Gm               C7               F    Bb   F   C
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Peggy night makes my future look so bright,
Man, that girl is out of sight,   F     Bb   F
Love to spend the day with Peggy night.

               A
     Well, you know that even before I learned her name,
                D7
     You know I loved her just the same.
         Gm
     An' I tell 'em all, wherever I may go, Just so they'll know,
          C
     that she's my little lady And I love her so.

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away,
Turned my skies to blue from gray,
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.

Peggy Day stole my poor heart away,
By golly, what more can I say,     F    D7
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.
G                C7               F    F/a  Bb Bdim F/c   F#7-F7
Love to spend the night with Peggy Day.
```

Lay, Lady, Lay

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Nashville Skyline* (1969), *Greatest Hits II* (1971) and *Biograph* (1985), and in live versions on *Before the Flood* (1974) and *Hard Rain* (1976)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

***Nashville Skyline* version**

Chords:

```
A   577655
C#m x46654
G   355433
Bm  x24432
E   022100
F#m 244222
```

The little "thing'' that occurs here and there (marked with a "*)'' in the song):

```
  A   D A   D A
  |   .   .   .
|-5---5-5---5-5---|
|-5---7-5---7-5---|
|-6---7-6---7-6---|
|-7---------------|
|-7---------------|
|-5---------------|
```

```
A  C#m  G   Bm
A  C#m  G   Bm

A          C#m  G          Bm           A    C#m G Bm
Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed
A          C#m  G          Bm           A    C#m G Bm
Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed
E        F#m            A             *)
Whatever colors you have in your mind
E              F#m               A             *)
I'll show them to you and you'll see them shine
A          C#m  G          Bm           A    C#m G Bm
Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed

Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man awhile
Until the break of day, let me see you make him smile
His clothes are dirty but his hands are clean
And you're the best thing that he's ever seen
Stay, lady, stay, stay with your man awhile

     C#m                         E     F#m  A   *)
     Why wait any longer for the world to begin
```

```
     C#m                                A
     You can have your cake and eat it too
     C#m                          E   F#m A     *)
     Why wait any longer for the one you love
               C#m                  Bm
     When he's standing in front of you

Lay, lady, lay, lay across my big brass bed
Stay, lady, stay, stay while the night is still ahead
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 ahead

A  .  Bm  .  C#m  .  D  .  A
```

The version on Before The Flood uses the same chords, except for the bridge, which goes:

```
C#m                          E(/b) A
Why wait any longer for the world to begin
C#m                                A
You can have your cake and eat it too
C#m                          E(/b) A
Why wait any longer for the one   you love
          C#m                  Bm
When he's standing in front of you
```

Hard Rain version

Bob's guitar seems to have a capo on the 2nd fret.

```
G           Bm  C D                          G     C/g G
 Lay, lady, lay,    lay across my big brass bed
G           Bm  C D                          G     C/g G
 Lay, lady, lay,    lay across my big brass bed
D         Em     G                       C/g-G  C/g-G
 Whatever colors  you have in your mind
D               Em     G                         C/g-G  C/g-G
 I'll show them to you  and you'll see them shine
G           Bm  C D                          G     C/g G
 Lay, lady, lay,    lay across my big brass bed.

Forget this dance, let's go upstairs!
Let's take a chance, who really cares?
Why don't you know you got nothing to prove
It's all in your eyes and the way that you move
Forget this dance, let's go upstairs!

     Bm                  C                  G
      Why wait any longer for no need to complain (?)
     Bm                                G         C/g G
      You can have love, But you might loose it.
     Bm                C                          G
      Why run any longer When you're running in place?
```

```
      Bm                                          D
       You can have the truth but you've got to choose it.

Stay lady stay, stay with your man a while.
'til the break of day, Let me see you make him smile.
I long to see you in the morning light.
I long to hold you In the night.
Stay lady stay, stay with your man a while.

[instrumental verse]

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

One More Night

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Nashville Skyline* (1969)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
 (C)          G             F        G               C
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :
|----3--5-3--------(0)----|-------------------------|----0-----0--
|/5--------5--3-----3-----|---------00----00--------|----1-----1--
|----------------4-----0--|-2--2----00----00--------|----0-----0-- etc
|----------------------0--|-3--3----00----00--------|----2-----2--
|-------------------------|-3--3----22----22--0--2--|-3-----------
|-------------------------|-1--1----33----33--------|-------3-----
```

```
C
One more night, the stars are in sight
                  F        G      C
But tonight I'm as lonesome as can be.
        F       G       C
Oh, the moon is shinin' bright,
         F    G        G7
Lighting ev'rything in sight,
    C          F          G        C
But tonight no light will shine on me.

Oh, it's shameful and it's sad, I lost the only pal I had,
I just could not be what she wanted me to be.
I will turn my head up high
To that dark and rolling sky,
For tonight no light will shine on me.

     G           F            C                     Dm
     I was so mistaken when I thought that she'd be true,
     C        Em          F                   G
     I had no idea what a woman in love would do!

One more night, I will wait for the light
While the wind blows high above the tree.
Oh, I miss my darling so, I didn't mean to see her go,
But tonight no light will shine on me.

     [instrumental break]

One more night, the moon is shinin' bright
And the wind blows high above the tree.
Oh, I miss that woman so,
I didn't mean to see her go,
But tonight no light will shine on me.
```

Tell Me That It Isn't True

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Nashville Skyline* (1969)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key F major)

The G/b in the last line of the verses does contain a Bm somewhere (which actually turns it into a Gmaj7 of some sort)

```
  D       Dsus4
  |   .   .   .
|(2)--22-23-2-3-2----
|(3)----3------------
|(2)----------------- repeat
|-0-------------------
|--------------------
|--------------------
```

```
D            A      Em       D
I have heard rumors all over town,
D                     A       Em         D
 They say that you're planning to put me down.
G           F#m          A
 All I would like you to do,
G/b                 Em    D
 Is tell me that it isn't true.

They say that you've been seen with some other man,
That he's tall, dark and handsome, and you're holding his hand.
Darlin', I'm a-countin' on you,
Tell me that it isn't true.

     G                 F#m          Em          D
     To know that some other man is holdin' you tight,
     F#              Bm       Em           F#m    Em
     It hurts me all over, it doesn't seem right.

All of those awful things that I have heard,
I don't want to believe them, all I want is your word.
So darlin', you better come through,
Tell me that it isn't true.

     [instrumental break]

All of these awful things that I have heard,
I don't want to believe them, all I want is your word.
So darlin', I'm countin' on you,
Tell me that it isn't true.

F#   Bm   Em   F#m

[three suggestions for the ending:]
```

```
  D/g     G6              D           D       G6              D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------|2h4-2------------||
|/4-2-0-2---0-----|---4-2-/4--------|-4-2-0-2---0-0---|------2-h4-------||
|-------------2---|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
```

or:

```
  D/g     G6              D           D       G6              D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-2-0---0---------|-3-2-0-2---------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-3---3-0---3-0---|-------3---------|-------0---------|-----------------||
|-0-----0---------|-4-2-0-2---------|-2-----0---------|-2h4-2-----------||
|-----------------|-------0---------|-4-2-0-2---0-----|-------2-h4------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------2---|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
```

This is actually played on a guitar capoed on the 1st fret, something like:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-(0)-------------||
|-----------------|-0-0-0--0--------|-----------------|-------(0)-------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|4h6-4------------||
|/6-4-2-4---2-----|-7-6-4-h6--------|-----------------|------4-h6-------||
|-------------4---|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-4-2-0-2---0-0---|-----------------||
```

Country Pie

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Nashville Skyline* (1969)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The Bm is usually mixed with a B7 (which means you can pick whichever you want of the two)

```
A    /c#      D
Just like old Saxophone Joe
F#m                          Bm
When he's got the hogshead up on his toe
A  /c#    F#7
Oh me, oh my
Bm        E       A
Love that country pie

Listen to the fiddler play
When he's playin' 'til the break of day
Oh me, oh my
Love that country pie

     C#7
     Raspberry, strawberry, lemon and lime
     F#
       What do I care?
     Bm
     Blueberry, apple, cherry, pumpkin and plum
     E
     Call me for dinner, honey, I'll be there

Saddle me up my big white goose
Tie me on 'er and turn her loose
Oh me, oh my
Love that country pie

     I don't need much and that ain't no lie
     Ain't runnin' any race
     Give to me my country pie
     I won't throw it up in anybody's face

Shake me up that old peach tree
Little Jack Horner's got nothin' on me
Oh me, oh my
Love that country pie
```

Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Nashville Skyline* (1969) and *Greatest Hits II* (1971), and in a live version on *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (thanks to Matthew for correction. Won't happen again. . .)

```
G        C              G
Throw my ticket out the window,
G        C                   G
Throw my suitcase out there, too,
         C        G/b     C
Throw my troubles out the door,
        C         G/b Am
I don't need them any more
       G               C                 G
'Cause tonight I'll be staying here with you.

I should have left this town this morning
But it was more than I could do.
Oh, your love comes on so strong
And I've waited all day long
For tonight when I'll be staying here with you.

     Cm                   G
     Is it really any wonder
     Cm                               G
     The love that a stranger might receive.
     Ab                             C
     You cast your spell and I went under,
     Am                        D      C  Bm  Am
     I find it so difficult to leave.

I can hear that whistle blowin',
I see that stationmaster, too,
If there's a poor boy on the street,
Then let him have my seat
'Cause tonight I'll be staying here with you.

     [instrumental break]

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 tonight I'll be staying here with you.
```

***Rolling Thunder Revue* version**

from the Night of the Hurricane, Dec 8 1975
Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

```
G          C                  G
  Throw my ticket in the wind
G          C                  G
  Throw my mattress out there too
       C       G/b    Am
Draw my letters in the sand,
           C      G/b  Am
'cause you got to understand
     G               C                 G       C/g    G
that tonight I'll be staying here with you

I could have left this town by noon
by tonight I'd been to someplace new
but I was feeling a little bit scattered
and your love was all that mattered
so tonight I'll be staying here with you, get ready,
cause tonight I'll be staying here with you

  G                 Ab
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-4---------------
|-----------------|-4---------------
|-----------------|-5---------------
|-----------2-4-5-|-6---------------
|-----2-3-5-------|-6---------------
|-3-5-------------|-4---------------
                               Is it . . .

     Ab                 G
       Is it really any wonder
     Ab                                  G
       the changes we put on each other's heads
     B7                                C          G/b
     You came down on me like rolling thunder
     Am                              D   /c /b /a D(9)
       I left my dreams on the riverbed

I can hear that lonesome whistle blowin'
I hear them semis rolling too
If there's a driver on the road
let him have my load
cause tonight I'll be staying here with you

     [instr. bridge]

I can hear that lonesome whistle blowin'
I hear them semis rolling too
If there's a driver on this road
then let him have my load
'cause tonight I'll be staying here with you
'cause tonight I'll be staying here with you

C  G/b  Am  D
C  G/b  Am  D  C
```

10

Self Portrait

Recorded April 1969–March 1970 — Released June 8, 1970

309 All The Tired Horses
310 Alberta
311 I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know
312 Days of '49
314 Early Mornin' Rain
315 In Search of Little Sadie
317 Let It Be Me
318 Little Sadie
319 Belle Isle
321 Living the Blues
↪194 Like a Rolling Stone
322 Copper Kettle
324 Gotta Travel On
325 Blue Moon
326 The Boxer
↪536 Quinn The Eskimo (The Mighty Quinn)
328 Take Me as I Am (Or Let Me Go)
329 Take a Message to Mary
330 It Hurts Me Too
331 Minstrel Boy
↪159 She Belongs to Me
332 Wigwam

Introductory remarks

Eyolf Østrem

"What is this shit?!" wrote Greil Marcus in his *Rolling Stone* review of this album, and there is something to that question. There are only three possible explanations to the mix of the blatant sentimentality of I forgot more (and a bunch of others), the ludicrous chord changes of "In search of Little Sadie", the duet between the old, nasal Dylan and the new country-crooner Dylan in "The Boxer", which is fun on the first hearing, but gets quite dull already on the second (and I don't know what happens after the second hearing), and – the best of them all – "All the tired horses", which brilliantly captures the mood of this album.

Either it was, as Dylan himself has explained, conceived as a collection of country standards, maybe inspired by the sessions with Johnny Cash in 1969. This would imply that it's a serious effort. If so, it's the best proof that his muse was silent at the moment (as Paul Williams asks: if the tracks that ended up on *Self Portrait* and *Dylan* were just warm-ups for the band, then where are the *real* tracks?).

Or it was, as Dylan himself has *also* explained, an attempt to shake off the annoying role of icon and voice of a generation that he felt he was being forced into and kept locked up in – a big "fuck you" to everyone caring to take it as a provocation. But why then the effort? There are more sessions for these albums (counting also *New Morning*) than for any other Dylan album. And why the inclusion of tracks that are actually quite enjoyable, among the shit?

Or was it, perhaps, an ironic kick in the butt to the country idiom, and a clever, multi-level analysis of sentimentality and of his own music-making, where the packaging adds to the wit of the music?

I wish I could say that the third alternative is the correct answer, but I can't. What I can say is that Dylan was experimenting with his singing style, not only in the direction of country, but also a blues style which sounds new (and actually quite fresh!) in his oeuvre. They also seem to be having a good time, at least on some of the tracks (whereas others sound very uninspired). It is an amusing album, but not a good one...

Postscript:
Having lived with this album for a couple of days now, while tabbing it, I have quite reluctantly reached the conclusion ("insight" is too strong a word) that the most interesting songs on the album are "In search if little Sadie" (heard in conjunction with "Little Sadie", of course) and All the Tired Horses. They both stretch some limits that aren't usually touched upon. What's interesting about the "Search for little Sadie", is that it's a stylized search – it sounds like (and is probably meant to sound like) Dylan sitting at home, searching for a melody, trying out things, discarding them on the way, and picking up the next thing to try out. But it isn't: it's a planned progression through various stages, planned so as to sound erratic. At times it is genuinely erratic, of course, but only on the surface level: the chromatic progression of chords in the first half leads Dylan to melodic goals he can't have foreseen (which is evident from the recording – lots of sliding-up-to the last note of a phrase, to make it fit the chord). But the course through the song is orderly enough to be labeled "planned". This ambiguity puts the aesthetics both of improvised and of pre-planned music (which is to say: the entire history of Western Classical Music) under scrutiny, by using the one to nullify the other. What remains, may be crap, but at least it's interesting crap (oh my, I'm turning into a garbologist!)

Wigwam stretches limits too, but mostly those of patience.

Postscript II: I couldn't resist to put up this note, posted at r.m.d:

Hello-

Just picked this one up this afternoon. I have the following to say: That is $11.99 and 74 minutes of my life that I'm never getting back.

Best,
~Ryan

All The Tired Horses

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *Self Portrait* (1970), probably the only Dylan album which has never been underestimated (enough)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (there is actually a little finesse here which justifies the term)

Emsus4 (that's the finesse) is played 022010 (or at least it sounds as if there is a c there somewhere; it's probably just an overtone somewhere, and played as a straight Em chord. So much for finesse. . .)

```
C                    Am
All the tired horses in the sun
Em                          G
How'm I supposed to get any ridin' done?
C      Am
Hmm.
Emsus4 G
Hmm.   Hmm.
```

Alberta

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The only difference between the two versions is that in Alberta #1 the second chord of the verses is D, whereas in Alberta #2 it's C, and that #1 is in triple time and #2 in duple.

```
G C/g G  repeat

  Em             D         G  C/g G
Alberta let your hair hang low
                 C         G  C/g G
Alberta let your hair hang low
     C             G
I'll give you more gold
          G     /f# Em
Than your apron can hold
         G             D         G    C/g G
If you'd only let your hair hang low

     [1 verse instrumental between verses]

Alberta what's on your mind
Alberta what's on your mind
You keep me worried and bothered
All of the time
Alberta what's on your mind

Alberta don't you treat me unkind
Alberta don't you treat me unkind
Oh my heart is so sad
Cause I want you so bad
Alberta don't you treat me unkind

Alberta let your hair hang low
Alberta let your hair hang low
I'll give you more gold
Than your apron can hold
If you'll only let your hair hang low
```

I Forgot More Than You'll Ever Know

Written by Cecil A. Null
Recorded by Bob Dylan for *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The D7 at the end of the bridge starts out as a D9 (xx0210 or x54550)

```
G        C         G           D          C
I forgot more than you'll ever know about her

 C  G/b  Am  G   ------|-------------|--------
                 -3--5-|-3---2---1---|-0------
                 -4----|-4---3---2---|-0------
                 ------|-------------|--------
                 ------|-------------|--------
                 ------|-------------|--------

G
You think you know
                D
The smile on her lips

The thrill an' the touch
             G
Of her fingertips
             C         G           D          C      C  G/b  Am  G
But I forgot more than you'll ever know about her.

You think you'll find
A heaven of bliss
In each caress
In each tender kiss
But I forgot more than you'll ever know about her.

     C
     You stole her love from me one day
     G
     You didn't care how it hurt me
     A7
     But you can never steal away
     D7
     Memories of what used to be.

You think she's yours
To have and to hold
Someday you'll learn
When her love grows cold
But I forgot more than you'll ever know about her.
```

Days of ’49

By Warner/Lomax/Lomax
Played by Bob Dylan on *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The lyrics differ quite substantially from the official lyrics. Thanks to UltimoDraq for the actual sung lyrics.

```
    Am                    G
I’m old Tom Moore from the bummer’s shore
       Am       G      Am
In the good old golden days.
                           G
They call me a bummer and a gin sot, too
    Am         G     Am
But what cares I for praise
  C                 Am
I wander around from town to town
C                  Am
 Just like a roving sign,
    C                            Am
And all the people all say "There goes Tom Moore
       G         Am
in the days of ’49.

            F                  C
     In the days of old, in the days of gold
         F              C
     How oftentimes I repine
           F                   C
     For the days of old when we dug up the gold
           Am
     In the days of ’49.

Our comrades they all loved me well
Jolly saucy crew
A few hard cases I will recall
Though they all were brave and true
Whatever the pick, they never would flinch
They never would fret or whine
     F                   C
Like good old bricks,they stood the kicks
       [n.c.]    Am
In the Days of 49

There was New York Jake, the butcher’s boy
He was always getting tight
And every time that he’d get full
he was sporting for a fight
Then Jake rampaged against a knife
in the hands of old Bob Sign
And over Jake they held a wake
in the days of 49.
```

```
          Am          G
There was Poker Bill, one of the boys
        Am              G
Who was always in a game
Am                 G
Whether he lost or whether he won
   Am         G          Am
To him it was always the same
He would ante up and draw his cards
And would go a hatfull blind
In a game with death Bill lost his breath
in the days of 49           [oh my goodness!]

There was ragshag Bill from Buffalo
I never will forget
He would roar all day, and he'd roar all night
And I guess he's roaring yet
One day he fell in a prospect hole
In a roaring bad design
And in that hole, he roared out his soul
In the days of 49

Oh the comrades all that I've had
There's none thats left to boast
And I'm left alone in my misery
Like some old poor wandering ghost
And I pass by from town to town
They call me the ramblin' sign
There goes Tom Moore of bummer's shore
In the days of 49
```

Additional verse, not sung by Dylan:

```
There was poor old Jess, the old lame cuss
He never would relent
Her never was known to miss a drink
Or ever spend a cent.
At length old Jess like all the rest
Who never would decline,
In all his bloom went up the flume
In the days of '49.
```

Early Mornin' Rain

Written by Gordon Lightfoot
Recorded by Bob Dylan for *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C . . . |. . . . |G . . . |. . |
C . . . |. . .

                     G                        C
In the early morning rain with a dollar in my hand
                    Dm           G               C
And an aching in my heart and my pockets full of sand
                    Dm         G                C
I'm a long way from home and I miss my love one so
                     G                    C
In the early morning rain with nowhere to go.

G  C

Out on runway number nine big 707 set to go
I'm stuck here on the ground where the cold winds blow
The liquor tasted good and the women all are fast
There she goes my friend, she's rolling down at last.

G  C  Dm  G  C

Hear the mighty engines roar, see the silver bird on high
She's away and westward bound far above the clouds she'll fly
Where the morning rain don't fall and the sun always shines
She'll be flying over my home in about three hours' time.

G  C  Dm  G  C

This old airport's got me down, it's no earthly good to me
'Cause I'm stuck here on the ground cold and drunk as I might be
You can't hop a jetplane like you can a freight train
                     Dm G                     C
So I'd best be on my way in the early morning rain.
```

In Search of Little Sadie

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

No comment . . .

```
G . A . G . . . . . .

     G
Went out last night just to take a little round.
  F#
I met my little Sadie and I brought her down.
  Ab
I ran right home and I went to bed
       A
With a forty-four smokeless under my head.

A
I began to think what a deed I'd done.

I grabbed my hat and I began to run.

I made a god run but I ran too slow;
                          Bb
They overtook me down in Jericho

F
Standing on a corner I's ringin' my bell,
                            F#
Up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville.
   G                           G#
He says 'Young man is your name Brown?
                                      C#m
Remember you blowed Sadie down."

[from this point there is some kind of regular rhythm]

    C#m
"Oh yes sir, my name is Lee.
G#m
  I murdered little Sadie in the first degree.
F#m
  First degree and second degree.
          Bm                      F#
If you've got any papers will you serve them to me?"

          D                          A
Well they took me down town and they dressed me in black,
     G                          D
They put me on a train and they sent me back.
                    A
I had no one for to go my bail;
     G                       D              |: Dsus4 D Dsus2 D   :|
They crammed me back into the county jail.
```

```
Oh, yes they did.

         C
Now, the judge and the jury they took their stand.
    F                           Fm
The judge had the papers in his right hand.
C               Am
Forty-one days, forty-one nights;
F         Fm
Forty-one years to wear the ball and the stripes;

Oh, no!

     C                 Am
Went out last night to take a little round.
  Em                     G7
I met little Sadie and I blowed her down.
  C                     Em
I ran right home and I went to bed,
  F                       Dm  Fm C
A forty-four smokeless under my head.
```

(... except: who's the craziest: the one who recorded this, the moron who tabbed it, or you, who've actually came your way here to find it?)

Let It Be Me

Written by Gilbert Bcaud, Pierre Delano$^{\grave{}}$e, M. Curtisecaud, Pierre Delano$^{\acute{}}$e, M. Curtis
Released by Bob Dylan on *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

I suggest a capo on the 3rd fret (sounding key Eb major)

G11 = 3x3211 or 333211
G6 = 32000

```
C . . . |. . . . |. . . . |. . G11 . |C

            G/b
I bless the day I found you
Am         G6
 I want my arms around you
F         C/e
 And so I beg you
Dm  G11          C
    Let it be me

G11 . . G6

Don't take this heaven from me
If you must cling to someone
Now and forever
Let it be me

     F             Em
      Each time we meet love
     F          C
      I find complete love
     F             C
      Without your sweet love
     F                E7
      What would life be ?

So never leave me lonely
Tell me that you love me only
And say you'll always
Let it be me

     [Instrumental bridge]

So never leave me lonely
Tell me you love me only
An' say you'll always
Let it be me
```

Little Sadie

Trad.
Released on *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
     A
Went out last night to take a little round.
  G
I met my little Sadie and I brought her down.
  A
I ran right home and I went to bed
       G     [n.c.]                  A
With a forty-four smokeless under my head.

I began to think what a deed I'd done,
I grabbed my hat and away I run.
I made a god run but I run too slow;
They overtook me down in Jericho

Standing on a corner ringin' my bell,
Up stepped the sheriff from Thomasville.
He said "Young man is you name Brown?
Remember the night you blowed Little Sadie down."

"Oh, yes sir, my name is Lee.
I murdered little Sadie in the first degree.
First degree and second degree,
If you've got any papers will you serve them to me?"

Well they took me down town and they dressed me in black.
They put me on a train and they brought me back.
I had no one for to go my bail;
They crammed me back into the county jail.

The judge and the jury they took their stand.
The judge had the papers in his hand.
Forty-one days, forty-one nights;
Forty-one years to wear the ball and the stripes.

      [Instrumental verse; ends:  E7 E7   A]
```

Belle Isle

Trad./arr by Bob Dylan
Released on *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G7sus4  xx3013
C/e     xx2013
```

```
C

    C
One evenin' for pleasure
  F                   C           G    C
I rambled to view the fair fields all alone
C                     F
Down by the banks of Loch Erin
      G                          C
Where beauty an' pleasure were known
  Am                        Em
I spied a fair maid at her labor
      Am                        G
Which caused me to stay for a while
      C            Am         Em
An' I thought of a goddess of beauty
F               Fm             C
Bloomin' bright star of Bright Isle.

  C         Am          Em
I humbled myself to her beauty
      F      G              C
"Fair maiden where do you belong?
        C    Am       Em
Are you from heaven descended
Dm                      G7
Abidin' in Cupid's fair throne."
       Am                     Em
"Young man I will tell you a secret
     Am                       Em
It's true I'm a maid that is poor
       C                         Am
And to part from my vows and my promise
   F                         Fm
Is more that my heart can endure.
     C           Em/b       Am
Therefore I'll remain at my service
       Em                           G
And go through all my hardship and toil
    C            Em/b         Am
And wait for the lad that has left me
     F           G              C
All alone on the banks of Belle Isle."

C . Am . Em . . . G . G7sus4 . C/e . G .
```

```
       C        Am          Em
"Young maiden I wish not to banter
      F              G          C
'T'is true I've come here in disguise
       C          Em/b          Am
I came here to fulfill our last promise
    Dm                     G
An' hoped to give you a surprise
  Am                       G
I own you're a maid I love dearly
           Am         Em            G
An' you've been in my heart all the while
    C           Em/b     Am
For me there is no other damsel
        F               G             C
Than my bloomin' bright star of Belle Isle."

C . Am   . |Em . . . |F . . . |Fm . . .
C . Em/b . |Am . . . |F . G . |C  . . .
```

Living the Blues

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded for *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
  C Bb  G F    Eb C                          G7                C
  :  .  .  .    :  .  .  .       :  .  .  .    : . . .  : . . .   : . . . : . . .
|-8-6---3-1---|-------------|  |----3--3--2--|-1-------|--------|-0---------------
|-8-6---3-1---|-4-1---------|  |----5--5--4--|-3-------|--------|-1---------------
|-------------|-3-0---------|x2|-------------|-0-------|--------|-0---------------
|10-8---5-3---|-------------|  |-------------|-0-------|--------|-2---------------
|-------------|-6-3---------|  |-------------|-2-------|--------|-3---------------
|-------------|-------------|  |-------------|-3-------|--------|-----------------
```

```
C
Since you've been gone,
          F
I've been walking around
        C            G          C
With my head bowed down to my shoes.
                     G7
I've been living the blues
                    C
Ev'ry night without you.

G  /g /a /b

I don't have to go far
To know where you are,
Strangers all give me the news.
I've been living the blues
Ev'ry night without you.


       F
     I think that it's best,

     I soon get some rest
     C      G      C
     And forget my pride.
         D
     But I can't deny

     This feeling that I
     G     F       Dm          Em  .  Am . . . F .  /a /b
     Carry for you deep down inside.

If you see me this way,
You'd come back and you'd stay,
Oh, how could you refuse.
I've been living the blues
Ev'ry night without you.
```

Copper Kettle

Albert Frank Beddoe
Released by Bob Dylan on *Self Portrait* (1970)
tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The figure in the first lines is (probably) embellished like:

```
  G       Am7
  :   .   .   .
|-3---3---0-------|
|-0---0---1-------|
|-0---0---0-------|
|-0---0---2-------|
|-2---2---0---0---|
|-3---3-----3-----|
```

```
G       Am7      G    Am7  G        Am7     G     Am7
Get you a copper kettle,   get you a copper coil,
G      Am7            G      Am7    C          /b     Am
Fill it with new-made corn mash and never more you'll toil.

                C               G
     You'll just lay there by the juniper
     C                G
     while the moon is bright,
     C          /b     Am
     Watch them jugs a-filling
            C(maj7)     G
     In the pale    moonlight.

G           Am7       G   Am7  G        Am7     G     Am7
Build you a fire with hickory, hickory, ash and oak,
G            Am7      G         Am7        C
Don't use no green or rotten wood; they'll get you by the smoke.

                G               C
     You'll just lay there by the juniper
     G                C
     while the moon is bright,
     G          C
     Watch them jugs a-filling
                     G
     In the pale moonlight.

   G      Am7     G     Am7   G           Am7    G     Am7
My daddy, he made whiskey; my granddaddy, he did too.
G         Am7     G       Am7       Âm      C
 We ain't paid no whiskey tax since 1792.

                G               C
     You'll just lay there by the juniper
     G                C
     while the moon is bright,
     G                C
     Watch them jugs a-filling
```

```
                G
In the pale moonlight.
       C        G
In the pale moonlight.
```

Gotta Travel On

Paul Clayton-L. Ehrlich/D. Lazar-T. Six
Released by Bob Dylan on *Self Portrait* (1970) and played live during the Rolling Thunder Revue (1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
     A
     Done laid around, done stayed around this old town too long;
                           D               A
     Summer's almost gone, winter's coming on.
     A                                                        F#m
     Done laid around, done stayed around this old town too long;
            C                       D      A
     And it seems like I've got to travel on,
            C               D              A
     And it seems like I've got to travel on.

A
Papa writes to Johnny. Johnny can't come home.
                        D                A
Johnny can't come home. Johnny can't come home.
A                                      F#m
Papa writes to Johnny. Johnny can't come home.
         D                         A
Johnny's been out on the road too long.

     Done laid around, done stayed around...

That chilly wind will soon begin and I'll be on my way,
Going home to stay, going home to stay.
That chilly wind will soon begin and I'll be on my way,
And I feel like I just want to travel on.

     Done laid around, done stayed around...

There's a lonesome freight at 6:08 coming through the town,
I'll be homeward bound, I'll be homeward bound.
There's a lonesome freight at 6:08 coming through the town,
And I feel like I just want to travel on.

     Done laid around, done stayed around...
```

Blue Moon

Lorenz Hart & Richard Rodgers
Recorded by Bob Dylan for *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C
     [n.c.]                    C    Am
Blue moon you saw me standing alone
Dm         G           C     Am
 Without a dream in my heart
Dm         G          C    Am   Dm  G
 Without a love of my own.

Blue moon you knew just what I was there for
You heard me saying a prayer for
Someone I really could care for.

     Dm                    G        C       Am
     Then suddenly there appeared before me
         Dm          G               C
     The only one my arms could ever hold
     Fm              Bb                Eb
     I heard someone whisper, "Please adore me"
         G               D                  G
     And when I looked my moon had turned to gold.

Blue moon now I am no longer alone
Without a dream in may heart
Without a love of my own
Without a love of my own.
```

The Boxer

Paul Simon
Recorded by Bob Dylan, in a duet between "raucous HWY61"-Dylan and "mellifluous Nashville Skyline"-Dylan, for *Self Portrait* (1970)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C
I'm just a poor boy
                         Am
Though my story's seldom told
       G
I have squandered my resistance
      F
For a pocketful of mumbles
         C
Such are promises
             Am
All lies and jest
        G                F
Still a man hears What he wants to hear
                 C
And disregard the rest.
      G                     C
La-la la, la-la la-la la-la la.

When I left my home and family
I was no more than a boy
In the company of strangers
In the quiet of the railway station
Running scared
Laying low
Seeking out the poorer quarters
Where the ragged people go
Lookin for the places
Only they would know.

             Am
     Lay-la lay
             G
     Lay-la lay-lay lay-la lay
             Am
     Lay-la lay
             F              G              C
     Lay-la lay-lay lay-la lay-lay lay-la lay.

Askin only workman's wages
I come lookin for a job
But I get no offers
Just a come on from the whores
On seventh avenue
I do declare
There were times when I was so lonesome
```

I took some comfort there.

Then I'm laying out my winter clothes
And wishing I was gone
Going on
Where the New York city winters
Aren't bleeding me
Am
Leading me
      G
Going home.

In the clearing stands a boxer
And a fighter by his trade
And he carries the reminders
Of every glove that laid him down
And cut him till he cried out
In his anger and his shame
"I'm leaving, I am leaving"
But the fighter still remains

Take Me as I Am (Or Let Me Go)

Written by Boudleaux Bryant
Released by Bob Dylan on *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Make sure to add all the bass runs between the chords.

```
F |G . . . |. . /a /b |C . . . |. /g /a /b |

C                                F
Why must you always try to make me over
G7                         C     G7
Take me as I am or let me go
C                  C7                F
White lilies never grow on stalks of clover
G7                         C    F   C    /c-b-a
Take me as I am or let me go.

            G7                         C
     You're tryin' to reshape me in a mold love
            D7                            F     G
     In the image of someone you used to know
         C       /b   C7/Bb            F
     But I won't be a stand-in for an old love
     G7                         C     F      C
     Take me as I am or let me go.  [let me go]

You tried to change me ever since you've met me
Take me as I am or let me go
If you can't overlook my faults, forget me
Take me as I am or let me go.

     You're tryin' to reshape me in a mold love
     In the image of someone you used to know
     But I won't be a stand-in for an old love
     Take me as I am or let me go.
```

Take a Message to Mary

Felice Bryant, Boudleaux Bryant
Released by Bob Dylan on *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C

                          Em
These are the words of a frontier lad
    Am                 G
Who lost his love when he turned bad.

C . G . |F . C . |Am . . . |. . . . |C . G . |C . . .

C
 Take a message to Mary
    F              G       C
But don't tell her where I am

Take a message to Mary
    F              G       C
But don't say I'm in a jam.

              Am                      Em
      You can tell her that I had to see the world
      Am               D        G
      Tell her that my ship set sail
              C         G          F        C
      You can say she'd better not wait for me
          Am                 /g Am
      But don't tell her I'm in jail
         C              G      C
      Oh don't tell her I'm in jail.

Take a message to Mary
But don't tell her what I've done
Please don't mention the stagecoach
An' the shot from a careless gun.

      You can tell her that I changed my plans
      An' cancel out the weddin' day
      But don't mention my lonely cell
      Where I'm gonna pine away
      Until my dyin' day.

Take a message to Mary
But don't tell all you know
My heart is achin' for Mary
Lord knows I miss her so.

      Just tell her that I went to Timbuktu
      Tell that I'm searchin' for gold
      You can say she'd better find someone new
      To cherish an' to hold
      Oh Lord, this cell is cold.
```

It Hurts Me Too

Tampa Red, arr. by Elmore James
Released by Bob Dylan on *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

A7 = (0)02223

```
           C                              C7
So run here baby, put your little hands in mine
          F                               Fm
I got something to tell you, I know you're gonna change your mind
              C                    A7
When things go wrong, so wrong with you,
Ab             C
 it hurts me too.

I want you babe just to understand
I don't wanna be your boss babe, i just wanna be your man
When things go wrong, so wrong with you,
it hurts me too.

Now when you go home, you don't have to get along
Come back to me babe, where i live that's where you belong
When things go wrong, so wrong with you,
it hurts me too.

I love you babe an' you know that it's true
I wouldn't mistreat you baby, nothin' in this world is like you
When things go wrong, so wrong with you, it hurts me too
Yes when things go wrong, so wrong with you,
it hurts me too.

So run here baby, put your little hand in mine
I got something to tell you, i know that will change your mind
When things go wrong, so wrong with you
Don't you know it, don't you know it hurts me too.
```

Minstrel Boy

Written by Bob Dylan
Performed live on the Isle of Wight festival, and released on *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The chords in the chorus are approximations only; the last line could be played with F – Em – Dm – C as well.
The lyrics are the official ones – I didn't see any reason to change them to whatever he sings live.

```
C                     F6       G11   C
Who's gonna throw that minstrel boy a coin?
            F      C
Who's gonna let it roll?
C           Em         F6       G11   C
Who's gonna throw that minstrel boy a coin?
            F           C       G7       C
Who's gonna let it down easy to save his soul?

    F       C         F          C
Oh, Lucky's drivin' a long, long time
    F        C        G
And now he's stuck on top of the hill.
F                   C           F                C
With twelve forward gears, it's been a long hard climb,
         F           C                   G
And with all of them ladies, though, he's lonely still.

Who's gonna throw that minstrel boy a coin?
Who's gonna let it roll?
Who's gonna throw that minstrel boy a coin?
Who's gonna let it down easy to save his soul?

Well, he deep in number and heavy in toil,
Mighty Mockingbird, he still has such a heavy load.
Beneath his bound'ries, what more can I tell,
With all of his trav'lin', but I'm still on that road.

Who's gonna throw that minstrel boy a coin?
Who's gonna let it roll?
Who's gonna throw that minstrel boy a coin?
Who's gonna let it down easy to save his soul?
```

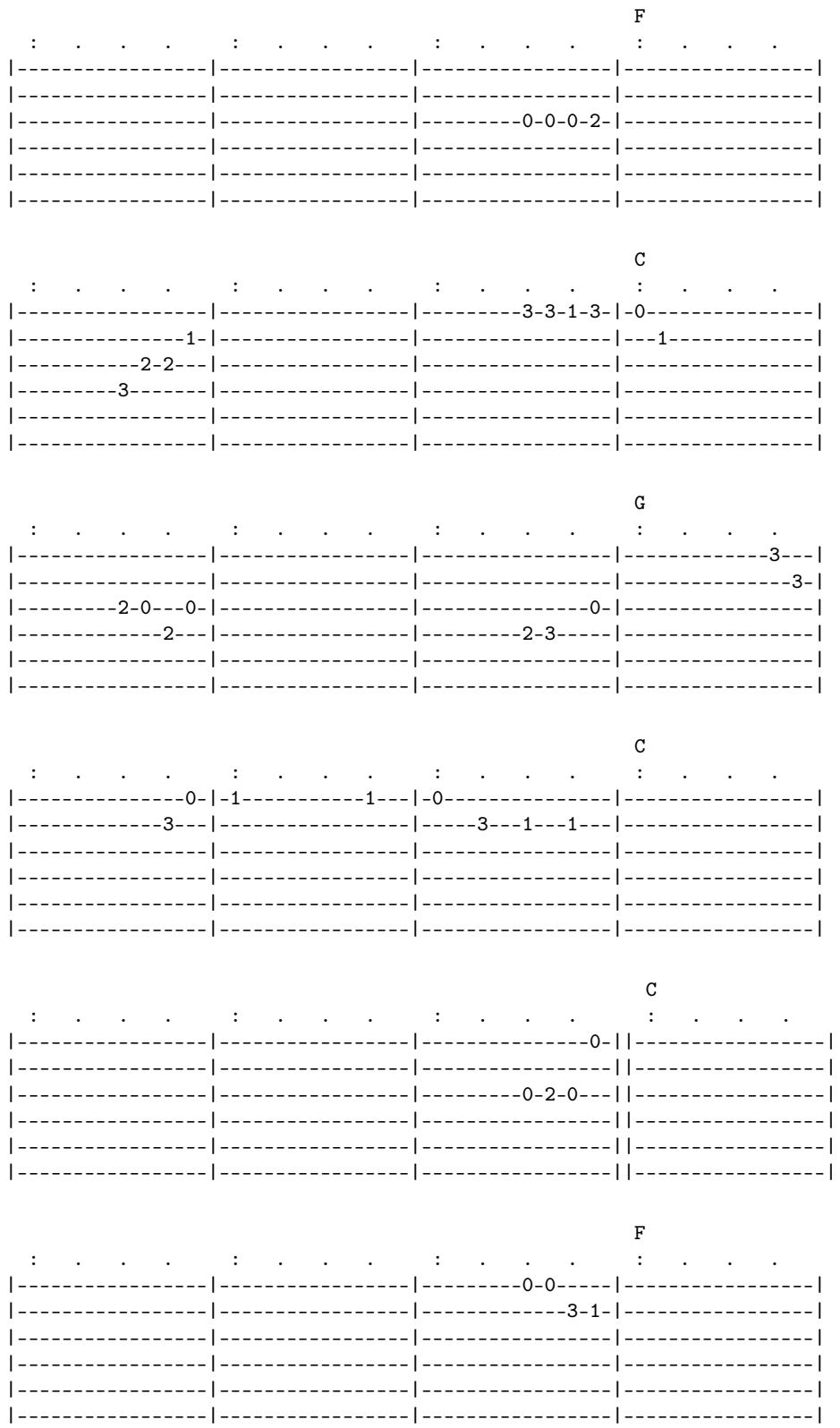
Wigwam

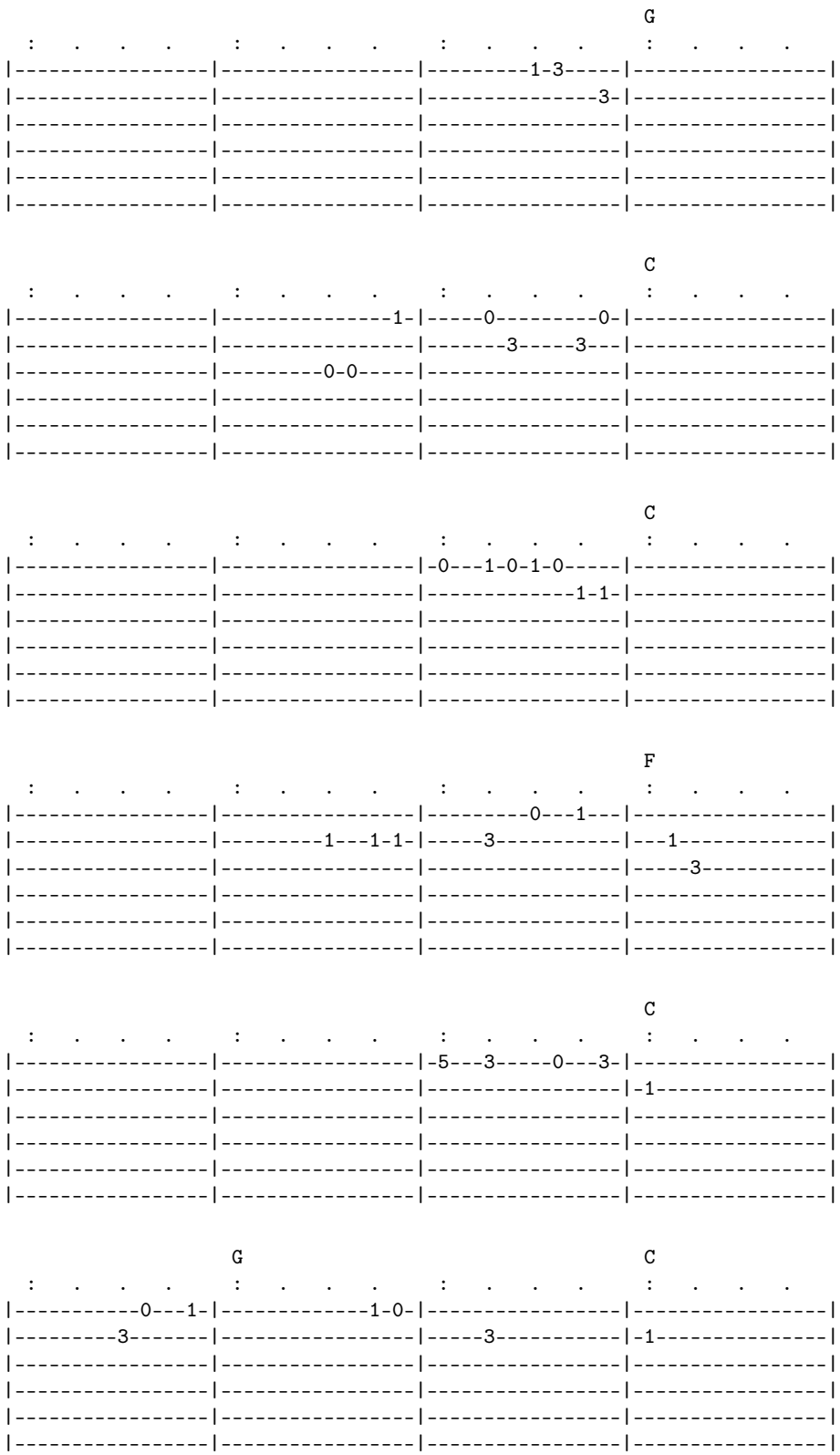
Another instrumental from the hand of Bob Dylan, released, as the climactical culmination of *Self Portrait* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem, as the final proof that he's out of his mind.

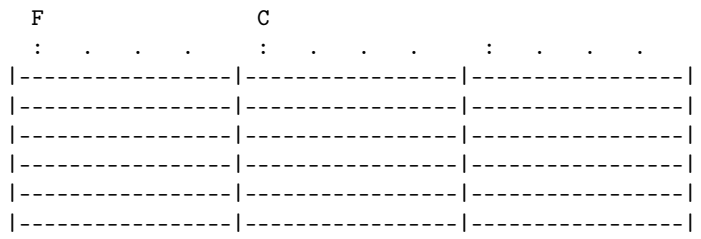
To be played with pompousness and sensitivity (and a slight triple feel).

```
|C . . . | x9

  C                 F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   : . . .  : . . .  :  .   .   .
|---------3-3-----||------------|--------|--------|---------------|
|-------------1---||-3-1--------|--------|--------|-------1-3-1-3-|
|-----------------||-----2------|--------|--------|---------------|
|-----------------||------------|--------|--------|---------------|
|-----------------||------------|--------|--------|---------------|
|-----------------||------------|--------|--------|---------------|

  C                                                 G
  :   .   .   .   : . . .  : . . .  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0-------------|--------|--------|--------------1-|-----------------|
|-----1---------|--------|--------|----------------|-----3-----------|
|-------0-------|--------|--------|--------0-2-0---|-----------------|
|---------------|--------|--------|----------------|-----------------|
|---------------|--------|--------|----------------|-----------------|
|---------------|--------|--------|----------------|-----------------|

                                                      C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|---------------0-|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|---------1-3-1---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

                                                       F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----0---1-0-----||-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------3-1-||-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||---0-2-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|

                                                      C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----1---1-0---1-|---0-------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------3---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----0-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
                                                    G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|---------------1-|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----3-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----0-0-0-2-0---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

                                                    C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-------------0-1-|-3-0-------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---------3-------|---------3---1---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

                                                      C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|---------------0-||-------------0-0-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----0---0-2-0---||-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|

                                                    G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---1-------3---|-----------------|-----0---1---3---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-3---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

                                                    G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------0-1-|-----3-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|---------3-------|-------------3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

                                                    CG
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------1-----|-----------------|-----1-1-1---1---|-----------------|
|-------------2-0-|-----------------|-----------2---2-|-0---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```


F
C
G
C
C
F


G
C
C
F
C
G
C


F
C

11

New Morning

Recorded March–June 1970 — Released October 21, 1970

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343 Time Passes Slowly
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Introductory Remarks

Eyolf Østrem

New Morning has been haunting me ever since I bought it. This must be Dylan's most stylistically varied album ever (possibly topped by *"Love and Theft"*), but I still can't decide whether it belongs in the "weak" category together with *Self Portrait*, or if it is a glorious testimony to the *sprezzatura* that only Dylan can handle without collapsing completely.

I've had heated discussions with a friend of mine about "The Man In Me" – is it a good song? an exuberant jubilation of the bliss of true love? a rare moment in Dylan's catalogue of a love song with no hint whatsoever of uncertainty, bitterness, pain? No! it's just *too* sweet; things that are too good to be true usually aren't. It's like "Sara" or "Wedding Song", another couple of songs that I just can't take seriously. What *they* have, though, is an intrinsic seriousness which commands some kind of respect: *only* Dylan can say "I love you more than blood" and get away with it.

And what does "The Man in Me" have ?

"La la la la la." Not quite the same.

In the same category come "If Not For You" ("I'd be sad and blue" or "I wouldn't have a clue / If not for you" – c'mon Bob, you can rhyme better than that!), and, to some extent, "New Morning" and "Winterlude". But they aren't too bad after all: Winterlude has this corny, guy-on-the-sleeve-of-Nashville-Skyline-ish, country dude thing going on, and if such a down-to-earth guy "thinks you're fine", what is there to complain about? And "New Morning" has these wonderful snapshots of situations which may be just reminiscenses of random glimpses, but which *may* also be filled with meaning ("Rabbit runnin' down across the road / Underneath the bridge where the water flowed through", "Automobile comin' into style / Comin' down the road for a country mile or two"), and they are introduced with a shade of desperation in the insistent questions: "Can't you hear…?" ("You *really* can't hear it? Don't you *remember*? But… that was an *important* moment! I thought we shared it… Don't you love me anymore?") Besides, the song is forever redeemed by the treatment it got in 1991 – when someone goes though something like *that*, you just have to care for them …

The three songs that *really* got to me and made me think of it as a great album after all, were "If Dogs Run Free", "Three Angels" and "Father of Night". I'm not *positive* that the scat singing in "Dogs…" is great, but I know it makes me smile. And the choir on the other two… heavenly! In fact, if Dylan ever wrote a heavenly line of music, it's the two bars of dirty-winged angels' song between the verses in "Father of Night", or the very end of "Three Angels".

If Not for You

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *New Morning* (1970), *Greatest Hits II* (1971) and *Biograph* (1985), and in an earlier version (w/George Harrison) on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

This one is more tricky than it seems at first. The tricky thing is actually the E chord. It sounds like it is (or rather: it's definitely) played in the fourth position, with the prominent g♯ on the 1st string (4th fret), as if there was a capo on the fourth fret, but the G♯m' and F♯m' chords are definitely played:

```
G#m'    466400  (use the thumb for these two,
F#m'    244200  otherwise it won't work)
```

So that rules out the capo. That would suggest these chords:

```
E       076454 (barre)
B       799877
A       577655
```

Which may be a bit awkward to play, but that would be more than enough compensated by the thrill of playing exactly as it was done then, right...?
One can of course use any variety of these chords, or even a capo on the fourth fret, with the chords C, G, F, Em Dm.

Intro:

```
|. . . . |. . . . |
|E    B A|     B E|x3

|. . . . |. . . . |. . . . |. . . . |  as above
|G#m'   F#m'     G#m'     F#m'     E| x2

           E     B A
If not for you,
                 E              B A
Babe, I couldn't find the door,
              E               B A
Couldn't even see the floor,
               G#m'    F#m'
I'd be sad and blue,
           E
If not for you.

If not for you,
Babe, I'd lay awake all night,
Wait for the mornin' light
To shine in through,
But it would not be new,
If not for you.

     A
     If not for you
```

```
   E
My sky would fall,
B                E   E7
Rain would gather too.
A                       E
Without your love I'd be nowhere at all,
F#                     B
I'd be lost if not for you,
        A         G#m'  F#m'
And you know it's true.

B  A  G#m' F#m'
B  A  G#m' F#m'
B  A  G#m' F#m' E

If not for you
My sky would fall,
Rain would gather too.
Without your love I'd be nowhere at all,
Oh! what would I do
If not for you.

If not for you,
Winter would have no spring,
Couldn't hear the robin sing,
I just wouldn't have a clue,
Anyway it wouldn't ring true,
If not for you.
```

Bootleg series 1-3 version

```
Dadd9/c x30230
G6/b    x20030

|. . . . |. . . . |
|G    D C|     D G|x5

|. . . . |. . . . |. . . . |. . . . |  as above
|Am               G      D C

          G     D C
If not for you,
                G             D  C
Babe, I couldn't find the door,
            G             D C
Couldn't even see the floor,
              Am
I'd be sad and blue,
          G
If not for you.

[Instr. verse]

If not for you,
```

```
The night would see me wide awake
The day would surely have to break
But it would not be new,
If not for you.

     C
     If not for you
        G
     My sky would fall,
     D                 G
     Rain would gather too.
     C                         G
     Without your love I'd be nowhere at all,
            A7                  D   Dadd9/c G6/b  D/a
     I'd be lost if not for you.

If not for you,
Winter would hold no spring,
I couldn't hear the robin sing,
I just wouldn't have a clue,
If not for you.
```

Day of the Locusts

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *New Morning* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Piano song, lots of b's. Best played with a capo on the 1st fret (Original key A♭ major).
It's all just one chord sequence that is repeated for each line.

```
       G                         C         /b    Am     /g
Oh, the benches were stained with tears and perspiration,
The birdies were flying from tree to tree.
There was little to say, there was no conversation
As I stepped to the stage to pick up my degree.

     And the locusts sang off in the distance,
     Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody.
     Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance,
     Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me.

I glanced into the chamber where the judges were talking,
Darkness was everywhere, it smelled like a tomb.
I was ready to leave, I was already walkin',
But the next time I looked there was light in the room.

Outside ' of the gates the trucks were unloadin',
The weather was hot, nearly 90 degrees.
The man standin' next to me, his head was exploding,
Well, I was prayin' the pieces wouldn't fall on me.

I put down my robe, picked up my diploma,
Took hold of my sweetheart and away we did drive,
Straight for the hills, the black hills of Dakota,
Sure was glad to get out of there alive.

     And the locusts sang, well, it give me a chill,
     Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody.
     And the locusts sang with a high whinin' trill
     Yeah, the locusts sang and they was singing for me,
```

Time Passes Slowly

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *New Morning* (1970) and on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key Eb major)

Chords:

```
D7/a          x0421x
Em/g          322000
F#m/a         x04222
```

```
D7/a

D           C         G           Em
Time passes slowly up here in the mountains,
D              C           G           Em
 We sit beside bridges and walk beside fountains,
F#m        Em/g             F#m/a             Em/g
 Catch the wild fishes that float through the stream,
D            C                 G         F#m    /a G
 Time passes slowly when you're lost in a dream.

A              D
   :  .  .  .  .
|----53------------
|-------5----------
|--2---------------
|--------0-----0---
|-0--------30-3----
|------------------

D            C                  G             Em      A
Once I had a sweetheart, she was fine and good-lookin',
D              C                 G        Em         A
 We sat in her kitchen while her mama was cookin',
G                A(sus4 A) G                  A
 Starin' out the window     to the stars high above,
G           F#m               Asus4         A
Time passes slowly when you're searchin' for love.

[short, glorious piano break]

G                         D
 Ain't no reason to go in a wagon to town,
G                            D
 Ain't no reason to go to the fair.
        G                         D
Ain't no reason to go up, ain't no reason to go down,
Asus4                A   Asus4    A
 Ain't no reason to go anywhere.

D   . . C . . G    . . Em . .
```

```
D   . . C . . G    . . Em . .
F#m . . G . . Asus4. . .  A .

D           C         G           Em
Time passes slowly up here in the daylight,
D                  C            G          Em
We stare straight ahead and try so hard to stay right,
Asus4                  G           Asus4         G
  Like the red rose of summer that blooms in the day,
Asus4       G          F#m    Em . . . . Asus4
Time passes slowly and fades away.

D . . C . . F . . G . .
D . . C . . F C D G . .  D
```

Went to See the Gypsy

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *New Morning* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Piano song. I shamelessly suggest a capo on the 3rd fret (sounding key B♭ major).
Quite complicated, being such a simple (dull?) song.

```
G    Am    G   Am

Am               G
 Went to see the gypsy,
Am                  G
 Stayin' in a big hotel.
   Am                    G
He smiled when he saw me coming,
             Am                   D
And he said, "Well, well, well."
                      G
His room was dark and crowded,
Am                  G
Lights were low and dim.
        C     G/b Am     G
How are you?" he said to me,
  Am
I said it back to him.

D             G
  I went down to the lobby
Am                    G
 To make a small call out.
Am
 A pretty dancing girl was there,

And she began to shout,
       D               G
"Go on back to see the gypsy.
       Am           (Bm) G     [piano bass line: c  b  a  g]
He can move you from the rear,
C         G/b  Am   G
Drive you from your fear,
C         G/b     Am  G
Bring you through the mirror.
   C      G/b    Am G
He did it in Las Vegas,
    Am
And he can do it here."

F                           G
Outside the lights were shining
       F        F
On the river of tears,
  F                     G
I watched them from the distance
```

```
     C           Am
With music in my ears.

       D               G
I went back to see the gypsy,
       Am     D     G
It was nearly early dawn.
    Am               G
The gypsy's door was open wide
        Am
But the gypsy was gone,
         D              G
And that pretty dancing girl,
Am               G
She could not be found.
     C            G/b      Am
So I watched that sun come rising
G         Am
From that little Minnesota town,
          D               G
From that little Minnesota town.
```

Winterlude

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *New Morning* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
      C
Winterlude, Winterlude, oh darlin',
                          G
Winterlude by the road tonight.
  G7
Tonight there will be no quarrelin',
                            C
Ev'rything is gonna be all right.
      C          /b      /a      /g
Oh, I see by the angel beside me
     C(7)                 F
That love has a reason to shine.
                              C
You're the one I adore, come over here and give me more,
           G                                C
Then Winterlude, this dude thinks you're fine.

Winterlude, Winterlude, my little apple,
Winterlude by the corn in the field,
Winterlude, let's go down to the chapel,
Then come back and cook up a meal.
Well, come out when the skating rink glistens
By the sun, near the old crossroads sign.
The snow is so cold, but our love can be bold,
Winterlude, don't be rude, please be mine.

Winterlude, Winterlude, my little daisy,
Winterlude by the telephone wire,
Winterlude, it's makin' me lazy,
Come on, sit by the logs in the fire.
The moonlight reflects from the window
Where the snowflakes, they cover the sand.
Come out tonight, ev'rything will be tight,
Winterlude, this dude thinks you're grand.
```

If Dogs Run Free

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *New Morning* (1970), and debuted live during the fall 2000 tour.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dylan goes Jazz!

Here follows first a tab of the bass part in the first instrumental verse, with chord suggestions above. Since the song is basically defined by a bass progression with chromatic alterations, and heavily colorated chords above that, the indicated chords are *not* what is being played – it's a synthesis of what *may* have been played by some or the other of the musicians, or rather: a simplified picture of what may have been in their heads while playing. It works, sort of, but especially at the end of the second and third lines below, the chords are definitely suggestions only.

Chords:

```
C#o    x45353
Bm7-5  x2323x
```

```
  G             C     C#o     G
  :  .  .  .    :  .  .  .    :  .  .  .    :  .  .  .
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-0--0--0--0--|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|------------3|-5--------0--|-5-03--0-----|
|-------------|-3--3--4--5--|-------2-----|----------4--|
|-------------|-------------|----3--------|-------------|

  C             C#o           G7    C7     Bm7-5  E7
  :  .  .  .    :  .  .  .    :  .  .  .    :  .  .  .
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|------------0|-5--5--0-----|----3--2-----|
|-3--3--2--3--|-4--4--3--4--|----------3--|-2--------1--|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|

  Am            D             G7 /f Em7 /Bb  A     D7
  :  .  .  .    :  .  .  .    :  .  .  .    :  .  .  .
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-0-----------|-------------|----2--1--0--|
|-0--0--2--3-4|----3--0-----|----------1--|-0-----------|
|-------------|----------4--|-3--1--0-----|-------------|

G                     C       C#o
If dogs run free, then why not we
G
Across the swooping plain?
C              C#o
My ears hear a symphony
G            C7          Bm7-5  E7
Of two mules, trains and rain.
```

```
Am                  D
  The best is always yet to come,
G7                Em7          A7   D7
That's what they explain to me.

G                   C         C#o
 Just do your thing, you'll be king,
G
 If dogs run free.

If dogs run free, why not me
Across the swamp of time?
My mind weaves a symphony
And tapestry of rhyme.
Oh, winds which rush my tale to thee
So it may flow and be,
To each his own, it's all unknown,
If dogs run free.

If dogs run free, then what must be,
Must be, and that is all.
True love can make a blade of grass
Stand up straight and tall.
In harmony with the cosmic sea,
True love needs no company,
It can cure the soul, it can make it whole,
If dogs run free.
```

2000 live version

The chords below are a destillation and a synthetization of the sounds I hear (at times very vaguely), as chords, licks, bass tones etc. in four different live renditions of this song from the late 2000 shows. Priority has been given to chord formations that are actually, audibly played (as opposed to those that can be pieced together from a bass note here, a lick there, and an unpredictable – but delightful – tone from Dylan's guitar, but which are never actually played as such).
The bass line is from Münster, Oct 1, 2000 – other nights it was similar but different.

Chords:

```
C9     x35333
F6     xx3535
F#o    xx4545
Fm7-5  xx3444
Em7-5  xx2333
F9     xx7888
Fm6    xx6768
Cmaj9  xx5557
A7+5   x05665 (or x02021)
Dm7    xx0565
G7-10  xx5466
Fo     xx3434
C#o    x4535x
Dm7    x5756x
```

```
Dm7-5  x5656x
```

```
  C9            F6    F#o     C     Fm7-5   Em7-5 C9
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|----------0--|-1-----------|-------------|
|-------------|----2--3-----|-------0-----|-------------|
|----0--1--2--|-3-----------|----2-----3--|-2--0-----2--|
|-3-----------|-------------|-------------|-------3-----|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|

  F9            Fm6           Cmaj9         A7+5  A7
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------1-----|----------0--|-1-----------|-------------|
|----2--------|----1--3-----|-------0--2--|-0-----------|
|-3--------1--|-3-----------|----2--------|----3--2--1--|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|

  Dm7           G7-10 Fo      C     C#o     Dm7 Dm7-5 G7      C9
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-----------------|----
|----1--0-----|----------0--|-1-----------|-----------------|----
|----------2--|-0--1--2-----|----0--2-----|-----1-----0-----|----
|-0-----------|-------------|-------------|-0---------------|----
|-------------|-------------|----------4--|--------------2--|-3--
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-----------------|----
```

```
C9                    F6      F#o
If dogs run free, then why not we
C  Fm7-5            Em7-5   C9
Across the swooping plain?
F9             Fm6
My ears hear a symphony
   Cmaj9                 A7+5   A7
Of two mules, trains and rain.
Dm7                  G7-10    Fo
  The best is always yet to come,
C                C#o          Dm7 Dm7-5  G7
That's what they explain to me.

C9                   F6        F#o
 Just do your thing, you'll be king,
C   Fm7-5        Em7-5   C9   etc.
 If dogs run free.
```

New Morning

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *New Morning* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Very little Bob-guitar on this one. He just plays the A's and D's, and when the going get rough – i.e. the second line, where there are some more chords – the rough gets going: Dylan stops playing.

It can be played quite comfortably, though, with the following chords:

```
A       577655
D       557775
C#m/g#  446654 (or Amaj7  x06650)
A7/g    x05650 (the g is not really in the bass here, but it works)
E11     022232
```

```
A . . . D . . . x4

A                  D        A         D
Can't you hear that rooster crowin'?
A                    C#m/g#
Rabbit runnin' down across the road
A7/g                            F#m          D
Underneath the bridge where the water flowed through
Bm               C#m
So happy just to see you smile
     D               E(11)
Underneath the sky of blue
        A   D        A   D
On this new morning, new morning
        A   D            A
On this new morning with you.

Can't you hear that motor turnin'?
Automobile comin' into style
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, new morning
On this new morning with you.

     G                       F#m
     The night passed away so quickly
     G                         E
     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.
```

So happy just to be alive
Underneath the sky of blue
On this new morning, new morning
On this new morning with you.
New morning . . .

Sign on the Window

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *New Morning* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Piano song – in F♯ major, possibly the worst conceivable guitar key. I suggest a capo on the 2nd fret and the following chords:

```
Asus2      002200
E/b        x22100
E/a        x02100
E/g#       422100 or 476454
F#m7       242222
F#9        242324
F#m/a      x04222
```

```
E           C#m          D   E
Sign on the window says "Lonely,"
E           C#m           D         A      Asus2
Sign on the door said "No Company Allowed,"
E           C#m                   D   Asus2
Sign on the street says "Y' Don't Own Me,"
E    *)     C#m   E/b   E/a     /g# F#m7         *) 2nd verse G#m
Sign on the porch says "Three's A   Crowd,"
E    G#m    C#m   E/b   F#9     A E
Sign on the porch says "Three's A Crowd."

|:A   E :|x4

Her and her boyfriend went to California,
Her and her boyfriend done changed their tune.
My best friend said, "Now didn' I warn ya,
Brighton girls are like the moon,
Brighton girls are like the moon."

     |:A   E :|x4   F G

     C           Bm          A
     Looks like a-nothing but rain...
     E             G#m   C#m      A    F#m
     Sure gonna be wet tonight on Main Street...
     C#m              B
      Hope that it don't sleet.

     B  F#m/a  E/g#  F#m7  E

Instr. verse:

E     G#m C#m  D E(/b)
E     C#m      D A  Asus2
E     C#m      D A  Asus2
E G#m C#m E/b  A E/g#  F#m7
E G#m C#m E/b  F#9 A   E
```

```
|:A   E :|x4

Build me a cabin in Utah,
Marry me a wife, catch rainbow trout,
Have a bunch of kids who call me "Pa,"
That must be what it's all about,
That must be what it's all about.
```

I accidentally tabbed this one with my guitar tuned down one half tone – and that happens to work quite well.

```
Csus2 (3)3001x

G           Em           F   G
Sign on the window says "Lonely,"
G           Em            F         C      Csus2
Sign on the door said "No Company Allowed,"
G           Em                    F   C
Sign on the street says "Y' Don't Own Me,"
G    *)     Em    G/d   C(maj7) G/b Am7         *) 2nd verse Bm
Sign on the porch says "Three's A   Crowd,"
G    Bm     Em    G/d   A7/c#   C G
Sign on the porch says "Three's A Crowd."

. . .

|:C   G :|x4   Ab Bb

     Eb           Dm          C
     Looks like a-nothing but rain...
     G             Bm     Em      C    Am
     Sure gonna be wet tonight on Main Street...
     Em               D
      Hope that it don't sleet

     D  Am/c  G/b  Am7  G

     etc.
```

One More Weekend

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *New Morning* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Fairly standard blues.

Intro (turnaround):

```
  |     .     .     .     |     .     .
|---------9-----8-----7---5---------0----
|-----------------------------------5----
|-------9---9-8---8-7---7-6---------7----
|-----------------------------------6----
|---------------------------(5-6)--7----
|---------------------------------------
```

```
A
Slippin' and slidin' like a weasel on the run,

I'm lookin' good to see you, yeah, and we can have some fun.
D                                     A
One more weekend, one more weekend with you,
E                 D                   A
One more weekend, one more weekend'll do.

[turnaround]

Come on down to my ship, honey, ride on deck,
We'll fly over the ocean just like you suspect.
One more weekend, one more weekend with you.
One more weekend, one more weekend'll do.

     D
     We'll fly the night away,
     C
     Hang out the whole next day,
     B                               E7
     Things will be okay, You wait and see.
     D
     We'll go someplace unknown,
     C
     Leave all the children home,
     B                                  E7
     Honey, why not go alone Just you and me.

Comin' and goin' like a rabbit in the wood,
I'm happy just to see you, yeah, lookin' so good.
One more weekend, one more weekend with you,
One more weekend, one more weekend'll do (yes, you will!).

Like a needle in a haystack, I'm gonna find you yet,
You're the sweetest gone mama that this boy's ever gonna get.
One more weekend, one more weekend with you,
One more weekend, one more weekend'll do.
```

The Man in Me

Words and music Bob Dylan
(from the album *New Morning*, 1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

This is a piano song, and he prefers to play these on the black keys, hence the original key is A♭ major. On a guitar this suggests a capo on the 1st fret, with the following chords:

```
[shamelessly happy "la la la la"s throughout the intro:]

G . . . |C /b Am7 . |D . C . |G . . . |
G . . . |C .  .   . |D . . . |G . . . |

G                     C      C/B Am
The man in me will do nearly any task,
    D             C                              G
And as for compensation, there's little he would ask.
       G
Take a woman like you
       C              C/D
To get through to the man in me.

Storm clouds are raging all around my door,
I think to myself I might not take it any more.
Take a woman like your kind
To find the man in me.

          Am                   G
     But, oh, what a wonderful feeling
             Am                G
     Just to know that you are near,
     Am                 G
     Sets my a heart a-reeling
             Am            D
     From my toes up to my ears.

The man in me will hide sometimes to keep from bein' seen,
But that's just because he doesn't want to turn into some machine.
Took a woman like you
To get through to the man in me.

G C /B Am  D G
La la la la etc...

repeat and fade
```

Version from Paris July 6, 1978

```
    A               Bm
The man in me will do nearly any thing,
E                         D                    A
 As for compensation, whatever you wanna bring.
```

```
       A
Take a woman like you
       Bm      E                 D  A/c#  Bm  A
To get through     to the man in me.
```

```
  Bm                                  E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|-2---------------|-----------------|-0---
|-3---------------|---------3-------|-0---
|-4---------------|-------2-4-2---2-|-1---
|-4---------------|---2-4-------4---|-2---
|-2---------------|-----------------|-2---
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---
..through
```

```
Storms on the river of no return,
I'd try to teach you how, but I know that you never learn.
Take a woman like your kind
To find the man in me.
```

```
          Bm                   A
     But, oh, what a wonderful feeling
             Bm                          A
     Just to know that you're really there,
        Bm                  A
     It sets my old heart a-reeling
     Bm               C#m        D          E
      right from my feet to the top of the stairs.
```

```
How can you believe it? Well, I guess it's true
I'm lying next to her, baby, but I'm thinking of you
Take a woman like you
To get through to the man in me.

[instrumental verse]

     Oh, what a wonderful feeling
     Just to know that you really exist,
     It makes my, makes my head go reeling
     All you got to do is look my way, and, baby, I just can't resist

[I] go down to the border beneath the sun
Calling out her name, but, baby, you're the one
Take a woman like you
To get through to the man in me.
Take a woman like you
To get through to the man in me.
```

Three Angels

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *New Morning* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
F
 Three angels up above the street,
C
 Each one playing a horn,
Dm
 Dressed in green robes with wings that stick out,
G                                          F# F
 They've been there since Christmas morn.

The wildest cat from Montana passes by in a flash,
Then a lady in a bright orange dress,
One U-Haul trailer, a truck with no wheels,
The Tenth Avenue bus going west.

The dogs and pigeons fly up and they flutter around,
A man with a badge skips by,
Three fellas crawlin' on their way back to work,
Nobody stops to ask why.

The bakery truck stops outside of that fence
Where the angels stand high on their poles,
The driver peeks out, trying to find one face
In this concrete world full of souls.

F
The angels play on their horns all day,
C
The whole earth in progression seems to pass by.
Dm
But does anyone hear the music they play,
Ab                      Bb       C
  Does anyone even try?
```

Father of Night

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *New Morning* (1970)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Piano song, hence lots of black keys. It is playable on a guitar too, but a more guitaristic key would be A (capo 3rd fret). I include a version like that at the end.

```
|: Gm  F  C  .  :|

C               Bb
Father of night, Father of day,
Ab                    Gm
Father, who taketh the darkness away,
Eb          /d           Cm       Cm/Bb
Father, who teacheth the bird to fly,
Ab         Eb/g     Bb
Builder of rainbows up in the sky,
Ab        Gm    Eb   Eb/d Cm
Father of loneliness and pain,
Bb
Father of love and Father of rain.

Father of day, Father of night,
Father of black, Father of white,
Father, who build the mountain so high,
Who shapeth the cloud up in the sky,
Father of time, Father of dreams,
Father, who turneth the rivers and streams.

Father of grain, Father of wheat,
Father of cold and Father of heat,
Father of air and Father of trees,
Who dwells in our hearts and our memories,
Father of minutes, Father of days,
Father of whom we most solemnly praise.
```

```
|: Em  D  A   .  :|

A               G
Father of night, Father of day,
F                     Em
Father, who taketh the darkness away,
C           /b           Am      Am/G
Father, who teacheth the bird to fly,
F          C/e      G
Builder of rainbows up in the sky,
F         Em    C    /b  Am
Father of loneliness and pain,
G
Father of love and Father of rain.
```

12

Pat Garrett & Billy The Kid

Recorded January–February 1973 — Released Jul 13, 1973
(The movie was released in May 1973)

362 Billy (Main Title Theme)
370 Billy
374 Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Billy (Main Title Theme)

By Bob Dylan
Released on the soundtrack album *Pat Garret & Billy The Kid* (1973)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The guitar figure in the intro runs through the whole song.

Intro:

```
   >                >                >
   G                G C/g            C G
   :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
||--3-3---3-3---3---|-3-----3-----3---|-3-3---3-----3---|-3-3-3-3-----3---||
||*-0-0---0-0---0---|-0h1---1-----1---|-1-0---0-----0---|-0-0-0-0-----0--*||
||--0-0---0-0---0---|-0-----0-----0---|-0-0---0-----0---|-0-0-0-0-----0---||
||--0-0---0-0---0---|-0h2---2-----2---|-2-0---0-----0---|-0-0-0-0-----0---||
||*-2-2---2-2---2---|-2-------------|---2---2-----2---|-2-2-2-2-----2--*||
||--3-3---3-3---3---|-3-------------|-3-3---3-----3---|-3-3-3-3-----3---||

  G                G C/g            C G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|----------------|----------------|----------------|--------------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|---------------1p0--|
|-------0--------|-------------2--|-2--h4-4--------|------------------2p|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|--------------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|--------------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|--------------------|

  G                G C/g            C G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
|-0-----0--------|-------------0--|-0--------------|-------------2--|
|-------------2--|-0--------2-----|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|

  C/g                               C G
  :   .   .   .    :       .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|----------------|--------------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|--------------------|----------------|----------------|
|-2h4---------2--|-2h4p2p0------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------2---|-2p0---0--------|-------------0--|
|----------------|--------------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|--------------------|----------------|----------------|

  G C/g                             C G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------||
|----------------|----------------|----------------|-------------3--||
|-------------0--|-0h2---0--------|----------------|-------2/4------||
|-0h2------------|-------------2--|-2p0------------|----------------||
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------||
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------||
```

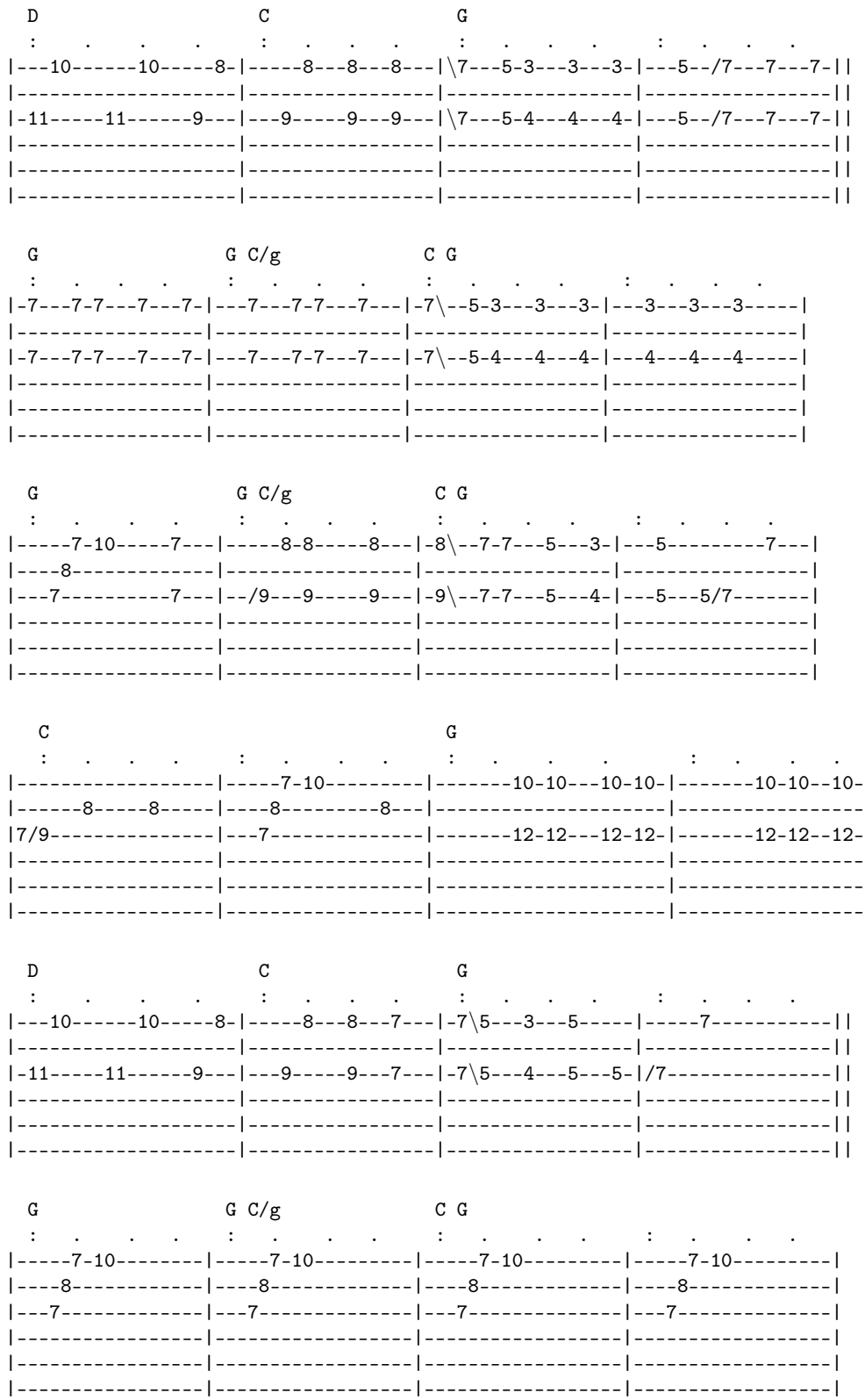
```
  G                G C/g             C G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-----0-----|-----------------|-----0-----------|-3-----5-----7---|
|-3-----3-----3---|-----------------|-3-----3---------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  G                  G C/g             C G
  :   .     .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------7p5p3---3---|-3---------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------------|-------------5---|-5---3-3---------|-------0---------|
|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------2---|
|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  D                              (C)    G
  :     .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :     .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
|-0h2p0-------------|-2---------------|-4p2p0---0---------|-----------2h4---|
|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
|-------------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|

  G                G C/g               C G
  :   .   .   .    :     .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-2--p0-0---------|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-------------2---|-0h2p0-------------|-2p0---0---------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------||

  G                G C/g             C G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------3-------|
|-------------0---|-0-----------2---|-2h4---4---------|-------4---------|
|-------0h2-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  G                G C/g             C G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------(0)---|-------0---------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-------3---------|-3-----------3---|
|-4---------------|-2p0---0-----2---|-2h4-------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

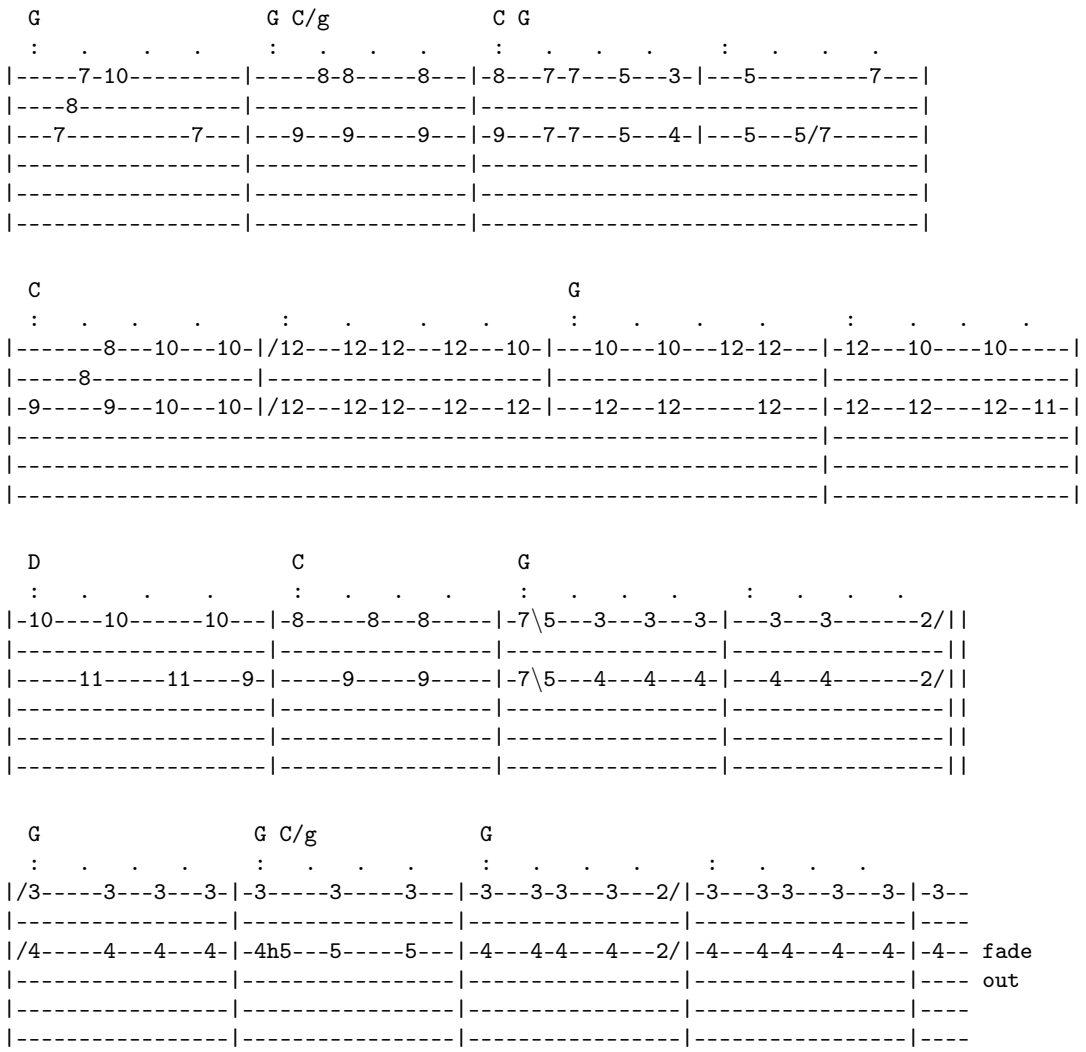
```
  D                C                  G                G C/g G
  :   .   .   .    :    .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|----------------|------------------|----------------|----------------||
|-3----------3---|-1h3p1---0--------|----------------|----------------||
|----------------|-------------2---0-|-0-----0--------|----------------||
|----------------|------------------|----------------|----------------||
|----------------|------------------|----------------|----------------||
|----------------|------------------|----------------|----------------||

  G                G C/g            C G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-7---7-7---7---7-|-7---7-----7---5-|-5-3---3--------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
|-7---7-7---7---7-|-7---7-----7---5-|-5-4---4--------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|

  G                G C/g            C G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-7---7-7---7-----|-------8---8---8-|-8\7-7-7--------|-------------7---|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
|-7---7-7---7---7-|-7/9-------9---9-|-9\7-7-7--------|-------------7---|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|

  C/g                               G
  :   .   .   .    :    .     .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-------8---8---8-|-8-(/10)-10-10\-8---|-8\7-7-7--------|-------------7---|
|----------------|--------------------|----------------|----------------|
|-7/9-------9---9-|-9-(/11)-11-11\-9---|-9\7-7-7--------|-------------7---|
|----------------|--------------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|--------------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|--------------------|----------------|----------------|

  D                C                G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-7\5---5-----7---|-----8-8-----8---|-8\7---7---5-3---|----------------||
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------||
|-7\5---5-----7---|-7/9---9-----9---|-9\7---7---5-4---|----------------||
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------||
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------||
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------||

  G                G C/g            C G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|----------------|----------------|-------7--------|----------------|
|----8-----------|------------8---|----8------8----|----------------|
|---7------------|-7--------------|-7----------7---|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
|----------------|----------------|----------------|----------------|
```

```
  G                 G C/g             C G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .    .    .
|-------------7---|-7h8---------8---|-8p7---7---------|----------10---10---|
|----8------------|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|
|---7-------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------12------12---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|

  C                                 G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-10----------8---|-8-----8-----8---|-8\--7-7\--5---3-|---5---5-----7---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-12----------9---|-9-----9-----9---|-9\--7-7\--5---4-|---5---5-----7---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  D                 C                 G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-7\5---5-----7---|-----8-8-----8---|-7\5---3---------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-7\5---5-----7---|-7/9---9-----9---|-7\5---4---------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||

  G                 G C/g             C G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-7---7-7---7---7-|-7---7-----------|-7\5---3---------|-------------5---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-7---7-7---7---7-|-7---7-----------|-7\5---4---------|-------------5---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  G                 G C/g             C G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------7---7---7-|-7-----------8---|-8\7---7-----5---|-----3-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-5/7-------7---7-|-7-----7/9---9---|-9\7---7-----5---|-4---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  C                                 G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----3-----3-----|/8-----8-----8---|-8\--7-7---5---3-|---5---5/7---7---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-5-----5-------(5|/9)--9-------9---|-9\--7-7---5---4-|---5---5/7---7---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
  D                C                G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-7\--5-5-----7---|-8---8-7---5---5-|-5\--3-3---------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-7\--5-5-----7---|-9---9-7---5---5-|-5\--4-4---------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||

  G                G C/g            C G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----5-------7---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----5-5-----7---|-7/9-------------|
|-------10--------|-3---5-----------|-5---------------|-----------------|
|-3---3/----------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  G                    G C/g              C G
  :   .   .   .        :     .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :       .   .   .
|-----------------|----------------------|-------------10--|-10-----------------|
|-------8---------|(10)b12r10---8--------|-8-----------10--|-10b12r10---8-----8---|
|-7/9-------------|--------------------9---|-----------------|----------------9-----|
|-----------------|----------------------|-----------------|----------------------|
|-----------------|----------------------|-----------------|----------------------|
|-----------------|----------------------|-----------------|----------------------|

  C                                 G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|---8-----8---8---|-8\--7-7---5---3-|---5---5/7---7---|
|-8---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------7---|-9-----9-----9---|-9\--7-7---5---4-|---5---5/7---7---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  D                C                G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-7\5-5-5---7---8-|---8---8-7---5---|-5\3---3-3-------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------(3)--------||
|-7\5-5-5---7---9-|---9---9-7---5---|-5\4---4-4-------|------(4)--------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||

  G                G C/g             C G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----7-10--------|-----7-10---------|-----7-10---------|-----7-10---------|
|----8------------|----8-------------|----8-------------|----8-------------|
|---7-------------|---7--------------|---7--------------|---7--------------|
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
```

```
  G                 G C/g               C G
  :   .    .   .    :   .    .   .     :   .    .   .     :   .    .   .
|-----7-10--------|-----7-10---------|-----7-10---------|-----7-10---------|
|----8------------|----8-------------|----8-------------|----8-------------|
|---7-------------|---7--------------|---7--------------|---7--------------|
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|

  C                                      G
  :   .   .   .     :     .     .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----8-8-----10--|-10/12-12-10---8---8-|-8\--7-7\--5---3-|---5---5/7---7---|
|-----------------|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---9---9-----10--|-10/12-12-10---9---9-|-9\--7-7\--5---4-|---5---5/7---7---|
|-----------------|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  D                 C                 G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-5---5-5---7---8-|-8---8-7---5---5-|-5\--3-3-----3---|-3---------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-5---5-5---7---9-|-9---9-7---5---5-|-5\--4-4-----4---|-4---------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||

  G                 G C/g               C G
  :   .    .   .    :   .    .   .     :   .    .   .     :   .    .   .
|-----7-10--------|-----7-10---------|-----7-10---------|-----7-10---------|
|----8------------|----8-------------|----8---------8---|----8-------------|
|---7-------------|---7--------------|---7--------------|-7-7--------------|
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|
|-----------------|------------------|------------------|------------------|

  G                   G C/g               C G
  :   .    .   .      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----7-10---------|----8-----8---8---|-8\--7-7---5---3-|---5---7---------|
|----8-------------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---7--------------|7/9-----9-----9---|-9\--7-7---5---4-|---5---7-----7---|
|------------------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|------------------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|------------------|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  C                                  G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :    .   .   .
|---8-----8-------|-------8-----8---|-8---7-7-------7-|--/10-10--10--10---|
|-------------8---|---8-------------|-----------------|-------------------|
|/9-----9-------9-|-------------9---|-9---7-7-------7-|--/12-12--12--12---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------|
```


D C G
G G C/g C G
G G C/g C G
C G
D C G
G G C/g C G


G G C/g C G
C G
D C G
G G C/g G
fade
out

Billy

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on the soundtrack album *Pat Garret & Billy The Kid* (1973)
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

Billy 1

Several verses instrumental intro

```
        G                     C/g    G
There's guns across the river aimin' at ya
G                           C/g     G
Lawman on your trail, he'd like to catch ya
C                                    G
Bounty hunters, too, they'd like to get ya
D                                    G
Billy, they don't like you to be so free.

Campin' out all night on the berenda
Dealin' cards 'til dawn in the hacienda
Up to Boot Hill they'd like to send ya
Billy, don't you turn your back on me.

Playin' around with some sweet señorita
Into her dark hallway she will lead ya
To the shadows of the mesa she will greet ya
Billy, you're so far away from home.
```

Billy 4

As above, but capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

```
There's guns across the river, like to pound you
Lawman on your trail like to surround you
Bounty hunters dancin' all around you
Billy, they don't like you to be so free.

Campin' out all night on the berenda
Walkin' the streets down by the hacienda
Up to Boot Hill they'd like to send ya
Billy, don't you turn your back on me.

There's mirrors inside the minds of crazy faces
Bullet holes and rifles in their cases
There's always one more notch and four more aces
Billy, and you're playin' all alone.

Playin' around with some sweet señorita
Into her dark chamber she will greet ya
In the shadows of the mesa she will lead ya
Billy, and you're goin' all alone.
```

They say that Pat Garrett's got your number
So sleep with one eye open when you wonder
If every little sound just might be thunder
Thunder from the barrel of his gun.

There's always another stranger sneakin' glances
Some trigger-happy fool willin' to take chances
And some old whore from San Pedro to make advances
Advances on your spirit and your soul.

The businessmen from Taos want you to go down
So they've hired Mister Garrett to force you to slow down.
Billy, don't it make ya feel so low-down
To be hunted by the man who was your friend?

So hang on to your woman if you got one
Remember in El Paso, once, you shot one.
Up in Santa Fe you bought one
Billy, you been runnin' for so long.

Gypsy queens will play your grand finale
Way down in some Tularosa alley,
Maybe in the Rio Pecos valley
Billy, you're so far away from home.
Billy, you're so far away from home.
Billy, you're so far away from home.

Billy 7

Spend the night with some sweet señorita
Into her dark hallway she will lead ya
In some lonesome shadow she might greet ya
Billy, you're so doggone far away from home.

They say that Pat Garrett's got your number
Sleep with one eye open when you slumber
Every little sound just might be thunder
Thunder from the barrel of his gun.

Maybe you will find yourself tomorrow
Drinkin' in some bar to hide your sorrow
Spendin' the time that you borrow
Figuring a way to get back home.

Outtakes

Billy (2)

There's guns across the river aimin' at ya
Lawman on your trail, he'd like to catch ya

```
Bounty hunters, too, they'd like to get ya
Billy, they don't like you to be so free.

Campin' out all night on the berenda
Dealin' cards 'til dawn in the hacienda
Up to Boot Hill they'd like to send ya
Billy, don't you turn your back on me.

There's mirrors inside the minds of crazy faces
Bullet holes and rifles in their cases
There's always one more notch and four more aces
Billy, and you're playin' all alone.

Playin' around with some sweet señorita
Into her dark hallway she will lead ya
In the shadows of the mesa she will greet ya
Billy, you've been runnin' for so long.

They say that Pat Garrett's got your number
So sleep with one eye open when you wonder
If every little sound just might be thunder
Thunder from the barrel of his gun.

Gypsy queens will play your grand finale
Way down in some Tularosa alley,
Maybe in the Rio Pecos valley
In the days when you were better known.

The businessmen from Taos want you to go down
So they've hired Mister Garrett to force you to slow down.
Billy, don't it make ya feel so low-down
To be hunted by the man who was your friend?

So hang on to your woman if you got one
Remember in El Paso, once, you shot one.
Way up in Santa Fe she was a hot one
Billy, you been runnin' for so long.

Gypsy queens will play your grand finale
Billy, you been so far from home
Billy, you're so far away from home.
```

BD: Was that any good?
Producer: Pretty good, Bob. What happened, you hit the mike twice, I guess when you were movin' around out there, and we had a couple of clunks on it.
BD: Hm. That's too bad.

"Turkey II or Tom Turkey"

Capo 2nd fret

Loong intro, playing around with the following riff, first without any sense of rhythm whatsoever:

```
|--------------------------3---
|--0-1---3--5--3----1--0---0---
|--------------------------0---
|--0-2---3--5--3----2--0---0---
|--------------------------2---
|--------------------------3---
```

then eventually settling into this rhythm:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-1-----3-------|-5---3---1-0-----|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-2-----3-----5-|-----3---2-0-----|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
```

Before segueing into this strumming pattern:

```
  G       C/g      G7'      Am7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3-3---3-3-------|---0---0-0-0-0-0-|
|-0-0---0-1-------|---3---3-1-1-1-1-|
|-0-0---0-0-------|---0---0-0-0-0-0-|
|-0-0---0-2-------|-3-----3-2-2-2-2-|
|-2-2---2-0-------|-0-------0-0-0-0-|
|-3-3---3-3-------|-----------------|
```

or some variation of it, frequently with a prominent place for the open A string from the middle of the first bar.

This pattern is the background for the sung verses as well:

```
    G       C/g          G7'   Am7    G       C/g   G7' Am7
The businessmen from Taos want you to go down
           G    C/g            G7'       Am7    G         C/g G7' Am7
So they've hired Mister Garrett to force you to slow down.
C                               G       C/g  G7' Am7
Billy, don't it make ya feel so low-down
      D                     C        G
To be hunted by the man who was your friend?

So hang on to your woman if you got one
Remember in El Paso, once, you shot one.
Way up in Santa Fe you bought one
Billy, don't it make you feel so bad?
```

Knockin' on Heaven's Door

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Pat Garret & Billy The Kid* (1973) and on *Biograph* (1985), and in live versions on *Before the Flood* (1974), *At Budokan* (1978), *Dylan and the Dead* (1988), *MTV Unplugged* (1995), and *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

The challenge with this song is not the chords, which are quite simple, actually, but the lyrics, which change quite a lot, almost from show to show, with improvised new lines about what brings him to the door, knockin'.

The Am7 is played as a simple Am in most versions.

Unplugged version same as below, but with a capo on the 2nd fret (on Jackson's guitar; Dylan fumbles around with an occasional lick on an uncapoed guitar).

```
|:G . D . Am7 . . . |G . D . C . . . :|

G               D            Am7
Mama, take this badge off of me
G        D         C
 I can't use it anymore.
G             D                 Am7
 It's gettin' dark, too dark to see
G                D                     C
 I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door

Mama, put my guns in the ground
I can't shoot them anymore.
That long black cloud is comin' down
I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
```

Live 1975 version

The chords are the same as above.

Mama wipe the blood off of my face
I can't see through it anymore
I need someone to talk to, and a new hiding place
I feel like I'm looking at heaven's door

[Roger McGuinn:]
Mama I can hear that thunder roar
Echoin' down from God's distant shore
I can hear 'em callin' for my soul
Feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door

Live version, 2001

The most stable chord sequence in the world (maybe with the exception of "All Along the Watchtower") has been changed!

```
| E . B . | F#m . . . | E . B . | A . . . |

~
E               B            F#m
Mama, take this badge off of me
E        B         A
 I can't use it anymore.
A             E(/g#)            B
 It's gettin' dark, too dark to see
C#m             B                    A
 I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.
```

Alternative outtake verses from the Burbank sessions, Feb 1973

Take #1:

Mama, put my guns in the ground
I don't need them anymore.
long black train is comin' round
I feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Mama, take this badge off of me
I don't need it anymore.
It's gettin' dark, too dark to see
I feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Mama, put my guns in the ground
I can't shoot them anymore.
that long black train is comin' round
I'm knockin' up on heaven's door

Take #2:

"Ok, let's do it without the vocal. It's the last time I work for anybody though, on a movie. With music."

Various live lyric changes

Mama wipe the blood from my face
I'm sick and tired of the war

Got a lone black feelin', and it's hard to trace
Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door
(1974, various locations, incl. the version on .
This verse is inserted between the two verses on the original album)

Mama take these bells out of my ears
I can't hear them anymore
They're bringin' me down and givin' me tears
Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door

Roger McGuinn's verse:
Mama I can hear that thunder roar
Echoin' down from God's distant shore
I can hear it callin' for my soul
Feel I'm knockin' on heaven's door
(Waterbury CT, 751111)

Mama wipe the blood off of my face
I can't see through it anymore
I need someone to talk to, and a new hiding place
I feel like I'm knocking on heaven's door
(Boston, 751121)

Mama take these tears out of my eyes
I can't see through them anymore
Just for once, I'd like to see the sunrise
Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door
(MSG, "Night of the Hurricane", 751208)

Mama take this badge off of me
I can't feel it anymore
It's getting dark, too dark to see
Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door
(New Orleans, 760503, Fort Worth 760516)

Mama tow my barge down to sea
Pull it down from shore to shore
Two brown eyes are lookin' at me
Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.

Goin' down by that road
Feelin' down and more and more
Take the train by [...]
Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.
(Earl's Court, London 810328)

[...] on this scene
fallin' down like to the floor
Two brown eyes are looking at me
Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door
(Earl's Court, London 810329)

Mama take me above all that misery
Let it fall down to the floor
Two brown eyes are looking at me
Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door
(Drammen, Norway, 810710)

Mama take this [front part away]

I just don't want it anymore
Aah, when I get in front of something it's too much to pay
Yeah, Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door

Mama take my boat [out of the sea]
Let it fall down to the floor
Two brown eyes are looking at me
Feel like I'm knockin' on heaven's door.
(Avignon, 810725)

Mama wipe the blod from my face
I just can't see trough it any more
Sometimes you feel so damn out of place
And I feel like I'm knockin' on-a heavens door
(Bristol Connecticut, Lake Compounce 4 Sep, 1988. Submitted by Patrik Winquist)

The sun is setting down
On this ill-forgotten town
Two riders are coming down
Bury my heart in this ground
(Unknown date and location, submitted by Chris Barrett)

13

Dylan (A fool such as I)

Released November 16, 1973

381 Lily of the West
382 Can't Help Falling in Love
383 Sarah Jane
384 Mr. Bojangles
385 The Ballad of Ira Hayes
387 Mary Ann
388 Big Yellow Taxi
389 A Fool Such As I
391 Spanish is the Loving Tongue

An album put together out of leftovers from the sessions for *Self Portrait* and *New Morning* (not necessarily the best leftovers either), behind Dylan's back, maybe as some kind of revenge from Columbia, after Dylan had signed with David Geffen's new *Asylum* label. An offical bootleg album, if you like.

Apparently this one is hard to find these days. Maybe it doesn't matter ...

Lily of the West

E. Davies/J. Peterson
Recorded by Bob Dylan June 3 or 5, 1970, released on *Dylan* (1973)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
Am . . . |. . . . |
Am . C |G . . . |F . Am . . . |. . . .
C  . . |G . . . |F . . . |Am . . .
F  . . |G . . . |Am G Am . . . |
C  . . |G . . . |F . Am . . . |. . . .
```

```
     Am              C    G           F                  Am
When first I came to Louisville, some pleasure there to find,
                    C     G       F              Am
A damsel there from Lexington was pleasing to my mind.
    F                     G          Am     /g         Am
Her rosy cheeks, her ruby lips, like arrows pierced my breast
                      C  G       F           Am
The name she bore was Flora, the Lily of the West.

                                C  G       F           Am
     (And the name she bore was Flora, the Lily of the West.)

I courted lovely Flora, some pleasure for to find,
But she turned unto another man, which sore distressed my mind.
She robbed me of my liberty, deprived me off my rest --
Then go, my lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.

     (Then go, my lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.)

'Way down in yonder shady grove, a man of high degree
Conversing with my Flora there, which seemed so strange to me.
And the answer that she gave to him, it sore did me opress
I was betrayed by Flora, the Lily of the West.

     (I was betrayed by Flora, the Lily of the West.)

I stepped up to my rival, dagger in my hand.
I seized him by the collar, and boldly made him stand.
Being mad by desperation, I pierced him through the breast
All this for lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.

     (All this for lovely Flora, the Lily of the West.)

I had to stand my trial, I had to make my plea;
They placed me in the witness box, and then commenced on me.
Although she swore my life away, deprived me of my rest
Still I love my faithless Flora, the Lily of the West.

     (Still I love my faithless Flora, the Lily of the West.)
```

Can't Help Falling in Love

G. Weiss, H.Peretti, L.Creatore
Recorded by Bob Dylan June 3, 1970 and released by Columbia on *Dylan* (1973)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
E       022100 or 076454
E/d#    021100 or 066454
C#m     446654
C#m/b   746454 (could be called E/b)
G#m     466444
F#m     244222
B7      x21202
B6      764444 (or G#m, or G#m/b)
B       799877
D#7     668686
```

```
E    /d# C#m /b       A     G#m  F#m   B7
Wise men say     only fools rush in
    A B6    C#m  A  G#m  F#m E    B    E
But I can't help falling in  love with you.

Shall I stay, will it be a sin
If i can't help falling in love with you?

D#7

     G#m          D#7   G#m           D#7
     Like a river flows surely to the sea
     G#m            D#7        G#m                  F#m    B7
     Darling, so it goes, some things were meant to be.

Take my hand, take my whole life too
For i can't help falling in love with you.
```

Sarah Jane

Trad.
Recorded June 2, 1970 by Bob Dylan, and released by Columbia on *Dylan* (1973)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G /f# Em /d C /b Am D

la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la, la
la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la, la

la-la, la-la, la-la, la-la, la *)

G
I've got a wife and five little children

I'm gonna take a trip on the big McMillan
     Em
With Sarah Jane
Bm    Am
Sarah Jane
      C          G
Ain't nothin' to do
       G      /f#   Em
But to sit down and sing
/d  C             D     G
And rock about my Sarah Jane.

Whistle done blows and the fiddler squalls
Captain gone through the hole-in-the-wall
Oh Sarah Jane
Sarah Jane
Ain't nothin' to do
But to set down and sing
And rock about my Sarah Jane.

Yankee built boats to shoot them Rebels
My gun's steady gonna hold it level
Sarah Jane
Sarah Jane
Ain't nothin' to do
But to set down and sing
And rock about my Sarah Jane.

I've got a wife and five little children
I'm gonna take a trip on the big McMillan
Sarah Jane
Sarah Jane
Ain't nothin' to do
But to set down and sing
And rock about my Sarah Jane.
```

---

*) Don't you love it when he sings like that... ?

Mr. Bojangles

Jerry Jeff Walker
Released by Columbia on the official bootleg album *Dylan* (1973)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C

  C            /b               Am            /g
I knew a man Bojangles and he'd dance for you
F            G
 In worn out shoes
    C              /b               Am            /g
The silver hair, a ragged shirt and baggy pants
F              G
That old soft shoe
F              C          E       Am   C/g
 He'd jump so high, he'd jump so high
D7/f#                    G    C/g  G7
Then he'd lightly touch down

      Am          Em
         Mister Bojangles,
      Am          Em
         Mister Bojangles,
      C  /b  Am  /g  F     G
      dance

I met him in a cell in New Orleans
I was down and out
He looked to me to be the eyes of age
As he spoke right out
He talked of life, he talked of life
laughed and slapped his leg a step

He said the name Bojangles then he danced a lick
All across the cell
He grabbed his pants for a better stance
Oh he jumped so high and clicked his heels
He let go laugh, he let go laugh
Shook back his clothes all around

He danced for those at minstrel shows and county fairs
Throughout the south
Spoke with tears of fifteen years How his dog 'n him
had just travelled all about
And his dog up and died, he up and died
and after twenty years he still grieves

He said I dance now at every chance in honky tonks
For drinks and tips
But most of the time I spend behind these county bars
Cause I drinks a bit
He shook his head, and then he shook his head
I heard someone ask him: "Please"
```

The Ballad of Ira Hayes

Peter LaFarge
Recorded by Bob Dylan June 1, 1970 and released by Columbia on *Dylan* (1973)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

[read the story of Ira Hayes at http://www.bobdylanroots.com/ira.html]

Dylan at the piano; the following is a suggestion for guitar.

Capo 1st fret (sounding key A♭ major)

The Ds are usually embellished with D11 turns (i.e. C/d = xx0010)

```
G                              C     /b     Am
Gather round me, people, and a story I will tell
D                          G
About a brave young Indian you should remember well
                                  C           /b       Am
From the tribe of Pima Indians, a proud and a peaceful band,
     D                            G
They farmed the Phoenix valley in Arizona land.

Down their ditches for a thousand years the sparkling water rushed,
Till the white man stole their water rights and the running water hushed.
Now Ira's folks were hungry, and their farms grew crops of weeds.
But when war came, he volunteered and forgot the white man's greed.

          G       /f# G7/f
     Call him drunken Ira Hayes
          C      /b Am
     He won't answer anymore,
         D
     Not the whiskey-drinking Indian
        C/g               G
     Or the Marine who went to war.
               G       /f# G7/f
     Yes, call him drunken Ira Hayes
          C      /b Am
     He won't answer anymore,
         D
     Not the whiskey-drinking Indian
        C/g               G
     Or the Marine who went to war.

They started up Iwo Jima hill, two hundred and fifty men,
But only twenty-seven lived to walk back down that hill again.
And when the fight was over and Old Glory raised
One of the men who held it high was the Indian, Ira Hayes.

     Call him drunken Ira Hayes
     He won't answer anymore,
     Not the whiskey-drinking Indian
     Or the Marine who went to war.
     Call him drunken Ira Hayes
     He won't answer anymore,
```

Not the whiskey-drinking Indian
Or the Marine who went to war.

Now, Ira returned a hero, celebrated throughout the land
He was wined and speeched and honored, everybody shook his hand.
But he was just a Pima Indian - no money, no crops, no chance -
And at home nobody cared what Ira'd done, and when do the Indians dance?

Call him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore,
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian
Or the Marine who went to war.
Call him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore,
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian
Or the Marine who went to war.

Then Ira started drinking hard, jail was often his home.
They let him raise the flag there and lower it like you'd throw a dog a bone.
He died drunk early one morning, alone in the land he'd fought to save.
Two inches of water in a lonely ditch was the grave for Ira Hayes.

Call him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore,
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian
Or the Marine who went to war.
Call him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore,
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian
Or the Marine who went to war.

Yes, call him drunken Ira Hayes, but his land is still as dry,
And his ghost is lying thirsty In the ditch where Ira died.

Call him drunken Ira Hayes
He won't answer anymore,
Not the whiskey-drinking Indian
Or the Marine who went to war.

Mary Ann

Trad.
Recorded by Bob Dylan June 2, 1970, and released by Columbia on *Dylan* (1973)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

```
G  . . C/g . . G  . . C/g . .

G            C/g     G        C/g
Oh fare thee well my own true love
G                        D
Fare thee well but for a while
    G       C/g             G    /f#   Em
The ship is waitin' an' the wind blows high
    G    C/g    G           C/g
An' I am bound away for the sea,
     G
Mary Ann.
          C/g    G           C/g       G    C/g   G    C/g
    (I am bound away for the sea, Mary Ann)

Ten thousand miles away from home
Ten thousand miles or more
The sea may freeze an' the earth may burn
If I never no more return to you,
Mary Ann.

Oh don't you see that crow fly high
She'll surely turn to white
If ever I prove false to you
Let the day turn to night, my dear
Mary Ann.

Oh, if I had a flask of gin an' sugar here for two
An' a great big bowl for to mix it in
I'd pour a drink for you, my dear
Mary Ann
Yes I'd pour a drink for you, my dear
Mary Ann.
```

Big Yellow Taxi

Written by Joni Mitchell (see http://www.jmdl.com/guitar/quickglance.cfm for various alternatives to Joni's own version)
Recorded by Bob Dylan June 4, 1970 and released by Columbia on *Dylan* (1973)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G

     C                                    G
They paved paradise, they put up a parking lot
  D                                        G
A pink hotel, a boutique an' a swingin' hot spot
               Bm
Don't it always go to show
    C                                  G
You never know what you got till it's gone
     C         D          C          D        G
They paved paradise, they put up a parking lot.

They took all the trees, they put them in a tree museum
They charged the people a dollar an' a half just to see 'em
Don't it always go to show
You never know what you got till it's gone
They paved paradise, they put up a parking lot.

Hey farmer, farmer put away that D.D.T.
Give me spots on my apples but leave me the birds an' the bees, please
Don't it always go to show
You never know what you got till it's gone
They paved paradise, they put up a parking lot.

Late last nite I heard my screen door slam
A big yellow bulldozer took away the house an' land
Don't it always go to show
You never know what you got till it's gone
They paved paradise, they put up a parking lot.
They paved paradise, they put up a parking lot.
They paved paradise, they put up a parking lot.
They paved paradise, they put up a parking lot.
```

A Fool Such As I

Bill Trader
Recorded by Bob Dylan Apr 1969, and released by Columbia on *Dylan* (1973)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
D7-10   x5456x
D+      xx0332
```

```
             G               D            G
     Now an' then, there's a fool such as I.

       G              B7      C               G
Pardon me if I'm sentimental, when we say goodbye
         G               E                       A        D7-10
Don't be angry, don't be angry with me, should I cry
            G           B7             C                  G
When you're gone I will dream a little dream as years go by
                        D                    G
Now an' then, there's a fool, a fool such as I

             C                           G
     Now an' then there's a fool such as I am over you
         A
     You taught me how to love an' now
     D                       D+
     you say that we are through
            G           B7
     I am a fool, but I love you dear, yes I will,
       C                  G
     until the day I die
                           D            G
     Now an' then there's a fool such as I

Pardon me, pardon me if I'm sentimental when we say goodbye
Don't be angry, don't be angry with me, should I cry
When you're gone, when you're gone, I will dream a little,
I will dream as years go by
Now an' then, now an' then, there's a fool, a fool such as I.

     Now an' then there's a fool, a fool such as I am over you
     You taught me how to love an' now
     you say that we are through
     I am a fool, yes but I love you dear,
     I will love you dear, until the day, until the day I die
     Now an' then, now an' then there's a fool, a fool such as I
     Now an' then, there's a fool, a fool such as I.

        G              D
Now an' then, there's a fool
        C7    G
such as I.
```

Basement Tapes version

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key Eb major)

```
C

       C         E            F               C
Pardon me if I'm sentimental, when we say goodbye
         C                      G
Don't be angry with me, should I cry
           C             E             F                 C
When you're gone, yet I'll dream a little dream as years go by
        C               G            C   Csus4 C  C7
Now an' then, there's a fool such as I

              F                           C
     Now an' then there's a fool such as I am over you
         D7
     You taught me how to love an' now
         G7(sus4)
     you say that we are through
           C           E               F             C
     I am a fool, but I love you dear, until the day I die
            C              G           C     Csus4 C
     Now an' then there's a fool such as I

[Half spoken:]
Pardon me if I'm sentimental when we say goodbye
Don't be angry with me If I should cry
When you're gone I'll dream a little dream as years go by
But you know, now an' then, there's a fool such as I.

     Now an' then there's a fool such as I am over you
     You taught me how to love an' now
     you say that we are through
     I am a fool, but I love you dear, until the day I die
     Now an' then there's a fool such as I.

C Csus4 C C6
```

Spanish is the Loving Tongue

Charles Badger Clark
Recorded by Bob Dylan Apr 1969, and released by Columbia on the fake Dylan-album *Dylan* (1973), in what's a contender to the title "Dylan's most tasteless arrangement" (but they seem to be having fun...).
Also recorded in a wonderful piano version, and played live during the Rolling Thunder Revue (1976)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dylan version

```
     a cappella:

     C         G      F    C
     Broke her heart, lost my own
        G  Dm     C
     Adios mi corazon


C          G7 F           C
 Spanish is    the loving tongue
C        G7     F        G7
 Soft as music, light as spray
C            G7 F             C
 'Twas a girl    I learned it from
        G7     F G7 C       Csus2
 Living down Sonora way


           C       G7        F      C
      Well I don't look much like a lover
     C       G7  F                G7
     Still I say  her loved words over
     C       G7   F         C
      Mostly when  I'm all alone!
     C   G7    F   G7 Csus4   C  Csus2 C
      Mi amor, Mi corazn


               C                                        G7
         La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la-la-la.
               G7                                       C
         La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la-la-la.
               C                                        G7
         La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la-la-la.
               G7                                       C
         La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la, La-la-la.


Haven't seen her since that night,
I can't cross the line, you know.
They want me for the gamblin' fight
Like as not it's better so.


     Still I've always kind of missed her
     Since that last sad night I kissed her;
     Broke her heart, lost my own
```

```
     "Adios, mi corazon.

     Broke her heart, lost my own
     "Adios, mi corazon.

     "Adios, mi corazon.
```

```
|---1---0h1p0-------------0---||
|---------------1----3--------||
|---2---0-----------------0---||
|---------------2----3--------||
|-----------------------------||
|-----------------------------||
```

Rolling Thunder Revue version

Municipal Auditorium, San Antonio, Texas, May 11, 1976

```
G          C
 Spanish is the loving tongue
G              D              C
 Soft as music, light as spray
G            C
 'Twas a girl I learned it from
G            Am7    G        C/g G
 Living down Sonora way

     G        D   C            G     C/g G
      I don't look much like a lover
     G        Bm   Am7
      Still I hear  those loved words over
     G       D    Am7
      Mostly when  I'm all alone!
     G   Bm   Am7     G
      Mi amor, Mi corazn

On the nights that I would ride
She would listen for my spurs,
Throw that big door open wide,
G           Bm       Am7     G
Raise those laughing eyes of hers.

     Oh, how the hours would go a-flyin!
     All too soon I'd hear her sighin'
     G      Bm        Am7
     In her sweet and quiet tone
     "Mi amor, mi corazon."

But I had to fly one time
All 'cause of a stupid gamblin' fight,
And so we said a swift goodbye
On that dark, unlucky night.
```

```
     How oftentimes to me she's clingin'
     And in my ears the hoofsbeats ringin',
     As I galloped north alone
     "Adios, mi corazon."

G       Bm  Am7
Haven't seen her since that night,
I can't cross the line, you know.
G       Bm Am7
She was Mex and I was white;
Like as not it's better so.

     G          D     Am7      G         C/g G
     Still I've always kind of missed her
     Since that last wild night I kissed her;
     G           Bm    Am7
     I broke her heart, lost my own
     "Adios, mi corazon."
```

Additional verses, not sung by Dylan on this occasion:

```
Moonlight on the patio,
Old señora nodding near,
Me and Juana talking low
So the Madre couldn't hear.
Oh, how the hours would go a-flyin!
And too soon i'd hear her sighin'
In her little sorry tone
"Adios, mi corazon."
```

Outtake version

Recorded June 2, 1970 (*New Morning* sessions)

One of the most beautiful tracks Dylan has ever recorded, and certainly the best version of this song, ever, with superbly loose piano playing.
The rhythm is at times a bit… eccentric – don't expect the rigours of the barlines to coincide with the phrasing.
It is played in A♭ major, so the best option on a guitar is to put a capo on the first fret and play in G.
The chord that I have called Bm seems at times to be played Bm7+5 (x2403x), at times even as a G/b.

```
D11 = xx0010

G        Bm     C      G
 Spanish is the loving tongue
G        Bm     Am      D     D11
 Soft as music, light as spray
G        Bm     C          G
 'Twas a girl I learned it from
G       Bm     C  D11 G     Gsus4 G
 Living down Sonora   way
```

```
G        Bm        C      G
 I don't look much like a lover
G        Bm       C           D    D11
 Still I hear her loved words over
G       Bm       C  /b G
 Mostly when I'm all a-lone!
G    D       Am7 G
 Mi amor, Mi corazn
on
```

```
  G   D   C   G     C G   C               C/g G         C   G   C G Am G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-10--10--8---7---|-3-3---0---------|-----3---3-----------------------------|
|-12--10--8---8---|-5-3---1---------|-----1---0-----------------------------|
|-12--11--9---7---|-5-4---0-0-------|-----0---0-----------------------------|
|-----------------|-------2-----2---|-----2---0---------2---0---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|---------------------------3--2-0------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-3-------------3-------------------3---|
```

```
G                  C       G
On the nights that I would ride          *) |------------------
G   Bm    C                  Am  *)         |--------0---------
She would listen for my spurs,              |---------2--0-----
G          Bm       C    G                 |------2---2---2---
Throw that big door open wide,              |-0----------------
C     Em    Am       D11                   |------------------
Raise those laughing eyes of hers.     '
```

```
|-5---5---2---0----|      |-----------------|
|-3----------------|      |-----------------|
|-----5---4---2----|      |-2---2-----------|
|------------------|  or  |-0-------4---2---|
|------------------|      |-----3---2---0---|
|------------------|      |-----------------|
```

```
G              Bm    C     G    C
 Oh, how those hours would go a-flyin!
G       Bm           C        D     D11
All too soon I would hear her sighin'
G      Bm   C          G
In her sweet and quiet tone
G         Bm   D11      G
  "Mi amor, mi corazon."
```

```
  G                     G   D   C     G   C   Em     Am7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .      :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----10--10--8---|-7---3---3--0-|-----3---3---3---|
|-----0---0---0---|-----12--10--8---|-8---5---5--3-|-----1---1---1---|
|-----0---0---0---|-0---12--11--9---|-7---5---4----|-----2---2---2---|
|-----0---0---0---|-----------------|--------------|-----2---2---2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|--------------|-0---------------|
|-3---------------|-----------------|--------------|-----------------|
```

```
  G                    C/g                            G     Am
  :   .   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----3---3---3---3---|-----3---3---3---|-3---3---3---|-3-----0----------|
|-----0---0---0---0---|-----1---1---1---|-----1---5---|-3-----1----------|
|-----0---0---0---0---|-----0---0---0---|-----0---5---|-4-----2---0------|
|-----0---0---0---0---|-----2---2---2---|-----2-------|--------------2---|
|---------------------|-----------------|-------------|------------------|
|-3-------------------|-3---------------|-------------|------------------|

  D               C     Em    Am          D                                  G
  :   .   .   .   .     :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :
|-----------10----3---|-3-----0---------|-----------------|-------2-------2-|-3---
|---------7-------5---|-5-----1---------|-----------------|-----3-------3---|-0---
|-----7-----------5---|-4-----2---0-----|-----------------|---2-------2-----|-0---
|-0-------------------|-------------2---|-0---0---0---0---|-0-------0-------|-0---
|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-2---
|---------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-3---

G           Bm C                            G
 Haven't seen, haven't seen her since that night,
G         Bm/f#            C                   D   D11
  I can't cross, I can't cross the line, you know.
G                 Bm C             G
   They want me for    a gambeling fight
G         Bm      C        G
 Like as not it's better so.

G           Bm     C           G
 Still I've always  kind of missed her
G            Bm     C        Am
 Since that last sad night I kissed her
G              Bm    C          G
  I broke her heart, left my own
G      Bm D11        G
  "Adios,   mi corazon."

  G                         Bm  C     G   C   Em  Am7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .
|-----------------|-----10--10--8---|-7---3---3---0---|---------|
|-----0---0---0---|-----12--12--8---|-8---5---5---1---|-1-------|
|-----0---0---0---|-0---12--11--9---|-7---5---4---2---|-0-----0-|
|-----0---0---0---|-----------------|-----------------|-2-2-----|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-0-------|
|-3---------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------|
..zon

  G   Bm  C   G     C    Am7 G
  :   .   .   .     :    .   .   .
|-----------------|--------------3----||
|-----3---1---0---|-1----1-------0----||
|-----4---0---0---|-0----0-------0----||
|-----4---2---0---|-2----2-------0----||
|-----------------|-3--2-0------------||
|-3---------------|----------3--------||
```

Another alternative for the descent, in a slightly better position, is:

```
  G   G   D   C     G   C   Em    Am7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .     :   .
|-----------------|-------------|-----3----
|-----3---3---1---|-0---1---0---|-----1----
|-----4---0---0---|-0---0---0---|-----2----  etc, with
|-----5---4---2---|-0---2---2---|-----2----  variations
|-----------------|-----3---2---|-0--------
|-3---------------|-------------|----------
```

14

Planet Waves

Recorded November 1973 — Released January 17, 1974

398 On a Night Like This
400 Going, Going, Gone
405 Tough Mama
407 Hazel
409 Something There Is About You
410 Forever Young
413 Dirge
417 You Angel You
418 Never Say Goodbye
419 Wedding Song

On a Night Like This

Words and music Bob Dylan (from *Planet Waves* (1974) and *Biograph* (1985))
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (original key F major, which is of course playable, but I prefer the capoed version because of the Am/F♯ chord)

```
(E   A   E)

                E
On a night like this
           B
So glad you came around,

Hold on to me so tight
    E
And heat up some coffee grounds.
              E7/g#
We got much to talk about
    A           Am/f#
And much to reminisce,
          E
It sure is right
     B          E
On a night like this.


On a night like this
So glad you've come to stay
Hold on to me, pretty miss
Say you'll never go away to stray.
Run your fingers down my spine
Bring me a touch of bliss
It sure feels right
On a night like this.

On a night like this
I can't get any sleep,
The air is so cold outside
And the snow's so deep.
Build a fire, throw on logs
And listen to it hiss
And let it burn, burn, burn, burn
On a night like this.

     A
     Put your body next to mine
         E
     And keep me company,
     F#
      There is plenty a room for all,
        B
     So please don't elbow me.
```

```
                  E
Let the four winds blow
Around this old cabin door,
If I'm not too far off
I think we did this once before.
There's more frost on the window glass
With each new tender kiss,
But it sure feels right
On a night like this.
```

Going, Going, Gone

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Planet Waves* (1974)
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

Official album version

```
Am   Dm   |Am   Dm

F
I've just reached a place
Am
Where the willow don't bend.
        Dm
There's not much more to be said
/c       Bb
It's the top of the end.
    F
I'm going,
    C
I'm going,
    Dm
I'm gone.

I'm closin' the book
On the pages and the text
And I don't really care
What happens next.
I'm just going,
I'm going,
I'm gone.

I been hangin' on threads,
I been playin' it straight,
Now, I've just got to cut loose
Before it gets late.
So I'm going,
I'm going,
I'm gone.

     Am                                  G
     Grandma said, "Boy, go and follow your heart
     G                         C/g       G
     And you'll be fine at the end of the line.
     G                     C/g     G
     All that's gold isn't meant to shine.
           Am                    C         D       /(c c bb bb a)
     Don't you and your one true love ever part."

I been walkin' the road,
I been livin' on the edge,
Now, I've just got to go
Before I get to the ledge.
```

So I'm going,
I'm just going,
I'm gone.

Lyric variations, live versions

Lakeland 1976

I've just reached a place
Where the willow don't bend.
There's no more to be said
It's the top of the end.
I'm going,
I'm going,
I'm gone.

I've been right on the edge
playing it cool
Now I just got to go
Before I break the rules (?)

I've been leaning on you
for just too long
and it's not (good?) for you
it's not making me strong, so...

> Grandma said, "Boy, go and follow your heart
> And you'll be fine at the end of the line.
> All that's gold isn't meant to shine.
> Don't you and your one dream ever part."

I'm in love with you baby
but you got to understand
that you got to be free
so let go of my hand

> Grandma said...

Fort Worth 1976

I've just reached a place
Where the willow don't bend.
There's not much more to be said
It's the top of the end.
I'm going,
I'm going,
I'm gone.

I'm in love with you baby
but you got to understand
that you want to be free,

```
so let go of my hand

I've been sleeping on the road
with my head in the dust
Now I just got to go
before it's all diamonds and rust

     Papa said: Son go and follow you heart
     You'll be fine at the end of the line
     All that's gold wasn't meant to shine
     Don't you and your life-long dream ever part

I've just reached a place
before I can hardly see
And I'll just be too long
so (...) take it what you see

     Papa said...

I've been telling you baby
and you got to understand
that you want to be free
so let go of my hand
```

Budokan 1978

```
           F
Well, I've just reached a place
Gm
where I can't stay awake
Am
I got to leave you baby
          Bb Bb Am   Gm
before my heart will break
    F          C          Dm   C  Dm
I'm going, I'm going, I'm gone

  Dm  (n.c.)        Dm  C Dm
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .
|-----3-1---------|-1--10-1----
|-----3-1-3-1---1-|-3--31-3----
|-------------2---|-2--20-2----
|-----------------|-0--02-0----
|-----------------|-----3------
|-----------------|------------

Come over here baby
'cause I'm telling you this
You gotta believe it
you gotta give me one more kiss

Fix me one more drink baby
and hold me one more time
But don't get too close
To make me change my mind
```

```
        Am                                                    G
     Now my mama always said something true: you gotta follow your heart
     G                    C          G
     You'll be fine at the end of the line
     G                     C        G
     all that's gold wasn't meant to shine
     Am                                    F        C    G
     Just don't put your horse in front of the car

[instr. verse]

Now from Boston to Birmingham
is a two day ride
But I got to be going now
'cause I'm so dissatisfied

     Am     G

     G
     |: going, going, going going gone :|
     A
     going, going, going going gone
     B             B A   E D   B
     going, going, going going gone
```

Paris 4. juli 1978

```
I've just reached a place
where I'm feeling kind of low
I don't mind leaving
And you know I'm not afraid to go

Fix me one more drink baby
and hold me one more time
But don't get too close
and try and make me change my mind

I've been hanging round your house so long
You been treating me like a clown
You don't know how to do nothing,
'cept tear a good man's reputation down

     You know my mama always said: "Son be true and follow your heart
     You'll be fine at the end of the line
     All that's gold wasn't meant to shine
     just don't put your horse in front of your car

Come over here one more time, baby,
you might shake my hand
I could find me another woman
and you could find you another man
```

Paris 4. juli 1978

I've just reached a place
where I'm feeling kind of low
I don't mind leaving you
And you know I'm not afraid to go

Fix me one more drink baby
and hold me one more time
But don't get too close
and try and make me change my mind

I've been hanging round your house so long
You been treating me like a clown
You haven't done nothing but
tear a good man's reputation down

> You know my mama always said: "Son be true and follow your heart
> You'll be fine at the end of the line
> All that's gold wasn't meant to shine
> just don't put your horse in front of your car

Come over here one more time, mama,
and shake my hand
I'm gonna go back to my woman
You can go back to your man

Earl's Court 18 Jun 1978

Last verse:

Come over here quickly one time baby
and shake my had
I could find me another woman
you could find you another man

Tough Mama

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Planet Waves* (1974)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
D     Bm
  Tough Mama
A
  Meat shakin' on your bones
D     Bm
  I'm gonna
A
  go down to the river and get some stones.
Bm                                A
Sister's on the highway with that steel-drivin' crew,
Bm                            F#m     Em       G
Papa's in the big house, his workin' days are through.
C     G
Tough Mama
A
Can I blow a little smoke on you?

Dark Beauty
Won't you move it on over and make some room?
It's my duty
to bring you down to the field where the flowers bloom.
Ashes in the furnace, dust on the rise,
You came through it all the way, flyin' through the skies.
Dark Beauty
With that long night's journey in your eyes.

Sweet Goddess
Born of a blinding light and a changing wind,
Now, don't be modest,
you know who you are and where you've been.
Jack the Cowboy went up north
He's buried in your past.
The Lone Wolf went out drinking
That was over pretty fast.

Sweet Goddess
Your perfect stranger's comin' in at last.
Silver Angel
With the badge of the lonesome road sewed in your sleeve,
I'd be grateful if this golden ring you would receive.
Today on the countryside it was a-hotter than a crotch,
I stood alone upon the ridge and all I did was watch.
Sweet Goddess
It must be time to carve another notch.

I'm crestfallen
The world of illusion is at my door,
I ain't a-haulin'
any of my lambs to the marketplace anymore.
```

```
The prison walls are crumblin', there is no end in sight,
I've gained some recognition but I lost my appetite.
Dark Beauty
Meet me at the border late tonight.
```

Hazel

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Planet Waves* (1974)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The song could equally well be played with C chords and a capo on the 4th fret. Such a version is appended at the end.

The intro is played rather freely (which is a nice way of saying that they aren't exactly tight...) – and with both a bass and a guitar. The tab below is just a suggestion of an approximation.

```
 E                B                A  E/g# F#m E
|--------7-------|--------2-------|----------------|
|9-----9---9-----|4-----4---4-----|2---0-----------|
|9---9-------9---|4---4-------4---|2---1---2---1---|
|9---------------|4---------------|2---2---4---2---|
|7---------------|2---------------|0-------4---2---|
|----------------|----------------|----4---2---0---|
```

```
E      G#
Hazel, dirty-blonde hair
A                          F#7
I wouldn't be ashamed to be seen with you anywhere.
E                   G#          C#m   E/b  A
You got something I want plenty of
E             B             A   G#m  F#m  E
Ooh, a little touch of your love.

Hazel, stardust in your eye
You're goin' somewhere and so am I.
I'd give you the sky high above
Ooh, for a little touch of your love.

     G#                        C#m
     Oh no, I don't need any reminder
     G#                        C#m
     To know how much I really care
     F#
     But it's just making me blinder and blinder
                 B       A        G#m              F#m
     Because I'm up on a hill and still you're not there.

Hazel, you called and I came,
Now don't make me play this waiting game.
You've got something I want plenty of
Ooh, a little touch of your love.
```

Version with capo on 4th fret

```
C      E
Hazel, dirty-blonde hair
```

```
F                          D7
I wouldn't be ashamed to be seen with you anywhere.
C                   E          Am   /g  F
You got something I want plenty of
C             G             F   Em  Dm  C
Ooh, a little touch of your love.

...

     E                         Am
     Oh no, I don't need any reminder
     E                         Am
     To know how much I really care

     But it's just making me blinder and blinder
                 G       F        Em               Dm
     Because I'm up on a hill and still you're not there.
```

Something There Is About You

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Planet Waves* (1974)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
      G                              D7    G
 :    .     .     .       :    .      .    .
|-----10/12-12/10-10-/7-|---8--7-----\5----3-----|3-------
|-----10/12-12/10-10----|------------------------|3-------
|-----0--------------/7-|---------7--\5----4-----|4-------
|----------------------|------------------------|5-------
|----------------------|------------------------|5-------
|----------------------|------------------------|3-------

G      C/g  G       C/g

G         /f#       Em       C       Am                 G
Something there is about you    that strikes a match in me
G         /f#      Em      /d  C                       Am         G
Is it the way your body moves    or is it the way your hair blows free
Bm                     Em      C                   Am      G
Or is it because you remind me   of something that used to be
G         /f#            Em /d  C        Am          G
Something that's crossed over     from another century ?

Thought I'd shaken the wonder and the phantoms of my youth
Rainy days on the Great Lakes, walking the hills of old Duluth
There was me and Danny Lopez, cold eyes, black night and then there was Ruth
Something there is about you that brings back a long forgotten truth.

Suddenly I found you and the spirit in me sings
Don't have to look no further, you're the soul of many things
I could say that I'd be faithful, I could say it in one sweet, easy breath
But to you that would be cruelty and to me it surely would be death.

Something there is about you that moves with style and grace
I was in a whirlwind, now I am in some better place
My hand's on the sabre and you've picked up on the baton
Something there is about you that I can't quite put my finger on.
```

Forever Young

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Planet Waves* (1974) and in an early demo version on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Album version I (slow):

```
D

        D
May God bless and keep you always
         F#m/c#
May your wishes all come true
        Em/b
May you always do for others
        G             D
And let others do for you
        D
May you build a ladder to the stars
    F#m/c#
And climb on every rung
        Em   A(sus4-A) D
May you stay    forever young
        A         Bm
Forever young, forever young
        D   A        D
May you stay forever young.

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

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

Album version II (fast):

```
G(/f#-g)
```

```
        G
May God bless and keep you always
         C               G
May your wishes all come true
        G
May you always do for others
        D
And let others do for you
        G
May you build a ladder to the stars
    C
And climb on every rung
        G    D         G      C
May you stay   forever young
        G    D         G
May you stay   forever young.
```

Biograph version

The guitar is tuned low, almost a half tone.
The strumming is very square, something like this (with sample embellishment included, with no extra cost)

```
                                  Last bar:
  :       .       .       .
|-----3-------3-------3-------3---||-----0---------------
|-----0-------0-------0h1-----0---||-----1---------------
|-----0-------0-------0-------0---||-----0-------0------- etc
|-----0-------0-------0h2-----0---||-----2-------0-------
|---------------------------------||-3-------2---0-------
|-3-------3-------3-------3-------||-----------------3---

        G
May God bless and keep you always
         C               G      C/g G
May your wishes all come true
        G
May you always do for others
        D      /c     D               [D/c=x3023x;
And let others do for you              played A7  D  in subsequent verses]
        G
May you build a ladder to the stars
    C        /b    Am
And climb on every rung
        G    D         G      C/g
May you stay   forever young
        G    D         C     /b /a G
May you stay   forever young.

May you grow up to be righteous
May you grow up to be true
May you always know the truth
And see the lights surrounding you
```

```
May you always be courageous
Stand upright and be strong
May you stay forever young
Forever young, forever young
May you stay forever young.

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

Budokan version

Capo 5th fret (sounding key F major)

```
        C
May God bless and keep you always
         Em
May your wishes all come true
        F
May you always do for others
        G                C
And let others do for you
        C
May you build a ladder to the stars
    Em
And climb on every rung
        F    G         C      Csus4 C
May you stay   forever young
        G
Forever young
        Am
Forever young
        C   G        F    C
May you stay forever young
```

Dirge

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Planet Waves* (1974)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The tab hasn't been completed yet.

Intro:

```
          Gm                        Cm
  tr      |  .  |  .  |  .  |  .   |  .  |  .  |  .  |    .
--10-----|------------13----------|---------15-13-11-10-11-10-|
---------|------------------------|---------------------------|
---------|------------------------|---------------------------|
---------|------------------------|---------------------------|
---------|------------------------|---------------------------|
---------|------------------------|---------------------------|
```

```
 Gm                            Cm                         Gm
  :    .   :   .   :    .  :  .   :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .   :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|11-10-11-10--------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
|-----------13-11-11h13-11------|------------------------|/8-------------11-8-----|
|-------------------------------|---------5--7--10-7-----|------------------------|
|-------------------------------|------------------------|/5-------------8--5-----|
|-------------------------------|---------3--5--8--5-----|------------------------|
|-------------------------------|------------------------|------------------------|
```

```
 Cm                        Gm                           Cm                          Dm
  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .   :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|--
|-------------------------|-----------/11--8---6---|-------------------------|--
|------5--5--7--10-7------|-------------------------|/7-----7--7--9-----7-----|--
|-------------------------|-----------/8---5---3---|-------------------------|--
|------3--3--5--8--5------|-------------------------|/5-----5--5--7-----5-----|--
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|--
                                                                                  I hate...
```

```
Dm                Gm 1)              Dm                Gm 2)
I hate myself for loving you and the weakness that it showed
Dm              Gm                Dm                   Am *)
You were just a painted face on a trip down to suicide road
    Bb                 Dm/a                Gm
The stage was set, the lights went out all around the old hotel
  Bb/f             Eb                 Gm/d     Cm      Gm
I hate myself for loving you and I'm glad the curtain fell.
```

```
Fill 1:                      Fill 2:
 Gm                          Gm
  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .      :   .   :   .   :   .   :   .
|------------------------|  |-------------------------------|
|------3--3-----3-----3--|  |-------------------------------|
|---3--------3h5---------|  |----------------3h5-3----------|
|5-----------------5-----|  |----------3-5-----------5------|
|------------------------|  |----3-5------------------------|
|------------------------|  |-------------------------------|
```

```
Fill 3:
 Gm                        Cm                            Gm
 :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .   :  .  :  .  :    .  :  .    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|------------------------|-------------------------|----------6--8-----6--8--|
|------------------------|-------------------------|----6--8-----------------|
|------b6-release slowly-|5----------b6r5-3--3--5--|/7-----------------------|
|------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
...fell

 Gm                             Dm
 :  .  :  .       :  .  :  .    :
|10-11-10-8-(8-10)8-----6--8---|---
|------------------------------|8--
|------------------------------|---
|------------------------------|---
|------------------------------|---
|------------------------------|---
                                  I hate ...
```

```
Dm                  Gm          1)  Dm                        Gm       2)
I hate that foolish game we played   and the need that was expressed
Dm                     Gm              Dm              Am
And the mercy that you showed to me, whoever would have guessed
Bb 3)               Dm/a           Gm                    4)
I went out on Lower Broadway and I felt that place within
Bb                      Eb(/g)           Gm/d   Cm        Gm  5)
That hollow place where martyrs weep and angels play with sin.

Fill 1                       Fill 2
    Gm                          Gm
    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .      :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
   |------------------------|   |------------------------|
   |------------------------|   |-----muted strings------|
   |--------(35)3-----------|   |------------------------|
   |------------------5-----|   |------5-----3--3--5-----|
   |------------------------|   |---------5--------------|
   |------------------------|   |------------------------|
...game we played           ...expressed

Fill 3
 Bb
 :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .   :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|------------------8--10-|10-8-----8-----------8--|
|------------------------|---------------11-11----|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
```

```
Fill 4
 Gm                          Bb                          Eb/g
 :  .  :  .  :   .  :   .   :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|-------------------------|------6-----------------|---------3-
|----------------8--------|-------------------------|------4----
|---3--3--5--5/7----7\5-3--|-------------------------|---3------- etc
|---5--5--7---------------|/8-----------------------|-----------
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------
|-------------------------|-------------------------|3----------

Fill 5
 Gm                      Cm
:  .  :  .  :  .  :  .   :   .  :   .  :  .  :  .
|---3---6---8-6-8-10-11-|10-8-10-11-10-10-11----13---|
|---x-------------------|-------------------------|
|---x-------------------|-------------------------|
|---x-------------------|-------------------------|
|---x-------------------|-------------------------|
|---x-------------------|-------------------------|
...sin

 Gm                               Cm
 :  .  :  .     :   .  :  .      :  .  :  .     :  .  :  .
|---------15-15--13-13-11-10-10h|11-10----------------------|
|-------------------------------|------13-11-11h13----11----|
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|
|-------------------------------|---------------------------|

 Gm                         Dm
 :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .   :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|---------5--5--6--5-----|------------------------|
|---8--6--------------6--|6--8--6-----------------|
|------------------------|---------8--------------|
|------------------------|------------etc---------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
                              Heard your ...
```

```
                    1)                      2)
Heard your songs of freedom and man forever stripped
Acting out his folly while his back is being whipped
Like a slave in orbit he's beaten 'til he's tame        3)
All for a moment's glory and it's a dirty, rotten shame.

Fill 1                         Fill 2
 Gm                             Gm
 :  .  :  .  :   .  :  .        :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|-------------------------|     |------------------------|
|---------3---------------|     |------------------------|
|------3-----3h5-3-----3--|     |---------------3-/5--7--|
|-------------------5-----|     |---------3--5-----------|
|-------------------------|     |---3--5-----------------|
|-------------------------|     |------------------------|
```

```
Fill 3
 Gm                        Cm
 :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|------------------------|------3--3-/6-----3-----|
|------3--3-/6-----3-----|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------------------------|------5--5-/8-----5-----|
|------5--5-/8-----5-----|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
...shame

 Gm                        Cm
 :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|------------------------|------3--1--3--6--3-----|
|------1--3--6--3--3-----|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------------------------|------5--3--5--8--5-----|
|------3--5--8--5--5-----|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|

 Gm                        Cm
 :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------3-----3--------3--|------3--------3-----3--|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|---5-----------5--------|---5--------5-----------|
|------------------------|------------------------|

 Gm                        Cm
 :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|----------------------3--|3-3-3-3-----------------|
|(3)---3--3--6--3--------|uneven------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
                                            There are...
```

There are those who worship loneliness, I'm not one of them
In this age of fiberglass I'm searching for a gem
The crystall ball upon the wall hasn't shown me nothing yet
I've paid the price of solitude but at least I'm out of debt.

I can't recall a useful thing you ever did for me
'Cept pat me on the back one time when I was on my knees
We stared into each other's eyes 'till one of us would break
No use to apologize, what difference would it make ?

So sing your praise of progress and of the Doom Machine
The naked truth is still taboo whenever it can be seen
Lady Luck who shines on me, will tell you where I'm at
I hate myself for loving you but I should get over that.

You Angel You

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Planet Waves* (1974) and on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (original key A major)

```
G   D/f#   C/e   D   C   D   G

G   D     G
You angel you
    G      D          G
You got me under your wing.
    G       D/f#         C/e     D
The way you walk and the way you talk
  C           D      G
I feel I could almost sing.


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

         C                               G
     You know I can't sleep at night for trying
           G         D/f#      C/e    D
     Yes I never did feel this way before,
     G         D/f#       C/e     D
     Never did get up and walk the floor.
     G           D/f#     C/e    D
      If this is love then gimme more
         G
     And more and more and more (and more).

You angel you
You're as fine as can be
The way you walk and the way you talk
it's the way it ought to be

     You know I can't sleep at night for trying
     Never did feel this way before,
     Never did get up and walk the floor.
     If this is love then gimme more
     And more and more and more.

You angel you
You got me under your wing.
The way you walk and the way you talk
I swear it would make me sing.
```

Never Say Goodbye

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Planet Waves* (1974)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Intro (repeated a couple of times):

```
D  "G"  D   A
5   8   5   5
7  10   7   5
7  10   7   6
0   0   0   x
x   x   x   x
x   x   x   x
```

```
D        G            A
Twilight on the frozen lake
      G             D
North wind about to break
   G                A
On footprints in the snow
G            D     G  A  G
Silence down below.

             G  C             D
     You're beautiful beyond words
             C           G
     You're beautiful to me
     C               D
     You can make me cry
     C         G      C  D  C
     Never say goodbye.


     My dreams are made of iron and steel
     With a big bouquet
     Of roses hanging down
     From the heavens to the ground.

The crashing waves roll over me
As I stand upon the sand
Wait for you to come
And grab hold of my hand.

(chaos...)

Oh baby baby baby blue
You've changed you last name, too
You've turned your hair to brown
Love to see it hangin' down.
```

Wedding Song

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Planet Waves* (1974)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Written during the recording sessions, recorded Dylan *sans* band–*sans* much rehearsal too, one might add. Especially the third line was difficult to get right, and as soon as he finds a version he's confortable with, he plays a harp verse, and forgets how he did that line. I've given the chords for this line for each verse. Likewise, after the second harp break, he forgets that the last chord of the first line should be D major, not D minor. In the last verse he corrects his mistake.
The harp solos are unimitable – don't even try.

```
  Am                C                 D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-0-0-0-----|-----0-0-0-0-----|-----2-----2-2-2-|---2-2-2---0-0-0-|
|-----1-1-1-1-----|-----1-1-1-1-----|-----3-----3-3-3-|---3-3-3---3-3-3-|
|-----2-2-2-2-----|-----0-0-0-0-----|-----2-----2-2-2-|---2-2-2---0-0-0-|
|-----2-2-2-2-----|-----2-2-2-2-0h2-|-0------(0)------|-0-------0-------|
|-0-----------0h2-|-3---------------|--------(0)------|-0-------0-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|--------(2)------|-2-------2-------|

  Am                C                 G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---0-0-0-0-0-----|---0-0-0-----0-0-|---3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|-----3---3-3-3-3-|
|---1-1-1-1-1-----|---1-1-1-----1-1-|---0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-----0---0-0-0-0-|
|---2-2-2-2-2-----|---0-0-0-----0-0-|---0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-----0---0-0-0-0-|
|---2-2-2-2-2-----|---2-2-2-0h2-2-2-|---0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-----0---0-0-0-0-|
|-0---------  -0h2-|-3---------------|(2)--------------|-2---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-3---------------|-3---------------|

  Am
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-0-----0---|-----0-----0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-----0-0-|
|-----1-1-----1---|-----1-----1-1-1-|-----1-1-1-1-1-1-|-----1-1-----1-1-|
|-----2-2-----2---|-----2-----2-2-2-|-----2-2-2-2-2-2-|-----2-2-----2-2-|
|-----2-2-----2---|-----2-----2-2-2-|-----2-2-2-2-2-2-|-----2-2-0h2-2-2-|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

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

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

```
You breathed on me and made my life a richer one to live
When I was deep in powerty you taught me how to give
F                  C                  Dm
Dried the tears up from my dreams and pulled me from the hole
I love you more than ever and it binds me to this all.

     Harmonica:
     F . Am . Dm . . .
     F . C  . Am . . . . .

You gave me babies, one, two, three, what is more, you saved my life
Eye for eye and tooth for tooth, your love cuts like a knife
   F                     Am         /a-/b  C            G
My thoughts of you don't ever rest, they'd kill me if I lie
But I'd sacrifice the world for you and watch my senses die.

The tune that is yours and mine to play upon this earth
We'll play it out the best we know, whatever it is worth
       F                Am                C         G      Dm
What's lost is lost, we can't regain what went down in the flood
But happiness to me is you and I love you more than blood.

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

     F  .  Am  .   |Dm .  .  .    |
     C  .  .   .  |Am .  .  /b-/c|
     F  .  Am  .  |C  Dm .  .    |
     F  .  Am  .  |C  .  .  .    . /c-/b |

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

                                    Dm               D
You turn the tide on me each day and teach my eyes to see
Just being next to you is a natural thing for me
    F             C              Dm
And I could never let you go, no matter what goes on
'Cause I love you more than ever now that the past is gone.

     F  .  C   Am |Dm .  .  .  |
     F  .  C   .  |Am .  .  .  |
     Dm .  .   .  |F  .  C  .   .  .  |
     Am .  F   .  |C  .  Am .  |Dm ~
```

15

Before the Flood

Recorded live with The Band January 30 and February 13–14, 1974 — Released: Jun 20, 1974

↪255 Most Likely You Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine
↪296 Lay, Lady, Lay
↪374 Knockin' on Heaven's Door
↪150 It Ain't Me, Babe
↪208 Ballad of a Thin Man
↪71 Don't Think Twice, It's All Right
↪247 Just Like a Woman
↪185 It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)
↪276 All Along the Watchtower
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Blood on the Tracks

Recorded September/December 1974 — Released January 20, 1975

428 Tangled Up in Blue
440 Simple Twist of Fate
447 You're a Big Girl Now
450 Idiot Wind
455 You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go
460 Meet Me in the Morning
462 Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts
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474 Up to Me
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Introductory Notes

Eyolf Østrem

Blood on the Tracks is Dylan's best album.

Others may tell you that *Blonde on Blonde*, *Highway 61 Revisited* or even *Desire* is his best album, but they're wrong, and when pressed (up against the wall, and in the presence of a .44, if necessary), they will eventually agree.

Blood on the Tracks is also Dylan's best album in its released form.

Others may tell you that had he not tinkered with the songs, but left them alone as they were recorded in September 1974, it would have been a far better album, and that the songs that were rewritten and re-recorded over Christmas, with local Minnesotan musicians brought together by Dylan's brother David, are inferior, both textually and musically, to the intensively emotional New York versions.

They're wrong even here, although they're closer to the truth this time. In a one-to-one comparison between the two versions, the New York versions may get the upper hand (the one undisputable exception is "If You See Her, Say Hello", but even "Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts" is better in the Minnesota version). But even if we were to define the New York versions of "Tangled up in Blue", "Idiot Wind" and "You're a Big Girl Now" as *perfection*, the Minnesota versions are close enough to this level, musically, and the extra qualities they add to their New Yorkean counterparts (the rhythmical drive of "Tangled", the angered bite of "Idiot Wind", the softness of "Big Girl"), more than make up for the lyric changes. In the case of "Idiot Wind", these are generally to the better.

But single songs is one thing – an album is another. And this is the real reason why the re-designed album was a good idea. Let's compare them: On the one hand you have an album that starts with the cross-continental tour (de force) of the never-surpassed masterpiece "Tangled up in Blue", coast to coast, north to south, performed with the same restless, unhesitant intensity that the lyrics reveal – revolution in the air, indeed; continues with the sleepy drama of "Simple Twist" and the bitter-sweet tenderness of "You're a Big Girl Now" (which one of these two is Dylan's best song?), the rage of "Idiot Wind", seemingly mellowed by the lyricism of "You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome" ('seemingly' because the lyricism of the lazy river and the crimson hair can only heighten the pain brought about by the inevitable loss of all this – this must be the best song of the album); then exquisite blues; hilarious Western movie script; loving recollection of things past, placed in a distant future; salvation myth; and Zen in a bucket: all in all a caleidoscopic reflection of love & loss in 10 movements.

On the other hand, you have 10 songs, all quite slow, mostly staying in the emotional range between sadness and bitterness, all in the same open tuning, played with the same three or four chords, where the constant ringing of the open e' and b strings will drive you crazy after a while.

I know which album I prefer.

That said, the most interesting *musical* remarks concern the New York versions. This is of course mainly owing precisely to the open tuning. The biographies (i.e. Heylin) say that Dylan had learned the open D/E tuning from Joni Mitchell (I'll refer to it as "open E" hereafter). This can't be all true, since Dylan used this tuning extensively during the recording of *Freewheelin'*. He does use it in a quite different way, though.

The center of gravity in the open-tuning *Blood on the Tracks* songs, is the root chord E=054000 (or 054300). It may seem odd to use a chord like this, when you have the same chord on the open strings – after all, that's the whole point of open tuning, isn't

it?

Well, not quite. Beginners – like the Dylan of *Freewheelin'* – may find the 000000 chord convenient. But a more proficient and mature player like 1974-Dylan, realizes that it has a series of disadvantages compared to 054000. First, an open string is like a binary number: it's either on or off, and beyond that, there is really nothing much you can do about it, whereas a skilled instrumentalist has a far greater control of the tone quality once there is a finger on the string. Second, the uncontrolled sounding 000000 has a 5th between the two lowest string, which will easily produce a "muffled" sound. This is avoided through the 054000 root, which instead gives the same full, doubled bass tone as in the "Dropped C tuning" that Dylan was so fond of in the 60s. Third, in the 054000 chord, the tone of the third string (g♯) is doubled on the fourth string. This shimmering, doubled tone is essential to the sound of the album. This is the "third", the tone which decides whether a chord is minor or major. Here it is major, emphatically so. Odd, maybe, for an album so full of sadness, but effective all the same. Fourth, one should not underestimate the value of having somewhere to place one's fingers. Besides, fingering a chord also means holding the guitar still...

So much for 054000 (did I say that I like that chord quite a lot?). the other main chords also have their special characteristics. The A is fingered 020120. The attentive ones (and/or those with training in music theory) will notice that although it is an A chord, the tone A is nowhere near the bass, where it should properly be, to establish the key of the chord. Not until the third string is there an A. Instead, the chord is dominated by the tone E, on strings 1, 4 and 6. And, in fact, this A in this tuning is most of all an embellishing variant of the main E sonority. This is precisely the same function as the C chord has in Dylan's most cherished figure: G-C/g-G (320003-3x2013-320003). This "embellished E" character is emphasized by the alternative fingering 020100, where the open b string adds yet another tone from the E major chord. In "Buckets of Rain", where the 5th string is not used, it is impossible to decide whether the chord 0x0100 should be regarded as an A or as an Esus4.

Even the B is different: x02120 is its standard form, and where the A was merely a variant of E, this B is merely a variant of A. This conflation of A and B (or in general, and more technical, terms: the subdominant and the dominant) has a name: it's called B11, and is basically an A chord paired with a B in the bass. This is a very frequent chord, especially in Dylan's production after Blood on the Tracks. Part of the explanation is that 11th chords are central in the gospel tradition, which Dylan dived into shortly afterwards, but it is not either impossible that he discovered its sweetness through the use of this B chord. It is a quite rare guest in his songs *prior to* Blood on the Tracks.

When Dylan wants a "real" B sound, as in the outtake "Up to Me" he uses the barre 777777.

Two more figures should be mentioned:

```
                          G#m/
  E B(iii) A          E Emaj7 B    A    E
|-0---0---0-|      |-(0)--0---0----0---(0)-|
|-0---0---0-|      |-(0)--4---2----2---(0)-|
|-0---0---1-| and  |-(0)--3---1-or-1---(0)-|
|-4---2---0-|      |-(4)--4---2----0---(4)-|
|-5---4---2-|      |-(5)-----------2---(5)-|
|-0---0---0-|      |-(0)--0-----------(0)-|
```

Although they go in opposite directions (E-B-A and G♯m/B-A-E), they are closely related, tonally. Look at the 4th string: that's what it's all about. Both figures are realizations of the basic progression g♯-f♯-e (try it!), but this progression is given different

functions through different harmonizations. In the first figure, *g#* is home base and *e* is part of the contrasting sonority A (see Up to Me). In the second this is reversed: here *g#* belongs to the contrasting "B-area" (G♯m and B are closely related), and *e* brings resolution to the phrase by landing on the tonic (see You're a big girl now). (I doubt that Dylan is aware of this, but it's a neat little twin-figure all the same).

These few elements account for most of the songs on the album. Some of the songs stand out by employing other effects. The second figure above is prominent in Idiot Wind, but here it is supplemented by the effect of the contrast between A major and A minor, through the chord Am=x05450 (note also the wonderful economy of means in the progression xx4340-xx2120-x05450). The same major/minor A can be found in Simple Twist of Fate, whereas Meet Me in the Morning holds this debate in the area of the tonic E itself, in the blues manner.

(Did I mention that this is a tremendous album?)

Tangled Up in Blue

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blood on the Tracks* (1975) and on *Biograph* (1985), and live on *Real Live* (1984) and *Live 1975* (2002)
Original New York version released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Read my little essay on this song Tangled up in Tangled up in Blue.

Original New York (Bootleg Series 1-3) version, recorded September 16th and 19th

The main text is the version recorded Sept 16, released on the Bootleg Series 1-3. Some lyrical variations from the version from Sept 19, included for release on the original test pressing, have been indicated.

Open D/E tuning

Chords

```
Evii    000897
Dv      000675
B(ii)   042000
A       020120
F#m     xx2120
C#m     020020
E       054000
B11     x02120
Emaj7   004340
```

```
[one verse guitar intro]

Evii                  Dv
Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',
Evii               Dv
he was layin' in bed
Evii               Dv
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all
       E        B(ii)  A
If her hair was still red.
Evii                      Dv
Her folks they said their lives together
Evii              Dv
Sure was gonna be rough
     Evii                  Dv
They never did like Mama's homemade dress
       E               B(ii)    A
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.
    F#m                   C#m
And he was standin' on the side of the road
E            B(ii)      A
Rain fallin' on his shoes
```

```
F#m                 C#m
Heading out for the East Coast
     E          B(ii)     A            B11
Lord knows he's paid some dues gettin' through,
Emaj7/b  B11       E
Tangled up in blue.

E . . A | x3

She was married when they first met,
Soon to be divorced.
He helped her out of a jam, I guess,
But he used a little too much force.
They 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 him
As he was walkin' away
she said: "This can't be the end,                    . . . this ain't the end,
We'll meet on another day, on the avenue,"           We'll meet again some day . . .
Tangled up in blue.

He had a job in the old north woods
Working as a cook for a spell
But he never did like it all that much
And one day the ax just fell.
Well, he drifted down to L.A.
Where he reckoned to try his luck
Workin' for a while on an airplane plant,
Loading cargo onto a truck
But all the while he was alone
The past was close behind,
He seen a lot of women
But she never escaped his mind, and he just grew
Tangled up in blue.

She was workin' in a topless place
And I stopped in for a beer,
I just kept looking' at the side of her face
In the spotlight so clear.
And later on, as the crowd thinned out
I's about to do the same,
She was standing there in back of my chair
Said to me, "What's 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.

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.

He was always in a hurry,
too busy or too stoned,
And everything that she ever planned,
just a-had to be postponed.
She thought they were successful,
She thought they were blessed,                          He thought . . .
with objects and material things,
but I never was impressed.
And when it all came crashing down,
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.

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 doctors' 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.
```

Album version

```
|A . Asus4 . | x4

A                    G
Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',
A               G
I was layin' in bed
A                  G
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all
       D
If her hair was still red.
A                      G
Her folks they said our lives together
A                 G
Sure was gonna be rough
     A                     G
They never did like Mama's homemade dress
```

```
       D
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.
    E                    F#m
And I was standin' on the side of the road
A                  D
Rain fallin' on my shoes
E                   F#m
Heading out for the East Coast
     A                D           E
Lord knows I paid some dues gettin' through,
G       D     A
Tangled up in blue.

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 someday on the avenue,"
Tangled up in blue.

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 ax 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.

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

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,

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.

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 carpenter's 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.
```

Live 1975 version

```
|: G . F .  :| repeat

G                    F
Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',
G                F
I was layin' in bed
G                  F
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all
       C
If her hair was still red.
G                      F
Her folks they said our lives together
G                F
Sure was gonna be rough
```

```
     G                    F
They never did like Mama's homemade dress
       C
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.
    D                    Em
And he was standin' on the side of the road
G            D      C
Rain fallin' on his shoes
D                   Em
Heading out for the East Coast
     G        D         C            D
Lord knows he paid some dues gettin' through,
F       C     G
Tangled up in blue.

G   C/g   G   (etc)

She was married when they first met
Soon to be divorced
He helped her out of a jam, I guess,
But he used a little too much force.
And they drove that car as far as they could
Abandoned it out West
Splitting up on a dark sad night
Both agreeing it was best.
She turned around to look at him
As he was walkin' away
saying over her shoulder,
"We'll meet again someday on the avenue,"
Tangled up in blue.

We had a job in Santa Fe
Working in an old hotel
But he never did like it all that much
so one day it just went to hell.
So he drifted down to New Orleans
lucky not to be destroyed
where he got him a job on a fishing boat
Right outside of Delacroix.                 [or "docked..."?]
But all the while he was alone
The past was close behind,
He seen a lot of women
But she never escaped his mind, and he just grew
Tangled up in blue.

She was workin' in a topless place
And I stopped in for a beer,
I just kept looking at the side of her face
In the spotlight so clear.
And later on as the crowd thinned out
I's just about to do the same,
She was standing there right beside my chair
Said, "Don't tell me, let me guess 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.

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 it all came crashing down,
I became withdrawn,
The only thing I knew how to do
Was keep on keepin' on
Like a bird that flew
Tangled up in blue.

So now I'm goin' on back again,
I got to get to them somehow.
All the faces we used to know
They're an illusion to me now.
Some are mathematicians
Some are truck drivers' 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.
```

1978 "grand ballad" version

Represented by Charlotte, Dec 10, 1978
If you haven't got this one, do yourself a favor and get it.

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

```
C                    Am
Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',
    F               C    G
And I was layin' in bed
C                  Am
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all
       F              C    G
If her hair was still red.
C                            Am
Her folks they said that our lives together
         F                 C      G
Well, it sure was gonna be rough
     C                     Am
They never did like Mama's homemade dress
       F                    C
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.
```

```
    Em                    Am
And I was standin' on the side of the road
Em                       Am
Rain fallin' on my shoes
Em                   Am
 Heading out for the East Coast
Em                Dm           G
Ready to pay some dues gettin' through,
              C      F  C  F
Tangled up in blue.

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
We abandoned it way out West
Splittin' up on a dark sad night
Both agreeing that it was best.
She turned around to look at me
One more time, as I was walkin' away
Sayin' over her shoulder,
"Boy, We're bound to meet again someday on the avenue,"
Tangled up in blue.

I remember stayin' in the north woords
Living in a vagabond hotel
One day there in the pouring rain
I could feel how the ax just fell.
So I drifted down to New Orleans
And I was lucky not to be destroyed
I almost died from [...]
Two miles 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.

She was dancin' in the Flamingo hotel
And I was passin' by, so I stopped in for a beer,
I just kept starin' at the side of her face
In the spotlight so clear.
And later on when the crowd thinned out
I was just about to do the same,
She was standing there right behind my chair
Toughing me said: "You know it ain't no accident that you came."
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.

She lit a burner on the stove, wearin' a dress made up of stars and stripes
"I thought you'd never say hello," she said
"You know you look like you could be the silent type."
Then she opened up the Bible
```

```
And she started quotin' it to me
Jeremiah chapter seventeen
From verses 21 and 33.
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.

I lived with them on Montague Street
In a basement down the stairs,
There was music in the cafes at night,
There was revolution in the air.
Then he started into dealing with slaves
And something inside of her froze.
She had to sell everything she owned
Even her jewellery and her clothes.
And when it all came crashing on, 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.

So now I'm goin' back again,
I got to get to her and be brave.
All the people we used to know,
At least the ones that ain't in the grave,
Some are bricklayers, some are bankrobbers
Some are burglars and some are truck-drivers' wives.
I Don't know how it all got started,
I have no idea 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.
```

---

*) The actual reference varied from night to night, and none of them stand out as the obviously "right" quote. Here are a few of the different alternatives, from different shows:

```
Jeremiah, (??), Chapters 1 & 33
Jeremiah, chapters 32, verses (21 & 33)
Jeremiah, chapter 17, from verses 21 and 33
Jeremiah, chapters 37 (& 38,) Verses 29 & 33
Jeremiah, chapters 10 & 20, verses 21 & 33
Jeremiah, chapters 36, verses 21 & 33
Jeremiah, chapter 31, Verses 9 to 33
```

1984 Real Live version

Standard tuning, capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

```
G                     F
Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',
G                F
He was layin' in bed
G                   F
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all
       C        /b    Am
If her hair was still red.
    G                          F
Her folks they said that their lives together
G                  F
Sure was gonna be rough
     G                     F
They never did like Mama's homemade dress
       C               /b    Am
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.
    D                      Em          C
And he was standin' on the side of the road
G                    C
Rain fallin' on his shoes
D                    Em        C
Heading out for the lone East Coast
G                   C    /b          Am
Radio blastin' the news straight on through,
               G      C/g  G
Tangled up in blue.


She was married when they first met,
to a man four times her age.
He left her penniless, in the state of regret,
it was time to bust out of the cage.
They drove that car as far as they could,
abandoned it out west.
splitting up on a dark, sad night,
both agreeing that it was best.
And she turned around to look at him
as he was walking away.
She said I wish I could tell you all the things
that I never learned how to say.
He said thats alright babe I love you too,
but we were tangled up in blue.

He had a steady job and a pretty face,
and everything seemed to fit.
One day he could just feel the waste,
he put it all down and split.
And he headed down to New Orleans,
where they treated him like a boy.
He nearly went mad in Baton Rouge,
he nearly drowned in Delacroix.
And all the time he was alone,
the past was close behind.
he had one too many lovers then,
and none of them were too refined,
all except for you,
but you were tangled up in blue.
```

She was working in the blinding light,
and I stopped in for a drink.
I just kept looking at her face so white,
I didn't know what to think.
Later on as the crowd thinned out,
I was getting ready to leave.
She was standing there, beside my chair,
saying "What's that you got up your sleeve?"
I said "nothing baby, and thats for sure"
She leaned down into my face.
I could feel the heat and the pulse of her
as she bent down to tie the laces
of my shoe,
Tangled up in blue.

I lived with them on Montague street
in a basement down the stairs.
There was snow all winter and no heat,
revolution was in the air.
Then one day all his slaves ran free,
and something inside of him died.
The only thing I could do was be me,
and get on that train and ride.
And when it all came crashing down,
I was already south.
I didn't know whether the world was flat or round,
I had the worst taste in my mouth,
that I ever knew,
Tangled up in blue.

Now I'm going back again,
maybe tomorrow, maybe next year.
I've got to find someone among the women and men
whose destiny is unclear.
Some are ministers of illusion,
some are masters of the trade.
All under strong delusion,
all of their beds unmade.
Me I'm heading toward the sun,
trying to stay out of the joints.
We always did love the very same one.
We just saw her from a different point
of view,
Tangled up in blue.

Current acoustic version (1997-)

Since Larry Campbell joined the band in 1997, Tangled has been played as an acoustic song, with Larry playing the intro below. Larry's guitar is played with a capo on the 2nd fret, Bob's guitar is uncapoed. The chords are more or less those of the *Blood on the Tracks* version above.

```
  G                   G9sus4             G                   G9sus4
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-7-------7---7-7-|---5-5---5---5-5-|-5-3-3---3---3-3-|-3-5-5---5---5-5-|
|-0-------0---0-0-|---3-3---3---3-3-|-3-3-3---3---3-3-|-3-3-3---3---3-3-|
|-7-------7---7-7-|---5-5---5---5-5-|-5-4-4---4---4-4-|-4-5-5---5---5-5-|
|-5-------5---5-5-|---5-5---5---5-5-|-5-5-5---5---5-5-|-5-5-5---5---5-5-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
    G                   G9sus4             G                 F       C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-5/7-7---7---7-7-|-7-5-5---5---5-5-|-5-3-3---3---3-3-|-1---1-1-0---0-0-|
|-0---0---0---0-0-|-0-3-3---3---3-3-|-3-3-3---3---3-3-|-1---1-1-1---1-1-|
|-5/7-7---7---7-7-|-7-5-5---5---5-5-|-5-4-4---4---4-4-|-2---2-2-0---0-0-|
|---------5---5-5-|-5-5-5---5---5-5-|-5-5-5---5---5-5-|-3---3-3-2---2-2-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------3---3-3-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
G                     F
Early one mornin' the sun was shinin',
G                F
He was layin' in bed
G                   F
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all
       C
If her hair was still red.
    G                          F
Her folks they said that their lives together
G                 F
Sure was gonna be rough
     G                     F
They never did like Mama's homemade dress
       C
Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.
    D                     Em
And he was standin' on the side of the road
G                   Gsus4   G
Rain fallin' on his shoes
D                   Em
Heading out for the East Coast
G                       C/g  G       D
Lord knows he paid some dues getting through
F       C     G
Tangled up in blue.
```

Simple Twist of Fate

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blood on the Tracks* (1975) and live on *At Budokan* (1978) and *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The lyrics were re-written already in time for the Rolling Thunder Revue in 1975, and the new lyrics have stuck – he never sings it like on the record anymore. There are numerous variations along the way.
The lyric changes in 1984 were more substantial, and have been awarded a separate section below. They are also on the whole less clear, and they keep changing from day to day.

Album version

Open D/E tuning (D-A-d-f♯-a-d' or E-B-e-g♯-b-e')

Chords (named according to open E tuning):

```
E       054000
Emaj7   044000
E7      034000
A       020120
Am      xx5450
B(ii)   x42000
A'      020100 (Aadd9)
B11     x02120
B11'    x02100 (B7add11)
```

```
E
They sat together in the park
Emaj7
As the evening sky grew dark,
E7
She looked at him and he felt a spark
A                    A'
tingle to his bones.
Am
'Twas then he felt alone
    E           B(ii)     A        A'
and wished that he'd gone straight
    E                B11            B11' E
And watched out for a simple twist of      fate.

They walked along by the old canal
A little confused, I remember well
And stopped into a strange hotel
with a neon burnin' bright.
He felt the heat of the night
hit him like a freight train
Moving with a simple twist of fate.

A saxophone someplace far off played
As she was walkin' by the arcade.
As the light bust through a beat-up shade
```

```
where he was wakin' up,
She dropped a coin into the cup
of a blind man at the gate
And forgot about a simple twist of fate.

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

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

People tell me it's a sin
To know and feel too much within.
I still believe she was my twin,
but I lost the ring.
She was born in spring,
but I was born too late
Blame it on a simple twist of fate.
```

Rolling Thunder Revue version (1975)

Standard tuning

```
G
They sat together in the park
Bm
As the evening sky grew dark,
G7
She looked at him and he felt a spark
C      /b     Am
tingle to his bones.
      C       /b    Am
'Twas then he felt alone
    G           D         C
and wished that he'd gone straight
    G                 Am              G
And watched out for a simple twist of fate.
```

Budokan version

```
C
 They sat together in the park
```

```
Cmaj7/g
 As the evening sky grew dark,
C7
 She looked at him and felt a spark
F
tingle to her bones.
      Fm6
'Twas then she felt alone
    C                    F
and wished that he'd gone straight
    C                 F      G        C
And watched out for a simple twist of fate.
```

Or in A, with a capo on the 3rd fret:

```
A
 They sat together in the park
E6
 As the evening sky grew dark,
A7
 She looked at him and felt a spark
D
tingle to her bones.
      Dm
'Twas then she felt alone
    A           (/c#)     D
and wished that he'd gone straight
    A                 D      E        A
And watched out for a simple twist of fate.
```

Lyric variations

These are the default lyrics for live versions of this song from 1975 until today, with some of the numerous variations indicated in the right column. For more substantial variations that were used only at a specific time, the year has been indicated.

```
They sat together in the park
As the evening sky grew dark,
She looked at him and felt a spark
tingle to her bones.
'Twas then she felt alone
and wished that she'd gone straight
And watched out for a simple twist of fate.

They walked along by the old canal
A little confused, I remember well
And stopped into a river front hotel          [renovated/cheap/little hotel]
with a neon burnin' bright.                   [threw his wide-brimmed hat on the bed (1981)]
                                              [/with a neon burning dim,
He [she] felt the heat of the night           he looked at her and she looked at him
hit him [her] like a freight train            with that look that can manipulate
Moving down with a simple twist of fate.      brought on by a simple twist of fate (1980)]
```

A saxophone someplace softly played
As she was walkin' on by the arcade.
She heard a melody rise and fade
and the sun was coming up,
She dropped a coin into the cup
of a blind man at the gate
And forgot about that simple twist of fate.

He woke up, and she was gone
He didn't see nothing but the dawn.
Got out of bed and put his shoes back on, [clothes/wide-brimmed hat (1981)]
pushed back the blinds,
Found a note she'd left behind
but he just could not relate [/concentrate on]
to anything 'cept that simple twist of fate. [/to which he just could not relate,
all about that simple twist of fate]

He hears the ticking of the clocks
hunts for her through the city blocks [/Looks for her everywhere he walks (1988)]
[/people hear him humming as he walks (1997)]
Even down by the waterfront docks
where the sailers all roll in.
Maybe he'll see [spot] her once again,
how long must he wait
One more time for a simple twist of fate.

People tell me it's a crime
To know to much * for too long a time. [think of her/remember her]
She should have caught me in my prime,
She would have stayed with me.
Instead of going off to sea,
and leaving me to meditate
upon that simple twist of fate.

1984 version

The lyrics kept changing from night to night. Here are two takes on it, one from Paris (Jul 1), with variants from Brussels (Jun 7), Gothenburg (Jun 9) and Wembley (Jul 7), the other from Barcelona (posted to r.m.d by Arthur Jarosinski).

If you have any suggestions for the blanks in the lyrics below, I'd be more than happy to receive them.

They sat together in the park
As the evening sky grew dark,
She looked at him and felt a spark
tingle to her bones.
'Twas then she felt alone
and wished that she'd gone straight
And watched out for a simple twist of fate.

They walked along by the old canal
Down Waterfront Street, by the tolling bell *Brussels:* All by the cathedral bell
stopped into the Grand Hotel *Wembley:* Rio Grande Hotel
Gothenburg and Brussels: Saint Claire Hotel

where the desk clerks dressed in white.
With a face as black as night
he said: "Check-out time's at eight".
All a part of that simple twist of fate.

Additional verse in Gothenburg and Brussels: She was walking by the street parade
[...] but underpaid
The sun is bursting through a beat-up shade
Where he's waking up, etc.
(as the standard version in the next verse)

He woke up, and the room was thick
Something there inside was making him sick.
He heard her bootheels in the hallway click,
The sun was coming up
She dropped a coin into the cup
of a blind man at the gate
And forgot about that simple twist of fate.

[Head out to wind] and the rain and snow
[Didn't leave from far, where]
the chilly winds blow
He said: "I've taught you all you know,
now, don't bother me no more.
You know where to find the door.
Go on before it's too late
and forget about that simple twist of fate."

Brussels: Something inside this room
was making him sick
[...]
Hears those bootheels in the hallway click
Bursts the window open wide
Then throws it all up outside
You know it just could not wait.
All the time for that simple twist of fate.

Wembley: He's walkin' out through the
city streets
look into the eyes of the people he meets
And late in time, you know, [he tries
and greets]
[he waited all I can do]
He said: "I'm leaving my heart with you"
Take good care of it, be on your freight"
All about that simple twist of fate.

People tell me it's a crime
To remember her for too long of a time.
She should have caught me in my prime,
She would have stayed with me.
Instead of going back off to sea,
and leaving me to meditate
all on that simple twist of fate.

---

28 June 1984 Barcelona

As transcribed by Arthur Jarosinski, with suggestions from Eben Hensby incorporated.

They sat together in the park
As the evening sky got dark
She looked at him and felt a spark
Tingle to her bone
'Twas then she felt alone
And wished that she'd gone straight
And watched out for a simple twist of fate

They walked along by the old canal
Down Waterfront Street by the bell
Stopped into the Riverfront hotel
The desk clerk dressed in white

With a face as black as night
He said, "Check out time's at eight"
Remember now 'bout that simple twist of fate

He woke up and it sure was dim
He could feel her eyes looking at him
That's all right, but her chance was slim
And in everyway he came pushing through
He said, "Baby, I'm leaving my heart with you,
Take good care of it, and don't berate
All about that simple twist of fate."

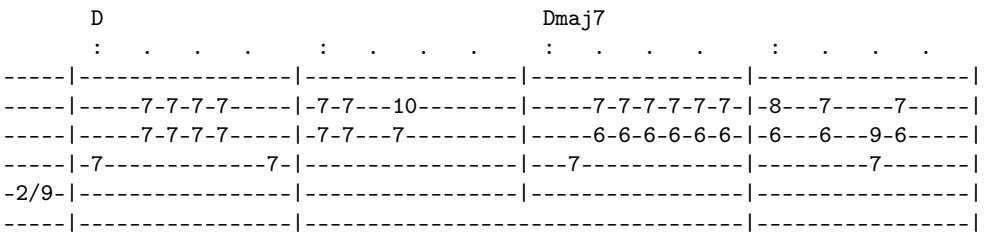
Morning comes and she was there
He could feel her climb on his hair
But he couldn't see her anywhere
And the dawn was coming up
She dropped a coin into the cup
Of a blind man at the gate
And forgot about the simple twist of fate

Oh for the times that are really slow
He thought about just before she'd know
He said I taught you everything you know
So don't bother me no more
I don't think you know where to find the door
She said, 'No, I just can't wait'
All about that that simple twist of fate

People say that it's a crime
To look commonly for too long a time
She should have caught me in my prime
She wouldn't leave that way
'I'm leaving my heart with you and I can't stay
I'm going where the winds are wet
Always there upon a simple twist of fate'

1988 version

Intro as played in Radio City, NY, Oct 19, 1988



```
  D7                                  G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|-----------------|
|-----7-7---7-----|-8p7-7p5-5h7-7---|-----8---8-10-11-12-|-----------------|
|-----5-5---5-----|-5---5---5---5-5-|--------------------|-----------------|
|---7-----------7-|-----------------|-6/9---9---10-11-12-|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------|-----------------|

  Gm                                  D       A         G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---3-----6---3---|-3-3---3---------|-5---------------|-----------------|
|---3-----3---3---|---3---3---------|-----7---5-------|-3---------------|
|---3-------3-----|-3---------------|-7---------------|-4---------------|
|-5-----5---------|-----------------|---------7-------|-5---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  D                 A                 D                 Aaug
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----5-----------|-----7-----------|-----------------|---------5-------|
|-5h7-7-7---5-----|-5h7-7-7---5-----|-------7---------|-------6---------|
|-6h7---7---6-----|-6h7---7---6-----|-7-----7---------|-----6-----------|
|-----------------|---------------7-|-----------------|---7-------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

You're a Big Girl Now

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded in New York Sept 17th 1974 (released on *Biograph*, 1985) and in Minneapolis Dec 27 1974 (released on *Blood on the Tracks*, 1975). Released in a live version from Fort Collins, May 23, 1976, on *Hard Rain* (1976)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Album version

```
Bm               Am
 Our conversation  was short and sweet
Bm                Am
 It nearly swept me  off-a my feet.
        G                   C
And I'm back in the rain, oh
                  G        C
And you are on dry land,
                     Am
You made it there somehow
Bm         Am      D7/f# G . . . D/f# . . .
  You're a big girl now.
```

Original New York version

Open E/D tuning

Chords:

```
Emaj7  004340
B7     002120
E(iv)  054000
B(ii)  042000
A      020120
F#m7   xx2120
E      000000
Bvii   777777
```

```
Emaj7 . . B11 | E(iv) . . . |

Emaj7            B11
Our conversation  was short and sweet
Emaj7              B11
It nearly swept me  off-a my feet.
        E(iv)             B(ii) A
And I'm back in the rain, mm -  mm
                  E(iv) B(ii) A
And you are on dry land, mm -  mm
```

```
                F#m7 *)
You made it there somehow
Emaj7    B11      E(iv) . . A | E B(vii) . . |
You're a big girl now.

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, mm-mm.
I hope that you can hear,
Hear me singin' through these tears.

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. m-mm
It's a price I have to pay
You're a big girl all the way.

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

A change in the weather can be extreme
But it ain't like changing horses in midstream
I'm going out of my mind, mm-mm
With a pain that stops and starts, mm-aa
Like a corkscrew to my heart
Ever since we've been apart.
```

---

*) or (to get the bass more clearly) 222100 (or 220100 or 222120)

Rolling Thunder Revue live version (1976)

Tabbed from Fort Worth, TX May 16, 1976; the *Hard Rain* version from Fort Collins a week later is virtually identical.

Two guitars are prominent: Dylan's and Steven Soles' (according to Trev Gibb, who got this information from David Mansfield)
1st guitar: Capo 4th fret (sounding key: E major); 2nd guitar no capo

Chords (some of these suggestions incorporate the tones in the bass and other instruments as well):

```
Cmaj7    There are many alternatives for this one:
         x35500 gives the b-c clash that is clearly audible, at least in the intro;
         xx5453 is an option, together with G11=3231, if the bass plays the bottom c;
         032000 gives the "Em" feeling, and
         332000 or x32000 is a more straightforward Cmaj7
         xxx987 This is the high ringing guitar in the intro and the first lines of the verses
G11      3x0211. Mute the 5th string with the ring finger - it's not that tricky.
         Can also be played as a Dm or a Dm7 (xx0211, xx0231, xx3231 [with Cmaj7=xx5453])
```

```
         xxx765 (goes with xxx987)
```

The second guitar (probably Dylan) plays these chords without a capo (and correspondingly the other chords a major third higher than noted in the tab: E, B, A, and F♯m):

```
Emaj7    xx9890 (for Cmaj7)
A6       xx7670 (for G11)
```

```
[one verse intro]

Cmaj7            G11
Our conversation  was short and sweet
Cmaj7            G11
It nearly put me  right off-a my feet.
        C                C  G  F
And I'm back in the rain, oh
                  C      C  G  F
And you are on dry land,
                 Dm      G
You made it there somehow
C            F    F      *)
You're a big girl now.

*) C       F   F                      C                                  G
   .   .   .   :       (freely)       :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .    :
|----3----(1)-(1)--------------------|-0----------(0)--|----------------|-3---------------
|-/5---5---1---1-----------1----1----|-1----------(1)--|----------------|-0---------------
|-/5-------2---2-----------0----2----|-0----------(0)--|----------------|-0---------------
|--------------3-----------3----3----|-2----------(2)--|----------------|-0---------------
|-----------------------------------|-3----------(3)--|----------------|-2---------------
|-----------------------------------|----------------|---------0--1-2-|-3---------------
You're a       now
       big girl
```

Idiot Wind

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blood on the Tracks* (1975) and in a live version on *Hard Rain* (1976)
The original New York version was released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Bootleg Series 1-3 version and the original "organ" version

Open D/E Tuning (E-B-e-g♯-b-e′ or D-A-d-f♯-a-d′)

Chords:

```
Am      xx5450 (or x05450 - the 5th strings "bleeds" through occasionally)
Bsus4   xx0877
B(vii)  x07777
E       054000
C#m     020020
G#m     xx4340 (or if you want the fuller bass: 444300)
A       020120 or 020100
B11     x02120 (changes to x02100 at the verse endings et al.)
```

"Organ version" (September 16 1974)

```
Intro: Am  .  .  .  Bsus4  .  B(vii)  .  E

Am                         Bsus4             Bvii           E
Someone's got it in for me, they're planting stories in the press
Am                               Bsus4              B(vii)         E
Whoever it is I wish they'd cut it but when they will I can only guess.
     C#m          G#m                A                E
They say I shot a man named Gray and took his wife to Italy,
C#m             G#m               A                E
She inherited a million bucks and when she died it came to me.
        G#m            B11
I can't help it if I'm lucky.


People see me all the time and they just can't remember how to act
Their minds are filled with big ideas, images and distorted facts.
Even you, yesterday you had to ask me where it was at,
I couldn't believe after all these years, you didn't know me better than that
Sweet lady.

     E           A                               E
     Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your mouth
     A                                 B11
     Blowing down the backroads headin' south.
     E           A                               E
     Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
               A
     You're an idiot, babe.
```

```
           B11                              E
     It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

E   A   E   A

I threw the I-Ching yesterday, it said there might be some thunder at the well.
Peace and quiet's been avoiding me for so long it seems like living hell.
There's a lone soldier on the hill, watchin' falling raindrops pour.
You'd never know it to look at him, but at the final shot he won the war
After losin' every battle.

I woke up on the roadside, day dreamin' about the way things sometimes are
Hoofbeats pounding in my head at break-neck speed and making me see stars.
You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies.
One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes,
Blood on your saddle.

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

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

I noticed at the ceremony, that you left all your bags behind
The driver came in after you left, he gave them all to me, and then he resigned.
The priest wore black on the seventh day, walzed around while the building burned.
You didn't trust me for a minute, babe. I've never known the spring to turn
So quickly into autumn.

     Idiot wind, blowing everytime you move your jaw,
     From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Mardi Gras.
     Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
     You're an idiot, babe.
     It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

We pushed eachother a little too far, and one day it just jumped into a raging storm.
A hound dog bayed behind your trees as I was packing up my uniform.
I figured I'd lost you anyway, Why go on? what's the use?
In order to get in a word with you, I'd have had to come up with some excuse.
It just struck me kinda funny.

I been double-crossed too much, at times I think I've almost lost my mind
Lady-killers load ice on me behind my back, while imitators steal me blind
You close your eyes and part your lips, and slip your fingers from your glove
You can have the best there is, but it's gonna cost you all your love
You won't get it for money

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

Bootleg series 1-3 version

The only difference between the two New York versions, apart from the organ on the refrains in the above version, is some slight changes in some of the lyrics. It's really negligible, but for the sake of (trainspotterish) completeness, here it is (the first verse is identical):

I threw the I-Ching yesterday, it said there'd be some thunder at the well.
I haven't tasted peace and quiet for so long it seems like living hell.
There's a lone soldier on the hill, watchin' falling raindrops pour.
You'd never know it to look at him, but at the final shot he won the war
After losin' every battle.

I woke up on the roadside, day dreamin' about the way things sometimes are
Hoofbeats pounding in my head at break-neck speed and making me see stars.
You hurt the ones that I love best and cover up the truth with lies.
One day you'll be in the ditch, flies buzzin' around your eyes,
Blood on your saddle.

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

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

I noticed at the ceremony, that you left your bags behind
The driver came in after you left, he gave them all to me, and then he resigned.
The priest wore black on the seventh day, and walzed around while the building burned.
You didn't trust me for a minute, babe. I've never known the spring to turn
So quickly into autumn.

> Idiot wind, blowing everytime you move your jaw,
> From the Grand Coulee Dam to the Mardi Gras.
> Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
> You're an idiot, babe.
> It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

We pushed each other a little too far, and one day it just turned into a raging storm.
A hound dog bayed behind your trees as I was packing up my uniform.
I figured I'd lost you anyway, Why go on? What's the use?
In order to get in a word with you, I'd have had to come up with some excuse.
It just struck me kinda funny.

I been double-crossed too much, at times I think I've almost lost my mind
Lady-killers load ice on me behind my back, while imitators steal me blind
You close your eyes and part your lips, and slip your fingers from your glove
You can have the best there is, but it's gonna cost you all your love
You won't get it for money

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

Hard Rain version

The album version differs on a (very) few points only.

```
Cm                          D                           (C/g)|:G    C/g :|
Someone's got it in for me, they're planting stories in the press
Cm                                  D                                   |:G    C/g :|
Whoever it is I wish they'd cut it out quick but when they will I can only guess.
     Em           Bm                 Am               G
They say I shot a man named Gray and took his wife to Italy,
Em              Bm                Am               G
She inherited a million bucks and when she died it came to me.
        Bm             C
I can't help it if I'm lucky.


People see me all the time, I guess they just can't remember how to act
Their minds are filled with false ideas, images and distorted facts.
And even you, yesterday you had to ask me where it was at,
I couldn't believe after all these years, you didn't know me any better than that
Sweet lady.

     G           C                                G
     Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your mouth
     C                                  D7
     Blowing down the backroads headin' south.
     G           C                                G
     Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
               C
     You're an idiot, babe.
            D7                                 G
     It's a wonder that you still know how to breathe.

I ran into the fortune teller, she said beware 'cause some lightning might strike.
I haven't known about peace and quiet now for so long I don't even remember what it's like.
There's a lone soldier on the cross, smoke pourin' out of a boxcar door,
He didn't know it, he never thought it could be done, but at the final shot he won the war
After losin' every battle.

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

     Idiot wind, blowing through the flowers on your tomb,
     Blowing through the curtains in your room.
     Idiot wind, blowing every time you move your teeth,
```

You're an idiot, babe.
It's a wonder that you still can even breathe.

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

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

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

I can't feel you anymore, I can't even touch the clothes you wear
Every time I come into your door, you leave me standing in the middle of the air..
Down the highway, down the tracks, down the road to ecstasy,
I followed you beneath the stars, hounded by your memory
And all your ragin' glory.

I been double-crossed now for the very last time and I think I finally see,
I kissed goodbye the howling beast on the borderline which separated you from me.
You'll never know the hurt I suffered nor the pain I rise above,
And I'll never know the same about you, your holiness or your kind of love,
And it makes me feel so sorry.

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

You're Gonna Make Me Lonesome When You Go

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Sept 1974 and released on *Blood on the Tracks* (1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Album version (New York, Sept 1974)

Open D/E tuning

```
Chords:
E     054000
Emaj7 004340
A     020120
B11   x02120
F#    222222
A'    020100 (Aadd9)
B'    002100 (B7add11)

E                Emaj7
I've seen love go by my door
     A
It's never been this close before
E             Emaj7      B11
Never been so easy or so slow.
     E               Emaj7
Been shooting in the dark too long
     A
When somethin's not right it's wrong
E                    B11               E . . .
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go.


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

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

     B11                              E
     Flowers on the hillside, bloomin' crazy,
     B11                               E
     Crickets talkin' back and forth in rhyme,
     F#
      Blue river runnin' slow and lazy,
```

```
      A'
      I could stay with you forever
          B'
      And never realize the time.

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

      Yer gonna make me wonder what I'm doin',
      Stayin' far behind without you.
      Yer gonna make me wonder what I'm sayin',
      Yer gonna make me give myself a good talkin' to.

I'll look for you in old Honolulu,
San Francisco, Ashtabula,
Yer gonna have to leave me now, I know.
But I'll see you in the sky above,
In the tall grass, in the ones I love,
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go.
```

Live version, Fort Worth, TX, May 16 1976

Standard tuning

The progression at the end of the bridge can be played with the following chords:

```
A         00222x   (half barre on the 2nd fret throughout)
D/a       00423x
A7        00525x
A+        x0526x  (or x0646x - just a suggestion)

D                 F#m
I've seen love go by my door
     G
It's never been this close before
D             F#m        A
Never been so easy or so slow.
     D               F#m
Been shooting in the dark too long
     G
When somethin's not right it must be wrong
D                   A                 |: G . . A |. . . . :|
You're gon' make me lonesome when you go.

Dragon clouds so high above
I've only known about careless love,
It's always hit me from below.
But this time around it's more correct
Right on target, so direct,
You're gon' make me lonesome when you go.
```

```
Purple clover, Queen Anne lace,
Crimson hair across your face,
You could make me cry if you don't know.
Can't remember what I was thinkin' of
You might be spoilin' me too much, love,
You're gon' make me lonesome when you go

     A                      D
     Black ribbon drivin' me crazy,
     A                                D
     Crickets talkin' back and forth in rhyme,
     A                           D
     Blue river runnin' slow and lazy,
     E                              A . D/a . A7 . D/a
     I could stay with you forever
         A     D/a A7      D/a    A . D/a . A7 . A+
     And never realize the time.

Situations have ended sad,
Relationships have all been bad.
Mine have been like Verlaine's and Rimbaud.
There's no way that I can compare
All them scenes to this affair,
You're gon' make me lonesome when you go.

     Yer gonna make me wonder what I'm doin',
     Stayin' far behind without you.
     Yer gonna make me wonder what I'm sayin',
     Yer gonna make me give myself a
     a good talkin' to.

I'll look for you in old Honolulu,
San Francisco, Ashtabula,
Yer gonna have to leave me now, I know.
But I'll see you in the sky above,
In the tall grass, in the ones I love,
You're gonna make me lonesome when you go.
```

Rundown Rehearsal version, 1978

The "AD A" figure can be played (on two different guitars):

Guitar 1:

```
       A             D      A
       .      .      .      .
|------------------12b14---12-----|------------------------
|-(12b)14r12-10------------------|------------------------
|---------------11---------------|------------------------
|--------------------------------|------------------------
|--------------------------------|------------------------
|--------------------------------|------------------------
```

or:

```
|---------------------------------|-----------------------
|------------------/7-----5-------|-----------------------
|--(4b)6r4---2--------------------|-----------------------
|---------------4-----------------|-----------------------
|---------------------------------|-----------------------
|---------------------------------|-----------------------
```

Guitar 2:

```
|-(10b)12r10-9------10----9-------|-----------------------
|---------------10----------------|-----------------------
|---------------------------------|-----------------------
|---------------------------------|-----------------------
|---------------------------------|-----------------------
|---------------------------------|-----------------------
```

Other convenient figures:

```
 E F#m E7  xx2100 xx4222 076750 (after ‘‘if you don’t know’’)
 A => E x07650 xx64xx-xx42xx 022100 (‘‘good talking to’’)
```

```
C#m7                      E  F#m  E7
[...] if you don’t know.
A                         C#m7
Can’t remember what I was thinkin’ of
    D                    D#dim
You might be spoilin’ me too much, love,
A                    E                A   D A
You’re gonna make me lonesome when you go

     E                                  F#m7
      Yer gonna make me wonder what I’m doin’,
     E                           A   (D A)
      Stayin’ far behind without you.
     E                 Fdim            F#m7
     Yer gonna make me wonder what I’m sayin’,
     Bm7                              A            E
     Yer gonna make me give myself a good talkin’ to,
       A            E
     a good talkin’ to.

     ["this is where the horn solo comes"]

[Instrumental verse:]

A . . . |C#m7 . .  . |
D . . . |E    . .  . |
A . . . |C#m7 . .  . |
E . E . |F#m  . E7 . |
A . . . |C#m7 . .  . |
D . . . |D#dim. .  . |
A                    E                A   D A
You’re gonna make me lonesome when you go
```

Yer gonna make me wonder what I'm doin',
Stayin' far behind without you.
Yer gonna make me wonder what I'm sayin',
Yer gonna make me give myself a good talkin' to,
a good talkin' to.

[Instrumental verse]

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

[Instrumental verse]

Meet Me in the Morning

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blood on the Tracks* (1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D/E tuning

Chords:

(I give the full chords, but Dylan mostly (only?) plays on the three-four highest strings. The second guitar plays standard blues keys in standard tuning)

```
E   000000
A   020120
E7  000030
B7  xx7775
```

Intro and interlude (more or less):

```
 A       E                A       E
 :  .    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
---0---|----3^0--0-----0----0---|----3^0--0----------0---|
-2-----|---------(3)----0--2-----|---------(3)----0--2-----|
-1-----|---(0)----------0--1-----|----------------0--1-----|
-------|-0----------0----------|-0----------0----------|
-------|------------------------|------------------------|
-------|------------------------|------------------------|
          (=lick 1)

  E                        E                A
  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .    :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|----3^0--0--------------|----3^0--0----------0---|
|--------(3)-------------|-0-------(3)----0--2-----|
|----0-------------------|0---------------0--1-----|
|-0----------------------|-------------0----------|
|------------------------|------------------------|
|------------------------|------------------------|

  E
  :   .   :   .   :  .  :  .    :  .  :  .
|---------12--12----------0---|----------
|-----------------------------|----------
|-----/12---------------12----|----------
|----------------------0------|----------
|-----------------------------|----------
|-----------------------------|----------
   (=lick 2)                      Meet me . . .

E                    E7 A                |E . . A |E . . . |
Meet me in the morning,   56th and Wabasha   (2x lick 2)
A                                    E . . . |. . . . | (2x lick 1)
Meet me in the morning, 56th and Wabasha
       B7
Honey, we could be in Kansas
```

A E
By time the snow begins to thaw.

They say the darkest hour is right before the dawn
They say the darkest hour is right before the dawn
But you wouldn't know it by me
Every day's been darkness since you been gone.

Little rooster crowin', there must be something on his mind
Little rooster crowin', there must be something on his mind
Well, I feel just like that rooster
Honey, ya treat me so unkind.

The birds are flyin' low babe, honey I feel so exposed
Well, the birds are flyin' low babe, honey I feel so exposed
Well now, I ain't got any matches
And the station doors are closed.

Well, I struggled through barbed wire, felt the hail fall from above
Well, I struggled through barbed wire, felt the hail fall from above
Well, you know I even outran the hound dogs
Honey, you know I've earned your love.

Look at the sun sinkin' like a ship
Look at the sun sinkin' like a ship
Ain't that just like my heart, babe
When you kissed my lips?

Lily, Rosemary and the Jack of Hearts

Text and Music: Bob Dylan
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Version 1: Original New York Session, 16th September 1974
Version 2: Official *Blood on the Tracks* version, December 1974

One verse was not included in the official album version, only in the early outtake version. It has been italicized in the tab below.

Version 1

Open D/E tuning (E B E G♯ B E)

Chords:

```
E     054000 (or 054300, which simplifies the slide to A)
A     020100 or 020120
B     x02100
B(ii) 042000 (or 042300)
```

```
    E                     A                           E      A   E
The festival was over, the boys were all plannin' for a fall,
    E                   A                           E          A   E
The cabaret was quiet except for the drillin' in the wall -
    A               E              B                   E
The curfew had been lifted and the gamblin' wheel shut down,
A           E             B
Anyone with any sense had already left town.
       E               B(ii)   A                               E
He was standin' in the doorway looking' like the Jack of Hearts.

He moved across the mirrored room, "Set it up for everyone," he said,
Then everyone commenced to do what they were doin' before he turned their heads.
Then he walked up to a stranger and he asked him with a grin,
"Could you kindly tell me, friend, what time the show begins?"
Then he moved into the corner, face down like the Jack of Hearts.

Backstage the girls were playin' five-card stud by the stairs,
Lily had two queens, she was hopin' for a third to match her pair.
Outside the streets were fillin' up, the window was open wide,
A gentle breeze was blowin', you could feel it from inside.
Lily called another bet and drew up the Jack of Hearts.

Big Jim was no one's fool, he owned the town's only diamond mine,
He made his usual entrance looking' so dandy and so fine.
With his bodyguards and silver cane and every hair in place,
He took whatever he wanted to and he laid it all to waste.
But his bodyguards and silver cane were no match for the Jack of Hearts.

Rosemary combed her hair and took a carriage into town,
She slipped in through the side door looking' like a queen without a crown.
```

She fluttered her false eyelashes and whispered in his ear,
"Sorry, darlin', that I'm late," but he didn't seem to hear.
He was starin' into space over at the Jack of Hearts .

"I know I've seen that face before," Big Jim was thinkin' to himself,
"Maybe down in Mexico or a picture up on somebody's shelf."
But then the crowd began to stamp their feet and the house lights did dim
And in the darkness of the room there was only Jim and him,
Starin' at the butterfly who just drew the Jack of Hearts.

Lily was a princess, she was fair-skinned and precious as a child,
She did whatever she had to do, she had that certain flash every time she smiled.
She'd come away from a broken home, had lots of strange affairs
With men in every walk of life which took her everywhere.
But she'd never met anyone quite like the Jack of Hearts.

The hangin' judge came in unnoticed and was being wined and dined,
The drillin' in the wall kept up but no one seemed to pay it any mind.
It was known all around that Lily had Jim's ring
And nothing would ever come between Lily and the king.
No, nothin' ever would except maybe the Jack of Hearts.

Rosemary started drinkin' hard and seein' her reflection in the knife,
She was tired of the attention, tired of playin' the role of Big Jim's wife.
She had done a lot of bad things, even once tried suicide,
Was looking' to do just one good deed before she died.
She was gazin' to the future, riding on the Jack of Hearts.

Lily washed her face, took her dress off and buried it away.
"Has your luck run out?" she laughed at him,
"Well, I guess you must have known it would someday.
Be careful not to touch the wall, there's a brand-new coat of paint,
I'm glad to see you're still alive, you're looking' like a saint."
Down the hallway footsteps were comin' for the Jack of Hearts.

The backstage manager was pacing all around by his chair.
"There's something funny going on," he said, "I can just feel it in the air."
He went to get the hangin' judge, but the hangin' judge was drunk,
As the leading actor hurried by in the costume of a monk.
There was no actor anywhere better than the Jack of Hearts.
Lily's arms were locked around the man that she dearly loved to touch,
She forgot all about the man she couldn't stand who hounded her so much.
"I've missed you so," she said to him, and he felt she was sincere,
But just beyond the door he felt jealousy and fear.
Just another night in the life of the Jack of Hearts.

No one knew the circumstance but they say that it happened pretty quick,
The door to the dressing room burst open and a cold revolver clicked.
And Big Jim was standin' there, ya couldn't say surprised,
Rosemary right beside him, steady in her eyes.
She was with Big Jim but she was leanin' to the Jack of Hearts.

Two doors down the boys finally made it through the wall
And cleaned out the bank safe, It's said they got off quite a haul
In the darkness by the riverbed they waited on the ground
For one more member who had business back in town.
But they couldn't go no further without the Jack of Hearts.

```
The next day was hangin' day, the sky was overcast and black,
Big Jim lay covered up, killed by a penknife in the back.
And Rosemary on the gallows, she didn't even blink,
The hangin' judge was sober, he hadn't had a drink.
The only person on the scene missin' was the Jack of Hearts.

The cabaret was empty now, a sign said, "Closed for repair,"
Lily had already taken all of the dye out of her hair.
She was thinkin' 'bout her father, who she very rarely saw,
Thinkin' 'bout Rosemary and thinkin' about the law.
But most of all she was thinkin' 'bout the Jack of Hearts.
```

Version 2

Standard tuning. Could very well be played with capo on the 2nd fret with the chords C, F and G (G/B).

```
D                         G                            D
The festival was over, the boys were all plannin' for a fall,
                       G                              D
The cabaret was quiet except for the drillin' in the wall -
    G              D              A                   D
The curfew had been lifted and the gamblin' wheel shut down,
G           D             A
Anyone with any sense had already left town.
       D               A/C#    G                                D
He was standin' in the doorway looking' like the Jack of Hearts.
```

If You See Her, Say Hello

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded in New York, Sept 16th 1974 (released on the *Bootleg Series 1-3*, 1991)
and in Minneapolis Dec 30 1974 (released on *Blood on the Tracks*, 1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

***Blood on the Tracks* version**

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key D major)

At the C/g in the last line the 2nd guitar plays a very pronounced *b*, which gives the chord a strong Cmaj7'ish flavor.

```
|G . . . F . . . |G . . . F . . G |C . . . . . . . |
|G . . . F . . . |G . . . F . . . |G . . . F . . . |
|C . . . . . . . |

C               F      C       G              C      [Bass run: g-a-c]
If you see her, say hello, she might be in Tangier
C                   F     C                           Bb . . . G
 She left here last early spring, is livin' there, I hear
Am               F       C                               F
 Say for me that I'm all right though things get kind of slow
          Am                 C/g              F                C
She might think that I've forgotten her, don't tell her it isn't so.

   .     :    .
-------|--------
-------|--------
-------|--------
-------|--------
---0-2-|-3------
-3-----|--------
              We had...

We had a falling-out, like lovers often will
And to think of how she left that night, it still brings me a chill
And though our separation, it pierced me to the heart
She still lives inside of me, we've never been apart.

If you get close to her, kiss her once for me
I always have respected her for doin' what she did and gettin' free
Oh, whatever makes her happy, I won't stand in the way.
Oh, the bitter taste still lingers on,
from that night I tried to make her stay.

I see a lot of people as I make the rounds
And I hear her name here and there as I go from town to town
And I've never gotten used to it, I've just learned to turn it off
Either I'm too sensitive or else I'm gettin' soft.

Sundown, yellow moon, I replay the past
I know every scene by heart, they all went by so fast
If she's passin' back this way, I'm not that hard to find
```

```
Tell her she can look me up if she's got the time.

|G . . . F . . . |G . . . F . . . |G . . . F . . . |C . . . . . . . |
|G . . . F . . . |G . . . F . . . |G . . . F . . . |C . . . . . . . |
```

New York version

Open E/D tuning.

Chords:

```
E       054000
A       020120
B11     002120
C#m     020020
B(ii)   042000
Emaj7   004340
```

```
E  (2 measures)

E               A      E       B11            E
If you see her, say hello, she might be in Tangier
E                  A     E                          B11 *)
She left here last early spring, is livin' there, I hear
C#m             E                               **)      A
Say for me that I'm all right though new things come and go
          E                   Emaj7            B11               E . . A |E . . . |
She might think that I've forgotten her, don't tell her it isn't so.


We had a falling-out, like lovers often will
And to think of how she left that night, it still brings me a chill
And though our separation, it pierced me to the heart
She still lives inside of me, we've never been apart.

If you're making love to her, kiss her for the kid
who always has respected her for doin' what she did
Oh, I know it had to be that way, it was written in the cards.
But the bitter taste still lingers on, it all came down so hard.

I see a lot of people as I make the rounds
And I hear her name here and there as I go from town to town
And I've never gotten used to it, I've just learned to turn it off
Either I'm too sensitive or else I'm gettin' soft.

Sundown, yellow moon, I replay the past
I know every scene by heart, they all went by so fast
If she's passin' back this way, I'm not that hard to find
Tell her she can look me up if she's got the time.
```

*) Emaj7 – B11 in verses 3-4.
*) B(ii) in verses 3-5.

The version from Sept 19th uses the same chords, played only in a slightly more square rhythm.
Later live versions have a different beginning for the 2nd verse:

```
We had a falling out like lovers sometimes do
And to think of how she left that night, it still hurts me through and through.
```

1976 version

Performed Tallahassee, FL and Lakeland, FL
Lyrics from a post to r.m.d.

Capo 2nd fret

It's hard to tell if he really changes to C in lines 1, 2 and 4, or to D in the first line.

```
G              C      G             (D)            G    C/g G
If you see her say hello, she might be in North Saigon
                   C  G                            D   Dsus4sus2 D
She left here in a hurry; I don't know what she was on
          C               G                                  C
You might say that I'm in disarray and for me time's standing still
        G            C    G            Am           G
Oh I've never gotten over her, I don't think I ever will


A bright light from me I saw, a shattering of souls
Just one of them reckless situations, which nobody controls
Well, the menagerie of life rolls by, right before my eyes
[And we?] all do the best we can, which should come as no surprise

If you're making love to her, watch it from the rear
You'll never know when I'll be back, or liable to appear
For it's natural to dream of peace as it is for rules to break
And right now I've got not much to lose, so you'd better stay awake

Sundown, silver moon, hitting on the days
My head can't toler...understand no more, what my heart don't tolerate
Well I know she'll be back someday, of that there is no doubt
And when that moment comes Lord, give me the strength to keep her out
```

Shelter from the Storm

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blood on the Tracks* (1975), and in live versions on *Hard Rain* (1976) and *At Budokan* (1978)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D/E tuning

Chords:

```
E   054000
B   042000
A   020120  (occasionally played 020100, esp. at line endings)
```

```
E               B         A              E
'Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood
     E              B             A
When blackness was a virtue and the road was full of mud
  E               B            A
I came in from the wilderness, a creature void of form.
      E                   B        A               E
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

B A E E B A E

And if I pass this way again, you can rest assured
I'll always do my best for her, on that I give my word
In a world of steel-eyed death, and men who are fighting to be warm.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Not a word was spoke between us, there was little risk involved
Everything up to that point had been left unresolved.
Try imagining a place where it's always safe and warm.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

I was burned out from exhaustion, buried in the hail,
Poisoned in the bushes an' blown out on the trail,
Hunted like a crocodile, ravaged in the corn.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Suddenly I turned around and she was standin' there
With silver bracelets on her wrists and flowers in her hair.
She walked up to me so gracefully and took my crown of thorns.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Now there's a wall between us, somethin' there's been lost
I took too much for granted, got my signals crossed.
Just to think that it all began on a long-forgotten morn.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Well, the deputy walks on hard nails and the preacher rides a mount
But nothing really matters much, it's doom alone that counts
And the one-eyed undertaker, he blows a futile horn.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."
```

```
I've heard newborn babies wailin' like a mournin' dove
And old men with broken teeth stranded without love.
Do I understand your question, man, is it hopeless and forlorn?
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

In a little hilltop village, they gambled for my clothes
I bargained for salvation an' they gave me a lethal dose.
I offered up my innocence and got repaid with scorn.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."

Well, I'm livin' in a foreign country but I'm bound to cross the line
Beauty walks a razor's edge, someday I'll make it mine.
If I could only turn back the clock to when God and her were born.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."
```

Alternate 7th verse, from the outtake version:

```
Now the bonds are broken, but they can be retied
by one more journey to the woods, the holes where spirits hide.
It's a never-ending battle for a peace that's always torn.
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."
```

Budokan version

The version of the '78 version that came on Budokan is rather trite, compared to the far more spirited twist it got later on in 1978, given below.

```
F               C         Bb             F
'Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood
     F              C             Bb              F
When blackness was a virtue and the road was full of mud
  F               C            Bb              F
I came in from the wilderness, a creature void of form.
      F                    C        Bb              F
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you shelter from the storm."
```

Fall 1978 version

```
Bb/d    xx0331

F               C         Am
'Twas in another lifetime, one of toil and blood
     F         C/e   Bb/d  F/c      Bb       C       F
When blackness was a virtue and the road was full of mud
  F               C            Am
I came in from the wilderness, a creature void of form.
      F        C/e         Bb/d   F/c Bb      C        Gm    .  .
"Come in," she said, "I'll give you   shelter from the storm."
```

```
 .        F
[From the storm,
         C
from the storm,
         F
from the storm]
         And if you . . .
```

Buckets of Rain

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Blood on the Tracks* (1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D/E tuning

The notes within parentheses in the tab below aren't really pull-offs, they are just the audible removal of the first finger from the third string in the chord change (which is as close to a pull-off as you can get). The easiest way to play it is to disregard them, and just finger the chords as indicated above the systems.
The song can be strummed to the chords that are implied in the tab. Since the 5th string is never played in the finger-picked version, there is no way to decide whether an Esus4 or an A9 is implied. I've made a suggestion, but do as you wish.

```
E         054000 or 000000
Esus4     000100
A9        020100
B(vii)    x00707
A(v)      x00505
E(iii)    004300
```

Intro, interlude 1 and verse:

```
  E                A9    E           E                A9    E
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|---2--/4---------|-------0---------|---2--/4---------|-------0---------|
|-----------------|---0-------------|-----------------|---0-------------|
|-1----/3---------|-1----(0)--------|-1----/3---------|-1----(0)--------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|

  A                                  E       Esus4     E
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-------0---------|-2p0---0h2p0---0-|---------------0-|-----------------|
|---2-----------0-|-----2-----------|-----------0-----|-----------------|
|-1---------------|-------------1---|(0)------1-------|(0)--------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|

  B(vii)  A(v)      E(iii)  A9        E       Esus4     E
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|---7-------5-----|---0-----------0-|---------------0-|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----0-----0-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|
|-7-----7\5-----5-|\3-----0h1-------|(0)------1-------|(0)--------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
```

Buckets of rain

Buckets of tears
Got all them buckets comin' out of my ears.
Buckets of moonbeams in my hand,
I got all the love, honey baby,
You can stand.

[interlude]

I been meek
And hard like an oak
I seen pretty people disappear like smoke.
Friends will arrive, friends will disappear,
If you want me, honey baby,
I'll be here.

[Interlude 2: replace the first line with the following:]

```
  E                 A9    E           E                 A9      E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---10-/12--------|-------0---------|---10-/12--------|-------0---------|
|-----------------|---0-------------|-----------------|---0-------------|
|-10---/12--------|-1---------------|-10---/12--------|-1---------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
```

I like your smile
And your fingertips
I like the way that you move your lips.
I like the cool way you look at me,
Everything about you is bringing me
Misery.

[Interlude 1]

Little red wagon
Little red bike
I ain't no monkey but I know what I like.
I like the way you love me strong and slow,
I'm takin' you with me, honey baby,
When I go.

[Interlude 2]

Life is sad
Life is a bust
All ya can do is do what you must.
You do what you must do and ya do it well,
I'll do it for you, honey baby,
Can't you tell?

[Interlude 1 + 2]

Nuggets of rain

with Bette Midler

Some people may think this version is a disgrace. Maybe. I think it's a quite funny disgrace.

[Aaah
Aaaaah
Haaa, Sing to me baby baby
Nuggets,
Nuggets of rain]

Nuggets of rain
Nuggets of tears
Got all them nuggets comin' out of my ears.
Buckets of moonbeams in my hand,
You got all the love, honey baby,
I can stand.

I been down
And high like an oak
I seen pretty people disappear like smoke.
Friends will arrive, friends will disappear,
If you want me, honey baby,
I'll be here.

Like your smile
And your fingertips
Like the way that you move your lips.
I like the heavenly way you look at me,
Everything about you is bringing me
Exstasy.

Little red wagon
Little red bike
I ain't no monkey but I know what I like.
I like the way you monkey around,
Stick with me baby, and we will
never be found.

Life is happy
Life is sad
Life is a bust when you think you been had.
You do what you must do and ya do it bad,
I'll do it for you, honey baby,
Ain't you glad?

Up to Me

Words and music: Bob Dylan
Outtake from *Blood on the Tracks* (1975), released on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open E tuning (E B E G♯ B E) or one tone lower, to give your guitar (and strings) a longer life.
If you want to play it in standard tuning without losing the sound of the recording, the suggested chord formations will work. Or just play the chords as you would usually play them.

Chords:

	Open tuning	Standard tuning	Standard tuning in C
E	054000	076400	C x32010 or x32013
B(ii)	042000	064400	G/b x20010 or x20013
A	020120	042220	F/a x03211 or x03213
A'	020100 (Aadd9)	042200	
B(vii)	777777	799877	G 320003
E/b	x04000	x22100	C/g 332010

The last chord is an alternative to include the b in the bass – it is not what Dylan plays. Another possibility is to play the E-B(ii)-A figure even here.

```
E                    B(ii)         A                          A'   (E)
Everything went from bad to worse, money never changed a thing,
E                     B(ii)               A                                  A'
Death kept followin', trackin' us down, at least I heard your bluebird sing.
    B(vii)            E                           /b     A       A'
Now somebody's got to show their hand, time is an enemy,
E              E/b
 I know you're long gone,
  A                       E
I guess it must be up to me.

  E         B(vii)  E       A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---------77-77-|-0-------0-------|
|-0---------77-77-|-0-------2-------|
|-0-strum---77-77-|-0-------1-------|
|-4---------77-77-|-4-------0-------|
|-5---------77-77-|-5-------2-------|
|-0---------77-77-|-0-------0-------|

If I'd thought about it I never would've done it, I guess I would've let it slide,
If I'd lived my life by what others were thinkin', the heart inside me would've 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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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 me move,
I guess it must be up to me.

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.

Well, Dupree came in pimpin' 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.

There's a note left in the bottle, you can give it to Estelle,
She's the one you been wond'rin' about, but there's really nothin' much to tell.
We both heard voices for a while, now the rest is history,
Somebody's got to cry some tears,
I guess it must be up to me.

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.

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.

Call Letter Blues

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Sep 16, 1974, during the *Blood on the Tracks* sessions, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Musically this is more or less identical to Meet me in the Morning.

Open D/E tuning

Chords:

```
E   054000
A   020120
B7  xx0775
```

Intro:

```
 E                A       E
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------3--0--------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------3--0--------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|--------------------1-----|-0-----x--0--0--0--------|-0--0--0--0--0--0--0--0--|
|--------------------0-00--|-4-----x--4--4--4--------|-4--4--4--4--4--4--4--4--|
|--------------------2-22--|/5-----x--5--5--5-----2/-|-5--5--5--5--5--5--5--5--|
|--------------------0-00--|-0-----x--0--0--0-----0--|-0--0--0--0--0--0--0--0--|
                                                                  Well I. . .
```

```
       E
Well, I walked all night long
                      A   E   A E
Hearin' them church bells toll
       A
Yes, I walked all night long
                            E     A E
Listening to them church bells toll
       B7
Either someone needing mercy
A                           E
 might be somethin' I've done wrong.

Well, your friends come by for you
I don't know what to say
Well, your friends come by for you
I don't know what to say
I just can't face to tell 'em
Honey you just went away.

The children cry for mother
I tell 'em, "Mother took a trip.''
Well, the children cry for mother
I tell 'em, "Mother took a trip.''
Well, I walk on pins and needles
I hope my tongue don't slip.

Well, I gaze at passing strangers
```

In case I might see you
Yes, I gaze at passing strangers
In case I might see you
But the sun goes around the heavens
And another day just drives on through.

Way out in the distance
I know you're with some other man
Way out in the distance
I know you're with some other man
But that's all right, baby
You know I always understand.

Call girls in the doorway
All givin' me the eye
Call girls in the doorway
All givin' me the eye
But my heart's just not in it
I might as well pass right on by.

My ears are ringin'
Ringin' like empty shells
My ears are ringin'
Ringin' like empty shells
Well, it can't be no guitar player
It must be combat bells.

17

The Basement Tapes

Recorded June–November, 1967 — Released June 26, 1975

481 Odds and Ends
482 Million Dollar Bash
484 Goin' to Acapulco
486 Lo and Behold!
488 Clothes Line Saga
490 Apple Suckling Tree
492 Please, Mrs. Henry
494 Tears of Rage
496 Too Much of Nothing
499 Yea! Heavy and a bottle of bread
501 Down in the Flood (Crash on the Levee)
503 Tiny Montgomery
505 You Ain't Goin' Nowhere
508 Don't Ya Tell Henry
511 Nothing was Delivered
512 Open the Door, Homer
513 This Wheel's on Fire
515 All You Have To Do Is Dream
517 Bonnie Ship the Diamond
519 One Man's Loss
520 Rock Salt and Nails
↪389 A Fool Such As I
521 (Be Careful of) Stones That You Throw
523 Trail of the Buffalo
526 One Single River (Song For Canada)
527 Try Me
529 I Don't Hurt Anymore
530 People Get Ready
532 Baby, Won't You Be My Baby?
533 Young But Daily Growin'
536 Quinn The Eskimo (The Mighty Quinn)
538 I'm Not There (1956)
↪860 I Shall Be Released
↪864 Santa Fe
541 Silent Weekend

543 Sign on the Cross
545 I'm A Fool For You
546 You Gotta Quit Kicking My Dog Around
547 See You Later Allen Ginsberg
548 I'm Your Teenage Prayer
550 Four Strong Winds
552 The French Girl
554 Still in Town
555 The Banks of the Royal Canal

Odds and Ends

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Intro (more or less)

```
       A
 . .   |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .
-----|-----------------|-----------------|
-----|*---h3-2-3-2-----|-3---3-2--------*|
-----|-----2-----------|-----------------|
-----|-----2-----------|-----------------|
-----|*0---------------|----------------*|
-0-2-|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
A
I stand in awe and I take my place *)

You break your promise all over the place
    D7
You promised to love me, but what do I see
A
Just you comin' and spillin' juice over me
E7
Odds and ends, odds and ends
A (n.c.)
Lost time is not found again

Now, you take your file and you bend my head
I never can remember anything that you said **)
You promised to love me, but what do I know
You're always spillin' juice on me like you got someplace to go
Odds and ends, odds and ends
Lost time is not found again

Now, I've had enough, my box is clean
You know what I'm sayin' and you know what I mean
From now on you'd best get on someone else
While you're doin' it, keep that juice to yourself
Odds and ends, odds and ends
Lost time is not found again
```

---

*) Take #2: I stand in awe and I shake my face
Copyrighted lyrics: I plan it all and I take my place

**) Take #2: You never can remember anything that I've said

Million Dollar Bash

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975) and on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

G6 (320000) is a suggestion for the last G in the chorus. It could be that he's playing 320010, i.e. a mix between G and C.
Some of the F's seem to be played Fmaj7 (x33210)

```
C
           C
Well, that big dumb blonde
         F
With her wheel of gorge
    C
And Turtle, that friend of theirs
         G
With his checks all forged
        C
And his cheeks in a chunk
         F
With his cheese in the cash
        C
They're all gonna be there
        G              C
At that million dollar bash
Am         F   C
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
Am         F   C
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
          G6             C
It's that million dollar bash

Ev'rybody from right now
To over there and back
The louder they come
The bigger they crack
Come now, sweet cream
Don't forget to flash
We're all gonna meet
At that million dollar bash
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
It's that million dollar bash

Well, I took my counselor
Out to the barn
Silly Nelly was there
She told him to yarn
along came Jones
Emptied the trash
Ev'rybody went down
To that million dollar bash
```

Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
It's that million dollar bash

Well, I'm hittin' it too hard
My stones won't take
I get up in the mornin'
But it's too early to wake
First it's hello, goodbye
Then push and then crash
But we're all gonna make it
At that million dollar bash
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
It's that million dollar bash

Well, I looked at my watch
I looked at my wrist
I punched myself in the face
With my fist
I took my potatoes
Down to be mashed
Then I made it on over
To that million dollar bash
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
Ooh, baby, ooh-ee
It's that million dollar bash

Goin' to Acapulco

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

The sung chord at "yeah" is a mix of Em, G and C...
Robbie's solos are probably played without a capo. I've tabbed the first solo; the others are similar.

The sung lyrics differ from the copyrighted version.

```
    G                   D
I'm going down to Rose Marie's
C                  G
 She never does me wrong.
    G             D
She puts it to me plain as day
C                       G
 And gives it to me for a song.
       G              G7
It's a wicked life but what the hell
      C                 Am
[and] everybody's got to eat
        G               D
And I'm just the same as anyone else
               C                  Am
When it comes to scratching for my meals *)

G              C
Goin' to Acapulco
G            F
Goin' on the run.
G                      C
Goin' down to see soft gut
G                  Am
Goin' to have some fun.
(n.c.)
Yeah
```

```
                                                                    G
   |   ,   .   ,   .  ,   .   ,   |   ,   .   ,   .    ,   .   ,   |
|------------------3-------------------------------------------------
|------3---3---3------5---3-------3---3-----------------------------
|-/4----------4--------------4-2h4-2h4--\2---0---0---h2-0-----------
|-------------------------------------------2---2------2-0-------
|-----------------------------------------------------------2-----
|-------------------------------------------------------------3-

G
Goin' to have some fun.

Now, whenever I get up
And can't find what I need,
I just make it down to Rose Marie's
```

and get something quick to eat.
It's not a bad way to make a living
And I ain't complainin' none.
For I can blow my plum and drink my rum
And then go on home and have my fun

Goin' to Acapulco
Goin' on the run.
Goin' down to see soft gut
Goin' to have some fun.
Yeah
Goin' to have some fun.

Now, if someone offers me a joke
I just say no thanks.
I try to tell it like it is
And keep away from pranks.
Well, everytime, you know, when the well breaks down
I just go pump on it some.
Rose Marie, she likes to go to big places
And just sit there waitin' for me to come.

Goin' to Acapulco
Goin' on the run.
Goin' down to see soft gut
Goin' to have some fun.
Yeah
Goin' to have some fun.

Lo and Behold!

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 5th fret (sounding key D major)

```
A

A
I pulled out for San Anton',
  D
I never felt so good.
   A
My woman said she'd meet me there
       D
And of course, I knew she would.
    A
The coachman, he hit me for my hook
       D
And he asked me my name.
  A
I give it to him right away,
      D
And I hung my head in shame.
A
Lo and behold! Lo and behold!
D
Lookin' for my lo and behold,
C      G          A
Get me outa here, my dear man!


I come into Pittsburgh
At six-thirty flat.
I found myself a vacant seat
An' I put down my hat.
"What's the matter, Molly, dear,
What's the matter with your mound?"
"What's it to ya, Moby Dick?
This is chicken town!"
Lo and behold! Lo and behold!
Lookin' for my lo and behold,
Get me outa here, my dear man!

I bought myself a herd of moose,
One day she could call her own.*)
Well, she came out the very next day
To see where they had flown.
I'm goin' down to Tennessee,
Get me a truck 'r somethin'.
Gonna save my money and rip it up!
- - -
Lo and behold! Lo and behold!
Lookin' for my lo and behold,
```

```
Get me outa here, my dear man!

Now, I come in on a ferris wheel
An' boys, I sure was slick.
I come in like a ton of bricks,
Laid a few tricks on 'em.
Goin' back to Pittsburgh,
Count up to thirty,
Round that horn and ride that herd,
Gonna thread up!**)
Lo and behold! Lo and behold!
Lookin' for my lo and behold,
Get me outa here, my dear man!
```

---

*) Copyrighted version:

```
‘‘I bought my girl a herd of moose,
One she could call her own’’
and in the alternate version: ‘‘I bought my doll...’’
```

**) Alternate version, last verse:

```
Now, I come in on a ferris wheel
An' boys, I sure was slick.
I moved in like a tornado,
and I also laid a few tricks on 'em.
Movin' on out, I'm goin' to Pittsburgh again,
Ridin' round that herd right for home,
We're all gonna go to sleep
```

Clothes Line Saga

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

```
C

C
After a while we took in the clothes,

Nobody said very much.

Just some old wild shirts and a couple pairs of pants

Which nobody really wanted to touch.
F
Mama come in and picked up a book

An' Papa asked her what it was.
C
Someone else asked, "What do you care?"

Papa said, "Well, just because."
G7
Then they started to take back their clothes,

Hang 'em on the line.
       C
It was January the thirtieth

And everybody was feelin' fine.

The very next day everybody got up
Seein' if the clothes were dry.
The dogs were barking, a neighbor passed,
Mama, of course, she said, "Hi!"
"Have you heard the news?" he said, with a grin,
"The Vice-President's gone mad!"
"Where?" "Downtown." "When?" "Last night."
"Hmm, say, that's too bad!"
"Well, there's nothin' we can do about it," said the neighbor,
"It's just somethin' we're gonna have to forget."
"Yes, I guess so," said Ma,
Then she asked me if the clothes was still wet.

I reached up, touched my shirt,
And the neighbor said, "Are those clothes yours?"
I said, "Some of 'em, not all of 'em."
He said, "Ya always help out around here with the chores?"
I said, "Sometime, not all the time."
Then my neighbor, he blew his nose
Just as papa yelled outside,
"Mama wants you t' come back in the house and bring them clothes."
```

Well, I just do what I'm told,
So, I did it, of course.
I went back in the house and Mama met me
And then I shut all the doors.

Apple Suckling Tree

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

It's hard to tell what he's singing here. Take it for what it is.

Take #1

```
D
Old man sailin' in a dinghy boat Down there
                                  A
Old man down is baitin' a hook On there
      D
Gonna pull man down on a suckling hook
      G                                   D      A     D
Gonna pull man into the suckling brook*) Oh yeah!

Now, he's underneath that apple  suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
That's underneath that tree
There's just gonna be you and me
Underneath that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!

I push him back and I stand in line, Oh yeah!
Then I push my lady and stand in line, Oh yeah!
Then I push my lady and stand in line
I get on board like a two-eyed time, Oh yeah!

Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Underneath that tree
There's just gonna be you and me
Underneath that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!

Now, who should I tell and who's to tell me? Oh yeah!
Who's on the table, who's to tell me? Oh yeah!
Who should I tell, oh, who should I tell?
The forty-nine in your burning hell
Oh underneath that old apple suckling tree

Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Underneath that tree
There's just gonna be you and me
Underneath that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
```

*) Official lyrics. Dylan seems to sing something like: "there's other place he ought to pay [...] brook, oh yeah"

Take #2

Chords as above

```
Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Underneath that tree
There's just gonna be you and me
Underneath that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!

Old man down like a county hook, my man
Old man down like a county hook, my man
pull man down a county hook
[...] take a look
Pull him down in a county hook, my man.

Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
underneath that tree
There's just gonna be you and me
Underneath that apple suckling tree

Now I wish to my soul I had seven years, Oh yeah!
Now I wish to my soul I had seven years, Oh yeah!
If I thought'em [/had'em] you [...] ground
I'd catch your name but he has a hound
[...]

Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Underneath that tree
There's just gonna be you and me
Underneath that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!

Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Under that apple suckling tree, Oh yeah!
Underneath that tree
There's just gonna be you and me
Underneath that apple suckling tree Oh yeah!
```

Please, Mrs. Henry

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key C♯ major)

```
A

          A
Well, I've already had two beers
    D
I'm ready for the broom
A
Please, Missus Henry, won't you
D
Take me to my room?
      A
I'm a good ol' boy
             E
But I've been sniffin' too many eggs
D
Talkin' to too many people
                  A
Drinkin' too many kegs
A
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
D
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
    A
I'm down on my knees

An' I ain't got a dime

Well, I'm groanin' in a hallway
Pretty soon I'll be mad
Please, Missus Henry, won't you
Take me to your dad?
I can drink like a fish
I can crawl like a snake
I can bite like a turkey
I can slam like a drake
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
I'm down on my knees
An' I ain't got a dime

Now, don't crowd me, lady
Or I'll fill up your shoe
I'm a sweet bourbon daddy
An' tonight I am blue
I'm a thousand years old
And I'm a generous bomb
I'm T-boned and punctured
But I'm known to be calm
```

Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
I'm down on my knees
An' I ain't got a dime

Now, I'm startin' to drain
My stool's gonna squeak
If I walk too much farther
My crane's gonna leak
Look, Missus Henry
There's only so much I can do
Why don't you look my way
An' pump me a few?
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
Please, Missus Henry, Missus Henry, please!
I'm down on my knees
An' I ain't got a dime

Tears of Rage

Written by Richard Manuel and Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

There are three takes on the GBT, but there are no substantial differences between them. The lyrics differs from the official lyrics on some points.

```
G

   G                  Em
We carried you in our arms
   C            Am
On Independence Day,
    F                  C
And now you'd throw us all aside
    G
And put us on our way.
   G                              Em
Oh what dear daughter 'neath the sun
      C              Am
Would treat a father so,
   F             C
To wait upon him hand and foot
    G
Yet always answer "No"?
B              Em
Tears of rage, tears of grief,
C                                 G
Why am I always the one who must be the thief?
B
Come to me now, you know
      Em        /d
We're so alone
C   Am      G         C/g G
And life is brief.

We pointed out the way to go
And scratched your name in sand,
Though you just thought that it was nothing more
Than a place for you to stand.
Now, I want you to know that while you watched,
discovered that there was no one true,
that I myself really thought
It was just a childish thing to do.
Tears of rage, tears of grief,
Why am I always the one who must be the thief?
Come to me now, you know
We're so alone
And life is brief.

It was all very very painless
When you ran out to receive
```

All that false instruction
Which we never could believe.
And now the heart is filled with gold
As if it was a purse.
But, oh, what kind of love is this
Which goes from bad to worse?
Tears of rage, tears of grief,
Why am I always the one who must be the thief?
Come to me now, you know
We're so alone
And life is brief.

Too Much of Nothing

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (recorded during the summer of '67, released in 1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Take #1 (*Basement Tapes* version)

Capo 4th fret (sounding key B major)

```
G

D
Too much of nothing
           C          G
can make a man ill at ease.
D
One man's temper rises
              C                  G
where another man's temper might freeze.
             D         Eb
Now it's the day of confessions
       E               F
and we cannot mock the soul.
                F#          G
Oh when there's too much of nothing
    G#          Asus4 A
no one has control.

C
Say hello to Valery,
G
say hello to Vivian.
C
Give her all my salary
       Bb     D    F C G
on the waters of oblivion.

Well too much of nothing
can cause a man to weep.
He can walk the streets and like most and boast,
but would he like to keep?
But it's all been done before,
it's all been written in the book.
And when there's too much of nothing
nobody should look.

Say hello to Valery,
say hello to Vivian.
Give her all my salary
on the waters of oblivion.

Now too much of nothing
can make a man a liar.
It can cause some men to sleep on nails,
```

```
it can cause others to eat fire.
Everybody's doing something,
I heard it in a dream.
But when there's too much of nothing
it just makes a fellow mean.

Say hello to Valery,
say hello to Vivian.
Give her all my salary
on the waters of oblivion.
```

Take #2

Capo 4th fret (sounding key B major)

The Am in the second last line of the verse is what the guitar plays; the bass plays over a D chord. To get that sound, play D9/a (x00210).

```
G  G-C/g-G (rep. ad lib)

G
Too much of nothing
           C
can make a man ill at ease.
    D
One man's temper might rise
          C                        G         G-C/g-G
where the other man's temper might freeze.
       G
In the day of the confessions
   C
we cannot mock the soul.
             Am
Oh when there's too much of nothing
           G
no one has control.

F            C
Say hello to Valery,
G
say hello to Vivian.
F               C
Give her all my salary
       G
on the waters of oblivion.

Well too much of nothing
can cause a man to weep.
He can walk the streets and like most and boast,
but would he like to keep?
But it's all been done before,
it's all been written in the book.
And when there's too much of nothing
nobody should look.
```

Say hello to Valery,
say hello to Vivian.
Give her all my salary
on the waters of oblivion.

Now too much of nothing
can make a man a liar.
It can cause some men to sleep on nails,
it can cause others to eat fire.
Everybody's doing something,
I heard it in a dream.
But when there's too much of nothing
it just makes a fellow mean.

Say hello to Valery,
say hello to Vivian.
Give her all my salary
on the waters of oblivion.

Yea! Heavy and a bottle of bread

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 6th fret (sounding key Eb major)

The only difference between the two takes (apart from minor lyric changes) is that in the officially released version the G is embellished by a G6 (320000) first.

```
A

          A                               G6            G
Well, the comic book and me, just us, we caught the bus.
    A                                                 G6       G
The poor little chauffeur, though, she was back in bed
       A                                   G6        G
On the very next day, with a nose full of pus.
A                 G6                G
 Yea! Heavy and a bottle of bread
A                 G6                G
 Yea! Heavy and a bottle of bread
A                 G6                G
 Yea! Heavy and a bottle of bread

It's a one-track town, just brown, and a breeze, too,
Pack up the meat, sweet, we're headin' out
For Wichita in a pile of fruit.
Get the loot, don't be slow, we're gonna catch a trout
Get the loot, don't be slow, we're gonna catch a trout
Get the loot, don't be slow, we're gonna catch a trout

Now, pull that drummer out from behind that bottle.
Bring me my pipe, we're gonna shake it.
Slap that drummer with a pie that smells.
Take me down to California, baby
Take me down to California, baby
Take me down to California, baby

Yes, the comic book and me, just us, we caught the bus.
The poor little chauffeur, though, she was back in bed
On the very next day, with a nose full of pus.
Yea! Heavy and a bottle of bread
Yea! Heavy and a bottle of bread
                 G         A
Yea! Heavy and a bottle of bread
```

Alternate take (probably take #1, actually):

```
          A                               G
Well, the comic book and me, just us, we caught the bus.
    A                                                 G
The poor little chauffeur, though, she was back in bed
```

```
       A                                  G
On the very next day, with a nose full of pus.
A                 G
 Yea! Heavy and a bottle of bread
A                 G
 Yea! Heavy and a bottle of bread
A                 G
 Yea! Heavy and a bottle of bread
```

Down in the Flood (Crash on the Levee)

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975). A different version was recorded Oct 1971 with Happy Traum (banjo) and released on *Greatest Hits II* (1971)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Take #1 (I assume): Capo 7th fret (sounding key D major); "another good friend'' instead of "another best friend''
Take #2: Capo 2nd (or 3rd) fret (sounding key A (or B♭) major)

The G-C/g-G figure is a little bit everywhere where there is a G (especially line endings). the following is from the officially released take #2.

```
G   C/g-G C/g G

G
Crash on the levee mama,
                  C/g-G  C/g-G
water's gonna overflow,
C
swamp's gonna rise,
                G   C/g-G
no boat's gonna row.
                        C/g-G
Now you can train on down

to William's point,
C/g-G
you can bust your feet,
    C/g-G
you can rock this joint.
    C
But oh mama, ain't you gonna
          D           G      C/g-G
miss your best friend now.
          D
You gonna have to find yourself
                         G   C/g-G
another best friend somehow.

Now don't you try and move me,
you're just gonna lose.
There's a crash on the levee
and mama you been refused.
Well it's sugar for sugar
and it's salt for salt,
if you go down in the flood
it's gonna be your fault.
Oh mama, ain't you gonna miss
your best friend now.
Yes you gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow.

Well that high tide's rising,
mama don't you let me down.
```

```
Pack up your suitcase,
mama don't you make a sound.
Now it's king for king,
queen for queen,
it's gonna be the meanest flood
that anybody's seen.
Oh mama, ain't you gonna miss
your best friend now.
Yes you gonna have to find yourself
another best friend somehow.
```

Greatest Hits vol 2 version

```
G                                      :   .   .   .
Crash on the levee mama,          *) |-3---33333-3-----|
                   *)                |-0---11111-0-----|
water's gonna overflow,              |-0---00000-0-----| x2
C7                                   |-0---22222-2-----|
swamp's gonna rise,                  |-2---------------|
                G   *)               |-3---33333-3-----|
no boat's gonna row.
            **)
Now you can train on down        **) This passage consists of a rather un-
                                     systematic alternation between the
to William's point,                  chords xx3x3x and xx2x2x, something like:

you can bust your feet,                :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
                                     |-----------------|-----------------|
you can rock this joint.             |---3---3-------2-|---3---3---3---2-|
    C                                |-----------------|-----------------| etc
But oh mama, you gonna               |-3---3-------2---|-3---3---3---2---|
                      G     *)       |-----------------|-----------------|
miss your best friend now.           |-----------------|-----------------|
          D
You gonna have to find yourself
  Em         C          G   *)
another best friend somehow.
```

Tiny Montgomery

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key E major)

```
   Dsus2 D
  :  .     :  .  :  .
|---00-2-|-2--2-22--2-----
|---33-3-|-3--3-33--3-----
|---22-2-|-2--2-22--2-----
|---00-0-|-0--0-00--0-----
|--------|----------------
|--------|----------------
                     Well you...

             D
Well you can tell ev'rybody
        C
Down in ol' Frisco
         D                       C
Tell 'em Tiny Montgomery says hello

D . . . C . . . D . . . C . . .

    D
Now ev'ry boy and girl's
      C
Gonna get their bang
       D
'Cause Tiny Montgomery's
      C
Gonna shake that thing
D
Tell ev'rybody
        C
Down in ol' Frisco
              D
That Tiny Montgomery's comin'
        C
Down to say hello

D . . . C . . . D . . . C . . .

Skinny Moo and
T-bone Frank
They're all gonna take on down
by the Bowning Bank
One bird book
And a buzzard and a crow
Tell 'em all
That Tiny's gonna say hello

Scratch your dad
```

Do that bird
Suck that pig
And bring it on home
Pink that dream
And nose that dough
Tell 'em all
That Tiny says hello

Now he's king of the drunks
An' he squeezes, too
Watch out, Lester
Take it, Lou
Join the monks
The C.I.O.
Tell 'em all
That Tiny Montgomery says hello

Now grease that gig
And play it blank
[tell them to] Go on out
And gas that dog
Trick on in
Flower that smoke
Take it on down
begin to grow
Now, play that low
And pick it up
Take it on in
In a bowled cup
Three-legged man
And a hot-lipped hoe
Tell 'em all
Montgomery says hello

Well you can tell ev'rybody
Down in ol' Frisco
Tell 'em all
Montgomery says hello

You Ain't Goin' Nowhere

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975) and in a different version on *Greatest Hits, vol 2* (1971)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Official version

```
G
Clouds so swift
Am
Rain won't lift
C
Gate won't close
G
Railings froze
G                 Am
Get your mind off wintertime
C                 G
You ain't goin' nowhere
G        Am
Whoo-ee! Ride me high
  C
Tomorrow's the day
   G
My bride's gonna come
G           Am
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
C               G
Down in the easy chair!

I don't care
How many letters they sent
Morning came and morning went
Pick up your money
And pack up your tent
You ain't goin' nowhere
Whoo-ee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair!

Buy me a flute
And a gun that shoots
Tailgates and substitutes
Strap yourself
To the tree with roots
You ain't goin' nowhere
Whoo-ee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair!
```

```
Genghis Khan
He could not keep
All his kings
Supplied with sleep
We'll climb that hill no matter how steep
When we get up to it
Whoo-ee! Ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's gonna come
Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
Down in the easy chair!
```

Alternate take

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)
Chords as above

```
Now look here dear Sue
You best feed the cat
The cat needs feedin'
You're the one to do it
Get your hat
Feed the cat
You ain't goin' nowhere

     Whoo-ee! Ride me high
     Tomorrow's the day
     My bride's gonna come
     Oh, oh, are we gonna fly
     Down in the easy chair!

Look here you bunch of
basement noise
You ain't no
punchin' bag
I see you walkin' out there,
and you're the one to do it
Pick up your nose, you canary
You ain't goin' nowhere

Just pick up that oil cloth
cram it in the corner
I don't care if your name is Michael,
you gonna need some boards
Get your lunch
you foreign bib
You ain't goin' nowhere

Now look here, you pile of money,
you best go off here to find a file
I've seen you out there beatin' on you hammer,
you ain't no head lettuce
Beat that buzzard
lay 'm on the rug
You ain't goin' nowhere
```

Greatest Hits vol. 2 version

Chords as above

Clouds so swift an' rain fallin' in
Gonna see a movie called "Gunga Din"
Pack up your money, pull up your tent McGuinn
You ain't goin' nowhere.

Whoo-ee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
That my bride's a-gonna come
Whoo-ee, are we gonna fly
Down into the easy chair.

Genghis Khan an' his brother Don
Could not keep on keepin' on
We'll climb that bridge after it's gone
After we're way past it.

Whoo-ee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
My bride's a-gonna come
Whoo-ee, are we gonna fly
Down into the easy chair.

Buy me some rings an' a gun that sings
A flute that toots an' a bee that stings
A sky that cries an' a bird that flies
A fish that walks an' a dog that talks.

Whoo-ee, ride me high
Tomorrow's the day
That my bride's a-gonna come
Whoo-ee, are we gonna fly
Down into the easy chair.

Don't Ya Tell Henry

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975) in a version by The Band
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem, according to the version with Dylan, available as an outtake

---

```
Don't ya tell Henry,

Apple's got your fly.

  E
I went down to the river on a Saturday morn,

A-lookin' around just to see who's born.

I found a little chicken down on his knees,

I went up and yelled to him,"Please, please, please!"

He said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
A
Don't ya tell Henry,
B7
Don't ya tell Henry,
(n.c.)           E   (turnaround)
Apple's got your fly."

  E
I went down to the corner at a-half past ten,

I's lookin' around, I wouldn't say when.

I looked down low, I looked above,

And who did I see but the one I love.
          A
She said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
E
Don't ya tell Henry,
B
Don't ya tell Henry,
A (n.c.)         E
Apple's got your fly."

            E
Now, I went down to the beanery at half past twelve,

A-lookin' around just to see myself.
  A
I spotted a horse and a donkey, too,
  E
I looked for a cow and I saw me a few.
           A
They said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
```

```
E
Don’t ya tell Henry,
B
Don’t ya tell Henry,
A (n.c.)         E
Apple’s got your fly."

Now, I went down to the pumphouse the other night,
A-lookin’ around, it was outa sight.
I looked high and low for that big ol’ tree,
I did go upstairs but I didn’t see nobody but me.
I said, "Don’t ya tell Henry,
Don’t ya tell Henry,
Don’t ya tell Henry,
Apple’s got your fly."
```

The Band's version

The following is played as an intro (minus the first bar) and between verses. The tab is just of the one guitar that plays the same thing every time; in addition, the most pronounced guitar plays different licks over this background.

```
     :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
---|-------------------------|-----------------------12-----|--------------------------|
---|-------------------------|--------------------------13-|--------------------------|
---|-----------------12------|-14--14-14--14-14--12--------|-14--12-11--------12-------|
---|-----11----14------------|-----------------------------|------------14----------14-|
-12|-------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|
---|-------------------------|-----------------------------|--------------------------|

  :     .     .     .     .     .       :
|---------------------------------------|---
|---------------------------------------|---
|-12--12------12--12----14--------------|---
|-----------14--------------------------|---
|---------------------------------------|---
|---------------------------------------|---
                               Yes,   I...

       A
Yes, I went down to the river on a Saturday morn,

I’s lookin’ around just to see who’s born.

I spied a little chicken down on his knees,

I went up and yelled to him,"Please, please, please!"


He said, "Don’t ya tell Henry,
D
Don’t ya tell Henry,
E
Don’t ya tell Henry,
```

(n.c.) [intro lick]
Apple's got your fly."

Yes, I went down to the beanery at half past twelve,
I's lookin' around just to see myself.
I looked high and low, and I looked up above,
But who did I see but the one I love.
She said, "Now, don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly."

Yeah, I went down to the whorehouse the other night,
I was lookin' around, I was outa sight.
I looked at a home, and I saw [it ain't new],
I looked for a cow and I saw me a few.
They said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly."

Yeah, I went down to the river on a Saturday morn,
I's lookin' around just to see who was born.
I saw a little chicken lie down on his knees,
I went up and yelled to him,"Please, please, please!"
He said, "Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Don't ya tell Henry,
Apple's got your fly."

Nothing was Delivered

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G

(n.c.)        C
Nothing was delivered
                          G
And I tell this truth to you,
                    D
Not out of spite or anger
                         G     (C/g G)
But simply because it's true.
(n.c.)                          C
Now, I hope you won't object to this,
                               G
Giving back all of what you owe,
                             D
The fewer words you have to waste on this,
                    G      (C/g G)
The sooner you can go.
(n.c.)     Em                 G
Nothing is better, nothing is best,
     G    D/f#   C/e  G       C   D(/a) G
Take care of yourself and get plenty of rest.

Nothing was delivered
But I can't say I sympathize
With what your fate is going to be,
Yes, for telling all those lies.
Now you must provide some answers
For what you sold has not been received,
And the sooner you come up with them,
The sooner you can leave.

Nothing is better, nothing is best,
Take heed of this and get plenty rest.

(Now you know)
Nothing was delivered
And it's up to you to say
Just what you had in mind
When you made ev'rybody pay.
No, nothing was delivered,
Yes, 'n' someone must explain
That as long as it takes to do this
Then that's how long that you'll remain.

Nothing is better, nothing is best,
Take heed of this and get plenty rest.
```

Open the Door, Homer

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key B♭ major)

```
G

               G
Now, there's a certain thing
       Em
That I learned from Jim
G                                  D
That he'd always make sure I'd understand
    G
And that is that there's a certain way
Em
 we all must swim
        C
If we expect to live off
                 D
Of the fat of the land.

              Am
     Open the door, Rachel [Richard?],

     I've heard it said before.

     Open the door, Rachel,

     I've heard it said before
           C                           G
     But I ain't gonna hear it said no more.

Now, there's a certain thing
That I learned from my friend, Mouse
A fella who never blushes
And that is that one must always
flush out his house
If he don't expect to be housing flushes.

     Chorus

"Take care of all your memories"
Said Mick
"For you cannot relive them
And remember when you're out there
Tryin' to heal the sick
That you must always
First forgive them."

     Chorus
```

This Wheel's on Fire

By Bob Dylan and Rick Danko
Released on *The Basement Tapes* (1967/1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
        Am
If your mem'ry serves you well,
                Bdim
We were goin' to meet again and wait,
       E
So I'm goin' to unpack all my things
    Dm           (F)       Am
And sit before it gets too late.
   C              Am
No man alive will come to you
       C               Am
With another tale to tell,
        C                  Am
And you know that we shall meet again
        Dm     F          Am
If your mem'ry serves you well.

     Dm         F
     wheel's on fire,
     C               G
     Rolling down the road,
          C   G     F       C
     Best notify my next of kin,
     F          G       A
     This wheel shall explode!

If your mem'ry serves you well,
I was goin' to confiscate your lace,
And wrap it up in a sailor's knot
And hide it in your case.
If I knew for sure that it was yours . . .
But it was oh so hard to tell.
But you knew that we would meet again,
If your mem'ry serves you well.

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

If your mem'ry serves you well,
You'll remember you're the one
That called on me to call on them
To get you your favors done.
And after ev'ry plan had failed
And there was nothing more to tell,
You knew that we would meet again,
If your mem'ry served you well.
```

```
This wheel's on fire,
Rolling down the road,
Best notify my next of kin,
This wheel shall explode!
```

All You Have To Do Is Dream

Written by Bob Dylan, I guess
Performed by Bob Dylan and the Band in the Basement, summer 1967
Tabbed by Simon Bedford and Eyolf Østrem

There were two takes, and since they are virutally identical, I'll present both...

The chords are written as if played with a capo on the 1st or the 3rd fret (for the two takes). On the recordings the guitar part is played with barre chords higher up on the neck.

```
       G      Am     Bm    Am
If the farmer has no silo
        G         Am      Bm    Am
And his fuel cost runs up high
G                     Am           Bm       Am
Well, that's just how much I would love you
   G          Am          Bm    Am
if you'd just only let me try

     C Am
     in some nice young up-to-date kitchen
     C                    Am
     let us get aquainted, dear
              GAm    Bm Am
     and them old floor-birds would just quit eatin'
              C         D         G
     And just grin from ear toear

Two floor birds and a prudent baby chick, yes that's me
That ain't much to bust
But restriction causes damage
And damage causes lust

     So, poor little girl, come blow this horn
     Hard as any horn might seem
     It's very easily done, actually
     All you have to do is dream.

     [instrumental verse]

Well, the whole back-strappers are a dime a dozen
And I can get a cup for a nickle
Yes, but look what an earful I get and it's all awful too
Everytime I try to go get me a little tickle

So, give me one sweet loaf of bread
just one sweet loaf, I'll fill it up and I'll be gone
Yes, just like some of these old floor birds
who fly from dawn to dawn
who fly from dawn to dawn
who fly from dawn to dawn
who fly from dawn to dawn
```

Take #2

If the farmer has no silo
And his fuel cost runs him up very high
Well, that's just how much I'd love you
if you'd just only let me try

> In some nice young up-to-date kitchen
> Let us get aquainted, dear
> Then them old floor-birds will just quit eatin'
> And just grin from ear toear

Two floor birds and a prudent baby chick
Yes, that ain't much to bust
But restriction causes damage
And damage causes lust.

> So, poor little girl, come blow this horn
> Hard as any hole might seem
> It's very easily done, actually
> All you have to do is dream.
>
> [instrumental verse]

Well, those old whole back-strappers are a dime a dozen
And I can get a cup for a nickle
Yes, but look what an earful I get, and it's awful too,
Everytime I try to go get a little tickle

Give me just one sweet loaf of bread
Fill it up, and I'll be gone
Just like some old floor-bird
who just flies from dawn to dawn (yes...)
flies from dawn to dawn (look at that old floor-bird, he just...)
flies from dawn to dawn (look at that crazy floor-bird, he just...)
flies from dawn to dawn (what a floor-bird, he...)
flies from dawn to dawn.

Bonnie Ship the Diamond

Trad.
Played by Bob Dylan and the Band in the Basement of 1967
Lyrics modified from It's not a house it's a home page. Chords tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

On my copy it plays in B♭m, thus a capo on the 1st fret.
The chords in the first verse aren't quite like in the rest of the verses, which follow the simpler pattern of the second verse.

[introductory search for chords omitted for brevity]

```
Am

          Am     C/g        D/f#
Well, the bonnie ship was a good old ship
          Am                      E
She was a-fishin' on a [leading chain]
    Am     /c            C/g
And me an' John oh was a long catch[-on?]
           D/f#        F   E     Am
It was the last of the ones I've seen

              Am          G       Am
     So with sword and a rope in bay
                                 E
     Feel all that your heart be sailed
                Am     C/g      D/f#
     When that bonnie ship the Diamond goes
     Am      Em      Am
     fishin' for the whales.

         Am                  D
Well, we feud all night, the cabin gauge,
         Am                E
It was a-more than feelin' bad
         Am                  D
And with all kind friends we watched in fear
         Am             Em   Am
It was a naught time we ever had.

              Am   D     Am
     So it's rise up my lads
                          E
     Let your hearts never fail
                Am     C/g      D/f#
     When that bonnie ship the Diamond goes
     F       E       Am
     fishin' for the whales.

An' all day long at Vera Cruz
We sailed [all the likes] to bind
With no heavy moan, any hearts [of stone]
No aid was cried [tried?] for mine.

     So it's cheer up my boys
```

Let your hearts never fail
When that bonnie ship the Diamond
Goes fishin' for the whales.

Well, now along Cape Fate, 'twas lit in red
All along cape Horn
And from Vera Cruz we sailed ahead
It was all in the time of storm.

So, it's cheer on up my boys
Let your hearts never fail
When that bonnie ship the Diamond
Goes fishin' for the whales.

One Man's Loss

Written by Bob Dylan, I guess
Performed by Bob Dylan and the Band in the Basement, summer 1967
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Too bad the sound is so bad on this, because it's a text with potential. The bracketed passages are just representations of the sounds I seem to hear, with no claim for meaning or authority.

I'd suggest a capo on the 5th fret (sounding key D major), with the following figure going through the whole song:

```
  A       A6        A       D/a
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---------3---3---|
|-2---2---2---2---|-2---2---2---2---|
|-2---2---4---4---|-2---2---4---4---|
|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---0---0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
[first verse inaudible]

A
[Let's take a cherry], I can't make it no more

Can't stop, she's breaking all time on the floor

Better come down easy or don't come down at all

You don't try and to please me, somebody's gonna fall
D                                   A
One man's loss always is another man's gain
     E            D                      A
Yes, one man's joy always is another man's pain

Eight o'clock in the morning, [better] step aside
[let me be to your] warning, you better go by
Three times a loser, number 45
better not lose her, best stayed alive
One man's loss always is another man's gain
Yes, one man's joy always is another man's pain

Wish I'd have found me [...] at the wall
One look at the watch, you better [lord at all]
You can't stop it or wait it [...] at night
Too hard to keep you waiting, calls me aside
One man's loss always is another man's gain
Yes, one man's joy always is another man's pain
```

Rock Salt and Nails

Words and music Bruce ("U. Utah") Phillips (thanks to Jonmark Pierce for notifying me)
Played by Bob Dylan during *The Basement Tapes* sessions, summer 1967
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G

                    G    C/g G                              C/g G
On the banks of the river       where the willows hang down
                       Em                         G      C/g G
And the wild birds all warble with a low moaning sound
            Em                           G        C/g G
Down in the hollow where the water runs cold
                     C                    /b   /a  G     C/g G
It was there I first listened to the lies that you told

Now I lie on my bed and I see your sweet face
The past I remember time cannot erase
The letter you wrote me it was written in shame
And I know that your conscience still echoe's my name

Now the nights are so long, ah, sorrow runs deep
Nothing is worse than a night without sleep
I'll walk out alone and look at the sky
Too empty to sing, too lonesome to cry

Now, if the ladies were blackbirds and the ladies wore thrushes
I'd lie there for hours in the chilly cold marshes
If the ladies were squirrel's with them high bushy tails
I'd fill up my shotgun with rock salt and nails
```

(Be Careful of) Stones That You Throw

Written by E. Dodd
Recorded by Bob Dylan and The Band in the Basement, Summer of 1967
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

[fragment:]

. . . and I knew right away
That it was gossip not flowers that she had on her mind
And this is what I heard my neighbor say.

[new start, in D:]

```
       G                              D
     A tongue can accuse or carry bad news
         G                            D
     The seeds of destruction it will sow.
          G                                    D
     So unless you have made no mistakes in your life
        D          A               D
     Be careful of stones that you throw.

  D
A neighbor was passin' my garden one time
   G
She smiled and I knew right away
D
 That it was gossip not flowers that she had on her mind
    A7
And this is what I heard my neighbor say.

      D
"That bad girl down the street, she should be run from our midst.
    G
She drinks and she talks quite a lot
    (D)
She knows not to speak to my child nor to me.''
                A7
My neighbor then smiled and I thought:

     A tongue can accuse and carry bad news
     The seeds of destruction it will sow.
     So unless you have made no mistakes in your life
     Be careful of stones that you throw.

A car speeded by, the screamin' of brakes
and a sound that made my blood chill
For  my neighbor's one child had been pulled from the path
And saved by a girl, lyin' still.

Her child was unhurt and my neighbor cried out
```

"Oh, who was that brave girl so sweet?''
I covered the crushed broken body and said
"That bad girl down the street.''

A tongue can accuse and carry bad news
The seeds of destruction were sown
So unless you have made no mistakes in your life
Be careful of stones that you, you throw.

Trail of the Buffalo

(aka Buffalo Skinners)
Traditional
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

All versions are played with a lot of hammer-ons.

Gleason Home Tape, Feb/March 1961

```
  :   .   .   .
|-----0-0-----0-0-|
|-----0-0-----0-0-|
|-----0-0-----0-0-|
|-----------------|
|---------0h2-----|
|-0---------------|

|: Em .  .  . :| G . Em .  .  . |G  .  Em  .  .  . etc

                         Am                      Em
Come 'round you old-time cowboys and listen to my song
Am                                          Em
Please do not grow weary, I'll not detain you long
   Am                                       Em
Concerning some young cowboy who did agree to go
   Am                                                Em  .  .  .  G  .  Em  .  .  etc.
To spend the summer pleasantly on the trail of the buffalo

I found myself in Griffin in the year of '83
When a well-known famous drover came walkin' up to me
Saying, "how do you do, young cowboy, how would you like to go
and spend the summer pleasantly on the trail of the buffalo?"

Well, me being out of work right then, to this drover I did say
This a-going out on the buffalo range depends upon your pay
But if you pay good wages, transportation to and fro
Think I might go with you on the hunt of the buffalo

Yes, I will pay good wages and transportation too
If you agree to work for me until the season's through
But if you do get homesick and try to run away
You'll starve to death on the prairie and also lose your pay

With all this flattering talking he signed up quite a train
Some ten of twelve in numbers, some able-bodied men
Our trip it was a pleasant one as we hit the west-ward road
Until we hit old Boggy Creek in old New Mexico

There our pleasures ended and our troubles they begun
A lightning storm it hit us and it made the cattle run
I got all full of stickers from the cactus that did grow
Outlaws watching to pick us off from the hills of Mexico

Well now, the working season ended but the drover would not pay
```

```
He said "You went and drunk too much, you're all in debt to me"
But the cowboys never did hear of such a thing as a bankrupt law
So we left that drover's bones to bleach on the hills of the buffalo
```

Los Angeles, Aug 2, 1988

In some verses the final Em is played as an Em9 (022032) or as Em7 (022030)

```
      Em             C                          Em
'Twas in the town of Jacksboro in the year of '73
       Em                 C                            Em
When a well-known, famous drover came a-steppin' up to me
        Em                   C                              G  C/g G  /f#
Saying, How do you do, young cowboy, and how'd you like to go
    Em               C                                    Em
And spend the summer pleasantly on the trail of the buffalo

Me being out of work right then, to this drover I did say
This going out on the buffalo range depends upon your pay
But if you will pay good wages, transportation to and fro
I think I might go with you all the way to the buffalo

I will pay good wages, and transportation too
If you'll agree to work for me until the season's through
But if you do get homesick and try to run away                  Em9
You'll starve to death on the buffalo range and also lose your pay.

With all this flattering talking, he signed up quite a train
Some ten or twelve in number, some able-bodied men
Our trip it was a pleasant one as we hit the westward road
'Til we reached old Boggy Creek in the range of the buffalo

There our pleasures ended and our troubles they begun
A lightning storm it hit us and it made the cattle run
Got all full of stickers from the cactus that did grow
Indians [/outlaws] waiting to pick us off from the hills of Mexico

[tape cut]

Our souls were cased in a buffalo [weed], and our hearts were cased in steel.
The hardships on the prairie, they make your poor heart [real]
couldn't drink the water, oh boys it was no [go(?)]
of us on the buffalo range in the hills of the buffalo.

Well, the working season ended but the drover would not pay
He said "You boys went and drunk too much, you're all in debt to me"
But the cowboys never did hear of such a thing as a bankrupt law
So we left that drover's bones to bleach in the hills of the buffalo

Now we crossed Pease River, and homeward we are bound
No more on the buffalo range will we ever be found
Go home to our wives and sweethearts and tell others not to go
For God has forsaken the buffalo range and the damned old buffalo.
```

Maple, Jul 26, 1991

```
Dmadd9/a x03230
Fmaj7    x03210 or x33210 or 133210

      Am                              Dmadd9/a  Am
'Twas in the town of Jacksboro in the year of '73
       Am                              Dmadd9/a       Am
When a well-known, famous drover came steppin' up to me
        Am                                 C                F(maj7)
Saying, How do you do, young cowboy, and how'd you like to go
    Am                                  Dmadd9/a          Am
And spend the summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo
```

Stockholm, Jun 26, 1991

```
      Am             Dmadd9/a                 Am
'Twas in the town of Jacksboro in the year of '73
       Am                 Dmadd9/a                   Am
When a well-known, famous drover came steppin' up to me
        Am                                 C                F
Saying, How do you do, young cowboy, and how'd you like to go
    Am                                  Dmadd9/a          Am
And spend the summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo
```

The rest of the verses are played more like the Maple version. No two verses are played the same way, though.

Stuttgart June 17, 1991

```
      Am                              C         Am
'Twas in the town of Jacksboro in the year of '73
       Am                              C             Am
When a well-known, famous drover came steppin' up to me
        Am                                 C                F(maj7)
Saying, How do you do, young cowboy, and how'd you like to go
    Am
And spend the summer pleasantly on the range of the buffalo
```

One Single River (Song For Canada)

Written by Ian Tyson & Peter Gzowski
Recorded by Bob Dylan and the Band in the Basement, summer 1967
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key B♭ major)

```
G

                              E
How come we can't talk to each other any more?
Am            D7              G
Why can't you see I'm changing too?
G                             E
 We've got by far too long to end it feeling wrong
Am                             D
And I still share too much with you

     Em                          D
     Just one great river always flowing to the sea
     Em                        D
     One single river rolling in eternity
     G                           E
     Two nations in this land that lies along its shore
     Am            D             G
      But just one river rolling free.

How come you shut me out as if I wasn't there
What's this new bitterness you've found?
However wronged you were, however strong it hurt
It wasn't me who held you down.

     One single river always flowing to the sea
     One single river rolling in eternity
     Two nations in this land that lies along its shore
     But just one river rolling free.

     [Instrumental verse + refrain]

Why can't you understand I'm glad you're standing proud
I know you made it on your own
But in this new pride you've earned, I thought you might have learned
That you don't have to stand alone

     Lonely northern river always flowing to the sea
     One single river rolling in eternity
     Two nations in this land that lies along its shore
     But just one river rolling free.
```

Try Me

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded by Bob Dylan and The Band in the Basement, Summer 1967
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

I warn you: after the two first lines, the lyrics don't make any sense at all. The only reason I've bothered tabbing this, is that the tune is interesting.

Capo 3rd (or 2nd) fret

```
F
. . .
    Am
Try me
    C
Try me, little girl,
         G           C
We could raise a family

          C
Well they treat you like a dummy,

well they treat you like a slave

Nothin' bout what you said, it's all

what you gave
    F
Try me
    Am
Try me
    C
Try me, little girl,
         G           C
We could raise a family

           C
Well, they treat so low
        F                     C
[at the time I'll ring out of way]
C         Dm        Em            F         G
[Oh, nika tho nika, three's gotta you gonna way]
             C
Oh, well it's three in the morning,

I get no room

Based on cell she is sittin' on room
    F
Try me
    Am
Try me
    C
Try me, little girl,
```

```
          G           C
We gonna raise a family
```

I Don't Hurt Anymore

Written by Don Robertson and Jack Rollins
Recorded by Bob Dylan and the Band in the Basement, Summer of 1967
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 5th fret (sounding key C major)

The rhythm of the intro figure recurs here and there in the song, in the chords between the verse lines.

Intro:

```
  G           C/g           G
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-3-----3---3-3-3-3-3---3-|-3-------------------
|-0-----0---0-1-1-1-1---1-|-0-------------------
|-0-----0---0-0-0-0-0---0-|-0-------------------
|-0-----0---0-2-2-2-2---2-|-0-------------------
|-2-----2---2-------------|-2-------------------
|-3-----3---3-3-3-3-3---3-|-3-------------------
                                  I don't hurt . . .
```

```
[n.c.]          C
I don't hurt anymore
                     G     C/g G
All my teardrops are dry.
                    D
No more walking the floor
                    G     C/g G7
With that burning inside.

[n.c.]                 C
Just to think it could be
                    G    C/g G
Time has opened the door
                  D
And at last I am free.
[n.c.]          G     C  G
I don't hurt anymore.


        C
     No use to deny I wanted to die
                                    G       C/g G
     The day that you said we were through.
         A7
     But now that I'm fine, you're out of my mind,
     D7 [n.c.]
     I can't believe that it's true.

I forgot it somehow
That I cared so before
And it's wonderful now.
I don't hurt anymore.
```

People Get Ready

By Curtis Mayfield
Played by Bob Dylan during *The Basement Tapes* sessions (1967), and released on the promo EP for *Renaldo and Clara* (1976/78)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Renaldo and Clara version

Same chord progression repeated throughout. The lyrics aren't always decipherable, mainly because Dylan doesn't quite remember them. Which makes this a wonderful proof of his ability to improvise on the spot.

```
Bb         Gm               Eb      Bb
People get ready, there's a train a comin'
picking up passengers coast to coast
All you need is faith to hear the diesels a-hummin'
[...] among the loved the most.

People get ready for that train to Jordan
picking up passengers [...]
All you need is faith to hear those diesels a-hummin'
Don't need no ticket, you just thank the Lord

There ain't no roomfor the hopeless sinner
Who would hurt all mankind just to save his own
Have pity on those whose chances get slimmer
For there's no hiding place among the Kingdom's throne

So people get ready, there's a train a-comin'
don't need no baggage, you just get on board
All you need is faith to hear the diesels a-hummin'
Don't need no ticket, you just thank the Lord

[D: "remember this one"]
```

Basement Tapes version

```
C          (/e)             F       C
People get ready, there's a train a comin'
                                    F      C
You don't need no baggage, you just get on board
                                  F       C
All you need is faith to hear the diesels hummin'
              Am               F         C
Don't need no ticket, you just thank the Lord

People get ready for the train to Jordan
picking up passengers from coast to coast
Faith is the key, open the doors and board 'em
There's hope for all among those loved the most.
```

There ain’t no roomfor the hopeless sinner
Who would hurt all mankind just to save his own
Have pity on those whose chances grow thinner
For there’s no hiding place against the Kingdom’s throne

So people get ready, there’s a train a comin’
You don’t need no baggage, you just get on board
All you need is faith to hear the diesels hummin’
Don’t need no ticket, you just thank the Lord

Baby, Won't You Be My Baby?

Presumably written by Bob Dylan
Recoreded by Bob Dylan and the Band in the Basement, summer 1967
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

Chord suggestions:

```
Bb      688766
F(7)    x8786x
Eb(7)   x6564x
```

Or any other three-chord chords.

```
       Bb
Well, I looked as far as I could see, baby
                                F
I looked as far as I could see, baby
       Bb
Well, I looked as far as I could see,
Eb
All mankind in misery,
Bb    F               Bb
Baby, won't you be my baby?

Well, I looked east, I looked west, baby
I looked east, I looked west, baby
Well, I looked east, I looked west
There was nothing I could see that I liked the best
Baby, won't you be my baby?

[Go down the land], drop your heavy load, baby
Go down the land, drop your load, baby
Go down the land, drop your load,
Just don't look back, it's a dead end road
Baby, won't you be my baby?

Now east and west the fire will rise, baby
east and west the fire will rise, baby
east and west the fire will rise
Shut your mouth, close your eyes,
Baby, won't you be my baby?

Oh, [I been off] savin' your time, baby
I ain't tryin' to mess, I'll just save your time, baby
I ain't tryin' to mess, just save your time,
but it's your life, it's not mine
Baby, won't you be my baby?
```

Young But Daily Growin'

Traditional
As performed by Bob Dylan during *The Basement Tapes* sessions, and in the Carnegie Chapter Hall, Nov 4, 1961
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Basement Tapes version

```
[...]

But he's young and he's daily growin'

G                      D           G           C   G   C/g G
Daughter, dearest daughter, I have done you no wrong
                     Em          G            D
I've wed you to non other than a wealthy man's son
    G            C      G         Em          C   G  C/g G
And he will be a man to you when I am dead and gone
     G             D     G        C/g G
He's young but he's daily growin'

Ah, one day as I was walking all alone down by the schoolwall
I saw the boys, they were playing at the ball
And my own true love was the fairest of them all
He was young, but he was daily growin'.

At the age of sixteen years he was a married man
at the age of seventeen he was the father of a son
At the age of eighteen years, 'round his grave the grass grew long
Cruel death had put an end to his growin'

Oh, the springtime is leavin' now, and summer's comin' on
With ornaments and fans the ladies all pass on
Oh yes, once I had a true love, but now I have none.
But I'll watch his bonnie son, while he's growin.
```

Heard Liam [Clancy] sing this in the White Horse bar, Irish bar.

```
G                 C       D            G          C   G
Oh the trees they do grow tall and the leaves are green.
            G               C       G/b    D
And there's many a day that you and I have seen.
    G            C    G             Em      C  G
But once I had a true love, but now I walk alone.
       G               D     G
He's a bonny lad,  he's daily growing.

C . . |C/b . /a |G . . |. . . |D . . |. . . |. . . |. . .

Oh father, dearest father, you've done me great wrong.
```

You've married me to a boy who is much too young.
Oh I am twice twelve, and he is but fourteen
He's a bonnie lad, he's young but he's growing.

Oh father, dearest father, oh and if it pleases you.
I'll send my man on to a school for a year or two.
And on top of his college cap, he'll wear a ribbon bow
so that the other girls might know that he's married.

One day when I was walking all alone down by the schoolwall,
  Em   C   G   D
I saw the boys were playing at the bouncing of the ball.
And my own true love was the fairest of them all.
He's a bonny lad but he's daily growing.

At the age of fourteen he was a married man.
At the age of fifteen the father of a son.
At the age of sixteen on his grave the grass grew green.
Cruel death had put an end to his growing.

I'll buy my love a shroud of ornamental ground
and place it on his grave. Oh the tears come trippling down.
For once I had a true love but now I have not.
But I'll watch his bonny son while he's a-growing.

Minnesota Pary Tape II in May 1961

Lyrics transcribed by Bob T. Guevara

       G   C G   Em   C   G
Oh the trees they grow tall and the leaves they are green.
    Em   C   D
And many a-time my true love I've seen.
    G   C G   Em   C   G
And many a-night how I walked all alone.
     G   Em   D   G
When my Johnny was a long time a-growin'.

C   /b /a G

I remember so well over my father's wall
I heard the boys were singing, I can hear them dancin'-call.
And my own true love was the fairest of them all.
He's young, but he's daily a-growin'.

Oh father, dear father, you've done me great wrong.
You've married me of to a boy that's much too young.
Oh I am twice twelve, and he is but fourteen
He's young, but he's daily a-growin'.

Oh daughter, dear daughter, I've done you no wrong.
I've married you to a rich man's son.
Oh he will be a lord for you to wait upon.
Yes he's young, but he's daily a-growin'.

At the age of fourteen he was a married man.
At the age of fifteen the father of a son.
At the age of sixteen has a grave, it was green.
And death put a stop to his growin'.

But he've born me one son, so I can pass the time
Wachin' my boy rised a great a-year.
And I will wachin' rise, 'til he becomes a man.
He's young now, but he's daily a-growin'.

Quinn The Eskimo (The Mighty Quinn)

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded during *The Basement* sessions (summer 1967)
Released in a live version from the Isle of Wight festival (1969) on *Self Portrait* (1970) and on *Greatest Hits vol. 2* (1971). Original basement version released on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Basement (= *Biograph*) version

There are two takes from the Basement tapes sessions. They differ only on minor points.

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

```
C

C           F                C             F
Ev'rybody's building the big ships and the boats,
C                 F
Some are building monuments,
C                       F
Others are jotting down notes,
C                 F
Ev'rybody's in despair,
C                 F
Ev'ry girl and boy
         C                G
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here,
F                           C
Ev'rybody's [gonna] jump for joy.
     C                 G            C
     Come all without, come all within,
            C       G                F      C
     You'll not see nothing like the mighty Quinn.

Now, I likes to do just like the rest, I likes my sugar sweet,
But guarding fumes and making haste, *)
It ain't my cup of meat.
Ev'rybody's just standin' round 'neath the trees,
Feeding pigeons on a limb
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here,
them pigeons'll go to him.
    Come all without, come all within,
    You'll not see nothing like the mighty Quinn.

A lamp gate, a gunny dew, I can't recite them all **)
Just tell me where it hurts ***)
And I'll tell you who to call
Nobody can get no sleep,
There's someone on ev'ryone's toes
But when Quinn the Eskimo gets here,
Ev'rybody's gonna doze.
    Come all without, come all within,
    You'll not see nothing like the mighty Quinn.
```

*) The *Self Portrait* version has "But jumping queues and making haste"
*) The copyrighted lyrics has: "A cat's meow and a cow's moo, I can recite 'em all''. *Self Portrait* has something similar.
**) The other take has: "Just tell me where to put them"

The live version is played in A, with the chords A, D and E.

I'm Not There (1956)

Bob Dylan
Recorded during *The Basement Tapes* sessions (1967), and released (unofficially) on the Genuine Basement Tapes.
Lyrics transcribed by J.W. Mahoney, with some emendations to make it sound more like a meaningful text (which I don't think it necessarily has to be; see this note for a short explanation of why).
Here's a different transcription
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (original key B major)

The Gs are regularly embellished by 320003-3x2013-320003-turns.

```
          G
Well it's alright

she'nay she's all the time in my
F
neighborhood
              Am
she cried both day and night,
            G
I know it because it was there.

      G
It's a milestone
           F
but she's down on her luck,
         Am
and she daily salutin
       G
but to make him hard to buck,

I bevaid ...

        C
     I believe where she stopping

     ifshe wants time to care,
         Em
     I believe that she'd look upon
       F
     deciding to care,
          Em
     and I go by the Lord
          F
     in a way she's on my way,
           G
     but I don't belong there.

No I don't belong to her,
I don't belong to anybody,
she's my prize forsaken angel
```

but she don't hear me cry.

She's a long-hearted mystic
and she can't carry on,
when I'm there she's alright,
but she's not, when I'm gone

Heaven knows that the answer
she's don't call in no-one,
she's the way, a sailing beautiful,
she's mine, for the one,

and I loss a heavy tension,
by temptation less it runs
but she don't allah me
but I'm not there, I'm gone.

Now I've cried tonight
like I cried the night before,
and I'm knees on the hassle,
but I dream about the door.

So-long Jesus-saken,
blind fate, with a tell,
it don't hang contonation
she's my ald fare-thee-well.

Now when I'll treat the levee,
I was born to love her,
but she knows that the kingdom
weighs so high above her,

and I run but I race,
but it's not too fast a sleoun,
but I don't perceive her,
I'm not there, I'm gone.

Well it's all about deffusion
That I cry for her veil,
I don't need anybody now
beside me to tell

And it's all affirmation
I recieve, but it's not,
She's a lone-hearted beauty
but she's gone like the spot
if she waoun...

Yes, she's gone like the rainbow
that was shining yesterday
but now she's a-home beside me
and I'd like her to stay

she's a bone-forsaking beauty
and it don't trust anyone,
and I wish I was beside her,
but I'm not there, I'm gone.

Well it's a too hard to stake-in,
and I don't bart-b'lieve
It's all bag for tebusing,
but she's hard, too hard to leave.

It's alone, it's a crime
the way she moult me around
was she told for to hate me
by this dong fortaken clown.

Yes I believe that it's rightful,
oh I believe it in my mind,
I b'told like I said when I before
carry on the crying,

and she's all good to told her,
like I said, carry on,
I wish I was there to help her,
but I'm not there, I'm gone ...

Silent Weekend

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded during the Basement Sessions (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

It actually sounds as if Dylan has left his beloved G-C/g-G chord structure here, and instead plays in A, with a capo on the 1st fret.

Intro:

```
  A         D/a A
  :   .   .   .
|-----------------|
|-2-2-2-2-2-2-3-2-|
|-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-|
|-2-2-2-2-2-2-4-2-|repeat
|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|
|-----------------|
```

```
A
Silent weekend,

My baby she gave it to me
D7
Silent weekend,
   A
My baby she gave it to me.
      E7
She's opened every heart
       D7
but at sleep [...] and be part (??)
          A
and she's leavin' me down in misery.

Silent weekend,
My baby she took me by the heart.
Silent weekend,
My baby she took me by the heart.
She's [awake and] bad, she's boastin'
but I know I know she's ghostin'
An' she's tearin' me all apart.

Silent weekend,
Oh Lord, I wish Monday would come.
Silent weekend,
Oh Lord, I sure wish Monday would come.
She's [open] and she's leavin',
but I hate to sit here grievin'
but I just can't sit here playin' dumb.

                  D
     Well, I done a whole lotta thinkin' 'bout a whole lot of cheatin',
           A
     And I, maybe I did please.
```

```
                B7
      But I just walloped a lotta pizza after makin' our peace,
             Esus4            E
      Puts ya down on bended knees.

Silent weekend,
Man alive, I'm burnin' up on my brain.
Silent weekend,
Man alive, I'm burnin' up on my brain.
She knows when I'm just teasin'
But it's not likely in the season
To open up a passenger train.
```

Sign on the Cross

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded during the Basement sessions (summer 1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Bob's at the piano, so it's a black key. Robbie plays some licks high up on the neck, and he uses the following shapes:

Eb: x-x-13-12-11-11
A♭: x-11-10-8-9-8
Bb7: 6-8-8-7-9-6

Since the greatness of this song lies in Dylan's vocal and Garth's organ, and you won't be able to reproduce that anyway :-), you might as well put on a capo somewhere to get simpler chords, or drop all the b's and play E, A and B.

```
       Eb
Now, I try, oh so awf'ly strong
      Ab          Eb
And I just try to be.
         Eb
And now, oh it's [an isle]*)
         Bb7
But it's free.
           Eb         (Eb7)
Yes, but I know in my head
           Ab        Eb
That we're all so misled,
              Eb              Bb
And it's that ol' sign on the cross
             Eb
That worries me.

Now, when I was just a bawlin' lad,
I saw what I wanted to be,
And it's all for the sake
Of that I should see.
But I was lost on the land
As I heard that front door slam,
And that old sign on the cross
worried me.

Ab   Eb

                    Ab
     Well, it's that old sign on the cross,
                    Eb
     Well, it's that old key to the kingdom,
                    Ab
     Well, it's that old sign on the cross
                Bb
     Like you used to be.
              Eb        Eb7
     But, when I hold my head so high
          Ab                    Eb
     As I see my ol' friends go by,
```

```
          Eb                    Bb
     And it's still that sign on the cross
              Eb    Ab    Eb
     That worries me.

Well, it seems to be the sign on the cross. Ev'ry day,
      Ab
ev'ry night, see the sign on the cross just layin' up
             Eb
on top of the hill. Yes, we thought it might have

disappeared long ago, but I'm here to tell you, friends,
              Bb
that I'm afraid it's lyin' there still. Yes, just a
Eb
little time is all you need, you might say, but I don't
Eb7                                                  Ab
know 'bout that any more, because later on you might find

the door, you might want to enter it, but, of course, the door might
   Eb
be closed. And I just would like to tell you one time,
                            Bb
if I don't see you again, that the thing is, that the sign
                                 Ab                   Eb
on the cross is the thing you might need the most.

          Ab
     Yes, the sign on the cross
           Eb
     Is just a sign [of cotton barkin' too]
             Ab
     Well, there is some in any prison
              Bb
     And there is some in the penitentiary too.
                            Eb
     Oh, when your, when your days are numbered
     Eb7
     And your nights are long,
     Ab
      You might think you're weak
                                   Eb
     But I mean to say you're strong.

     Yes you are, if that sign on the cross,
     Bb
      If it begins to worry you.
                                  Eb           Ab
     Well, that's all right, you just sing a song
                                          Eb
     And all your troubles will pass right on through.
```

*) The official lyrics have "it's a gold mine"

I'm A Fool For You

Performed by Bob Dylan and the Band in the Basement, summer of 1967
Tabbed by Simon Bedford-James

Capo 5th fret (sounding key C major)

```
       G       Am      Bm       Am     G      Am Bm Am
[it's] alright in my head, but I can't slumber
        G            Am    Bm       Am            G     Am Bm
and its too high for me to count, I can't get the number
Am             G   Am Bm
I'm a fool for you
    Am             G   Am Bm Am
yes I'm a fool for you

Well, you hear my celebrate, oh its story
but they're all too vain for me, all they want is glory
I'm a fool for you
I'm a fool for you

              C                             G
     well its lonely in my days how can I believe
             C                                  D
     and its all in my heart but I just can't receive, yeah hear me now

It's crazy down in love ridin' all around
it's the rain it come down like a me it's underground
I'm a fool for you
yeah I'm a fool for you

     well it's lonely in my dead but I just don't believe
     andt it's to harden in my pride but I cant recieve, oh hear me now

when I come back when I don't make my return
yeah the heart shall rise, everybody shall burn
yes, I'm a fool for you
I'm a fool for you
```

You Gotta Quit Kicking My Dog Around

Words and music Bob Dylan
Taped in the Basement (1967)
Tabbed (no, not really – transcribed) by Eyolf Østrem

Played over a sustained G with a capo on the 2nd fret, and with occasional G-C/g-G embellishments.

Every time I go to town
the boys keep kicking my dog around
Don't know why I'm going to town
I don't know why they kick my dog around

let me hear you now:

(dog, dog, dog
dog, dog, dog
dog, dog, dog
why, why, why
why, why, why
why, why, why
why, why, why)

Every time I go to town
the boys keep kicking my dog around
I don't know why I'm going to town
I don't know why they kick my dog around

(dog, dog, dog) yes, yes, yes
(why, why, why) oh-ho
(dog, dog, dog) why, why, why
(why, why, why) dog around

Every time I go and get a meal
I can see the boys they're planning to steal
My here dog, he's waggin' his tail
he helps me pick up the morning mail (bark, bark, bark)

Every time I go to town
the boys keep kicking my dog around (kick, kick, kick)
I don't know why they kick my dog around
I just keep go-oing to town (bark, bark, bark)

I don't know why
(why, why, why) I don't know bark
(dog, dog, dog) I don't know why
(bark, bark, bark) bark-a bark, bark
(quack, quack, quack) duck, duck, duck
(duttuduttudu) pig pig pig
(. . .) fuck fuck fuck
(bark bark bark) dig dig dig

See You Later Allen Ginsberg

Played by Bob Dylan and The Band down in the Basement, summer 1967
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

```
A
. . . Crocogator (see you later crocogator)

After a while, smockawhile (see you later, Allen Ginsburg)
                  D
See you later alligator (see you later, crocogator)
                    A
After a while, crocodile (in a while, Allen Ginsburg)
                    E
see you while, crocogator (see you later crocogator)
                    A
After a while, crocodile (in a while, crocodile)

Allen Ginsburg, later gator (see you later, Allen Ginsburg)
Later later, Allen Ginsburg (see you while, alliquile)
Allen Ginsburg, later later (later, later on the Nile)
Allen Ginsburg, after a while (see you later if you're wild)
Allen Ginsburg, Allen Ginsburg (see you later, crocogator)
Allen Ginsburg, after a while (see you later, crocogator)
```

Take #2 is a few more verses of the same kind...

I'm Your Teenage Prayer

Words and music Bob Dylan (I presume)
Sung (if that's what it's called) by Dylan and the Band in the Basement, 1967
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key D major)

Words in parentheses ( ) are the mostly spoken interjections of the Band (is it Richard Manuel?).
Words in brackets [ ] are Dylan's spoken words.
I haven't written out the laughter, because it's all over the place.

```
C

C              Am      F       G       C
Take a look at me Baby, I am a teenage prayer

When it's cloudy all the time,
               C7
all you got to do is say [...]

C                                        C         Am        F   G
(Take a look at me Babe) [good, go ahead] (I'm your teenage prayer)
               C               Am
Take a look at me Baby (Take a look at me Baby)
F        G       C                    Am      F
I'm your teenage prayer (yes I'm your teenage prayer)
G              C                             Am
Take a look at me Baby (Just take a look over here, at me Baby)
F        G       C                Am      F      G
I'm your teenage prayer (I'm your teenage prayer)

                           C
Take a look at... When it's cloudy all the time,
              C7
all you gotta do is say you're mine,
F                   D7
I'll come running anywhere
               C             Am
Take a look at me, Baby (just take a look at me baby)
F        G       C     F     C
I'm your teenage prayer (ooh-hooh)

Take a look at me, Baby
I'm your teenage dream (teenage dream, dream, dream, scheme ...)
Take a look at me, Baby (baby)
I'm your teenage dream (yes, and I'm a dream)
When it's raining in your heart,
just come to me and start
Tell me how I'll do at [...]
Aah, just come and take a look at me, baby
I'm your teenage prayer

           F
     Well, all that rain, anytime
```

```
          C               C7
     just come and see my face
     F
     Anytime, you just got to read my lines
     D7                  G
     I won't give you any disgrace - Oh no

Take a look at me, Baby (just take a look over here at me baby)
I'm your teenage prayer (take a look at me, baby, I'm a teenage bear)
Come and take a look at me, Baby (just take a lookin' over here, baby)
I'm your teenage prayer (Yes I'm your teenage hair)
When it's cloudy all the time,
all you gotta do is say you're mine
I'll come running anywhere
Take a look at me, Baby (take a look at me)
I'm your teenage prayer (prayer, hair, where)

C                      Am
[Yes, I'm your teenage prayer,
    F
You might think I'm not somebody,
                     G
you might think I'm nowhere.
                                  C         Am
But I'm here to tell you I'm your teenage prayer.
  F                                   G
I know what you need, I can feel it in my bones,
                       C               Am
And I feel it on my throne, You're my teenage prayer.
             F                                        G
Any day, any night, you just come to me with your own fright,

and I'm your teenage prayer,]

Take a look at me baby (just take a look at me baby)
I'm your teenage prayer (you know I'm a teenage prayer, baby)
Take a look at me baby (take a look over here baby)
I'm your teenage prayer (I'm the teenage hair)
when it's cloudy all the time,
all you gotta do is say you're mine,
Girl, I'll come running to ya anywhere, ah yeah, You know I will
take a look at me baby
I'm your teenage prayer
```

Four Strong Winds

Ian Tyson/Warner Brother Music
Recorded by Bob Dylan and The Band during *The Basement Tapes* sessions, 1967
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (thanks to Karla in Kansas for correction)

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

```
G

            G               Am
Four strong winds that blow lonely,
      D7            G
Seven seas that run high,
          C                 Am                D7
All these things that won't change, Come what may.
        G                 Am
But our good times are all gone,
        D7              G
And I'm bound for moving on.
          C             Am             D7
I'll look for you if you ever come this way.

Think I'll go out to Alberta,
Weather's good there in the fall.
Got some friends that I can go to working for,
Still I wish you'd change your mind
If I asked you one more time,
But we've been through that a hundred times or more.

Four strong winds that blow lonely,
Seven seas that run high,
All these things that don't change, Come what may.
But our good times are all gone,
And I'm bound for moving on.
I'll look for you if you ever come this way.

[hm hm hm]
down the lonely [...]
[and the wind that carries ...]
[hm hm hm] would be springtime
and not much for you to do,
So I'll see you when I pass this way again

Four strong winds that blow lonely,
Seven seas that run high,
All these things that don't change, Come what may.
But our good times are all gone,
And I'm bound for moving on.
I'll look for you if you ever come this way.
```

Ian and Sylvia's last verse, which is a little more clear than Dylan's. . . :

```
If I get there before the snow flies,
```

And if things are looking good,
You could meet me if I sent you down the fare.
But by then it would be winter,
Not too much for you to do
And the winds sure can blow cold way out there.

The French Girl

written by Ian Tyson
Recorded by Bob Dylan and The Band during *The Basement Tapes* sessions, 1967
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The D chord is frequently played (or embellished) as a Dsus2 chord (200230)

Take #1

Capo 2nd fret:

```
    D                    G
She laughed each time she called my name
     D           G
Made promises to meet a...

[no, let's, let's put it down in G]
```

No capo:

```
Am                          C          D
[Three silver rings] ... on slim hands waiting
                G     D/f#       C        Em    D
Flash bright in candlelight till Sunday's early morn
             Am        C     D
We found her room that rainy morning
            G            D/f#    C         Em     D
She took my hand through winding roads and led me home

Some red French wine when later wating
In her warm hideaway, she smiled and combed her hair
We talked of all, we talked of nothing
I left with promises to meet; she told me where.

         D                   G
     She laughed each time I asked her name
          D           G
     Made promises to meet again
            C            Em     D        G
     But her friends down at the French caf
           Am                D
     Had no English words for me

So you may find above the border
A girl with silver rings ...

[sudden stop]
```

Take #2

```
G            Am                  C  D
Three silver rings on slim hands waiting
```

```
                G     D/f#       C        Em    D
Flash bright in candlelight till Sunday's early morn
             Am              C  D
We found her room that rainy morning
            G            D/f#    C         Em     D
She took my hand through winding roads and led me home

Some red French wine when later wating
In her warm hideaway, she smiled and combed her hair
We talked of all, we talked of nothing
I left with promises to meet; she told me where.

         D                   G
     She laughed each time I asked her name
          D           G
     Made promises to meet again
             C            Em     D        G
     But her friends down at the French caf
            Am               D
     Had no English words for me

So you may find above the border
A girl with silver rings, I never knew her name
You're bound to lose, she's too much for you
She'll leave you lost some rainy morn, you won't be the same

                 C/g   G
you won't be the same
```

Still in Town

Written by Hank Cochran and Harlan Howard
Performed by Bob Dylan during the *Basement sessions* (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

```
   C                  G
To love you still, and have you not
     C          F       C
Will destroy me   in time
       C                        G
So I'm goin' away, where nobody knows me
    C       F           C
And get you   off my mind

          F                 C
     I've packed my things a dozen times
           G             C    C7
     But unpack is all I do
             F                 C
     Yes I'm still in town, I'm still around
         G                 C
     And still in love with you

       F              C
     I made it to the edge of town,
     G           C
     But turned around
       F              C
     I made it to the bridge downtown
            D7*)         G               *) Mistakenly played
     But my nerve let me down                  G the first time

I try to go, but how can I leave
When all roads lead to you
(Yes) I'm still in town, still around
And still in love with you

G . . . | C . F . | C

     I made it to the edge of town,
     But turned around
     I made it to the bridge downtown
     But my nerve let me down

I try to go, but how can I leave
When all roads lead to you
(Yes) I'm still in town, still around
And still in love with you
```

The Banks of the Royal Canal

Brendan Behan
Recorded by Bob Dylan and The Band during *The Basement Tapes* sessions (1967)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Em′ = xx5450

The recording is much more jingle-jangly than this tab can convey. To get that full effect, you'd need a full band of individualists who are not quite certain about the tune. That's what Dylan had. If you're less resourceful, you can approach that effect by inserting the D-A-G-D turn (or hints of it) here and there where there's a long D.

```
D

  D      G  D                  G   D
A hungry feeling, came o'er me stealing
       G    A    D               Em'    G  A
As the mice were squealing in my prison cell
         D   A  G  D        D  A   G  D
And that old triangle, went jingle jangle
    G         D            A       D
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

To begin the morning, with the water boiling
Get out of bed, clean up your cell
And the old triangle, went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

On a fine spring evening the lag lay dreamin'
The sea-gulls beamin' high above the wall
And that old triangle, goes jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

The screw was peepin' and the lag lay sleapin'
As he lay there weeping for his good gal Sal.
And the old triangle, went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

In the female prison there are seventy women
and it's with all of them where I'd like to dwell
And the old triangle, would go jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.

Ah, the day was dying and the lag was sighing
As I lay cryin' in my prison cell
And that old triangle, went jingle jangle
All along the banks of the Royal Canal.
```

18

Desire

Recorded July 1975 — Released January 16 1976

558 Hurricane
561 Isis
563 Mozambique
565 One More Cup of Coffee (Valley Below)
567 Oh, Sister
569 Joey
571 Romance in Durango
574 Black Diamond Bay
577 Sara

Hurricane

Words and music Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy
Released on *Desire* (1976), and in a live version on *Live 1975* (2002)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The *Live 1975* version is virtually identical to the album version (chord-wise)

```
|: Am   F   Am   F :|

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

Am   F   Am   F

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.

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.

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.

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 could-a been
The champion of the world.

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 might-a been that fighter that you saw runnin' that night?"
"Don't forget that you are white."

Arthur Dexter Bradley said, "I'm really not sure."
Cops said, "A poor boy like you could use a break
We got you for the motel job and we're talkin' to your friend Bello
Now you don't wanta 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."

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 jailhouse
Where they try to turn a man into a mouse.

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.

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.

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 could-a been
The champion of the world.

Isis

By Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy
Released on *Desire* (1976) and in live versions on *Biograph* (1985) and *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (a tough one)

Same chords througout. Replace with G, F, C or any other three chords you like. On *Live 1975* it is played in A, either uncapoed with the chords A, G, D, A, or with a capo on the 2nd fret and chords G, F, C, G.

```
Bb        Ab          Eb           Bb
I married Isis on the fifth day of May,
But I could not hold on to her very long.
So I cut off my hair and I rode straight away
For the wild unknown country where I could not go wrong.

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

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

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

I was thinkin' about turquoise, I was thinkin' about gold,
I was thinkin' about diamonds and the world's biggest necklace.
As we rode through the canyons, through the devilish cold,
I was thinkin' about Isis, how she thought I was so reckless.

How she told me that one day we would meet up again,
And things would be different the next time we wed,
If I only could hang on and just be her friend.
I still can't remember all the best things she said.

We came to the pyramids all embedded in ice.
He said, "There's a body I'm tryin' to find.
If I carry it out it'll bring a good price."
'Twas then that I knew what he had on his mind.

The wind it was howlin' and the snow was outrageous.
We chopped through the night and we chopped through the dawn.
When he died I was hopin' that it wasn't contagious,
But I made up my mind that I had to go on.

I broke into the tomb, but the casket was empty.
There was no jewels, no nothin', I felt I'd been had.
When I saw that my partner was just bein' friendly,
When I took up his offer I must-a been mad.
```

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

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

She said, "Where ya been?" I said, "No place special."
She said, "You look different." I said, "Well, not quite."
She said, "You been gone." I said, "That's only natural." She said,
"You gonna stay?" I said, "Yeah, I jes might."

Isis, oh, Isis, you mystical child.
What drives me to you is what drives me insane.
I still can remember the way that you smiled
On the fifth day of May in the drizzlin' rain.

Mozambique

By Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy
Released on *Desire* (1976)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Note that the descending riff that goes through the song closely resembles the characteristic passage in Abandoned Love, written at about the same time.

Chords

```
G/d       xx0787
D'        xx0577
```

Intro and recurring riff (only chords noted):

```
  G/d   D'   G    D

|--7----5----3----2---
|--8----7----0----3---
|--7----7----0----2---
|--0----0----0----0---
|---------------------
|---------------------

G/d        D'         G    D
 I like to spend some time in Mozambique
G/d        D'     G  D
 The sunny sky is aqua blue
G/d          D'      G  D
 And all the couples dancing cheek to cheek.
C          G       D
 It's very nice to stay a week or two,
C          G       D
 And maybe fall in love just me and you.

There's lots of pretty girls in Mozambique
And plenty time for good romance
And everybody likes to stop and speak
To give the special one you seek a chance
Or maybe say hello with just a glance.

     Bm                       F#m
     Lying next to her by the ocean
     Em                            D
     Reaching out and touching her hand,
     Bm                      F#m
     Whispering your secret emotion
     G                  A
     Magic in a magical land.

And when it's time for leaving Mozambique
To say goodbye to sand and sea,
You turn around to take a final peek
And you see why it's so unique to be
```

```
Among the lovely people living free
Upon the beach of sunny Mozambique.
```

One More Cup of Coffee (Valley Below)

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Desire* (1976) and live on *At Budokan* (1978) and on *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The *Live 1975* version is virtually identical to the album version (chord-wise)

```
     Am
Your breath is sweet
                       G
Your eyes are like two jewels in the sky.
     F
Your back is straight, your hair is smooth
       E
On the pillow where you lie.
    Am
But I don't sense affection
   G
No gratitude or love
     F
Your loyalty is not to me
    E
But to the stars above.

F                             E
One more cup of coffee for the road,
F                             E
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
              Am
To the valley below.

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.

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 meadowlark
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.
```

Budokan version

```
     Gm
Your breath is sweet
                       F
Your eyes are like two jewels in the sky.
     Eb
Your back is straight, your hair is smooth
       D
On the pillow where you lie.
    Gm
But I don't sense affection
   F
No gratitude or love
     Eb
Your loyalty is not to me
    D
But to the stars above.

Eb                            D
One more cup of coffee for the road,
Eb                            D
One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
              Gm
To the valley below.
```

During the fall shows the chorus went like this: [backup singers]

```
F
One more cup of coffee for the road,

One more cup of coffee 'fore I go
              Gm
To the valley below.
                Bb
[To the valley below.
               C
To the valley below.
               Gm
To the valley below.

To the valley below.
               Bb
To the valley below.
               C
To the valley below.
               Gm
To the valley below.
```

Oh, Sister

Words and music Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy
Released on *Desire* (1976) and in a live versions on *Hard Rain* (1976), *Budokan* (1978) and *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The *Live 1975* version is basically the same as the album version. The *Budokan* version is sung over a sustained Gm.

```
G           Bm             C  (/b Am) G
Oh, sister, when I come to lie in your arms
G              Em              C    G
You should not treat me like a stranger.
G          Bm                 C  (/b   Am) G
Our Father would not like the way that you act
G            Em          C  G
And you must realize the danger.

Oh, sister, am I not a brother to you
And one deserving of affection?
And is our purpose not the same on this earth,
To love and follow His direction?

     F            C
     We grew up together
              G
     From the cradle to the grave
        F               C
     We died and were reborn
                 G         D      (/c-b-a)
     And then mysteriously saved.

Oh, sister, when I come to knock on your door,
Don't turn away, you'll create sorrow.
Time is an ocean but it ends at the shore
You may not see me tomorrow.
```

Hard Rain version

Probably played with a capo on the 4th fret (sounding key E major)

```
C            Em             F           C
 Oh, sister, when I come to lie in your arms
G              Am              F    C
You should not treat me like a stranger.
C          Em                 F            C
Our Father would not like the way that you act
C            Am          F  C
And you must realize the danger.

. . .
```

```
Bb           F
We grew up together
         C
From the cradle to the grave
Bb                F
We died and were reborn
           C          G        /g-a-b C
And then mysteriously saved.
```

Budokan version

The verses are sung over a sustained G minor chord. The only difference is the bridge, which is played:

```
Bb           C
We grew up together
         Gm
From the cradle to the grave
   Bb             C
We died and were reborn
           Gm
And then mysteriously saved.
```

Joey

Written by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy
Released on *Desire* (1976)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G  F     C  G   x2

C                 D                C                 G
Born in Red Hook, Brooklyn, in the year of who knows when
C              D           C                 G
 Opened up his eyes to the tune of an accordion
C              D       C                         G
 Always on the outside  of whatever side there was
          Em                      G
When they asked him why it had to be that way,
           C         /b      Am
"Well," he answered, "just because."

Larry was the oldest, Joey was next to last.
They called Joe "Crazy," the baby they called "Kid Blast."
Some say they lived off gambling and runnin' numbers too.
It always seemed they got caught between the mob and the men in blue.

     G     C  Am
     Joey, Joey,
     G           Em       C
     King of the streets, child of clay.
     G     C  Am
     Joey, Joey,
     G              F                C         Am
     What made them want to come and blow you away?

     G  F     C  G   x2

There was talk they killed their rivals, but the truth was far from that
No one ever knew for sure where they were really at.
When they tried to strangle Larry, Joey almost hit the roof.
He went out that night to seek revenge, thinkin' he was bulletproof.

The war broke out at the break of dawn, it emptied out the streets
Joey and his brothers suffered terrible defeats
Till they ventured out behind the lines and took five prisoners.
They stashed them away in a basement, called them amateurs.

The hostages were tremblin' when they heard a man exclaim,
"Let's blow this place to kingdom come, let Con Edison take the blame."
But Joey stepped up, he raised his hand, said, "We're not those kind of men.
It's peace and quiet that we need to go back to work again."

     Joey, Joey,
     King of the streets, child of clay.
     Joey, Joey,
     What made them want to come and blow you away?

The police department hounded him, they called him Mr. Smith
```

They got him on conspiracy, they were never sure who with.
"What time is it?" said the judge to Joey when they met
"Five to ten," said Joey. The judge says, "That's exactly what you get."

He did ten years in Attica, reading Nietzsche and Wilhelm Reich
They threw him in the hole one time for tryin' to stop a strike.
His closest friends were black men 'cause they seemed to understand
What it's like to be in society with a shackle on your hand.

When they let him out in '71 he'd lost a little weight
But he dressed like Jimmy Cagney and I swear he did look great.
He tried to find the way back into the life he left behind
To the boss he said, "I have returned and now I want what's mine."

Joey, Joey,
King of the streets, child of clay.
Joey, Joey,
Why did they have to come and blow you away?

It was true that in his later years he would not carry a gun
"I'm around too many children," he'd say, "they should never know of one."
Yet he walked right into the clubhouse of his lifelong deadly foe,
Emptied out the register, said, "Tell 'em it was Crazy Joe."

One day they blew him down in a clam bar in New York
He could see it comin' through the door as he lifted up his fork.
He pushed the table over to protect his family
Then he staggered out into the streets of Little Italy.

Joey, Joey,
King of the streets, child of clay.
Joey, Joey,
What made them want to come and blow you away?

Sister Jacqueline and Carmela and mother Mary all did weep.
I heard his best friend Frankie say, "He ain't dead, he's just asleep."
Then I saw the old man's limousine head back towards the grave
I guess he had to say one last goodbye to the son that he could not save.

The sun turned cold over President Street and the town of Brooklyn mourned
They said a mass in the old church near the house where he was born.
And someday if God's in heaven overlookin' His preserve
I know the men that shot him down will get what they deserve.

Joey, Joey,
King of the streets, child of clay.
Joey, Joey,
What made them want to come and blow you away?

Romance in Durango

Words and music Bob Dylan (and Jaques Levy)
Released on *Desire* (1976)and in live versions on *Biograph* (1985) and *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
D

D                                  A
Hot chili peppers in the blistering sun
                        G   D
Dust on my face and my cape,
                         A
Me and Magdalena on the run
                               G   D
I think this time we shall escape.


Sold my guitar to the baker's son
For a few crumbs and a place to hide,
But I can get another one
And I'll play for Magdalena as we ride.

     A
     No llores, mi querida

     Dios nos vigila
                                     G  D
     Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
       A
     Agarrame, mi vida

     Soon the desert will be gone
                                    G  D
     Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

Past the Aztec ruins and the ghosts of our people
Hoofbeats like castanets on stone.
At night I dream of bells in the village steeple
Then I see the bloody face of Ramon.

Was it me that shot him down in the cantina
Was it my hand that held the gun?
Come, let us fly, my Magdalena
The dogs are barking and what's done is done.

     No llores, mi querida
     Dios nos vigila
     Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
     Agarrame, mi vida
     Soon the desert will be gone
     Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

At the corrida we'll sit in the shade
```

```
And watch the young torero stand alone.
We'll drink tequila where our grandfathers stayed
When they rode with Villa into Torre6n.

Then the padre will recite the prayers of old
In the little church this side of town.
I will wear new boots and an earring of gold
You'll shine with diamonds in your wedding gown.

The way is long but the end is near
Already the fiesta has begun.
The face of God will appear
With His serpent eyes of obsidian.

     No ilores, mi querida
     Dios nos vigila
     Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
     Agarrame, mi vida
     Soon the desert will be gone
     Soon you will be dancing the fandango.

Was that the thunder that I heard?
My head is vibrating, I feel a sharp pain.
Come sit by me, don't say a word
Oh, can it be that I am slain?

Quick, Magdalena, take my gun
Look up in the hills, that flash of light.
Aim well my little one
We may not make it through the night.

     No llores, mi querida
     Dios nos vigila
     Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
     Agarrame, mi vida
     Soon the desert will be gone
     Soon you will be dancing the fandango.
```

Rolling Thunder Revue version

```
   <     <
|: C   .   .   F/c   :|

C                                  G
Hot chili peppers in the blistering sun
                       F   C
Dust on my face and my cape,
                        G
Me and Magdalena on the run
                               F   C
I think this time we shall escape.

. . .

        G
     No llores, mi querida
```

```
Dios nos vigila
                                  F  C
Soon the horse will take us to Durango.
  G
Agarrame, mi vida

Soon the desert will be gone
                                 F  C
Soon you will be dancing the fandango.
```

Black Diamond Bay

Words and Music Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy
Released on *Desire* (1976)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

"C/b" (or just /b when following a C) is shorthand for x20010 in the descending bass figure:

```
C   x32010
C/b x20010
Am  x02210
G   320003
```

It is not obvious which chord ends the lines 7 and 9. I've chosen the C/b, since it matches both the *b* of the vocal and the *c* of the violin, but both a plain C, G or even D7 are playable.

```
Em
Up on the white veranda
C                         G
She wears a necktie and a Panama hat.
Em
Her passport shows a face
    C
From another time and place
          G
She looks nothin' like that.
Bm                          C D    C
And all the remnants of her recent past
C/b G
Are scattered in the wild wind.
    Bm
She walks across the marble floor
        C     D        C        C/b
Where a voice from the gambling room
   G
is callin' her to come on in.
    Bm                      Am
She smiles, walks the other way
       C    /b   Am    G       D(/f#)      C
As the last ship sails and the moon fades away
     C     /b Am   G
From Black Diamond Bay.

As the mornin' light breaks open, the Greek comes down
And he asks for a rope and a pen that will write.
"Pardon, monsieur," the desk clerk says,
Carefully removes his fez,
"Am I hearin' you right?"
And as the yellow fog is liftin'
The Greek is quickly headin' for the second floor.
She passes him on the spiral staircase
Thinkin' he's the Soviet Ambassador,
She starts to speak, but he walks away
As the storm clouds rise and the palm branches sway
On Black Diamond Bay.
```

A soldier sits beneath the fan
Doin' business with a tiny man who sells him a ring.
Lightning strikes, the lights blow out.
The desk clerk wakes and begins to shout,
"Can you see anything?"
Then the Greek appears on the second floor
In his bare feet with a rope around his neck,
While a loser in the gambling room lights up a candle,
Says, "Open up another deck."
But the dealer says, "Attendez-vous, s'il vous plait,''
As the rain beats down and the cranes fly away
From Black Diamond Bay.

The desk clerk heard the woman laugh
As he looked around the aftermath and the soldier got tough.
He tried to grab the woman's hand,
Said, "Here's a ring, it cost a grand."
She said, "That ain't enough."
Then she ran upstairs to pack her bags
While a horse-drawn taxi waited at the curb.
She passed the door that the Greek had locked,
Where a handwritten sign read, "Do Not Disturb."
She knocked upon it anyway
As the sun went down and the music did play
On Black Diamond Bay.

"I've got to talk to someone quick!"
But the Greek said, "Go away," and he kicked the chair to the floor.
He hung there from the chandelier.
She cried, "Help, there's danger near
Please open up the door!"
Then the volcano erupted
And the lava flowed down from the mountain high above.
The soldier and the tiny man were crouched in the corner
Thinking of forbidden love.
But the desk clerk said, "It happens every day,"
As the stars fell down and the fields burned away
On Black Diamond Bay.

As the island slowly sank
The loser finally broke the bank in the gambling room.
The dealer said, "It's too late now.
You can take your money, but I don't know how
You'll spend it in the tomb."
The tiny man bit the soldier's ear
As the floor caved in and the boiler in the basement blew,
While she's out on the balcony, where a stranger tells her,
"My darling, je vous aime beaucoup."
She sheds a tear and then begins to pray
As the fire burns on and the smoke drifts away
From Black Diamond Bay.

I was sittin' home alone one night in L.A.,
Watchin' old Cronkite on the seven o'clock news.
It seems there was an earthquake that
Left nothin' but a Panama hat

And a pair of old Greek shoes.
Didn't seem like much was happenin',
So I turned it off and went to grab another beer.
Seems like every time you turn around
There's another hard-luck story that you're gonna hear
And there's really nothin' anyone can say
And I never did plan to go anyway
To Black Diamond Bay.

Sara

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Desire* (1976), and in a live version on *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The Am in the chorus (second "Sara") sounds like a C on the album because of the bass, but Am is definitely what he used to play in concert, and it sounds better too.

The *Live 1975* version is virtually identical to the album version, except for some lyric changes (see below).

```
  Em                Am
I laid on a dune, I looked at the sky,
         D                        Em
When the children were babies and played on the beach.
    Em                   Am
You came up behind me, I saw you go by,
         D                   Em
You were always so close and still within reach.
G Bm  Am
Sara, Sara,
D                         C           Em
Whatever made you want to change your mind?
G Bm  Am
Sara, Sara,
D                      C       Em
So easy to look at, so hard to define.

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.

Sleepin' in the woods by a fire in the night,
Drinkin' white rum in a Portugal bar,
Them playin' leapfrog and hearin' about Snow White,
You in the marketplace in Savanna-la-Mar.  *)

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

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.

How did I meet 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.

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 gave me 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.
```

Lyric changes in the *Live 1975* version:

*) Sleeping in the woods by a fire in the night
where you fought for my soul and went up against the odds
I was too young to know you were doing it right
and you did it with strength that belonged to the gods.

The order of the two following refrains is reversed.

**) This verse is left out from the *Live 1975* version

19

Hard Rain

Recorded live at the shows in Fort Worth, May 16 and Fort Collins, May 23. — Released September 1, 1976

↪161 Maggie's Farm
↪106 One Too Many Mornings
↪238 Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again
↪567 Oh, Sister
↪296 Lay, Lady, Lay
↪468 Shelter from the Storm
↪447 You're a Big Girl Now
↪293 I Threw It All Away
↪450 Idiot Wind

20

Street Legal

Recorded April 1978 — Released June 15, 1978

582 Changing of the Guards
584 New Pony
585 No Time to Think
587 Baby, Stop Crying
589 Is Your Love in Vain?
590 Señor (Tales Of Yankee Power)
591 True Love Tends to Forget
593 We Better Talk This Over
595 Where Are You Tonight? (Journey Through Dark Heat)

Changing of the Guards

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Street Legal* (1978)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key A♭ major). During the 1978 tour it was usually (always?) played in G.

```
G  D    Em
Sixteen years,
Am C   G         D              Em
Sixteen banners united over the fields
          C             D
Where the good shepherd grieves.
          Em   Am C     G        D
Desperate men, desperate women divided,
                Em               C  D    G
Spreading their wings 'neath the falling leaves.

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

     G . D . C . . . |G . D . C . . . |
     G . D . C . . D |G . Gsus4 . G .

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.

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.

I stumbled to my feet.
I rode past destruction in the ditches
With the stitches still mending 'neath a heart-shaped tattoo.
Renegade priests and treacherous young witches
Were handing out the flowers that I'd given to you.

The palace of mirrors
Where dog soldiers are reflected,
The endless road and the wailing of chimes,
The empty rooms where her memory is protected,
Where the angels' voices whisper to the souls of previous times.

She wakes him up
Forty-eight hours later, the sun is breaking
Near broken chains, mountain laurel and rolling rocks.
```

She's begging to know what measures he now will be taking.
He's pulling her down and she's clutching on to his long golden locks.

Gentlemen, he said,
I don't need your organization, I've shined your shoes,
I've moved your mountains and marked your cards
But Eden is burning, either brace yourself for elimination
Or else your hearts must have the courage for the changing of the guards.

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

New Pony

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Street Legal* (1978)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Basic riff:

```
  :   .     :   .   :   .   :   .   :   .
|---------|---------------------------------|
|------(0)|-----------------------------(0)-|
|-------2-|-let ring----------------------2--|
|-------2-|------------------------------2--|repeat
|-3b-p0---|-------------------------3b-p0----|
|---------|---------------------------------|
```

```
A

A                           /f# /g  A
I had a pony, her name was Lucifer
                            /f# /g  A
I had a pony, her name was Lucifer
              E
She broke her leg and needed shooting

I swear it hurt me more
                           A
than it could have hurted her

Sometimes I wonder what's going on with Miss X
Sometimes I wonder what's going on with Miss X
she got such a sweet disposition
I never know what the poor girl's gonna do to me next

I got a new pony, she knows how to fox-trot, lope and pace
Well, I got a new pony, she knows how to fox-trot, lope and pace
She got great big hind legs,
long black shaggy hair hanging in her face

Everybody says you're usin' voodoo, I've seen your feet walk by themselves
Oh well, everybody says you're usin' voodoo, I've seen your feet walk by themselves
Oh, baby, but that god that you been prayin' to
gonna give ya back what you're wishin' on someone else

Come over here pony, I, I wanna climb up one time on you
Well, Come over here pony, I wanna climb up one time on you
Well, you're so nasty and you're so bad
But I swear I love you, yes I do
```

Additional 4th verse in the official lyrics, but not sung on the album:

```
Well now, it was early in the mornin', I seen your shadow in the door
It was early in the mornin', I seen your shadow in the door
Now, I don't have to ask nobody
I know what you come here for.
```

No Time to Think

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Street Legal* (1978)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (Original key B♭ major)

The "E/A'' chord (x02100) might as well be a mistake by someone in the muddy "Street Legal'' sound – but it sounds good…

```
   D               A           E           A
In death, you face life with a child and a wife
    E/A                      A           D        E
Who sleep-walks through your dreams into walls.
         D          A             E            A
You're a soldier of mercy, you're cold and you curse,
        E         A            D        E
"He who cannot be trusted must fall."

D/A   A     A/E   E          D/A   A  A/E    E
Loneliness, tenderness, high society, notoriety.
    D             A              E      A
You fight for the throne and you travel alone
   D                   E
Unknown as you slowly sink
                        A       Asus4    A
And there's no time to think.

In the Federal City you been blown and shown pity,
In secret, for pieces of change. -
The empress attracts you but oppression distracts you
And it makes you feel violent and strange.

Memory, ecstasy, tyranny, hypocrisy
Betrayed by a kiss on a cool night of bliss
In the valley of the missing link
And you have no time to think.

Judges will haunt you, the country priestess will want you
Her worst is better than best.
I've seen all these decoys through a set of deep turquoise eyes
And I feel so depressed.

China doll, alcohol, duality, mortality.
Mercury rules you and destiny fools you
Like the plague, with a dangerous wink
And there's no time to think.

Your conscience betrayed you when some tyrant waylaid you
Where the lion lies down with the lamb.
I'd have paid off the traitor and killed him much later
But that's just the way that I am.

Paradise, sacrifice, mortality, reality.
But the magician is quicker and his game
```

Is much thicker than blood and blacker than ink
And there's no time to think.

Anger and jealousy's all that he sells us,
when 're under his thumb.
Madmen oppose him but your kindness throws him
To survive if you play deaf and dumb.

Equality, liberty, humility, simplicity.
You glance through the mirror and there's eyes staring clear
At the back of your head as you drink
And there's no time to think.

Warlords of sorrow and queens of tomorrow
Will offer their heads for a prayer.
You can't find no salvation, you have no expectations
Anytime, anyplace, anywhere.

Mercury, gravity, nobility, humility.
You know you can't keep her and the water gets deeper
That is leading you onto the brink
But there's no time to think.

You've murdered your vanity, buried your sanity
For pleasure you must now resist.
Lovers obey you but they cannot sway you
They're not even sure you exist.

Socialism, hypnotism, patriotism, materialism.
Fools making laws for the breaking of jaws
And the sound of the keys as they clink
But there's no time to think.

The bridge that you travel on goes to the Babylon girl
With the rose in her hair.
Starlight in the East and you're finally released
You're stranded but with nothing to share.

Loyalty, unity, epitome, rigidity.
You turn around for one real last glimpse of Camille
'Neath the moon shinin' bloody and pink
And there's no time to think.

Bullets can harm you and death can disarm you
But no, you will not be deceived.
Stripped of all virtue as you crawl through the dirt,
You can give but you cannot receive.

No time to choose when the truth must die,
No time to lose or say goodbye,
No time to prepare for the victim that's there,
No time to suffer or blink
And no time to think.

Baby, Stop Crying

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Street Legal* (1978)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key B♭ major)

Live versions are rather different. Something of that kind will be upcoming soon.

Intro (same as the end of the chorus):

```
  D/e     C#m/e      D/e     E         A
  |   .   .   .   x7 |   .   .   .
|-2-----2-4-------||-2-----2-4-------|-0---------
|---3-----5-------||---3-----5-------|-2---------
|-----2--(6)------||-----2---4-------|-2---------
|-----------------||-----------------|-2---------
|-----------------||-----------------|-0---------
|-0---------------||-0-------0-------|-----------

A                    C#m                    D
You been down to the bottom with a bad man, babe,
           E(11)          A         C#m . D . E(11) .
But you're back where you belong.
A            C#m
Go get me my pistol, babe,
D         E(11)                 A      C#m . D . E(11)
 Honey, I can't tell right from wrong.

                  A            C#m          D
Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
      E                   A     C#m          D
Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
      E
Baby, please stop crying.
D/e C#m/e D/e C#m/e     D/e      C#m/e  D/e   C#m/e
You know, I   know, the sun will always shine
         D/e    C#m/e D/e    C#m/e       D/e C#m/e D/e E  A
So baby, please stop  crying 'cause it's tearing   up  my mind.

Go down to the river, babe,
Honey, I will meet you there.
Go down to the river, babe,
Honey, I will pay your fare.

Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying.
You know, I know, the sun will always shine
So baby, please stop crying 'cause it's tearing up my mind.

If you're looking for assistance, babe,
Or if you just want some company
Or if you just want a friend you can talk to,
Honey, come and see about me.
```

Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying.
You know, I know, the sun will always shine
So baby, please stop crying 'cause it's tearing up my mind.

You been hurt so many times
And I know what you're thinking of.
Well, I don't have to be no doctor, babe,
To see that you're madly in love.

Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying, stop crying, stop crying
Baby, please stop crying.
You know, I know, the sun will always shine
So baby, please stop crying 'cause it's tearing up my mind.

Is Your Love in Vain?

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Street Legal* (1978) and in a live version on *At Budokan* (1978)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key D major)

G6 = 320000

One verse instrumental intro

```
       C    /b  Am  C/g
Do you love me,
       F                     G    Gsus4 G
or are you just extending goodwill?
       C       /b      Am         C/g
Do you need me half as bad as you say,
       F               G      C/g G
or are you just feeling guilt?
          Am       G(6)       F        C
I've been burned before and I know the score
       F               G    Gsus4 G
So you won't hear me complain.
C         /b      Am       C/g
Will I be able to count on you
   F       G       C    Csus4 C
Or is your love in vain?

Are you so fast that you cannot see
that I must have solitude?
When I am in the darkness,
why do you intrude?
Do you know my world, do you know my kind
Or must I explain?
Will you let me be myself
Or is your love in vain?

               F           G                 C    /b     Am
     Well I've been to the mountain and I've been in the wind,
               F             G    C
     I've been in and out of happiness.
             F          G               C /b    Am
     I have dined with kings, I've been offered wings
              F               G
     And I've never been too impressed.

All right, I'll take a chance,
I will fall in love with you
If I'm a fool you can have the night,
you can have the morning too.
Can you cook and sew, make flowers grow,
Do you understand my pain?
Are you willing to risk it all
Or is your love in vain?
```

Señor (Tales Of Yankee Power)

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Street Legal* (1978) and on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
Am

  Am     Em           F                    C
Señor, señor, can you tell me where we're headin'?
        C          /b      Am
Lincoln County Road or Armageddon?
Am                G               F(maj7)
Seems like I been down this way before.
Dm                            Am
 Is there any truth in that, señor?

Señor, señor, do you know where she is hidin'?
How long are we gonna be ridin'?
How long must I keep my eyes glued to the door?
Will there be any comfort there, señor?

               C                                  Em
     There's a wicked wind still blowin' on that upper deck,
                F                                    Am
     There's an iron cross still hanging down from around her neck.
               C                                   Em
     There's a marchin' band still playin' in that vacant lot
               F                                          Am
     Where she held me in her arms one time and said, "Forget me not."

Señor, señor, I can see that painted wagon,
smell the tail of the dragon.
Can't stand the suspense anymore.
Can you tell me who to contact here, señor?

     Well, the last thing I remember before I stripped and kneeled
     Was that trainload of fools bogged down in a magnetic field.
     A gypsy with a broken flag and a flashing ring
     He said: "Son, this ain't a dream no more, it's the real thing."

Señor, señor, you know their hearts are as hard as leather.
Well, give me a minute, let me get it together.
I just gotta pick myself up off the floor.
I'm ready when you are, señor.

Señor, señor, let's overturn these tables,
Disconnect these cables.
This place don't make sense to me no more.
Can you tell me what we're waiting for, señor?
```

True Love Tends to Forget

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Street Legal* (1978)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

E11 = 022232

```
|: A . D/a .  :|

            A  C#m                      Bm
I'm getting weary looking in my baby's eyes
           A    C#m                      Bm
When she's near me she's so hard to recognize.
      C#m        Bm              A          D
But I finally realize there's no room for regret,
A    D     A    D     A    D    E11         A         E
True love, true love, true love tends to forget.

Hold me, baby be near,
You told me that you'd be sincere.
Every day of the year's like playin' Russian roulette,
True love, true love, true love tends to forget.

           G                                    A        *)
     I was lyin' down in the reeds without any oxygen
       G                          D
     I saw you in the wilderness among the men.
             Dm                           A
     Saw you drift into infinity and come back again
     Esus4                             E
     All you got to do is wait and I'll tell you when.

    A       D AD A   (or rather: D/a-A D/a-A)
    :   .   .   .
*)|-----------------|
  |---------3-23-22-|
  |---------2-22-22-|
  |---------4-24-22-|
  |---------0-------|
  |-----------------|
   oxygen

You're a tearjerker, baby, but I'm under your spell,
You're a hard worker, baby, and I know you well.
But this weekend in hell is making me sweat,
True love, true love, true love tends to forget,
True love, true love, true love tends to forget.

I was lyin' down in the reeds without any oxygen
I saw you in the wilderness among the men.
Saw you drift into infinity and come back again
All you got to do is wait and I'll tell you when.

You belong to me, baby, without any doubt,
Don't forsake me, baby, don't sell me out.
Don't keep me knockin' about from Mexico to Tibet,
```

```
True love, true love, true love tends to forget.
```

We Better Talk This Over

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Street Legal* (1978)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dsus2 = x00230

Intro:

1st guitar riff:

```
  Dsus2-D    D-Dsus4
  :   .   .   .
|-0h2-------2h3---|
|-3---------------|
|-2---------------|repeat
|-0---------------|
|-----------------|
|-----------------|
```

2nd guitar riff:

```
  :   .   .   .
|-----------------|---
|-----------------|---
|-----------------|---
|-------------30--|-0- repeat
|-----------03--3-|---
|-----------------|---
```

```
D                          G D
I think we better talk this over
D                       G D
Maybe when we both get sober
       G    D         G      D
You'll understand I'm only a man
          G           D
Doin' the best that I can.

This situation can only get rougher.
Why should we needlessly suffer?
Let's call it a day, go our own different ways
Before we decay.

     A                 D            G               D
     You don't have to be afraid of looking into my face,
     A                  D             G              A
     We've done nothing to each other time will not erase.

I feel displaced, I got a low-down feeling
You been two-faced, you been double-dealing.
I took a chance, got caught in the trance
Of a downhill dance.

Oh, child, why you wanna hurt me?
```

I'm exiled, you can't convert me.
I'm lost in the haze of your delicate ways
With both eyes glazed.

You don't have to yearn for love, you don't have to be alone,
Somewheres in this universe there's a place that you can call home.

I guess I'll be leaving tomorrow
If I have to beg, steal or borrow.
It'd be great to cross paths in a day and a half
Look at each other and laugh.

But I don't think it's liable to happen
Like the sound of one hand clappin'.
The vows that we kept are now broken and swept
'Neath the bed where we slept.

Don't think of me and fantasize on what we've never had,
Be grateful for what we've shared together and be glad.

[Instrumental]

Why should we go on watching each other through a telescope?
Eventually we'll hang ourselves on all this tangled rope.

Oh, babe, time for a new transition
I wish I was a magician.
I would wave a wand and tie back the bond
That we've both gone beyond.

Where Are You Tonight? (Journey Through Dark Heat)

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Street Legal* (1978)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
|:C . . .F|F . . . :|

          C                   F
There's a long-distance train rolling through the rain,
C                     F
tears on the letter I write.
          C                             F
There's a woman I long to touch and I'm missing her so much
          C                    F
but she's drifting like a satellite.
          C                          F
There's a neon light ablaze in this green smoky haze,
C                          F
laughter down on Elizabeth Street
      C                           F
And a lonesome bell tone in that valley of stone
          C                           F
where she bathed in a stream of pure heat.

Her father would emphasize you got to be more than street-wise
but he practiced what he preached from the heart.
A full-blooded Cherokee, he predicted to me
the time and the place that we'd part.

               G                      C          F
     There's a baby in the arms of a woman in a rage
           G                       C          F
     And a longtime golden-haired stripper onstage
            F              Em             Dm             C
     And she winds back the clock and she turns back the page
          Dm                    G
     Of a book that nobody can write.
                        C
     Oh, where are you tonight?

The truth was obscure, too profound and too pure,
to live it you have to explode.
In that last hour of need, we entirely agreed,
sacrifice was the code of the road.
I left town at dawn, with Marcel and St. John,
strong men belittled by doubt.
I couldn't tell her what my private thoughts were but
she had some way of finding them out.
He took dead-center aim but he missed just the same,
she was waiting, putting flowers on the shelf.
She could feel my despair as I climbed up her hair
and discovered her invisible self.

     There's a lion in the road, there's a demon escaped,
```

There's a million dreams gone, there's a landscape being raped,
As her beauty fades and I watch her undrape,
I won't, but then again, maybe I might.
Oh, if I could just find you tonight.

I fought with my twin, that enemy within,
'til both of us fell by the way.
Horseplay and disease is killing me by degrees
while the law looks the other way.
Your partners in crime hit me up for nickels and dimes,
the guy you were lovin' couldn't stay clean.
It felt outa place, my foot in his face,
but he should-a stayed where his money was green.
I bit into the root of forbidden fruit
with the juice running down my leg.
Then I dealt with your boss, who'd never known about loss
and who always was too proud to beg.
There's a white diamond gloom on the dark side of this room
and a pathway that leads up to the stars.
If you don't believe there's a price for this sweet paradise,
remind me to show you the scars.

There's a new day at dawn and I've finally arrived.
If I'm there in the morning, baby, you'll know I've survived.
I can't believe it, I can't believe I'm alive,
But without you it just doesn't seem right.
Oh, where are you tonight?

21

At Budokan

Recorded live at Nippon Budokan, Tokyo February 28 & March 1, 1978 — Released April 23 1979

↪177 Mr. Tambourine Man
↪468 Shelter from the Storm
↪166 Love Minus Zero/No Limit
↪208 Ballad of a Thin Man
↪71 Don't Think Twice, It's All Right
↪161 Maggie's Farm
↪565 One More Cup of Coffee (Valley Below)
↪194 Like a Rolling Stone
↪860 I Shall Be Released
↪589 Is Your Love in Vain?
↪400 Going, Going, Gone
↪53 Blowin' in the Wind
↪247 Just Like a Woman
↪567 Oh, Sister
↪440 Simple Twist of Fate
↪276 All Along the Watchtower
↪234 I Want You
↪127 All I Really Want to Do
↪374 Knockin' on Heaven's Door
↪185 It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)
↪410 Forever Young
↪94 The Times They Are A-Changin'

22

Slow Train Coming

Recorded April–May 1979 — Released: August 18, 1979

600 Gotta Serve Somebody
604 Precious Angel
606 I Believe in You
608 Slow Train
610 Gonna Change My Way of Thinking
614 Do Right to Me Baby
616 When You Gonna Wake Up?
617 Man Gave Names to All the Animals
619 When He Returns

Gotta Serve Somebody

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Slow Train Coming* (1979) and on *Biograph* (1985). Played in a new arrangment during the summer 2001 tour
Tabbed (a tremendous achievement, indeed...) by Eyolf Østrem

The A should be treated "bluesily", which means that Am sounds just as good.

```
A
You may be an ambassador to England or France,

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

You may be the heavyweight champion of the world,

You may be a socialite with a long string of pearls

      D
     But you're gonna have to serve somebody, yes indeed
       A
     You're gonna have to serve somebody,
      E D7
     Well, it may be the devil or it may be the Lord
        A
     But you're gonna have to serve somebody.

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 business man or some high degree thief,
They may call you Doctor or they may call you Chief

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

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

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

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

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
```

Stirling Castle, July 13 2001

For the summer tour (it was played like this at least in Gothenburg some weeks before Stirling) he changed the arrangment of the chorus, dragging it out, much in the same way as he changed Trying to get to heaven in 2000, thus slowing down the harmonic rhythm: instead of beginning the "It might be the devil…" bit on the dominant (i.e. the chord on the fifth step of the scale) and quickly descending to the key note, he instead builds up an ascent, that never reaches higher than the fourth step (the subdominant). Quite nice, actually.
The lyrics keep changing all the time, of course; the following is just a suggestion. I may gather together some other lyric variations from throughout the years one of these days.

```
G
Might be an ambassador to England or France,

Might like to gamble, might like to dance,

Might be the heavyweight champion of the world,

May be a socialite with a long string of pearls

     C
     You gotta serve somebody
     G
     serve somebody,
     G
     Might be the devil
     G7/b
     might be the Lord
     C
     Yeeeah
     F
     But you
           G
     gotta serve somebody.

Might be a city councilman taking bribes on the side,
somebody's husband, somebody's bride
May be rich or poor, may be blind or lame
Living in another country, under another name

     You gotta serve somebody
     serve somebody
     Might be the devil
     Might be the lord
     But you, yeah,
     but you, but you gotta serve somebody.

Might own guns, might even own tanks
Might believe in [luxury or] somebody's bank
Maybe sleeping on the highway, sleeping in the road
Walking down the highbrow, or you're carrying a heavy load

Might be [...], walkin' down the floor
Might be headin' for the moon, walking out the door.
```

```
Maybe living in a [dream], sleepin' in a feather bed
Might feel like you're living, might even feel like a living dead.
```

Other lyric variations

Submitted by Heinrich Küttler

```
Knoxville, February 5, 1980,
Los Angeles (22nd Grammy Award), February 22, 1980,
Toronto, April 20, 1980:

... might have drugs in your pocket, ...

May like to drink whiskey, might like to blow smoke,
You may have money-power  or you may be broke,
You may think you're living, you may think you're dead,
Maybe sleeping on nails, may be sleeping in a feather bed


New Orleans, November 10, 1981:

You might be laid upon [tie may?], sleeping on the train
Maybe [hold it next] just  all [but in] the rain
You may be rich or poor, you may be blind or lame,
May be living in another country under another name

Maybe you're a [huckster], maybe hold [far way?]
Maybe [seeping on dead man], sleeping every day
Maybe think you're living, maybe even think you're dead,
Maybe sleeping on nails, sleeping in a feather bed


Houston, November 12, 1981:

(french introduction)

You might be rocking on [nails bann], sleeping in the wind,
Maybe you're upon the [grands stand], tapping on good gin,
You may be rich or poor, you may be blind or lame,
You may living in another country  under another name

  Still gonna serve somebody
  Yes indeed, one of these [days], serve somebody,
  It might be the devil, it might be the Lord
  But you gonna serve somebody.

Maybe high on [nail], rocking in the breeze
Maybe [stuck/stole] a high time on your knees
Maybe think you're living, maybe even think you're dead,
Maybe sleeping on nails, sleeping in a feather bed

  Still gonna serve somebody
  Well, if you not you will be serve[d?] somebody
  It might be the devil, it might be the Lord
```

But you gonna serve somebody

Portsmouth, September 24, 2000:

They might call you Bono, they might call you Sting,
They might call you [Jose], might call you anything,
You might be rich or poor, may be blind or lame
Living in another country, under another name

Might [go under], you might own [tanks]
May be living by the [wooden fakes ??? ;)]
They might call you even, might say you're dead
May be sleeping on nails, sleepin' in a feather bed

Precious Angel

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Slow Train Coming* (1979)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key Eb major)

Chords:

```
C     x32010
C/e   032010
C/g   332010
F/g   3x3211 (or call it G11 if you like)
```

```
C         F      C         F
 Precious angel, under the sun,
C        F        Am            F
 How was I to know you'd be the one
C/e               F       C/g               F
 To show me I was blinded, to show me I was gone
C                     F           Am          F
 How weak was the foundation I was standing upon?

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

     C/e         F     C/g                  F
      Shine your light, shine your light on me
     C/e         F     C/g                  F
      Shine your light, shine your light on me
     C/e         F     C/g                  F
      Shine your light, shine your light on me
               Am                         C/g
     Ya know I just couldn't make it by myself.
           F          Dm       F/g
     I'm a little too blind to see.

My so-called friends have fallen under a spell.
They look me squarely in the eye and they say, "Well, all is well."
Can they imagine the darkness that will fall from on high
When men will beg God to kill them and they won't be able to die?

Sister, let me tell you about a vision I saw.
You were drawing water for your husband, you were suffering under the law.
You were telling him about Buddha, you were telling him about Mohammed in one breath.
You never mentioned one time the Man who came and died a criminal's death.

     Shine your light, shine your light on me
     Shine your light, shine your light on me
     Shine your light, shine your light on me
     Ya know I just couldn't make it by myself.
     I'm a little too blind to see.
```

Precious angel, you believe me when I say
What God has given to us no man can take away.
We are covered in blood, girl, you know both our forefathers were slaves.
Let us hope they've found mercy in their bone-filled graves.

You're the queen of my flesh, girl, you're my woman, you're my delight,
You're the lamp of my soul, girl, and you torch up the night.
But there's violence in the eyes, girl, so let us not be enticed
On the way out of Egypt, through Ethiopia, to the judgment hall of Christ.

Shine your light, shine your light on me
Shine your light, shine your light on me
Shine your light, shine your light on me
Ya know I just couldn't make it by myself.
I'm a little too blind to see.

Shine your light, shine your light on me
[repeat and fade]

I Believe in You

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Slow Train Coming* (1979) and on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Spice up the Es with an occasional Esus4 (022200)

```
E

E
They ask me how I feel

And if my love is real
                    A       E
And how I know I'll make it through.
    E
And they, they look at me and frown,
                                D
They'd like to drive me from this town,
                    A
They don't want me around
           E
'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.

         D            A                              E
     I believe in you even through the tears and the laughter,
         D            A                  E
     I believe in you even though we be apart.
         D            A                   E
     I believe in you even on the morning after.
     A            B    E  E  A
     Oh, when the dawn is nearing
     A            B        E    E  A
     Oh, when the night is disappearing
     A        B   E      E    A           B
     Oh, this feeling is still here in my heart.

Don't let me drift too far,
Keep me where you are
Where I will always 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 turn to summer,
```

I believe in you when white turn to black,
I believe in you even though I be outnumbered.
Oh, though the earth may shake me
Oh, though my friends forsake me
Oh, even that couldn'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, I don't mind the pain
Don't mind the driving rain
I know I will sustain
'Cause I believe in you.

Slow Train

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Slow Train Coming* (1979)
Tabbed by Jeffrey Kokosinsky and Eyolf Østrem

```
Am   577555  (or 002210)
Dm   557765  (or x00231)
```

Basic riff:

```
  Am                Dm                Am
  :   .   .   .  x2 :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|------------------
|*---------------*|-----------------|------------------
|--------strum the chords over the bass line-----------
|-----------------|-0-0-------0-----|------------------
|*0-0-------0----*|-----0-3---------|-0-0-------0------
|-----0-3---------|-----------------|-----0-3----------
```

```
Am                                  Am
Sometimes I feel so low-down and disgusted
                Dm                                  Am
Can’t help but wonder what’s happenin’ to my companions,
          Am
Are they lost or are they found,

have they counted the cost it’ll take to bring down
Dm                                                    Am
All their earthly principles they’re gonna have to abandon?
           F                Dm                   Am
There’s a slow, slow train comin’ up around the bend.

I had a woman down in Alabama,
She was a backwoods girl, but she sure was realistic,
She said, "Boy, without a doubt, have to quit your mess and straighten out,
You could die down here, be just another accident statistic."
There’s a slow, slow train comin’ up around the bend.

All that foreign oil controlling American soil,
Look around you, it’s just bound to make you embarrassed.
Sheiks walkin’ around like kings, wearing fancy jewels and nose rings,
Deciding America’s future from Amsterdam and to Paris
And there’s a slow, slow train comin’ up around the bend.

Man’s ego is inflated, his laws are outdated, they don’t apply no more,
You can’t rely no more to be standin’ around waitin’
In the home of the brave, Jefferson turnin’ over in his grave,
Fools glorifying themselves, trying to manipulate Satan
And there’s a slow, slow train comin’ up around the bend.

Big-time negotiators, false healers and woman haters,
Masters of the bluff and masters of the proposition
But the enemy I see wears a cloak of decency,
```

All non-believers and men stealers talkin' in the name of religion
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

People starving and thirsting, grain elevators are bursting
Oh, you know it costs more to store the food than it do to give it.
They say lose your inhibitions, follow your own ambitions,
They talk about a life of brotherly love, show me someone who knows how to live it.
There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

Well, my baby went to Illinois with some bad-talkin' boy she could destroy
A real suicide case, but there was nothin' I could do to stop it,
I don't care about economy, I don't care about astronomy
But it sure do bother me to see my loved ones turning into puppets,
There's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

Gonna Change My Way of Thinking

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Slow Train Coming* (1979)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

There isn't really much of a chord structure here, just a 12-bar blues riff. The tab is just a suggestion – it could be played elsewhere and in other octaves – and so is the chords in parenthesis.

```
  A                 (D   C   D)                      (D   C   A)
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|---5---3---5-----|-----------------|---5---3---------
|-5-5-3-5---------|-----------------|-5-5-3-5---------|-----------5-----

  D                 (G   F   D)      A                 (D   C   D)
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|---5---3---------|-----------------|-----------------
|-5-5-3-5---------|-----------5-----|-----------------|---5---3---------
|-----------------|-----------------|-5-5-3-5---------|-----------5-----

  E                 D                 A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-7-7-5-7---------|-5-5-3-5---------|-------------3---|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-5-5-3-5---3---3-|-5-5---3-5-5-----
```

```
A
Change my way of thinking,

Make myself a different set of rules.
      D
Gonna change my way of thinking,
                             A
Make myself a different set of rules.
            E
Gonna put my good foot forward,
D                       A
stop being influenced by fools.

So much oppression,
Can't keep track of it no more.
So much oppression,
Can't keep track of it no more.
Sons becoming husbands to their mothers,
And old men turning young daughters into whores.
```

```
Stripes on your shoulders,
Stripes on your back and on your hands.
Stripes on your shoulders,
Stripes on your back and on your hands.
Swords piercing your side,
Blood and water flowing through the land.

Well don't know which one is worse,
Doing your own thing or just being cool.
Well don't know which one is worse,
Doing your own thing or just being cool.
You remember only about the brass ring,
You forget all about the golden rule.

You can mislead a man,
You can take ahold of his heart with your eyes.
You can mislead a man,
You can take ahold of his heart with your eyes.
But there's only one authority,
And that's the authority on high.

I got a God-fearing woman,
One I can easily afford.
I got a God-fearing woman,
One I can easily afford.
She can do the Georgia crawl,
She can walk in the spirit of the Lord.

Jesus said, "Be ready,
For you know not the hour in which I come."
Jesus said, "Be ready,
For you know not the hour in which I come."
He said, "He who is not for Me is against Me,"
Just so you know where He's coming from.

There's a kingdom called Heaven,
A place where there is no pain of birth.
There's a kingdom called Heaven,
A place where there is no pain of birth.
Well the Lord created it, mister,
About the same time He made the earth.
```

The version from *Gotta Serve Somebody – The Gospel Songs of Bob Dylan* (2003)(with Mavis Staples)

The tab below is just a synthesis of what is played in most of the verses. There are variations, one of the most prominent being the use of parallel fifths (i.e. power chords) instead of single notes, at least in some of the verses, as indicated in the first bar.

```
  A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|----------(7---5)|-(etc)-----------|-----------------|-----------------|
|(7-5-7)----5---3-|-----------------|-----------5---3-|-----------------|
|-5-3-5-----------|-5-3-5-----------|-5-3-5-----------|-5-3-5-----------|

  D                                 A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------5---3-|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-5-3-5-----------|-5-3-5-----------|-----------5---3-|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-5-3-5-----------|-5-3-5-----------|

  E                 D                 A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .       .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------5----------|
|-7-5-7---------7-|-5-3-5-----5---3-|-----------5---3-|---------5h7----7p5----|
|-----------0-----|-----------------|-5-3-5-----------|-5-3-5-------------8---|
```

Change my way of thinking, make myself a different set of rules.
I'm gonna change my way of thinking, make myself a different set of rules.
Gonna put my best foot forward, stop being influenced by fools.

[Mavis enters] *)

Gonna sit at the welcome table, I'm as hungry as a horse
Sittin' at the welcome table, I'm so hungry I could eat a horse
I'm gonna revitalize my thinkin', I'm gonna let the law take its course

Jesus is coming, he's coming back to gather his jewels
Jesus is coming, he's coming back to gather his jewels
Well, we live by the golden rule: Whoever got the gold rules.

The sun is shining, ain't but one train on this track
The sun is shining, ain't but one train on this track
I'm steppin' out of the dark woods, I'm jumpin' on the monkey's back.

Yes, I'm all dressed up, going to the country dance
Said, I'm all dressed up, going to the country dance
Every day you gotta pray for guidance,
    Every day you gotta give yourself a chance.

Well, there are storms out on the ocean, storms out on the mountain too
Storms on the ocean, storms out on the mountain too
O, Lord, you know I have no friend without you   **)

I'll tell you something: things you never had, you'll never miss.
I'll tell you something: things you never had, you'll never miss.
Tell you something else: a great man will kill you with a sword,

```
    a coward with a kiss.

[instrumental verses]
```

```
*) Dialogue (borrowed from http://notdarkyet.tripod.com/change.html):
```

BOB: Now, look, someone is coming up the road, boys.
(knock, knock)
MAVIS STAPLES: Hey, hey! Hey there, Bobby!
BOB: Hey, it's Mavis Staples!
MAVIS; Hey fellows! What's Up? Aw, it's good to see all of you.
My goodness, Bobby you got a nice place here!
BOB: Well, welcome to Califormia, Mavis!
MAVIS: Thank ya much! Whoa, you got a nice view!
BOB: Yeeah, it is. You can sit on this porch,
and look right straight into Ha-wa-ii.
MAVIS: Yeah, I was over in them foothills.
BOB: (perplexed) Why?
MAVIS: I was looking for me some fuel. I'm kind of hungry now.
Don't you got anything to eat?
BOB: Well I'm sure we do. Momma, we have anything to eat?
WOMAN?S VOICE: Sure, we got plenty of chicken out there in the yard.
BOB: Well we're gonna go knock a few of 'em off and fry 'em up.
BOB: Well, Mavis, I've had the blues.
MAVIS: Aw Bobby, don't tell me you got the blues!
BOB: Uh hum I've been up all night laying in bed, had insomnia, reading Snoozeweek.
MAVIS: Oh, Snoozeweek! That ain't gonna get rid of no blues.
BOB: Umh umh
MAVIS: We gotta do some singing, let's do some singing
BOB: Aw . . . yeah, let's do that.
MAVIS: Sing about it, you know.

```
**) The end sounds like: "... like you"
```

Do Right to Me Baby

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Slow Train Coming* (1979)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 7th fret (sounding key B major; in Toronto, Apr 20 1980, Dylan plays with barr chords, but Fred Tackett plays with a capo on the 7th fret)e chords, but Fred Tackett plays with a capo on the 7th fret)

Chords:

```
E7   022430 (or 022130)
A7   002020
```

```
           E7                        A7 E7
Don't wanna judge nobody, don't wanna be judged,
           E7                        A7 E7
Don't wanna touch nobody, don't wanna be touched.
           E7                       A7 E7
Don't wanna hurt nobody, don't wanna be hurt,
           E7                     A7  E7
Don't wanna treat nobody like they was dirt.
          G       A7      E7
But if you do right to me, baby,
     G        A7      E7
I'll do right to you, too.
          G   A7  E7
Ya got to do unto others
           G(7)                 A7                E7
Like you'd have them, like you'd have them, do unto you.

Don't wanna shoot nobody, don't wanna be shot,
Don't wanna buy nobody, don't wanna be bought.
Don't wanna bury nobody, don't wanna be buried,
Don't wanna marry nobody if they're already married.

But if you do right to me, baby,
I'll do right to you, too.
Ya got to do unto others
Like you'd have them, like you'd have them, do unto you.

Don't wanna burn nobody, don't wanna be burned,
Don't wanna learn from nobody what I gotta unlearn.
Don't wanna cheat nobody, don't wanna be cheated,
Don't wanna defeat nobody if they already been defeated.

But if you do right to me, baby,
I'll do right to you, too.
Ya got to do unto others
Like you'd have them, like you'd have them, do unto you.

Don't wanna wink at nobody, don't wanna be winked at,
Don't wanna be used by nobody for a doormat.
Don't wanna confuse nobody, don't wanna be confused,
Don't wanna amuse nobody, don't wanna be amused.
```

But if you do right to me, baby,
I'll do right to you, too.
Ya got to do unto others
Like you'd have them, like you'd have them, do unto you.

Don't wanna betray nobody, don't wanna be betrayed,
Don't wanna play with nobody, don't wanna be waylaid.
Don't wanna miss nobody, don't wanna be missed,
Don't put my faith in nobody, not even a scientist.

But if you do right to me, baby,
I'll do right to you, too.
Ya got to do unto others
Like you'd have them, like you'd have them, do unto you.

When You Gonna Wake Up?

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Slow Train Coming* (1979)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
Am   577555
Dm7  x57565
Dm   x57765
```

```
Am             Dm7                    Am
God don't make promises that He don't keep.
             Dm7                                                        Am
You got some big dreams, baby, but in order to dream you gotta still be asleep.

     Am                      Dm Dm   Am
     When you gonna wake up,
     Dm                      G  G    F   Dm
     when you gonna wake up
     Am                      Dm Dm   Am
     When you gonna wake up
         Em                           Am
     and strengthen the things that remain?

Counterfeit philosophies have polluted all of your thoughts.
Karl Marx has got ya by the throat, Henry Kissinger's got you tied up in knots.

You got innocent men in jail, your insane asylums are filled,
You got unrighteous doctors dealing drugs that'll never cure your ills.

You got men who can't hold their peace and women who can't control their tongues,
The rich seduce the poor and the old are seduced by the young.

Adulterers in churches and pornography in the schools,
You got gangsters in power and lawbreakers making rules.

Spiritual advisors and gurus to guide your every move,
Instant inner peace and every step you take has got to be approved.

Do you ever wonder just what God requires?
You think He's just an errand boy to satisfy your wandering desires.

You can't take it with you and you know that it's too worthless to be sold,
They tell you, "Time is money" as if your life was worth its weight in gold.

There's a Man up on a cross and He's been crucified.
Do you have any idea why or for who He died?
```

Man Gave Names to All the Animals

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Slow Train Coming* (1979)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords (these are the chords he used in Toronto, Apr 20 1980):

```
Em     779987
B      799877
A      577655
```

```
     Em
     Man gave names to all the animals
              B                Em
     In the beginning, in the beginning.
     Em
     Man gave names to all the animals
              B                  Em
     In the beginning, long time ago.

Em                             B
He saw an animal that liked to growl,
B                              Em
Big furry paws and he liked to howl,
Em                             A
Great big furry back and furry hair.
B                        Em
"Ah, think I'll call it a bear."

He saw an animal up on a hill
Chewing*) up so much grass until she was filled.
He saw milk comin' out but he didn't know how.
"Ah, think I'll call it a cow."

He saw an animal that liked to snort,
Horns on his head and they weren't too short.
It looked like there wasn't nothin' that he couldn't pull.
"Ah, think I'll call it a bull."

He saw an animal leavin' a muddy trail,
Real dirty face and a curly tail.
He wasn't too small and he wasn't too big.
"Ah, think I'll call it a pig."**)

Next animal that he did meet
Had wool on his back and hooves on his feet,
Eating grass on a mountainside so steep.
"Ah, think I'll call it a sheep."

He saw an animal as smooth as glass
Slithering his way through the grass.
Saw him disappear by a tree near a lake . . .
```

---

*) I do prefer the occasional variation: “smoking up . . . ”

**) Even here I prefer the variant “think I’ll call it a horse” (Fow Warfield, Nov 1980). One evening this was a cow too.

When He Returns

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Slow Train Coming* (1979)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

On the album the song is played on the piano, in the key of A♭ major. During the 1979 shows it was played in A major, with guitar and piano.

Chords:

```
D/a   x0423x or x04232 or x04235
E11   022232
```

```
D/a   A A |A    E E |: D/a     A :|

D/a    A A                E             D/a  A     D/a A
The iron hand it ain't no match for the iron rod,
D/a        A  A                       E      D/a    A   D/a A
The strongest wall will crumble and fall to a mighty God.
       F#m            A7/e         D     E(11)      A
For all those who have eyes and all those who have ears
F#m        A7/e       D      (A/c#)  E     E6 E7
It is only He who can reduce me to tears.
D/a       A                E       D/a       A
Don't you cry and don't you die and don't you burn
           D/a          A                              E
For like a thief in the night, He'll replace wrong with right
     D/a  A
When He returns.

Truth is an arrow and the gate is narrow that it passes through,
He unleashed His power at an unknown hour that no one knew.
How long can I listen to the lies of prejudice?
How long can I stay drunk on fear out in the wilderness?
Can I cast it aside, all this loyalty and this pride?
Will I ever learn that there'll be no peace, that the war won't cease
Until He returns?

Surrender your crown on this blood-stained ground, take off your mask,
He sees your deeds, He knows your needs even before you ask.
How long can you falsify and deny what is real?
How long can you hate yourself for the weakness you conceal?
Of every earthly plan that be known to man, He is unconcerned,
He's got plans of His own to set up His throne
When He returns.
```

23

Saved

Recorded February 11–15 1980 — Released June 20 1980

622 A Satisfied Mind
624 Saved
626 Covenant Woman
628 What Can I Do For You?
630 Solid Rock
631 Pressing On
632 In the Garden
635 Saving Grace
636 Are You Ready?

A Satisfied Mind

Written by J. H. "Red" Hayes/Jack Rhodes
Released by Bob Dylan on *Saved* (1980), and played live once in 1999
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Live version (Philadelphia, Nov 9, 1999)

Add a [C Csus4 C] or a [C Csus4 C Csus2 C] flourish at the end of each line and a Gsus4 or C/g for the Gs at midline.
Note that the first line in the first verse is sung completely different from the rest of the lines. Probably to fool the audience into thinking that he was going to sing Blowin' in the wind…

```
Csus4   x33010
C       x32010
Csus2   x30010
Gsus4   320013
C/g     302013
```

```
C Csus4 C (repeat ad lib)

C        F     G                        C
How many times have     you heard someone say,
    C         G                F           C
"If I had his money     I could do things my way."
    C           G                F          C
But little they know    that it's so hard to find
    C           G              F         C
One rich man in ten     with a satisfied mind.

C          G              F           C
Once I was winning      in fortune and fame;
     C           G                   F             C
Everything that I dreamed of to get a start in lifes game.
    C           F   G                C
But suddenly it happened, I lost every dime,
        C         G            F         C
But I'm richer by far   with a satisfied mind.

C           G               F                C
Money can't buy back    your youth when you're old
     C                  G             F                C
Or a friend when you're lonesome or a love that's grown cold;
    C          G             F         C
The wealthiest person   is a pauper at times
   C            G              F         C
Compared to the man     with a satisfied mind.

C            G             F            C
When life is over,      my time has run out,
   C             G              F                C
My friends and my loved ones I'll leave, there's no doubt.
    C             F  G                      C
But one thing for certain, when it comes my time,
```

```
     C              G            F         C
I'll leave this old world with a satisfied mind.

C        F     G                          C
How many times have     you heard someone say.
```

Album version

This is played very loosely. The chords used are all in the 7th position, so either use a capo on the 7th fret with the chords E, A/e and B11, or play without a capo with the barre chords B, E/b and F#11. Since the outcome is the same, I thought I might as well use the capoed chords in the tab.
The A/e could be an Esus4 as well (022200). When the bass comes in towards the end of the first verse, it playes E and F♯ (i.e. A and B relative to the capo), which fits well with Esus4 also.
The second line is played without the first A/e in verses 2 and 3.

Chords (capo 7th fret):

```
A/e      0xx220
B11      x2222x

E

         E              A/e           E
How many times have you heard someone say,
      A/e     E         A/e            E
"If I had his money I'd do things my way."
         E      A/e  E
Mmm, but little they know
                 A/e        E
Mmmmm, that it's so hard to find
                           B11       E
One rich man in ten with a satisfied mind.

 E      A/e E
Mmmmm, mmmmm
```

Saved

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Saved* (1980)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (it wasn't all that hard, really...)

```
B

I was blinded by the devil,

Born already ruined,

Stone-cold dead

As I stepped out of the womb.

By His grace I have been touched,

By His word I have been healed,

By His hand I've been delivered,

By His spirit I've been sealed.


I've been saved

By the blood of the lamb,

Saved

By the blood of the lamb,

Saved, (saved)
 E
And I'm so glad

Yes, I'm so glad,
 B
Well, I'm so glad,

so glad,
 F# (F#maj7 F#7)
I want to thank You, Lord,
 E
I want to thank You, Lord,
 B
I want to thank You, Lord.


By His truth I can be upright,
By His strength I do endure,
By His power I've been lifted,
In His love I am secure.
```

He bought me with a price,
Freed me from the pit,
Full of emptiness and wrath
And the fire that burns in it.

I've been saved...

Nobody to rescue me,
Nobody would dare,
I was going down for the last time,
But by His mercy I've been spared.
Not by works,
But by faith in Him who called,
For so long I've been hindered,
For so long I've been stalled.

Covenant Woman

Words and Music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Saved* (1980)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

This is a song for the whole 1980 gospel band. The original key is F major. For guitar only there seem to be two possibilities:
Capo 3rd fret, chords of D major, or capo 5th fret, chords of C major.
I'm sure he plays one of these on the album, but I'm not certain about which one. I seem to hear a D minor chord type'ish sound in the second line, which would suggest the C major version, but then again, the D version gives the pleasant A major at the end, and the least awkward chords overall.

```
C        Am          Em                Dm
Covenant woman got a contract with the Lord
                                  Am        G
Way up yonder, great will be her reward.
C        Am     Em                    Dm
Covenant woman, shining like a morning star,
                                        Am    G
I know I can trust you to stay the way you are.

         F             Am
     And I just got to tell you
          Bb      /c
     I do intend
     F       Am              Bb     /c
     To stay closer than any friend.
     F             Am
     I just got to thank you
           Bb
     Once again
                    C       /Bb
     For making your prayers known
     /a /g  C  /Bb    /a  /g
     Unto heaven for me
         C  /Bb  /a    /g  C    /Bb
     And to you,    always,  so grateful
     /a        /g   F
     I will forever be.

     | C . . G  |

I've been broken, shattered like an empty cup.
I'm just waiting on the Lord to rebuild and fill me up
And I know He will do it 'cause He's faithful and He's true,
He must have loved me so much to send me someone as fine as you.

     And I just got to tell you
     I do intend
     To stay closer than any friend.
     I just got to thank you
     Once again
```

For making your prayers known
Unto heaven for me
And to you, always, so grateful
I will forever be.

Covenant woman, intimate little girl
Who knows those most secret things of me that are hidden from the world.
You know we are strangers in a land we're passing through.
I'll always be right by your side, I've got a covenant too.

And I just got to tell you
I do intend
To stay closer than any friend.
I just got to thank you
Once again
For making your prayers known
Unto heaven for me
And to you, always, so grateful
I will forever be.

What Can I Do For You?

Words and Music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Saved* (1980)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (original key Eb major).

I have for some reason transcribed the final harp solo. You can find it here. (Eb harp, straight. The transcription is in C major). It is far from optimized for screen viewing, not at all, but you can save the image and print it out if/when you want to recreate Dylan's most glorious moment as a harpist. .[There's also a midi file, not to listen to, but to insert into the program "Harping" (if you use Windows), which you can download from http://www.freeyellow.com/members6/harping/.

```
|: Am  G F Am :|

C   Am   F                   G
You have given everything to me.
          F  F/G  C
What can I do for You?
C   Am   F               G
You have given me eyes to see.
          F  F/G  C
What can I do for You?

Am               C/G             F               C/E
Pulled me out of bondage and You made me renewed inside,
Am          G               C           Dm
Filled up a hunger that had always been denied,
Am                  C/G                  F         C/E   Dm
Opened up a door no man can shut and You opened it up so wide
           Am           C/G          F
And You've chosen me to be among the few.
                  C
What can I do for You?

You have laid down Your life for me.
What can I do for You?
You have explained every mystery.
What can I do for You?

Soon as a man is born, you know the sparks begin to fly,
He gets wise in his own eyes and he's made to believe a lie.
Who would deliver him from the death he's bound to die?
Well, You've done it all and there's no more anyone can pretend to do.
What can I do for You?

You have given all there is to give.
What can I do for You?
You have given me life to live.
How can I live for You?

I know all about poison, I know all about fiery darts,
I don't care how rough the road is, show me where it starts,
Whatever pleases You, tell it to my heart.
```

```
Well, I don't deserve it but I sure did make it through.
What can I do for You?
```

I have for some reason transcribed the final harp solo. You can find it here. It is not optimized for screen viewing, not at all, but you can save the image and print it out if/when you want to recreate Dylan's most glorious moment as a harpist.

Solid Rock

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Saved* (1980) and on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Opening riff:
Play on the 6th string while holding a barre A (-0222x):

```
  ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,   ,
| 0 3 5 . 5 . 3 5 . 5 3 . 5 . . . |
```

(Or hire a bass player...)

```
A
          C   D   A
Well, I'm hangin' on
     C D   A
to a solid rock
D E F#m
Made
D E F#m
before
    D E F#m
the foundation
D E F#m
of
    A
the world
      D
And I won't let go, and I can't let go, won't let go
                                                        A
And I can't let go, won't let go, and I can't let go no more.

     C  D      A              C  D      A
For me He was chastised, for me He was hated,
     C     D     A           E
For me he was rejected by a world that He created.
C  D        A      C      D   A
Nations are angry, cursed are some,
C      D      A        E
People are expecting a false peace to come.

          G       A
Well I'm hangin' on ...

It's the ways of the flesh to war against the spirit,
Twenty-four hours a day you can feel it and you can hear it
Using all the devices under the sun.
And He never give up 'til the battle's lost or won.
```

Pressing On

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Saved* (1980)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

"Piano song". When played on a guitar it sits better in G with a capo on the 3rd fret and the chords:

```
Chorus: G  C/G  Bm  C  G  C  D  G
Verse: G  Bm  C  D  G
```

```
Bb  Eb/Bb  Bb

          Bb             Eb/Bb  Bb
Well I'm pressing on
    Dm
I'm pressing on
    Eb       Bb
I'm pressing on
       Eb     F             Bb
To the higher calling of my Lord.

(three times)


Bb          Dm       Eb       F        Bb
Many try to stop me, shake me up in my mind,
    Bb                 Dm         Eb    F    Bb
Say, "Prove to me that He is Lord, show me a sign."
Bb           Dm                     Eb       F        Bb
What kind of sign they need when it all come from within,
            Bb            Dm              Eb                F
When what's lost has been found, what's to come has already been?

             Bb
I just keep Pressing on ...

Shake the dust off of your feet, don't look back.
Nothing now can hold you down, nothing that you lack.
Temptation's not an easy thing, Adam given the devil reign
Because he sinned I got no choice, it run in my vein.
```

Additional third verse sung November 4, 1979 :

```
You know the adversary never sleeps - he is a roaring beast.
He always comes at the time that you expect him least.
And you know that he's responsible for death and pain and loss,
But we know we'll overcome him by the victory at the cross.
```

In the Garden

Words and Music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Saved* (1980)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

G+ (=Gaug) = 321003 or 355443

```
          B                   F#               G#m      G+
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
          Cm                  G+               Eb       F
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
         G               C/G                 G7               C/G
Did they know He was the Son of God, did they know that He was Lord?
         G                 C/G           G7                 C/G
Did they hear when He told Peter, "Peter, put up your sword"?
          A                   D/A              A7      D/A
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
          B                   E/B              B7      E/B
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?

F#   B/F#    F#

When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?
When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?
Nicodemus came at night so he wouldn't be seen by men
Saying, "Master, tell me why a man must be born again."
When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?
When He spoke to them in the city, did they hear?

When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?
When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?
When He said, "Pick up your bed and walk, why must you criticize?
Same thing My Father do, I can do likewise."
When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?
When He healed the blind and crippled, did they see?

Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
The multitude wanted to make Him king, put a crown upon His head
Why did He slip away to a quiet place instead?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?
Did they speak out against Him, did they dare?

When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
He said, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth."
Did they know right then and there what that power was worth?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?

When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
He said, "All power is given to Me in heaven and on earth."
Did they know right then and there what that power was worth?
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
```

```
When He rose from the dead, did they believe?
```

Live version, 1988

Chords (for practial solutions, see the tab below):

```
B     799877
D#m   x68876
G#m   466444
G+    xx5443 or x-10-988x
Cm    8-10-10-888
Eb    x68886
F#+/b xx9-11-11-10
F#/b  xx9-11-11-9
```

```
          B                   D#m              G#m       G+
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
          Cm                  G+               Eb        F
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
         G  *)
Did they know He was the Son of God, did they know that He was Lord?

Did they hear when He told Peter, "Peter, put up your sword"?
          A
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?
          B
When they came for Him in the garden, did they know?

F#+/b .  F#/b  .  E  A/e  E  .
```

```
  B                 D#m               G#m               G+
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------3-------|
|---------7-------|---------7-------|---------4-------|-----4-----------|
|-----8-----------|-----8-----------|-----4-------4---|---4-------------|
|-9---------------|-8---------------|-6---------------|-5---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  Cm                G+                Eb                F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|---------6-------|-8---------------|
|---------8-------|---------8-------|-8-------8-------|-10--------------|
|-----8-----------|-----8-----------|-8-------8-------|-10--------------|
|-10--------------|-9---------------|-8---------------|-10--------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-8---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
    G
    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   x3  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
||------------------|-----------------||------------------|-----------------|
||*-----------------|----------------*||------------------|-----------------|
||------------------|-----------------||------------------|---------3-------|
||------------------|-----------------||------------------|-------3---5-----|
||*-----------------|-3---3---4---5--*||------------------|-3-4-5-----------|
||--3---3---6---6---|-----------------||--3---3---6---6---|-----------------|

    A                                     B
    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
||------------------|-----------------||------------------|-----------------||
||*-----------------|----------------*||*-----------------|-----------------||
||------------------|-----------------||------------------|-----------------||
||------------------|-----------------||------------------|-----------------||
||*-----------------|-5---5---6---7--*||*-----------------|-7---7---8---9---||
||--5---5---8---8---|-----------------||--7---7---10--10--|-----------------||

  F#+/b               F#/b            E           A/e   E  .
  :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-10----10----10----|-9-----9-------|-7---7---7---5---|-4---------------|
|---11----11----11--|---11----11----|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----11----11----11|-----11-----11-|---9---9---9---7-|-4---------------|
|-9-----------------|---------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------------|---------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------------|---------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

Alternative for the last line:

```
  F#+/b            F#/b               E          (A/e)  E  .
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-10--10--10--10--|-9---9---9---9---|---------7-------|-----------------|
|-11--11--11--11--|-11--11--11--11--|-----7-----7---7-|h9---------------|
|-11--11--11--11--|-11--11--11--11--|\9-----9-----9---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

Outro:

```
B  . . . D#m . . . G#m . . . G+ . . .
Cm . . . B+  . . . Eb  . . . F9 . . .  G
```

On the *Hard to Handle* video (Feb 1986) it was, according to Keith Mathis, played with the following chord formations:

```
B     xxx442
D#m   xxx342
G#m   xx6444
G+    xx5443 or xxx443
Cm    xxx543
Eb    xxx343
```

and with the riff in the second half played in the first position.

Saving Grace

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Saved* (1980)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C              C/7     F            G     C
If You find it in Your heart, can I be forgiven?
C       C/B       Am           C/G   F  Bb  F
Guess I owe You some kind of apology.
/F /G  Ab                                        C
I've escaped death so many times, I know I'm only living
              G                 C
By the saving grace that's over me.

By this time I'd-a thought I would be sleeping
In a pine box for all eternity.
My faith keeps me alive, but I still be weeping
For the saving grace that's over me.

Well, the death of life, then come the resurrection,
Wherever I am welcome is where I'll be.
I put all my confidence in Him, my sole protection
Is the saving grace that's over me.

Well, the devil's shining light, it can be most blinding,
But to search for love, that ain't no more than vanity.
As I look around this world all that I'm finding
Is the saving grace that's over me.

The wicked know no peace and you just can't fake it,
There's only one road and it leads to Calvary.
It gets discouraging at times, but I know I'll make it
By the saving grace that's over me.
```

Are You Ready?

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Saved* (1980)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
 G C Bb G C Bb
Are you ready
 G C Bb G C Bb
Are you ready
 G C Bb G C Bb
Are you ready
 G C Bb G C Bb
Are you ready
 C
Are you ready to meet Jesus?

Are you where you ought to be?

Will He know you when He sees you

Or will He say, "Depart from Me"?
 G C Bb G C Bb
Are you ready,
 G C Bb G C Bb
hope you're ready.


Am I ready?
am I ready?
Am I ready?
am I ready?
Am I ready to lay down my life for the brethren
And to take up my cross?
Have I surrendered to the will of God
Or am I still acting like the boss?
Am I ready, hope I'm ready.

When destruction cometh swiftly
And there's no time to say a fare-thee-well,
Have you decided whether you want to be
In heaven or in hell?
Are you ready? Are you ready?

Have you got some unfinished business?
Is there something holding you back?
Are you thinking for yourself
Or are you following the pack?

Are you ready for the judgment?
Are you ready for that terrible swift sword?
Are you ready for Armageddon?
Are you ready for the day of the Lord?
```

24

Shot of Love

Recorded April–May, 1981 — Released August 12, 1981

638 Shot of Love
640 Heart of Mine
642 Property of Jesus
644 Lenny Bruce
645 Watered-Down Love
647 The Groom's Still Waiting at the Altar
649 Dead Man, Dead Man
651 In the Summertime
652 Trouble
654 Every Grain of Sand

Shot of Love

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Shot of Love* (1981)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
(B)
I need (I need, I need) a shot of love,
I need (I need, I need) a shot of love.

      B
Don't need a shot of heroin to kill my disease,

Don't 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.
         E    D  B
I need a shot of love,
         E    D  B
I need a shot of love.

Doctor, can you hear me? I need some Medicaid.
I seen the kingdoms of the world and it's makin' me feel afraid.
What I got ain't painful, it's just bound to kill me dead
Like the men that followed Jesus when they put a price upon His head.
I need a shot of love,
I need a shot of love.

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,
It don't satisfy the hurt inside nor the habit that it feeds.
I need a shot of love,
I need a shot of love.

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,
I need a shot of love.

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.

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.

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

Heart of Mine

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Shot of Love* (1981) and in a live version on *Biograph* (1985)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

This is a "piano song", which means that it translates fairly badly to an unaccompanied guitar. The easiest way to make the nice sixth–maj seventh turns sound well, is to use a capo on the second fret and play D – D6 – Dmaj7 – D6. The same turn can be played in B major as well, but anyone who is able to *play* that, will also be able to find the chords himself, so I didn't bother to write it out...
It should be mentioned also that it suits open D/E tuning very well, with the chords (labelled not by how they sound, but which chords they correspond to in the tab):

```
E     555555
E6    575555
Emaj7 595555
B     000000
E/b   020100
B/f#  797877
F#    777777
```

```
Intro: B

E               B
Heart of mine be still,
E                                       B
You can play with fire but you'll get the bill
Don't let her know
E/b   B       E/b  B        E/b  B
Don't let her know that you love her.
B/f#  F#   B/f#  F#       B/f#  F#
Don't be a fool, don't be blind
         B
Heart of mine.

Heart of mine go back home,
You got no reason to wander, you got 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 you want her.
Don't let her know she's so fine Heart of mine.

Heart of mine you know that she'll never be true,
She'll only give to others the love that she's gotten from you.
Don't let her know
Don't let her know 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 crime
Heart of mine.
```

Chords with capo on 2nd fret:

```
D6    x00432 (use a half-barre) or xx0202
Dmaj7 x00222
D/a   x0423(2)
A     x0222(0) (half-barre)
```

The "Don't let her know" line could be played something like

```
                                  D/a A   D/a A     D/a A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---------------2-|-----------------|-3-2-----3-2-----|-3-2-------------|
|---------------2-|-----------------|-2-2---2-2-2---2-|-2-2-------------|
|---------------2-|-----------------|-4-2-----4-2-----|-4-2-------------|
|---------5-4-0---|(0)--------------|-0-------0-------|-0---------------|
|---------5-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
A

D        D6   Dmaj7  D6    A
Heart of mine           be still,
D                 D6 Dmaj7    D6             A
You can play with fire    but you'll get the bill

Don't let her know
D/a   A       D/a  A        D/a  A
Don't let her know that you love her.
A/e   E    A/e   E        A/e   E
Don't be a fool, don't be blind
         A
Heart of mine.
```

Property of Jesus

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Shot of Love* (1981)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The song can of course be played with a capo on the 1st fret (chords A, F♯, E, D) or on the 3rd fret (G, Em, D, C)

Recurrent riff:

```
|-----------------|
|---------6-------|
|---7-8-7---7-8-7-|
|-8---------------|
|-----------------|
|-----------------|
```

```
Bb

Go ahead and talk about him because he makes you doubt,

Because he has denied himself the things that you can't live without.

Laugh at him behind his back just like the others do,

Remind him of what he used to be when he comes walkin' through.
         Gm    F     Eb
He's the property of Jesus
  Gm       F      Eb
Resent him to the bone
Gm      F         Eb
You got something better
                     Bb
You've got a heart of stone

Stop your conversation when he passes on the street,
Hope he falls upon himself, oh, won't that be sweet
Because he can't be exploited by superstition anymore
Because he can't be bribed or bought by the things that you adore.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

When the whip that's keeping you in line doesn't make him jump,
Say he's hard-of-hearin', say that he's a chump.
Say he's out of step with reality as you try to test his nerve
Because he doesn't pay no tribute to the king that you serve.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone
```

Say that he's a loser 'cause he got no common sense
Because he don't increase his worth at someone else's expense.
Because he's not afraid of trying, 'cause he don't look at you and smile,
'Cause he doesn't tell you jokes or fairy tales, say he's got no style.

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

You can laugh at salvation, you can play Olympic games,
You think that when you rest at last you'll go back from where you came.
But you've picked up quite a story and you've changed since the womb.
What happened to the real you, you've been captured but by whom?

He's the property of Jesus
Resent him to the bone
You got something better
You've got a heart of stone

Lenny Bruce

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Shot of Love* (1981)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key A♭ major)

```
G      C     G/b G            C     G/b   D/a    G
 Lenny Bruce is  dead but his ghost lives on and on
G         D              C      G           C       G/b Am G D
Never did get any Golden Globe award, never made it to  Syna-non.
C C           G      C(/g)       G
    He was an outlaw, that's for sure,
C(/g)         G           C G/b Am  G   D/f#    (C/e)
  More of an outlaw than you   e - ver were.
G      C     G/b G            C        G/b    D7 C/d   G
 Lenny Bruce is  gone but his spirit's livin' on   and on.

Maybe he had some problems, maybe some things that he couldn't work out
But he sure was funny and he sure told the truth and he knew what he was talkin'
about. Never robbed any churches nor cut off any babies' heads,
He just took the folks in high places and he shined a light in their beds.
He's on some other shore, he didn't wanna live anymore.

Lenny Bruce is dead but he didn't commit any crime
He just had the insight to rip off the lid before its time.
I rode with him in a taxi once, only for a mile and a half,
Seemed like it took a couple of months.
Lenny Bruce moved on and like the ones that killed him, gone.

They said that he was sick 'cause he didn't play by the rules
He just showed the wise men of his day to be nothing more than fools.
They stamped him and they labeled him like they do with pants and shirts,
He fought a war on a battlefield where every victory hurts.
Lenny Bruce was bad, he was the brother that you never had.
```

Watered-Down Love

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Shot of Love* (1981)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

There are two problems with this song concerning how to translate it to a tab for a single guitar. One is the use of a capo or not, the other is what to do with the sustained B♭ (the key note) throughout the verse. It can be played uncapoed, with barre chords, but then the sustained tone will have to go, along with other sublteties that are more easily produced if you play with a capo somewhere. I include two such versions at the end.

The "F(6)" (and correspondingly in the other versions) is not absolutely necessary – it comes out of the mixture of tones.

The chords in the beginning of the verse should be embellished: B♭ – Eb/bb – B♭ (capoed: A – D/a – A and G – C/g – G) and Eb – Ebsus4 – Eb (D – Dsus4 -D; C – Csus4 – C).

```
Bb               Eb
Love that's pure hopes all things,
Bb                   Eb
Believes all things, won't pull no strings,
Eb               Bb/d          Cm             Bb
Won't sneak up into your room, tall, dark and handsome,
Eb           Bb/d     Cm                   F(6)
Capture your soul and hold it for ransom.
Bb             Eb            Bb
You don't want a love that's pure
          Eb
You wanna drowned love
           F11          Bb
You want a watered-down love

Love that's pure, it don't make no claims,
Intercedes for you 'stead of casting you blame,
Will not deceive you or lead you to transgression,
Won't write it up and make you sign a false confession.
You don't want a love that's pure
You wanna drown love
You want a watered-down love

Love that's pure won't lead you astray,
Won't hold you back, won't mess up your day,
Won't pervert you, corrupt you with stupid wishes,
It don't make you envious, it don't make you suspicious.
You don't want a love that's pure
You wanna drown love
You want a watered-down love

Love that's pure ain't no accident,
Always on time, is always content,
An eternal flame, quietly burning,
Never needs to be proud, restlessly yearning.
You don't want a love that's pure
You wanna drown love
You want a watered-down love
```

Version with capo 1st fret:

```
A                D
Love that's pure hopes all things,
A                    D
Believes all things, won't pull no strings,
D                A/c#          Bm             A
Won't sneak up into your room, tall, dark and handsome,
D            A/c#     Bm                E(6)
Capture your soul and hold it for ransom.
A               D              A
 You don't want  a love that's pure
          D
You wanna drowned love
           E11          A
You want a watered-down love
```

Version with capo 3rd fret:

```
G                C
Love that's pure hopes all things,
G                    C
Believes all things, won't pull no strings,
C                G/b           Am             G
Won't sneak up into your room, tall, dark and handsome,
C            G/b      Am                  D(6)
Capture your soul and hold it for ransom.
G               C              G
 You don't want  a love that's pure
          C
You wanna drowned love
           D11          G
You want a watered-down love
```

The Groom's Still Waiting at the Altar

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Biograph* (1985) and on the CD edition of *Shot of Love* (1981)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Tabbed with a capo in the 1st fret.

The rise at the end of the chorus is acutally only single bass tones – not full chords. This is most bothersome for the E, which is neither a minor nor a major chord. Playing it as an Em chord sounds best.

The easiest way to produce the chords *and* recurring riff on a single guitar is to play it one octave down from where it is on the album:

```
A
          .     .     .
|-(0)--------------------------
|-(2)--------------------------
|-(2)--------------------------
|-(2)--------------------------
|-(0)----------3-3-0---0-------
|--------------------3---------

A
Prayed in the ghetto with my face in the cement,

Heard the last moan of a boxer, seen the massacre of the innocent

Felt around for the light switch, became nauseated.

She was walking down the hallway while the walls deteriorated.
D                                          A
East of the Jordan, hard as the Rock of Gibraltar,
          E                            D
I see the burning of the page, Curtain risin' on a new age,
        A     C     D       E(m)   A
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Try to be pure at heart, they arrest you for robbery,
Mistake your shyness for aloofness, your shyness for snobbery,
Got the message this morning, the one that was sent to me
About the madness of becomin' what one was never meant to be.
West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the stage,
Curtain risin' on a new age,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Don't know what I can say about Claudette that wouldn't come back to haunt me,
Finally had to give her up 'bout the time she began to want me.
But I know God has mercy on them who are slandered and humiliated.
I'd a-done anything for that woman if she didn't make me feel so obligated.
West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the cage,
Curtain risin' on a new stage,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Put your hand on my head, baby, do I have a temperature?
```

I see people who are supposed to know better standin' around like furniture.
There's a wall between you and what you want and you got to leap it,
Tonight you got the power to take it, tomorrow you won't have the power to keep it.
West of the Jordan, east of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the stage, Curtain risin' on a new age,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Cities on fire, phones out of order,
They're killing nuns and soldiers, there's fighting on the border.
What can I say about Claudette? Ain't seen her since January,
She could be respectably married or running a whorehouse in Buenos Aires.
West of the Jordan, west of the Rock of Gibraltar,
I see the burning of the stage,
Curtain risin' on a new age,
See the groom still waitin' at the altar.

Dead Man, Dead Man

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Shot of Love* (1981)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

A true two-chord song! One of his many reggae-influenced songs from this period. The Am could/should be livened up with flourishes in the G-direction, underlining the reggae rhythm – something like:

```
  :   .   .   .     :
|-----0-0-----0---|----
|-----1-1-----1---|----
|-----2-2-----2---|----
|-----2-2-----2---|----
|-----0-0-----0---|----
|---------3-------|----
```

or even better with Am played 577555, when you'll get that high, ringing a on the first string.

```
Am
Uttering idle words from a reprobate mind,

Clinging to strange promises, dying on the vine,
E
Never bein' able to separate the good from the bad,
Am
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it,

It's makin' me feel so sad.

Dead man, dead man,

When will you arise?
E
Cobwebs in your mind,
               Am
Dust upon your eyes.

Satan got you by the heel, there's a bird's nest in your hair.
Do you have any faith at all? Do you have any love to share?
The way that you hold your head, cursin' God with every move,
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it,
What are you tryin' to prove?

Dead man, dead man,
When will you arise?
Cobwebs in your mind,
Dust upon your eyes.

The glamour and the bright lights and the politics of sin,
The ghetto that you build for me is the one you end up in,
The race of the engine that overrules your heart,
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it,
Pretending that you're so smart.
```

Dead man, dead man,
When will you arise?
Cobwebs in your mind,
Dust upon your eyes.

What are you tryin' to overpower me with, the doctrine or the gun?
My back is already to the wall, where can I run?
The tuxedo that you're wearin', the flower in your lapel,
Ooh, I can't stand it, I can't stand it,
You wanna take me down to hell.

Dead man, dead man,
When will you arise?
Cobwebs in your mind,
Dust upon your eyes.

In the Summertime

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Shot of Love* (1981)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
      A                       D
I was in your presence for an hour or so
   E              A
Or was it a day? I truly don't know.
          A                        D
Where the sun never set, where the trees hung low
        E               A
By that soft and shining sea.
A                      D
Did you respect me for what I did
E                       A
Or for what I didn't do, or for keeping it hid?
A                  D
 Did I lose my mind when I tried to get rid
E                  A
 Of everything you see?

             A          D E         A
     In the summertime,  ah in the summertime,
             A          D E                  A
     In the summertime   when you were with me.

I got the heart and you got the blood,
We cut through iron and we cut through mud.
Then came the warnin' that was before the flood
That set everybody free.
Fools they made a mock of sin,
Our loyalty they tried to win
But you were closer to me than my next of kin
When they didn't want to know or see.

     In the summertime, ah in the summertime,
     In the summertime when you were with me.

Strangers, they meddled in our affairs,
Poverty and shame was theirs.
But all that sufferin' was not to be compared
With the glory that is to be.
And I'm still carrying the gift you gave,
It's a part of me now, it's been cherished and saved,
It'll be with me unto the grave
And then unto eternity.

     In the summertime, ah in the summertime,
     In the summertime when you were with me.
```

Trouble

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Shot of Love* (1981)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Basic riff:

```
   :      .     .      .        :     .      .     .
|------8------------8---------|----8------------8------------|
|-/10--------8--10-------8-10~|~---------8-10--------8-10-10~|
|---------9------------9------|-------9-----------9----------| etc.
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
|-----------------------------|------------------------------|
```

Bass:

```
|--------------
|--------------
|--------------
|--------------
|-0--3---------
|-------0--3---
```

And guitar:

```
  :     .     .     .
|-------------------------
|-------------------1-----
|-2--2--0-----2--2--------
|-------------------------
|-------------------------
|-------------------------
```

The A should be played with as little third (c/c♯) as possible (although in the third verse a clear A major can be heard…), thus x022xx, with the bass riff going on underneath.

```
A(m)
Trouble in the city, trouble in the farm,

You got your rabbit's foot, you got your good-luck charm.
C              D                          A(m)
But they can't help you none when there's trouble.

Trouble,

Trouble, trouble, trouble,

Nothin' but trouble.

Trouble in the water, trouble in the air,
Go all the way to the other side of the world, you'll find trouble there.
Revolution even ain't no solution for trouble.
```

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Drought and starvation, packaging of the soul,
Persecution, execution, governments out of control.
You can see the writing on the wall inviting trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Put your ear to the train tracks, put your ear to the ground,
You ever feel like you're never alone even when there's nobody else around?
Since the beginning of the universe man's been cursed by trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Nightclubs of the broken-hearted, stadiums of the damned,
Legislature, perverted nature, doors that are rudely slammed.
Look into infinity, all you see is trouble.

Trouble,
Trouble, trouble, trouble,
Nothin' but trouble.

Every Grain of Sand

Words and Music Bob Dylan
Released on *Shot of Love* (1981), *Biograph* (1985) and in an early version on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Bootleg Series version

In the bootleg series version Bob is at the piano, hence the song is in A♭ major. Fred Tackett does the guitar part, which should be played with a capo on the 3rd fret. I'm not sure if anyone is aware of the rhythm to begin with, but once the singing begins, it becomes apparent to both Dylan and Tackett that the song is in 6/8 and not in 4/4, as they play in the intro. The tab below begins where the verse begins, and it's an approximation to what he should have played, rather than an exact reproduction of what he actually plays.
The Dm is in fact a B♭maj7 (sounding) with the bass tones from the piano, although the guitar plays a Dm/f (xx3231).

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key A♭ major)

C11 x3333x (could be played C7sus4 x33310)

```
  F                 Dm/f
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .
|---------1-------|---------1-------|
|-----1-----1---1-|-----3-----3---3-|
|---2---2-----2---|---2---2-----2---|three times
|-3---------------|-3---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|

  C       Csus4     C
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----1-------1---|-----1-----------|
|---0---0---0---0-|---0---0-----0---|   repeat all
|-2-------3-------|-2-------2-3-----|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|

  C                 C7
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .
|---------0-------|---------3-------|
|-----1-----1---1-|-----5-----5---5-|
|---0---0-----0---|---3---3-----3---|
|-2---------------|/5---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
  F                 C
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .
|---------1-------|---------0-------|
|-----1-----1---1-|-----1-----1---1-|
|---2---2-----2---|---0---0-----0---|
|-3---------------|-2---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|

[Repeat from beginning]

       F             Dm/f            F                  Dm/f
In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need
         F             Dm/f            C           Csus4   C
When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed
          F               Dm/f  F               Dm/f
There's a dyin' voice within me reaching out somewhere,
F              Dm/f              C      Csus4 C
Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.
      C             C7             F              C
Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake,
     C             C7                  F                 C     C11
Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break.
       F           Dm/f         F               Dm/f
In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand
   F               Dm/f         C              F
In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.

Oh, the flowers of indulgence and the weeds of yesteryear,
Like criminals, they have choked the breath of conscience and good cheer.
The sun beat down upon the steps of time to light the way
To ease the pain of idleness and the memory of decay.
I gaze into the doorway of temptation's angry flame
And every time I pass that way I always hear my name.
Then onward in my journey I come to understand
That every hair is numbered like every grain of sand.

I have gone from rags to riches in the sorrow of the night
In the violence of a summer's dream, in the chill of a wintry light,
In the bitter dance of loneliness fading into space,
In the broken mirror of innocence on each forgotten face.
I 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 a perfect finished plan *)
Like every sparrow falling, like every grain of sand.

) On Shot of Love he sings "of the reality of man".
```

Shot of Love version

The guitar part is played with a capo on the 8th fret (or with barre chords, which is more awkward, but which is probably how it is played).

Capo 8th fret (sounding key Eb major)

```
  G           C             D     Dsus4 D
  |     .     .     .    x3 |     .     .     .
|-------3-----------0-----|-------------------2-----|
|.----0---0-------1---1--.|-----3-----3-----3---3---|
|---0-------0---0-------0-|---2-----2-----2-------2-|  etc.
|-0-----------2-----------|-4-----5-----4-----------|
|.------------------------.|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
```

```
       G             C               G                  C
In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need
         G               C             D           Dsus4   D
When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed
          G               C     G               C
There's a dyin' voice within me reaching out somewhere,
G              C                 D      Dsus4 D
Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.
      D             D7             G           D
Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake,
     D             D7                 G                 D     C
Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break.
       G           C            G               C
In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand
   G               C            D              G
In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.
```

Finally the version that is the most playable on a single guitar, as some kind of common denominator (capo anywhere that fits in with the music; the F could/should be replaced by Fmaj7 (133210 or xx3210) except at "break"):

```
       C             F               c                  F
In the time of my confession, in the hour of my deepest need
         C               F             G           Gsus4   G
When the pool of tears beneath my feet flood every newborn seed
          C               F     C               F
There's a dyin' voice within me reaching out somewhere,
C              F                 G      Gsus4 G
Toiling in the danger and in the morals of despair.
      G             G7             C           G
Don't have the inclination to look back on any mistake,
     G             G7                 C                 G     F
Like Cain, I now behold this chain of events that I must break.
       C           F            C               F
In the fury of the moment I can see the Master's hand
   C               F            G              C
In every leaf that trembles, in every grain of sand.
```

25

Infidels

Recorded April–May, 1983 — Released October 27, 1983

658 Jokerman
662 Sweetheart Like You
664 Neighborhood Bully
666 License to Kill
668 Man Of Peace
671 Union Sundown
673 I and I
675 Don't Fall Apart on Me Tonight

Jokerman

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Infidels* (1983)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

In the key of B♭ major on the album, but played in A live, which is much more comfortable. the following version is with a capo on the first fret. The following chords for the first lines work quite well:

```
A     x07650
Amaj7 x06650
Bm/a  x04430 (or x04432)
E/a   x06450
A/g#  4x222(0)
A/c#  x4222(0)
```

```
A                     Amaj7
Standing on the waters casting your bread
          Bm/a                      E/a           A
While the eyes of the idol with the iron head are glowing.
A                    Amaj7
Distant ships sailing into the mist,
         Bm/a                 E/a                                      A
You were born with a snake in both of your fists while a hurricane was blowing.
Bm      E                         A
Freedom just around the corner for you
         Bm               E                     A   D
But with truth so far off, what good will it do?

     E                     D
     Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
     A        /g#         F#m          D
     Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
     A(/c#) D   E   A
     Oh,    oh, oh, Jokerman.

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.

     Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
     Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
     Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

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.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

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.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh. oh. oh. Jokerman.

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, tear gas, padlocks,
Molotov cocktails and rocks behind every curtain,
False-hearted judges dying in the webs that they spin,
Only a matter of time 'til night comes steppin' in.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

It's a shadowy world, skies are slippery gray,
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.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

The lyrics of the outtake version:

Standing on the waters casting your bread
While the eyes of the idol with the iron head are glowing.
Distant ships sailing into the mist,
You were born with a snake in both of your fists while a hurricane was blowing.
Freedom just around the corner for you
But with truth so far off, what good will it do?

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

So swiftly the sun sets in the sky,
You rise up and say goodbye to no one.
No store-bought shirt for you on your back
One of the women must sit in the shack and sew one.
Shedding off one more layer of skin,
Keeping one step ahead of the persecutor within.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

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.
Scratching the world with a fine-tooth comb
You're a king among nations, you're a stranger at home

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

Well, the Book of Leviticus and Deuteronomy,
The law of the jungle and the sea are your only teachers.
No crystal ball do you need on your shelf
Michelangelo himself could have carved out your features.
So drunk, standing in the middle of the street
Directing traffic with a small dog at your feet.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

Well, the Preacherman talkin' 'bout the deaf and the dumb
and a world to come that's already been predetermined.
Nightsticks and water cannons, tear gas, padlocks,
Molotov cocktails and rocks can't drown out your sermon.
You let the wicked walk right into a trap.
You give away all the good things that fall in your lap.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

It's a shadowy world, skies are slippery gray,
A woman just gave birth to a prince today and she's dressed in scarlet.
He'll turn priests into pimps that make old men bark
Take a woman who could have been Joan of Arc
And turn her into a harlot.
Oh, Jokerman, you know what he wants,
Oh, Jokerman, you don't show any response.

Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
Oh, oh, oh, Jokerman.

Another version

I was never too happy with the single guitar version when I played it myself. Then, one day, on my way from work, I was humming Jokerman and Moonlight at the same time, and something clicked (to be played with two beats to a chord):

```
Chords:

Bbo      x12020
Co       x34242
A/c#     x42220  or x4222x with half-barre
D/a      x04232
E+       022110
A7/g     34222x
E7-9     076760
Bb       688700
G#+      476500

|: A . Bbo . Bm7 . E7 . :|

A               Bbo    Bm7          Co
Standing on the waters casting your bread
          A/c# /e     F#           Bm7   E7       A       D/a  A  E+
While the eyes of the idol with the iron head are glowing.
A       Bbo           Bm7      Co
Distant ships sailing into the mist,
          A/c# /e     F#      Bm7                         E7            A         D/a  A  Bbo
You were born with a snake in both of your fists while a hurricane was blowing.
Bm   /a-g#-f#   E     /f#       /g     /g#    A    D/a  A  Bbo
Freedom         just around the corner for you
         Bm     /a   -g#-f#   E     /f#  /g       /g#    A  /g#   A7/g   F#7
But with truth so far off,      what     good will it do?

     Bm7                   E7-9
     Jokerman dance to the nightingale tune,
     A        G           F#           F#7
     Bird fly high by the light of the moon,
     Bm7    Bb  G#+  A
     Oh,    oh, oh, Jokerman.
```

Sweetheart Like You

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Infidels* (1983)
tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The song sounds in E major, and it can perfectly well be played with those keys, but on a single guitar it makes for a far more comfortable and rewarding experience to play it with a capo on the 4th fret. I seem to hear one such guitar in the mix too, although the main guitar(s) are obviously uncapoed.
Other advantages with the capoed version is that the descent at the end of the verses becomes playable, and you can also easily play the Fs (some of them, not all of them) as Fmaj7s.
The Dm at the end of the bridge could be realized in a number of ways. On the album it almost converts to a Fmaj7, when the organ gradually comes to the fore. A way to combine both is to play Dm9, e.g. x53550.

```
C

          C                    Am
Well, the pressure's down, the boss ain't here,
        Am   G      F
He gone North for a while
              C              Am
They say that vanity got the best of him
       Am        G       F
But he sure left here in style.
Am                   Dm
By the way, that's a cute hat,
         Am                   Dm
And that smile's so hard to resist
C        G/b             Am  /g  F
what's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

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?

You know, a woman like you should be at home,
That's where you belong,
taking care of somebody nice
Who don't know how to 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?


          G
     You know you can make a name for yourself,
            Am
     You can hear them tires squeal,
                F
     You could be known as the most beautiful woman
```

```
            Dm
     Who ever crawled across cut glass to make a deal.

You know, news of you has come down the line
Even before ya came in the door.
They say in your father's house, there's many mansions
Each one of them got a fireproof 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 doin' in a dump like this?

     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.

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?
```

Here's a version without the capo:

```
          E                    C#m
Well, the pressure's down, the boss ain't here,
              B     A
He gone North for a while
              E              C#m
They say that vanity got the best of him
       C#m       B       A
But he sure left here in style.
C#m                  F#m
By the way, that's a cute hat,
         C#m                  F#m
And that smile's so hard to resist
E        /d#             /c# /b  A(maj7)
what's a sweetheart like you doin' in a dump like this?

. . .

            B
     You know you can make a name for yourself,
           C#m
     You can hear them tires squeal,
                A
     You could be known as the most beautiful woman
            F#m
     Who ever crawled across cut glass to make a deal.
```

Neighborhood Bully

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Infidels* (1983)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
E

          D            A                    E
Well, the neighborhood bully, he's just one man,
    D       A                E
His enemies say he's on their land.
     G          D                          A
They got him outnumbered about a million to one,
       A            E         G           D
He got no place to escape to, no place to run.
                      A          D A      D A     D A
He's the neighborhood bully.

The neighborhood bully just lives to survive,
He's criticized and condemned for being alive.
He's not supposed to fight back, he's supposed to have thick skin,
He's supposed to lay down and die when his door is kicked in.
He's the neighborhood bully.

The neighborhood bully been driven out of every land,
He's wandered the earth an exiled man.
Seen his family scattered, his people hounded and torn,
He's always on trial for just being born.
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, he knocked out a lynch mob, he was criticized,
Old women condemned him, said he should apologize.
Then he destroyed a bomb factory, nobody was glad.
The bombs were meant for him.
He was supposed to feel bad.
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, the chances are against it and the odds are slim
That he'll live by the rules that the world makes for him,
'Cause there's a noose at his neck and a gun at his back
And a license to kill him is given out to every maniac.
He's the neighborhood bully.

He got no allies to really speak of.
What he gets he must pay for, he don't get it out of love.
He buys obsolete weapons and he won't be denied
But no one sends flesh and blood to fight by his side.
He's the neighborhood bully.

Well, he's surrounded by pacifists who all want peace,
They pray for it nightly that the bloodshed must cease.
Now, they wouldn't hurt a fly.
To hurt one they would weep.
They lay and they wait for this bully to fall asleep.
He's the neighborhood bully.
```

Every empire that's enslaved him is gone,
Egypt and Rome, even the great Babylon.
He's made a garden of paradise in the desert sand,
In bed with nobody, under no one's command.
He's the neighborhood bully.

Now his holiest books have been trampled upon,
No contract he signed was worth what it was written on.
He took the crumbs of the world and he turned it into wealth,
Took sickness and disease and he turned it into health.
He's the neighborhood bully.

What's anybody indebted to him for?
Nothin', they say.
He just likes to cause war.
Pride and prejudice and superstition indeed,
They wait for this bully like a dog waits to feed.
He's the neighborhood bully.

What has he done to wear so many scars?
Does he change the course of rivers?
Does he pollute the moon and stars?
Neighborhood bully, standing on the hill,
Running out the clock, time standing still,
Neighborhood bully.

License to Kill

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Infidels* (1983) and in a live version on *Real Live* (1984)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Another song from this album in an awkward key, which – again – is usually played in a much more pleasant key live. I therefore dare yet another capoed rendition – this time on the 6th fret. It isn't quite ideal with a capo that far up, but I do hear one guitar that only sounds high up on the neck on the recording too.

The version on Real Live is basically the same as the album version (or in the corresponding key: F♯ major).

```
C                    Am                      G                C
Man thinks 'cause he rules the earth he can do with it as he please
       C            Am              G
And if things don't change soon, he will.
    F                    C
Oh, man has invented his doom,
                           F
First step was touching the moon.

               Am /g F       Am /g F
Now, there's a woman   on my block,
         Am /g    F                   Am /g  F
She just sit there as the night grows still.
        C              G                   C    Csus4 C
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?

Now, they take him and they teach him and they groom him for life
And they set him on a path where he's bound to get ill,
Then they bury him with stars,
Sell his body like they do used cars.

Now, there's a woman on my block,
She just sit there facin' the hill.
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?

Now, he's hell-bent for destruction, he's afraid and confused,
And his brain has been mismanaged with great skill.
All he believes are his eyes
And his eyes, they just tell him lies.

But there's a woman on my block,
Sitting there in a cold chill.
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?

              Am
     Ya may be a noisemaker, spirit maker,
     C
     Heartbreaker, backbreaker,
     Dm               C
     Leave no stone unturned.
```

```
           Am
     May be an actor in a plot,
     C
     That might be all that you got
           Dm                G
     'Til your error you clearly learn.
```

Now he worships at an altar of a stagnant pool
And when he sees his reflection, he's fulfilled.
Oh, man is opposed to fair play,
He wants it all and he wants it his way.

Now, there's a woman on my block,
She just sit there as the night grows still.
She say who gonna take away his license to kill?

Man Of Peace

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Infidels* (1983)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Play with the chords below, or put a capo on the 1st fret and use the chords A, D, and E.

Background riff (intro is the first line few times around):

```
  Bb
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----3-------3---|-----------------|-----3-------3---|-----------------|
|-----3-------3---|-----------------|-----3-------3---|-----------------|
|-----3-------3---|---------6-3-----|-----3-------3---|---3-6-3-6-3---3-|
|-4h5----(5)------|-------------6---|-4h5-----5-------|-------------6---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
      Look out your window, baby there's a
                                      scene you'd like to catch

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----3-------3---|-----------------|-----3-------3---|-----------------|
|-----3-------3---|-----------------|-----3-------3---|-----------------|
|-----3-------3---|---------6-3-----|-----3-------3---|---3-6-3-6-3-----|
|-4h5----(5)------|-------------6---|-4h5-----5-------|-------------4-5-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
The band is playing dixie,        a   man got his hand outstretched.

  Eb
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------4---|---4---4---4-----|-------------4---|------4---6------|
|-----3---6-------|-----6-------6-3-|-----3---6-------|--6--------------|
|-4h5-------------|-----------------|-4h5-------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
      Could be the Fuhrer,                Could be the local priest.

  Bb
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----3-------3---|-----------------|-----3-------3---|-----------------|
|-----3-------3---|-----------------|-----3-------3---|-----------------|
|-----3-------3---|---------6-3-----|-----3-------3---|---3-6-3-6-3---3-|
|-4h5----(5)------|-------------6---|-4h5-----5-------|-------------6---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
                                                                  You know
```

```
  F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------6---|-----------------|-------------6---|-----------------|
|-----5---8-------|-----8-5-8-5-8-5-|-----5---8-------|-----8-5-8-5-----|
|-6h7-------------|-----------------|-6h7-------------|-------------7---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
  some - times    Sa  -  tan                    comes as a man of peace.

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----3-------3---|-----------------|-----3-3-----3---|-----3-3---------|
|-----3-------3---|-----------------|-----3-3-----3---|-----3-3---------|
|-----3-------3---|-----3-6---6-3---|-----3-3-----3---|-----3-3---3---3-|
|-4h5----(5)------|-----------------|-4h5-----4h5-----|-------------6---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
Bb
Look out your window, baby, there's a scene you'd like to catch,

The band is playing "Dixie," a man got his hand outstretched.
Eb                                  Bb
Could be the Fuhrer, Could be the local priest.
         F                              Bb
You know sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

He got a sweet gift of gab, he got a harmonious tongue,
He knows every song of love that ever has been sung.
Good intentions can be evil,
Both hands can be full of grease.
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Well, first he's in the background, then he's in the front,
Both eyes are looking like they're on a rabbit hunt.
Nobody can see through him,
No, not even the Chief of Police.
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Well, he catch you when you're hoping for a glimpse of the sun,
Catch you when your troubles feel like they weigh a ton.
He could be standing next to you,
The person that you'd notice least.
I hear that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Well, he can be fascinating, he can be dull,
He can ride down Niagara Falls in the barrels of your skull.
I can smell something cooking,
I can tell there's going to be a feast.
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

He's a great humanitarian, he's a great philanthropist,
He knows just where to touch you, honey, and how you like to be kissed.
He'll put both his arms around you,
You can feel the tender touch of the beast.
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.
```

Well, the howling wolf will howl tonight, the king snake will crawl,
Trees that've stood for a thousand years suddenly will fall.
Wanna get married? Do it now,
Tomorrow all activity will cease.
You know that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Somewhere Mama's weeping for her blue-eyed boy,
She's holding them little white shoes and that little broken toy
And he's following a star,
The same one them three men followed from the East.
I hear that sometimes Satan comes as a man of peace.

Union Sundown

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Infidels* (1983)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
A

         A                          G
Well, my shoes, they come from Singapore,
                       A
My flashlight's from Taiwan,
   A                   G
My tablecloth's from Malaysia,
                             A
My belt buckle's from the Amazon.
               A                                  G
You know, this shirt I wear comes from the Philippines
                                  A
And the car I drive is a Chevrolet,
       A                            G
It was put together down in Argentina
                                 A
By a guy makin' thirty cents a day.

           D              A
Well, it's sundown on the union
           D               A
And what's made in the U.S.A.
D                 A
Sure was a good idea
     D               E           A
'Til greed got in the way.

Well, this silk dress is from Hong Kong
And the pearls are from Japan.
Well, the dog collar's from India
And the flower pot's from Pakistan.
All the furniture, it says "Made in Brazil"
Where a woman, she slaved for sure
Bringin' home thirty cents a day to a family of twelve,
You know, that's a lot of money to her.

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
'Til greed got in the way.

Well, you know, lots of people complainin' that there is no work.
I say, "Why you say that for
When nothin' you got is U.S.-made?"
They don't make nothin' here no more,
You know, capitalism is above the law.
It say, "It don't count 'less it sells."
When it costs too much to build it at home
You just build it cheaper someplace else.
```

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
'Til greed got in the way.

Well, the job that you used to have,
They gave it to somebody down in El Salvador.
The unions are big business, friend,
And they're goin' out like a dinosaur.
They used to grow food in Kansas
Now they want to grow it on the moon and eat it raw.
I can see the day coming when even your home garden
Is gonna be against the law.

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
'Til greed got in the way.

Democracy don't rule the world,
You'd better get that in your head.
This world is ruled by violence
But I guess that's better left unsaid.
From Broadway to the Milky Way,
That's a lot of territory indeed
And a man's gonna do what he has to do
When he's got a hungry mouth to feed.

Well, it's sundown on the union
And what's made in the U.S.A.
Sure was a good idea
'Til greed got in the way.

I and I

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Infidels* (1983)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
Am                   C                                  G
Been so long since a strange woman has slept in my bed.
D                         Am
 Look how sweet she sleeps, how free must be her dreams.
Am          C                                 G
 In another lifetime she must have owned the world, or been faithfully wed
D                                          Am
To some righteous king who wrote psalms beside moonlit streams.

Am
 I and I
   G                    D              Am
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives.
Am
 I and I
G               D             Am
One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives.

Think I'll go out and go for a walk,
Not much happenin' here, nothin' ever does.
Besides, if she wakes up now, she'll just want me to talk
I got nothin' to say, 'specially about whatever was.

I and I
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives.
I and I
One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives.

Took an untrodden path once, where the swift don't win the race,
It goes to the worthy, who can divide the word of truth.
Took a stranger to teach me, to look into justice's beautiful face
And to see an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.

I and I
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives.
I and I
One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives.

Outside of two men on a train platform there's nobody in sight,
They're waiting for spring to come, smoking down the track.
The world could come to an end tonight, but that's all right.
She should still be there sleepin' when I get back.

I and I
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives.
I and I
One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives.

Noontime, and I'm still pushin' myself along the road, the darkest part,
```

```
Into the narrow lanes, I can't stumble or stay put.
Someone else is speakin' with my mouth, but I'm listening only to my heart.
I've made shoes for everyone, even you, while I still go barefoot.

I and I
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives.
I and I
One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives.
```

Real Live version

```
Bm                                  A
Been so long since a strange woman has slept in my bed.
E                                 Bm
 Look how sweet she sleeps, how free must be her dreams.
Bm                                                    A
 In another lifetime she must have owned the world, or been faithfully wed
E                                                  Bm
 To some righteous king who wrote psalms beside moonlit streams.

Bm
 I and I
      A                 E              Bm
In creation where one's nature neither honors nor forgives.
Bm
 I and I
A               E             Bm
One says to the other, no man sees my face and lives.
```

Don't Fall Apart on Me Tonight

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Infidels* (1983)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The G/b can be played x20003, or just as well (or better) x20010, and the Fs could be Fmaj7.
The long Gs at the end of the verses and (especially) the refrain are so filled with notes that giving an exact representation would be both impossible and futile. The progression C/g – G – F/g is close enough.

G11 = 3x3211

```
C . G/b . F(maj7) . . . x4

C       G/b               F
 Just a minute before you leave, girl,
C       G/b                         F
 Just a minute before you touch the door.
C     G/b                            F
 What is it that you're trying to achieve, girl?
C       G/b                              F
 Do you think we can talk about it some more?
              Dm                              (Am)
You know, the streets are filled with vipers
       Dm                  (Am)
Who've lost all ray of hope,
C/g
You know, it ain't even safe no more
       G
In the palace of the Pope.

C          G/b           F
Don't fall apart on me tonight,
C            G/b                F
I just don't think that I could handle it.
C           G/b          F
Don't fall apart on me tonight,
Dm                 Em
Yesterday's just a memory,
  F                            C/g
Tomorrow is never what it's supposed to be
      G              F/g
And I need you, yeah.

Come over here from over there, girl,
Sit down here. You can have my chair.
I can't see us goin' anywhere, girl.
The only place open is a thousand miles away and I can't take you there.
I wish I'd have been a doctor,
Maybe I'd have saved some life that had been lost,
Maybe I'd have done some good in the world
'Stead of burning every bridge I crossed.

Don't fall apart on me tonight,
I just don't think that I could handle it.
```

Don’t fall apart on me tonight,
Yesterday’s just a memory,
Tomorrow is never what it’s supposed to be
And I need you, oh, yeah.

I ain’t too good at conversation, girl,
So you might not know exactly how I feel,
But if I could, I’d bring you to the mountaintop, girl,
And build you a house made out of stainless steel.
But it’s like I’m stuck inside a painting
That’s hanging in the Louvre,
My throat start to tickle and my nose itches
But I know that I can’t move.

Don’t fall apart on me tonight,
I just don’t think that I could handle it.
Don’t fall apart on me tonight,
Yesterday’s gone but the past lives on,
Tomorrow’s just one step beyond
And I need you, oh, yeah.

```
Bb                          F
Who are these people who are walking towards you?
                                  C
Do you know them or will there be a fight?
          Bb                  F
With their humorless smiles so easy to see through,
                                               C
Can they tell you what’s wrong from what’s right?
F              C
Do you remember St. James Street
F                         C
Where you blew Jackie P.’s mind?
            F                             C
You were so fine, Clark Gable would have fell at your feet
    Bb       F           G11    G
And laid his life on the line.
```

Let’s try to get beneath the surface waste, girl,
No more booby traps and bombs,
No more decadence and charm,
No more affection that’s misplaced, girl,
No more mudcake creatures lying in your arms.
What about that millionaire with the drumsticks in his pants?
He looked so baffled and so bewildered
When he played and we didn’t dance.

Don’t fall apart on me tonight,
I just don’t think that I could handle it.
Don’t fall apart on me tonight,
Yesterday’s just a memory,
Tomorrow is never what it’s supposed to be
And I need you, yeah.

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Real Live

Recorded live July 5–8, 1984 — Released: November 29, 1984

↪216 Highway 61 Revisited
↪161 Maggie's Farm
↪673 I and I
↪666 License to Kill
↪150 It Ain't Me, Babe
↪428 Tangled Up in Blue
↪62 Masters of War
↪208 Ballad of a Thin Man
↪56 Girl of the North Country
↪198 Tombstone Blues

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Empire Burlesque

Recorded July 1984–March 1985 — Released June 8, 1995

680 Tight Connection to My Heart (Has Anybody Seen My Love)
685 Seeing the Real You at Last
687 I'll Remember You
689 Clean-Cut Kid
691 Never Gonna Be the Same Again
692 Trust Yourself
693 Emotionally Yours
694 When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky
696 Something's Burning, Baby
698 Dark Eyes

Tight Connection to My Heart (Has Anybody Seen My Love)

Words and music Bob Dylan (although half of the words are borrowed from the Maltese Falcon)
First recorded during the *Infidels* sessions as "Someone's Got a Hold of My Heart" and eventually released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Re-recorded for *Empire Burlesque* (1985). Played live i.a. in a stunning version at the Supper Club (1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Empire Burlesque version

Tricky chords to get smoothly on a single guitar. The best alternative is probably to play the album version with a capo on the 2nd fret.

```
          B                      E
You got a Tight connection to my heart
You got a Tight connection to my heart
You got a Tight connection to my heart
You got a Tight connection to my heart

        B
Well, I had to move fast
      D#m
And I couldn't with you around my neck.
  G#m
I said I'd send for you and I did
E
What did you expect?
   B
My hands are sweating
       D#m                   E
And we haven't even started yet.
         B
I'll go along with this charade
            D#m
Until I can think my way out.
  G#m
I know it was all a big joke
    E
Whatever it was about.
B
 Someday maybe
D#m                 E
I'll remember to forget.
    C#m
I'm gonna get my coat,

I feel the breath of a storm.

There's something I've got to do tonight,
    F#
You go inside and stay warm.
    B               E
Has anybody seen my love,
```

```
    B               E
Has anybody seen my love,
    B               E
Has anybody seen my love.
C#m D#m  E   /f
I don't know,
    F#sus4          B
Has anybody seen my love?

You want to talk to me,
Go ahead and talk.
Whatever you got to say to me
Won't come as any shock.
I must be guilty of something,
You just whisper it into my ear.
Madame Butterfly
She lulled me to sleep,
In a town without pity
Where the water runs deep.
She said, "Be easy, baby,
There ain't nothin' worth stealin' in here."
You're the one I've been looking for,
You're the one that's got the key.
But I can't figure out whether I'm too good for you
Or you're too good for me.
Has anybody seen my love,
Has anybody seen my love,
Has anybody seen my love.
I don't know,
Has anybody seen my love?

Well, they're not showing any lights tonight
And there's no moon.
There's just a hot-blooded singer
Singing "Memphis in June,"
While they're beatin' the devil out of a guy
Who's wearing a powder-blue wig.
Later he'll be shot
For resisting arrest,
I can still hear his voice crying
In the wilderness.
What looks large from a distance,
Close up ain't never that big.
Never could learn to drink that blood
And call it wine,
Never could learn to hold you, love,
And call you mine.
```

With capo on the 2nd fret:

```
        A
Well, I had to move fast
      C#m
And I couldn't with you around my neck.
  F#m
I said I'd send for you and I did
```

```
D
What did you expect?
   A
My hands are sweating
       C#m                   D
And we haven't even started yet.
         A
I'll go along with this charade
           C#m
Until I can think my way out.
  F#m
I know it was all a big joke
    D
Whatever it was about.
A
 Someday maybe
C#m                 D
I'll remember to forget.
    Bm
I'm gonna get my coat,

I feel the breath of a storm.

There's something I've got to do tonight,
    E
You go inside and stay warm.
    A               D
Has anybody seen my love,
    A               D
Has anybody seen my love,
    A               D
Has anybody seen my love.
Bm   C#m  D   /d#
I don't know,
    Esus4           A
Has anybody seen my love?
```

Supper Club version

Intro:

```
    F   Bb6 F       Bb  (or Fsus4 xx3311)
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .
|---56--33--111---|-1--1--1------------
|---66--33--111---|-3--3--3------------
|---55--33--222---|-3--3--3------------ 4 times
|-----------------|--------------------
|-----------------|--------------------
|-----------------|--------------------

        F
Well, I had to move fast
      Am
And I couldn't with you around my neck.
```

```
  Dm
I said I'd send for you and I did
Bb6
What did you expect?
   F
My hands are sweating
       Am                  Bb
And we haven't even started yet.
         F
I'll go along with the charade
            Am
Until I can think my way out.
  Dm
I know it was all a big joke
    Bb
Whatever it was about.
F
 Someday maybe
Am               Bb
I'll remember to forget.
          Gm          Gmsus4
I'm gonna get my coat,
           Gm           Gmsus4
I feel the touch of a storm.
        Bb
There's something I've got to do tonight,
    C11
You go inside and stay warm.
    F               Bb
Has anybody seen my love,
    F               Bb
Has anybody seen my love,
    F               Bb
Has anybody seen my love.
Gm Am   Bb
I don't know,
    Bdim C11        F
Has anybody seen my love?
```

Bootleg Series version

```
|B . . F# E . . . | x4

        B                                  D#m
They say "eat, drink and be merry, Take the bull by the horns."
       G#m                       E
I keep seeing visions of you, a lily among thorns
   B            D#m                     E     (B E)
Everything looks   a little far away to me
         B                   D#m
Gettin' harder and harder to recognize the trap
         G#m                               E
Too much information about nothin', Too much educated rap
B                           D#m                          E
just like you told me, It's just like you said it would be
```

```
    C#m
The moon goin' up like wildfire

I feel the breath of a storm.
C#
Something I got to do tonight
    F#sus4                F#
You go inside and stay warm.
B               F#         E
Someone's got a hold of my heart
B               F#         E
Someone's got a hold of my heart
B               F#         E
Someone's got a hold of my heart
C#m D#m  E   /f
You, you, you, Yeah, you got a hold of my heart

Just got back from a city of powder blue skies
Everybody thinks with their stomach
There's plenty of spies
Every street is crooked, they just wind around till they disappear
Madame Butterfly, she lulls me to sleep
Like an ancient river
So wide and deep
She said, "Be easy, baby, ain't nothin' worth stealin' here"
You're the one I've been waitin' for
You're the one I desire
But you must first realize
I'm not another man for hire
Someone's got a hold of my heart
Someone's got a hold of my heart
Someone's got a hold of my heart
You, you, you, you
Yeah, you got a hold of my heart

I hear the hot-blooded singer
On the bandstand croon
September Song, Memphis in June
While they're beating the devil out of a guy
who's wearing a flaming red wig
I been to Babylon
I gotta confess
I can still hear that voice crying in the wilderness
What looks large from a distance, close up is never that big
Never could learn to drink that blood and call it wine
Never could learn to look at your face and call it mine.
Someone's got a hold of my heart
Someone's got a hold of my heart
Someone's got a hold of my heart
You-
Yeah, you got a hold of my heart
```

Seeing the Real You at Last

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Empire Burlesque* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

I've used the chords "D" and E for the recurrent riff, mainly to have something to call it. The "D" could be called "A" or "B" too.

Riff:

```
  "D"               E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|---------------0-|-2---------------|
|-0-2-2-0-2-------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---0-------------|
```

```
[Intro: 4x riff]

        "D"                          E
Well, I thought that the rain would   cool things down
"D"                     E
   But it looks like it don't.
"D"                     E
I'd like to get you to change your mind
"D"                           E
   But it looks like you won't.
     A
From now on I'll be busy,
E
Ain't goin' nowhere fast.
B
I'm just glad it's over
                    D    A             [riff]
And I'm seeing the real you at last.

Well, didn't I risk my neck for you,
Didn't I take chances?
Didn't I rise above it all for you,
The most unfortunate circumstances?
Well, I have had some rotten nights,
Didn't think that they would pass.
I'm just thankful and grateful
To be seeing the real you at last.

I'm hungry and I'm irritable
And I'm tired of this bag of tricks.
At one time there was nothing wrong with me
That you could not fix.
Well, I sailed through the storm
Strapped to the mast,
But the time has come
```

```
And I'm seeing the real you at last.

When I met you, baby,
You didn't show no visible scars.
You could ride like Annie Oakley,
You could shoot like Belle Starr.
Well, I don't mind a reasonable amount of trouble,
Trouble always comes to pass
But all I care about now
Is that I'm seeing the real you at last.

Well, I'm gonna quit this baby talk now,
I guess I should have known.
I got troubles, I think maybe you got troubles,
I think maybe we'd better leave each other alone.
Whatever you gonna do,
Please do it fast.
I'm still trying to get used to
Seeing the real you at last.
```

I'll Remember You

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Empire Burlesque* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C F/C C F/C

C F
I'll remember you
F/g C
When I've forgotten all the rest,
 F
You to me were true,
F/g C
You to me were the best.
 C
When there is no more,
 C7
You cut to the core
F C/E Dm /e F
 Quicker than anyone I knew.
C
 When I'm all alone
F
 In the great unknown,
F/g C
I'll remember you.

I'll remember you
At the end of the trail,
I had so much left to do,
I had so little time to fail.
There's some people that
You don't forget,
Even though you've only seen 'm
One time or two.
When the roses fade
And I'm in the shade
I'll remember you.

     Bb F C
     Didn't I, didn't I try to love you?
     Bb F C
     Didn't I, didn't I try to care?
     Bb F C
     Didn't I sleep, didn't I weep beside you
      Dm C/E F F/g
     With the rain blowing in your hair?

I'll remember you
When the wind blows through the piney wood.
It was you who came right through,
It was you who understood.
Though I'd never say
```

```
That I done it the way
That you'd have liked me to.
In the end,
My dear sweet friend,
I'll remember you.
```

Clean-Cut Kid

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Empire Burlesque* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
D7
Everybody wants to know why he couldn't adjust

Adjust to what, a dream that bust?
         A
He was a clean-cut kid
         D7 (n.c.)
But they made a killer out of him,

That's what they did

They said what's up is down, they said what isn't is
They put ideas in his head he thought were his
He was a clean-cut kid
But they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

He was on the baseball team, he was in the marching band
When he was ten years old he had a watermelon stand
He was a clean-cut kid
But they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

He went to church on Sunday, he was a Boy Scout
For his friends he would turn his pockets inside out
He was a clean-cut kid
But they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

                G
     They said, "Listen boy, you're just a pup"
                       D7
     They sent him to a napalm health spa to shape up
                   E
     They gave him dope to smoke, drinks and pills,
       A
     A jeep to drive, blood to spill

They said "Congratulations, you got what it takes"
They sent him back into the rat race without any brakes
He was a clean-cut kid
But they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

     He bought the American dream but it put him in debt
     The only game he could play was Russian roulette
     He drank Coca-Cola, he was eating Wonder Bread,
     Ate Burger Kings, he was well fed
```

He went to Hollywood to see Peter O'Toole
He stole a Rolls Royce and drove it in a swimming pool
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

He could've sold insurance, owned a restaurant or bar
Could've been an accountant or a tennis star
He was wearing boxing gloves, took a dive one day
Off the Golden Gate Bridge into China Bay

His mama walks the floor, his daddy weeps and moans
They gotta sleep together in a home they don't own
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

Well, everybody's asking why he couldn't adjust
All he ever wanted was somebody to trust
They took his head and turned it inside out
He never did know what it was all about

He had a steady job, he joined the choir
He never did plan to walk the high wire
They took a clean-cut kid
And they made a killer out of him,
That's what they did

Never Gonna Be the Same Again

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Empire Burlesque* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Best played with a capo on the 1st fret. The As should be embellished with Asus4s and Asus2s (x02200) following the melody. The D/a could also be replaced by Asus4s, and the F6 (133231) could be replaced with a Dm/f (xx3231).

```
A Asus4      A Asus4

A
Now you're here beside me, baby,
D/a             E
You're a living dream.
    A
And every time you get this close
   D/a              E
It makes me want to scream.
    F6
You touched me and you knew
           A                D
That I was warm for you and then,
                    E            A
I ain't never gonna be the same again.

Sorry if I hurt you, baby,
Sorry if I did.
Sorry if I touched the place
Where your secrets are hid.
But you meant more than everything,
And I could not pretend,
I ain't never gonna be the same again.

         F#m                   C#m
     You give me something to think about, baby,
     Bm           A
     Every time I see ya.
     G#                   C#m
     Don't worry, baby, I don't mind leaving,
         Bm                 E
     I'd just like it to be my idea.

You taught me how to love you, baby,
You taught me, oh, so well.
Now, I can't go back to what was, baby,
I can't unring the bell.
You took my reality
And cast it to the wind
And I ain't never gonna be the same again.
```

Trust Yourself

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Empire Burlesque* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

A quite monotonous song... Liven up the sustained A by A/g (3x222x) or A/c (x3222x) chords or something like that. Great lyrics. Follow them.

```
          A
Trust yourself,

Trust yourself to do the things that only you know best.

Trust yourself,

Trust yourself to do what's right and not be second-guessed.

Don't trust me to show you beauty

When beauty may only turn to rust.
                              E                A
If you need somebody you can trust, trust yourself.

Trust yourself,
Trust yourself to know the way that will prove true in the end.
Trust yourself,
Trust yourself to find the path where there is no if and when.
Don't trust me to show you the truth
When the truth may only be ashes and dust.
If you want somebody you can trust, trust yourself.

                D
     Well, you're on your own, you always were,
          A
     In a land of wolves and thieves.
           D
     Don't put your hope in ungodly man
             E
     Or be a slave to what somebody else believes.

Trust yourself
And you won't be disappointed when vain people let you down.
Trust yourself
And look not for answers where no answers can be found.
Don't trust me to show you love
When my love may be only lust.
If you want somebody you can trust, trust yourself.
```

Emotionally Yours

Words and music Bob Dylan

Released on *Empire Burlesque* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The C/b is best played x20010 (to get the d in the chord), and to produce both the bass descent and the parallel e – d – c, you'll have to play the following Am 5322xx – It's quite nice that way, actually. The G at the end of the verse could be embellished somehow – with a Gsus4 or a G11 or something. The F at "behind closed doors" has a g in it, which you will get by playing C=x32013, F= xx3213: G=320003.
The Fmaj9 in the bridge can be played both Fmaj7 (133210) or F9 (xx3213).

```
C . /b . Am . F . C . /b . F . . . x2

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

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

     Fmaj9                         C
     It's like my whole life never happened,
           Fmaj9                             C
     When I see you, it's as if I never had a thought.
     E                              Am
     I know this dream, it might be crazy,
                 D7            G11
     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.
```

When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky

Words and music: Bob Dylan
Released on *Empire Burlesque* (1985) and in an early (and much better!) version on *The Bootleg Series 1-3*
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Empire Burlesque version

Capo 1st fret (Sounding key B♭ minor)

```
Am F Am F Am F Am F

Am (F)
Look out across the fields, see me returning,
 F
Smoke is in your eye, you draw a smile.
 Am
From the fireplace where my letters to you are burning,
C E
You've had time to think about it for a while.
 Am
Well, I've walked two hundred miles, now look me over,
 F
It's the end of the chase and the moon is high.

It won't matter who loves who
 G Am F
You'll love me or I'll love you
Am F
When the night comes falling
Am F
When the night comes falling
Am F Am F
When the night comes falling from the sky.

I can see through your walls and I know you're hurting,
Sorrow covers you up like a cape.
Only yesterday I know that you've been flirting
With disaster that you managed to escape.
I can't provide for you no easy answers,
Who are you that I should have to he?
You'll know all about it, love,
It'll fit you like a glove
When the night comes falling from the sky.

I can hear your trembling heart beat like a river,
You must have been protecting someone last time I called.
I've never asked you for nothing you couldn't deliver,
I've never asked you to set yourself up for a fall.
I saw thousands who could have overcome the darkness,
For the love of a lousy buck, I've watched them die.
Stick around, baby, we're not through,
Don't look for me, I'll see you
When the night comes falling from the sky.
```

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 eternity 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 from the sky.

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,
from a world which you deny.
and you'll give it to me now,
I'll take it anyhow
When the night comes falling from the sky.

"Bootleg series 1-3" version

Capo 1st fret (sounding key A♭ major)

G C/G G C/G

G C/G G
Look out across the fields, see me returning,
 C
Smoke is in your eye, you draw a smile.
 G
From the fireplace where my letters to you are burning,
A D C
You've had time to think about it for a while.
 G C/G G
Well, I've walked two hundred miles, now look me over,
 C
It's the end of the chase and the moon is high.

It won't matter who loves who
 G Em
You'll love me or I'll love you
 G D
When the night comes falling
 G
from the sky.

Something's Burning, Baby

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Empire Burlesque* (1985)
Tabbed by Jeffrey Kokosinski

```
E A E
Something is burning, baby, are you aware?
E A E
Something is the matter, baby, there's smoke in your hair
E A E
Are you still my friend, baby, show me a sign
E A E
Is the love in your heart for me turning blind?

You've been avoiding the main streets for a long, long while
The truth that I'm seeking is in your missing file
What's your position, baby, what's going on?
Why is the light in your eyes nearly gone?

I know everything about this place, or so it seems
Am I no longer a part of your plans or your dreams?
Well, it is so obvious that something has changed
What's happening, baby, to make you act so strange?

Something is burning, baby, here's what I say
Even the bloodhounds of London couldn't find you today
I see the shadow of a man, baby, makin' you blue
Who is he, baby, and what's he to you?

We've reached the edge of the road, baby, where the pasture begins
Where charity is supposed to cover up a multitude of sins
But where do you live, baby, and where is the light?
Why are your eyes just staring off in the night?

E                                                    A          E          E
I can feel it in the night in the night in the night when I think of you
E                                                          A         E
I can feel it in the light in the light in the light and it's got to be true
E                                  A             E
You can't live by bread alone, you won't be satisfied
E                             A                 E
You can't roll away the stone if your hands are tied

Got to start someplace, baby, can you explain?
Please don't fade away on me, baby, like the midnight train
Answer me, baby, a casual look will do
Just what in the world has come over you?

I can feel it in the wind in the wind in the wind and it's upside down
I can feel it in the dust as I get off the bus on the outskirts of town
I've had the Mexico City blues since the last hairpin curve
I don't wanna see you bleed, I know what you need
but it ain't what you deserve
```

Something is burning, baby, something's in flames
There's a man going 'round calling names
Ring down when you're ready, baby, I'm waiting for you
I believe in the impossible, you know that I do

Dark Eyes

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Empire Burlesque* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

In *Dylan behind closed doors, The recording sessions [1960-1994]* Clinton Heylin says about the guitar playing on this song:

Even after Dylan had written the song, the guitar part proved problematic as he repeatedly hit the wrong strings accidentally in the studio. With only three strings necessary for what is actually a rather trite melody, the other three strings were taped down, at which point Dylan finally got the song on tape (p.161).

This is complete nonsense, which more or less confirms my suspicion that Heylin hasn't really listened carefully enough to the things he writes off. Dylan uses all six strings, hits "wrong" bass notes, but so consistently and clearly that it definitely is the way he wanted it to sound. It's odd, though, with that open 4th string throughout most of the song.

What is special is that all the strings are tuned down one whole step, so that what is really a song in G major, is played as if in A major.

I'm not dead certain about all this – especially the choices of positions for the chords in the first measure (and corresponding). It *sounds* as if he plays it as written below, but the more natural thing would be to play -655 -454 -655. You decide. If you come up with a better solution, pleast let me know

Chords (the roman numerals refer to the fret position):
Most of these chords have a *d* in the bass; see tab for fingerings

```
Av     xx0655  (i.e. A/d)
Eiv    xx0454 or x7x454
Eix    x7999x
```

```
    A       Av  E   A     D       E         A   Av  E   A     D       A
  .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---0-|-----5---0---0---|-2-------0-------|-0---5---0---0---|(2)--------------|
|---2-|-----5---0---2---|-3-------0-------|-2---5---0---2---|-3-------2-------|
|---2-|-----6---1---2---|-2-------1-------|-2---6---1---2---|-2-------2-------|
|-----|---0---0---0---0-|---0---------2---|-------0---0---0-|---0-0-----------|
|-----|-0---------------|---------------0-|-----------------|-------0-------0-|
|-----|-----------------|-------0---------|-----------------|-----------------|

  A   Av  E   A     D       E         A   Av  E   A     D       A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---5---4---5---|-2-------0-------|-0---5---0---0---|-2-------0-------|
|-2---5---5---5---|-3-------0-------|-2---5---0---2---|-3-------2-------|
|-2---6---4---6---|-2-------1-------|-2---6---1---2---|-2---2---2-------|
|---0---0---0---0-|---0-------2-----|-------0---0---0-|---0---0---------|
|-----------------|---------------0-|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-------0---------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
     Eix  Av  Aix Av    D       Eiv       Eiv Av  Aix Av    D       Eiv
      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
----|-----5---9---5---|-2-------4-------|-4---5---9---5---|-2-------4-------|
----|-9---5--10---5---|-3---3---5-------|-5---5--10---5---|-3---3---5-------|
----|-9---6---9---6---|-2-2-----4-------|-4---6---9---6---|-2-2-----4-------|
----|-9-----0---0---0-|-----------------|-------0---0---0-|-----------------|
-/7-|-----------------|-------7-------7-|---0-------------|-------7---------|
----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
      I  live in  an -  o-ther world where life and death are memorized

        A  Av Eiv Av  D  E           A    Av  Eiv     Av     D    A
Oh, the gentlemen are talking and the midnight moon is on the riverside,
        A    Av  Eiv Av D   E       A  Av Eiv  Av  D     A
They're drinking up and walking and it is time for me to slide.
Evii Av   Aix Av D    E           Evii Av  Aix   Av  D    E
I    live in  another world where life and death are memorized,
          A     Av Eiv    Av   D       E          A  Av Eiv Av  D    A
Where the earth is strung with lovers' pearls and all I see are dark eyes.

A cock is crowing far away and another soldier's deep in prayer,
Some mother's child has gone astray, she can't find him anywhere.
But I can hear another drum beating for the dead that rise,
Whom nature's beast fears as they come and all I see are dark eyes.

They tell me to be discreet for all intended purposes,
They tell me revenge is sweet and from where they stand, I'm sure it is.
But I feel nothing for their game where beauty goes unrecognized,
All I feel is heat and flame and all I see are dark eyes.

Oh, the French girl, she's in paradise and a drunken man is at the wheel,
Hunger pays a heavy price to the falling gods of speed and steel.
Oh, time is short and the days are sweet and passion rules the arrow that flies,
A million faces at my feet but all I see are dark eyes.
```

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Biograph

Released: November 7, 1985

↪296 Lay, Lady, Lay
↪38 Baby, Let Me Follow You Down
↪339 If Not for You
↪287 I'll Be Your Baby Tonight
↪856 I'll Keep It with Mine
↪94 The Times They Are A-Changin'
↪53 Blowin' in the Wind
↪62 Masters of War
↪121 The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll
703 Percy's Song
705 Mixed Up Confusion
↪198 Tombstone Blues
↪647 The Groom's Still Waiting at the Altar
↪255 Most Likely You Go Your Way and I'll Go Mine
↪194 Like a Rolling Stone
706 Lay Down Your Weary Tune
↪156 Subterranean Homesick Blues
↪144 I Don't Believe You (She Acts Like We Never Have Met)

↪229 Visions of Johanna
↪654 Every Grain of Sand
↪536 Quinn The Eskimo (The Mighty Quinn)
↪177 Mr. Tambourine Man
↪282 Dear Landlord
↪150 It Ain't Me, Babe
↪417 You Angel You
↪482 Million Dollar Bash
↪138 To Ramona
↪447 You're a Big Girl Now
708 Abandoned Love
↪428 Tangled Up in Blue
↪190 It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

711 Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window?
712 Positively 4th Street
↪561 Isis
714 Jet Pilot

715 Caribbean Wind
↪474 Up to Me
721 Baby, I'm in the Mood for You
722 I Wanna Be Your Lover
↪234 I Want You
↪640 Heart of Mine
↪398 On a Night Like This
↪247 Just Like a Woman
↪571 Romance in Durango
↪590 Señor (Tales Of Yankee Power)
↪600 Gotta Serve Somebody
↪606 I Believe in You
↪343 Time Passes Slowly
↪860 I Shall Be Released
↪374 Knockin' on Heaven's Door
↪276 All Along the Watchtower
↪630 Solid Rock
↪410 Forever Young

Percy's Song

Words Bob Dylan, melody trad. ("The Wind and The Rain", which is a variant of The Two Sisters)
Recorded Oct 24, 1963 during the sessions for *The Times They Are A-Changin'* and released on *Biograph* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Standard tuning, capo 2rd fret (sounding key D major)

The general finger-picking pattern is found in the intro:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---------------0-|---------------0-|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----1-----------|-----1-----------|-----1---------1-|-----------------|
|-----0-----0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|
|-3---------------|-3---------------|-3---------------|-3---------------|
|---------3-------|---------3-------|---------3-------|---------3-------|
                                                        Bad . . .
```

The G-G6-G7 is usually played like this (drop the 1st string to do the hammer-ons):

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------0-----|---0-------0-----|
|---------------0-|-------0-------0-|
|-----0-------0h2-|-----2h3-----3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|
```

And the turn around Dm is played with the low E-string open, which of course clashes with the Dm, but which still can defended "musically" because of the bass line d-e-f-g:

```
  Dm      /e        /e      /e        F                 G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .
|-----1---------1-|-----------------|-----------------|-----3---
|-----------------|-----3---------1-|-----1-----------|---------
|-----2-----2-----|-----2-----2-----|-----------2---0-|---------
|-0-----------0---|-------------0---|-----3-------3---|-----0---
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------
|---------0-------|-0-------0-------|-1-------1-------|-3-------
          Turn, turn,       to the    rain    and the wind
```

Notice also how the melody can be picked out in the higher strings.

```
    C                     F          C
Bad news, bad news come to me where I sleep,
    G    G6    G7     G       G6  G7
    Turn, turn, turn again.
       C                        F
Sayin' one of your friends is in trouble deep,
    Dm               F            G      G6 G7   G  G6 G7
    Turn, turn to the rain and the wind.
```

Tell me the trouble, Tell once to my ear.
Joliet prison and ninety-nine years.

Oh what's the charge of how this came to be?
Manslaughter in the highest of degree.

I sat down and wrote the best words I could write,
Explaining to the judge I'd be there on Wednesday night.

Without a reply, I left by the moon,
And was in his chambers by the next afternoon.

"Could ya tell me the facts?" I said without fear,
"That a friend of mine would get ninety-nine years."

A crash on the highway flew the car to a field.
There was four persons killed and he was at the wheel.

But I knew him as good as I'm knowin' myself,
And he wouldn't harm a life that belonged to someone else.

The judge spoke out of the side of his mouth,
Sayin', "The witness who saw, he left little doubt,"

That may be true, he's got a sentence to serve,
But ninety-nine years, he just don't deserve.

Too late, too late, for his case it is sealed.
His sentence is passed and it cannot be repealed.

But he ain't no criminal and his crime it is none.
What happened to him could happen to anyone.

And at that the judge jerked forward and his face it did freeze,
Sayin', "Could you kindly leave my office now, please,"

Well his eyes looked funny and I stood up so slow,
With no other choice except for to go.

I walked down the hallway and I heard his door slam,
I walked down the courthouse stairs and I did not understand.

And I played my guitar through the night to the day,
Turn, turn, turn again.
And the only tune my guitar could play
Was, "Oh the Cruel Rain And the Wind."

Mixed Up Confusion

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Nov 1962 and released as a single (Dylan's first!), then on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed (phew...) by Eyolf Østrem

```
      D7
I got mixed up confusion
                    G
Man, it's a-killin' me

Well, there's too many people
And they're all too hard to please

Well, my hat's in my hand
Babe, I'm walkin' down the line

An' I'm lookin' for a woman
Whose head's mixed up like mine

Well, my head's full of questions
My temp'rature's risin' fast

Well, I'm lookin' for some answers
But I don't know who to ask

But I'm walkin' and wonderin'
And my poor feet don't ever stop

Seein' my reflection
I'm hung over, hung down, hung up!
```

Lay Down Your Weary Tune

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Oct 24, 1963 during the sessions for *The Times They Are a-Changin'*, and released on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

The strumming is very square, and only with downstrokes.

```
  D   /c  /b-a  G                C
  .   .   .     :   .   .   .
--2-----------|-3---3---3---3---|-0-----
--3-----------|-0---0---0---0---|-1-----
--2---2---0---|-0---0---0---0---|-0----- etc
--0---0---0-0-|-0---0---0---0---|-2-----
------3---2-0-|-2---2(0)2---2(0)|-3-----
--------------|-3---3(0)3---3(0)|-3-----
 Lay down your  wea   -     ry    tune . . .
```

```
D   /c   /b-a G     C         G
Lay down your weary tune, lay down,
             Em       D
Lay down the song you strum,
    /c   /b-a G   D/a        G           C
And rest yourself 'neath the strength of strings
             G  D /c-b G  . D
No voice can hope to   hum.

       /c /b-a G       C        G
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.
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.

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

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

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

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.
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.

Abandoned Love

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded in 1975, during the sessions for *Desire* and released on *Biograph* (1985).
Performed live once, in a stunning version on the *Bitter End* (or the *Other end*) club in july 1975 [Read and listen to a sample at expectingrain.com
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Bitter end version

Chords:

```
G7th  xx(0)787
D5th  xx0775
Em'   xxx453
```

First start:

```
  .   .   .    |   .   .   .     |
|-7-7-5---3--|-2---2---0-0-0---|-3---
|-8-8-7---5--|-3---3---1-1-1-1-|-0---
|-7-7-7---4--|-2---2---0-0-0-0-|-0--- etc.
|------------|--------h2-2-2-0-|-0---
|------------|-------------3-3-|-2---
|------------|-----------------|-3---
```

Second start:

```
  G           C/g   G   D   Em'   D           C     G   D   Em   G
  |   .   .   .  4x |   .   .     |   .   .   .     |
|---3---3---3-3-3-|-7-7-5-5-3---|-2---2---2---0---|-3---
|*--0---0---0-1-0*|-8-8-7-7-5---|-3---3---3---1-1-|-0---
|---0---0---0-0-0-|-7-7-7-7-4---|-2---2---2---0-0-|-0--- etc
|---0---0---0-2-0-|-------------|-0-------0--h2-2-|-0---
|*---------------*|-------------|-0-------0--h3-3-|-2---
|-3---3---3-------|-------------|-2-------2-------|-3---

G              D/f#           Em
I can hear the turning of the key
          C               G               D/f#
I've been deceived by the clown inside of me.
  Bm                                    C
I thought that he was righteous but he's vain
    G   G7th     D5th Em' D    C               G  .  . C/g-G
Oh, something's telling me I wear a ball and chain.

  G   G   D   Em    D       C        G         C/g G
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .    |   .   .   .
|-3---7---5---3---|-2---2---0------|-3---------3-3-3-|
|-0---8---7---5---|-3---3---1------|-0---------1-1-0-|
|-0---7---7---4---|-2---2---0------|-0---------0-0-0-|
|-0---------------|-0-------2------|-0---------2-2-0-|etc
|-2---------------|-0-------3------|-2---------------|
|-3---------------|-2--------------|-3---------------|
```

My patron saint is fighting with a ghost
He's always off somewhere when I need him most.
The Spanish moon is rising on the hill
But my heart is telling me I love ya still.

I come back to the town from the flaming moon
I see you in the street, I begin to swoon.
I love to see you dress before the mirror
Won't you let me in your room one time before I disappear?

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

I can't play the game no more, I can't abide
by their stupid rules which kept me sick inside
They've been made by men who've given up the search
Whose gods are dead and whose queens are in the church.

I march in the parade of liberty
But as long as I love you I'm not free.
How long must I suffer such abuse
Won't you let me see you smile before I cut you loose?

Send out for Saint John the Evangelist
All my friends are drunk, they can be dismissed.
My head says that it's time to make a change
But my heart is telling me I love ya but you're strange.

So step lightly, darling, near the wall
Put on your heavy make-up, wear your shawl.
Won't you descend from the throne, from where you sit?
Let me feel your love one more time before I abandon it.

The (vastly inferior) Biograph version

```
G

   G                D    C       G      C/g G
My heart is telling me I love ya still.

G             D/f#           Em
I can see the turning of the key
          C               G               D/f#
I've been deceived by the clown inside of me.
  Bm                                    C
I thought that he was righteous but he's vain
    G          (/b  /c) D           C        G
Oh, something's telling me I wear a ball and chain.

My patron saint is fighting with a ghost
He's always off somewhere when I need him most.
The Spanish moon is rising on the hill
But my heart is telling me I love ya still.
```

I come back to the town from the flaming moon
I see you in the street, I begin to swoon.
I love to see you dress before the mirror
Won't you let me in your room one time before I finally disappear?

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

I march in the parade of liberty
But as long as I love you I'm not free.
How long must I suffer such abuse
Won't you let me see you smile before I cut you loose?

I've given up the game, I've got to leave
The pot of gold is only make-believe
The treasure can't be found by men who search
Whose gods are dead and whose queens are in the church.

We sat in an empty theatre and we kissed
I asked you please to cross me off your list
My head tells me it's time to make a change
But my heart is telling me I love ya but you're strange.

So one more time, at midnight near the wall,
take off your heavy make-up, and your shawl.
Won't you descend from the throne, from where you sit?
Let me feel your love one more time before I abandon it.

Can You Please Crawl Out Your Window?

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Oct 1965 and released as a single dec 1965. Released again on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The Dsus2 (= (2)00230) is used here and there as an embellishment to the D chords. Several D7s occur too.

```
G
   G            C/G       G            C/G          D
He sits in your room, his tomb, with a fist full of tacks
Am                   G
Preoccupied with his vengeance
G           Bm              Am         D
Cursing the dead that can't answer him back
    Am                    C
you know that he has no intentions
   D
Of looking your way, unless it's to say
        Am                       C          D (Dsus2)
That he needs you to test his inventions.

     G   C              D
     Oh, crawl out your window
          G         C           D
     come on, don't say it will ruin you
          G         C           D
     Come on, don't say he will haunt you,
               G           C            D
     You can go back to him any time you want to.

     G     C    D

He looks so truthful, is this how he feels
Trying to peel the moon and expose it
With his businesslike anger and his bloodhounds that kneel
If he needs a third eye he just grows it
He just needs you to talk or to hand him his chalk
Or pick it up after he throws it.

Why does he look so righteous while your face is so changed
Are You frightened of the box you keep him in
While his genocide fools and his friends rearrange
Their religion of the little ten women
That backs up their views but your face is so bruised
Come on out the dark is beginning.
```

Positively 4th Street

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Jul 1965 and released as a single Sep 1965, and on *Greatest Hits* (1967). Released again on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G         Am
You got a lotta nerve
C                 G
To say you are my friend
     G     D
When I was down
C        Em          D
You just stood there grinning

You got a lotta nerve
To say you gota helping hand to lend
You just want to be on
The side that's winning

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

You say you lost your faith
But that's not where it's at
You had no faith to lose
And you know it

I know the reason
That you talk behind my back
I used to be among the crowd
You're in with

Do you take me for such a fool
To think I'd make contact
With the one who tries to hide
What he don't know to begin with

You see me on the street
You always act surprised
You say, "How are you?", "Good luck"
But you don't mean it

When you know as well as me
You'd rather see me paralyzed
Why don't you just come out once
And scream it

No, I do not feel that good
When I see the heartbreaks you embrace
If I was a master thief
Perhaps I'd rob them
```

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

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

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

Jet Pilot

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Oct 5, 1965 during the *Blonde on Blonde* sessions, released on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
E
Well, she's got Jet Pilot eyes from her hips on down.

All the bombardiers are trying to force her out of town.

She's five feet nine and she carries a monkey wrench.

She weighs more by the foot than she does by the inch.
       A7                                  E
She got all the downtown boys, all at her command
           B7
But you've got to watch her closely 'cause
(n.c.)                      E
she ain't no woman, she's a man
```

Caribbean Wind

Bob Dylan
Recorded Apr 7, 1981 during the *Shot of Love* sessions, and released on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Alternate lyric versions below (Taken from the "It's Not a House, It's a Home" Page).

```
G Bm Em C G Bm/F# D C

G                              Bm
She was the rose of Sharon from paradise lost
         Em                           C
From the city of seven hills near the place of the cross.
      G                Bm/F#        Em         D           C
I was playing a show in Miami in the theater of divine comedy.

Told about Jesus, told about the rain,
She told me about the jungle where her brothers were slain
By a man who invented iron and disappeared so mysteriously.

Was she a child or a woman, I can't say which
From one to another she could to easily switch
We went into the wall to where the long arm of the law could not reach.

Could I been used and played as a pawn?
It certainly was possible as the gay night wore on
Where men bathed in perfume and celebrated free speech.

               C         D                    G             C
     And them Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to Mexico
     G                         C          D
     Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire
               C               D              G                      C
     And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so bold and free,
     G                          C          D             G
     Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire.

She looked into my soul through the clothes that I wore
She said, "We got a mutual friend over by the door,
And you know he's got our best interest in mind."
He was well connected but her heart was a snare
And she had left him to die in there,
There were payments due and he was a little behind.

The cry of the peacock, flies buzz my head,
Ceiling fan broken, there's a heat in my bed,
Street band playing "Nearer My God to Thee."
We met at the steeple where the mission bells ring,
She said, "I know what you're thinking, but there ain't a thing
You can do about it, so let us just agree to agree."

     And them Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to Mexico
     Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire
     And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so bold and free,
     Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire.
```

Atlantic City by the cold grey sea
I hear a voice crying, "Daddy," I always think it's for me,
But it's only the silence in the buttermilk hills that call.
Every new messenger brings evil report
'Bout armies on the march and time that is short
And famines and earthquakes and hatred written upon walls.

Would I have married her? I don't know, I suppose.
She had bells in her braids and they hung to her toes
But I kept hearing my name and I had to be movin' on.
I saw screws break loose, saw the devil pound tin,
I saw a house in the country being torn from within.
I heard my ancestors calling from the land far beyond.

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

Fox Warfield theatre, San Francisco November 12, 1980

(Transcription is unfinished)

She was from Haiti, fair brown and intense
And then i took over the Lord
Attendin' the show in Miami, in the theater of divine company.
Talkin' about Jesus, talked about the rain
She told me about the vision, told me about the pain
That has arisen from the ashes abided in her memory.

Is she a child or a woman? i really can't say,
Something about her said, "Trust me" anyway
As the days turned to minutes and the minutes turned back into hours.
Could i've been used and played as a pawn?
It certainly was possible as the gay night wore on
But victory was mine, and i held it with the help of God's power.

And that Caribbean wind still blows from Trinidad to Mexico
The circle of light and the furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so bold and free
Bringing everything that's near to me, nearer to the fire.

Shadows grew closer as we touched on the floor
Prodigal son sitting next to the door
Preaching resistance, waitin' for the night to arrive.
He was well connected, but his heart was a snare
'Cause she had left him to die in there
And i knew he could get out while he still was alive.

Stars on my balcony, buzz in my head
Slayin' [Bob Dylan?] in my bed
Street band playin', "Nearer My God To Thee."
She never did see me where the mission bells ring
She said, "I know what you're thinkin', but there ain't a thing
You can do about it, so you might as well agree to agree'.'

And that Caribbean wind blows hard from the Valley coast into my backyard
Drivin' all your love to the furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on them iron waves so bold and free
Bringing everything that's near to me, nearer to the fire.

Atlantic City by the cruel sea
I hear a voice cryin' "Daddy", i always think it's for me
But it's only the silence in the buttermilk hills that call.
Bearin' new messages, bringin' evil reports
Of riotin' armies and time that is short
And earthquakes and train wrecks and death threats written on walls.

Would I have married her? i don't know, i suppose
She had bells on her braids and they hung to her toes
The curtain was risin' and like they say, the ship will sail at dawn.
And i felt it come over me, some kind of gloom
My voice said, "Come on with me girl, I got plenty of room."
But i know i'd be lyin', and besides she had already gone.

And that Caribbean wind still howls from Tokyo to the British Isles
We never walked in to that furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on 'em iron waves so bold and free
Bringing everything that's near to me, nearer to the fire.

Shot Of Love sessions 31.03.1981

This version is issued on the Genuine Bootleg Series Vol.1.

She was well rehearsed, fair brown and blonde
She had friends who was busboys and friends in the Pentagon
Playin' a show in Miami in the theater of divine comedy.
Talked in the shadows where they talked in the rain
I could tell she was still feelin' the pain
Pain of rejection, pain of infidelity.

Was she a child or a woman? I can't say which
One to another she could easily switch.
Couples were dancin' an' i lost track of the hours.
He was well prepared, i knew he was
Paying attention like a rattlesnake does
When he's hearin' footsteps tramplin' over his flowers.

And that Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to Mexico
From the circle of ice to the furnace of desire.
An' them distant ships of liberty on 'em iron waves so bold and free
Bringing everything that's near to me, nearer to the fire.

She looked into my soul through the clothes that i wore
She said, "We got a mutual friend standin' at the door.
Yeah, you know he's got our best interest in mind.''
He was well connected, but her heart was a snare
And she had left him to die in there
Here were payments due and he was a little behind.

Well i slept in a hotel where flies buzz my head
Ceiling fan was broken, there was heat in my bed
Street band playin', "Nearer My God To Thee.''
We met in secret where we drank from a spring
She said, "I know what you're thinkin', but there ain't a thing
We can do about it, so we might as well let it be.''

The Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to Mexico
From the circle of ice to the furnace of desire.
An' them distant ships of liberty on 'em iron waves so bold and free
Bringing everything that's near to me, nearer to the fire.

Atlantic City, two years to the day
I hear a voice cryin', "Daddy'' and i looked that way
But it's only the silence on the buttermilk hills that call.
Every new messenger bringin' evil reports
'Bout riotin' armies and time that is short
An' earthquakes and train wrecks and hate words scribbled on walls.

Would i have married her? I don't know i suppose
She had bells in her braids and they hung to her toes
But i heard my mirrored destiny said to be movin' on.
And i felt it come over me, some kind of gloom
For the sake of "Come on with me girl, i got plenty of room.''
But i knew i'd be lyin' and besides she had already gone.

And that Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to Mexico
Circle of ice to the furnace of desire.
And them busy ships of liberty on 'em iron waves so bold and free
Bringing everything that's near to me, nearer to the fire.

Shot Of Love sessions 11 Apr. 1981 (Biograph)

She was the rose of Sharon from paradise lost
From the city of seven hills near the place of the cross.
I was playin' a show in Miami in the theater of divine comedy.
Told about Jesus, told about the rain
She told me 'bout the jungle where her brothers were slain
By the man who invented iron and disappeared so mysteriously.

Was she a child or an angel? Did we go too far?
Where we sniped the bait? Did we follow a star
Through the hole in the wall to where the long arm of the law cannot reach?
Could I have been used and played as a pawn?
It certainly was possible as the gay night wore on
When men bathed in perfume and practiced the hoax of free speech.

And them Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to Mexico
Fanning the flames in the furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on 'em iron waves so bold and free
Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire.

Sea breeze blowin', there's a hellhound loose
Redeemed men who have escaped from the noose
Preaching faith and salvation, waitin' on the night to arrive.
He was well connected but her heart was a snare
And she had left him to die in there
He was goin' down slow, just barely stayin' alive.

The cry of the peacock, flies buzz in my head
Ceiling fan broken, there's a heat in my bed
Street band playing "Nearer My God to Thee."
We met at the station where the mission bells ring
She said, "I know what you're thinkin', but there ain't a thing
You can do about it, so let us just agree to agree.''

And them Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to Mexico
Fannin' the flames in the furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on 'em iron waves so bold and free
Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire.

Atlantic City by the cold grey sea
Hear a voice crying "Daddy'', I always think it's for me,
But it's only the silence in the buttermilk hills that call.
Every new messenger brings in evil report
'Bout armies on the march and time that is short
An' famines and earthquakes and train wrecks and the tearin' down of the walls.

Did you ever have a dream that you couldn't explain?
Did you ever meet your accusers face to face in the rain?
She had chrome brown eyes that I won't forget as long as she's gone.
I see the screws breakin' loose, see the devil poundin' on tin
I see a house in the country bein' torn from within.
I can hear my ancestors callin' from the land far beyond.

And them Caribbean winds still blow from Nassau to Mexico
Fannin' the flames in the furnace of desire
And them distant ships of liberty on 'em iron waves so bold and free
Bringing everything that's near to me nearer to the fire.

Alternate lyrics

She was the rose of Sharon from paradise lost
From the city of seven hills near the place of the cross.
I was playing a show in Miami in the theater of divine comedy.
Told about Jesus, told about the rain,
She told me about the jungle where her brothers were slain
By a man who danced on the roof of the embassy.

Was she a child or a woman, I can't say which
From one to another she could to easily switch
We went into the wall to where the long arm of the law could not reach.
Could I been used and played as a pawn?
It certainly was possible as the gay night wore on
Where men bathed in perfume and celebrated free speech.

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

She looked into my soul through the clothes that I wore
She said, "We got a mutual friend over by the door,
And you know he's got our best interest in mind.''
He was well connected but her heart was a snare
And she had left him to die in there,
There were payments due and he was a little behind.

The cry of the peacock, flies buzz my head,
Ceiling fan broken, there's a heat in my bed,
Street band playing "Nearer My God to Thee.''
We met at the steeple where the mission bells ring,
She said, "I know what you're thinking, but there ain't a thing
You can do about it, so let us just agree to agree.''

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

Atlantic City by the cold grey sea
I hear a voice crying, "Daddy,'' I always think it's for me,
But it's only the silence in the buttermilk hills that call.
Every new messenger brings evil report
'Bout armies on the march and time that is short
And famines and earthquakes and hatred written upon walls.

Would I have married her? I don't know, I suppose.
She had bells in her braids and they hung to her toes
But I kept hearing my name and I had to be movin' on.
I saw screws break loose, saw the devil pound tin,
I saw a house in the country being torn from within.
I heard my ancestors calling from the land far beyond.

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

Baby, I'm in the Mood for You

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded 9 Jul, 1962 during the *Freewheelin'* sessions, released on *Biograph* (1985)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

B7/f♯ = 22120x

```
G
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna leave my lonesome home
    C                                                 G
And sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna hear my milk cow moan
                                      B7/f#           C/g
And sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna hit the highway road
          G               D            G          C
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
G        D                     G
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you.

Sometimes I'm in the mood, Lord, I had my overflowin' fill
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna make out my final will
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna head for the walkin' hill
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you.

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna lay right down and die
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna climb up to the sky
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna laugh until I cry
But then again, I said again, I said again, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you.

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna sleep in my pony's stall
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I ain't gonna do nothin' at all
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna fly like a cannon ball
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you.

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna back up against the wall
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna run till I have to crawl
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I ain't gonna do nothin' at all
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you.

Sometimes I'm in the mood, I wanna change my house around
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna make a change in this here town
Sometimes I'm in the mood, I'm gonna change the world around
But then again, but then again, I said oh, I said oh, I said
Oh babe, I'm in the mood for you.
```

I Wanna Be Your Lover

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Oct 20, 1965 during the *Blonde on Blonde* sessions, released on *Biograph* (1985)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

(For the record: I do think Dylan plays in dropped C tuning (C-A-d-g-b-e') with a capo on the 7th fret and the chords: C = 032010, G7 = 220001, F = 033211. Doesn't matter much, though...)

```
          G
Well, the rainman comes with his magic wand

And the judge says, "Mona can't have no bond."

And the walls collide, Mona cries,
                                                  D(7) . . . . . . . G
And the rainman leaves in the wolfman's disguise.

C
I wanna be your lover, baby, I wanna be your man.

I wanna be your lover, baby,
                                    G
I don't wanna be hers, I wanna be yours.

Well, the undertaker in his midnight suit
Says to the masked man, "Ain't you cute!"
Well, the mask man he gets up on the shelf
And he says, "You ain't so bad yourself."

I wanna be your lover, baby, I wanna be your man.
I wanna be your lover, baby,
I don't wanna be hers, I wanna be yours.

Well, jumpin' Judy can't go no higher.
She had bullets in her eyes, and they fire.
Rasputin he's so dignified,
He touched the back of her head an' he died.

I wanna be your lover, baby, I wanna be your man.
I wanna be your lover, baby,
I don't wanna be hers, I wanna be yours.

Well, Phaedra with her looking glass,
Stretchin' out upon the grass.
She gets all messed up and she faints
That's 'cause she's so obvious and you ain't.

I wanna be your lover, baby, I wanna be your man.
I wanna be your lover, baby,
I don't wanna be hers, I wanna be yours
```

29

Knocked Out Loaded

Recorded Jul 1984–May 1986 — Released Jul 14, 1986

724 You Wanna Ramble
726 They Killed Him
728 Driftin' Too Far from Shore
730 Precious Memories
732 Maybe Someday
734 Got My Mind Made Up
735 Under Your Spell

You Wanna Ramble

H. Parker Jr
Released on *Knocked Out Loaded* (1986)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
D9      xx0555 or x54555
E9      076777 or 076770
```

```
D9 . . . |. . . . |A

                  A
    .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .
-/3-----3(1)----|-------------------------|-----------
-/5-----5-3---1-|-------------------------|-----------
----------------|-2-----------------------|-----------
----------------|-------------------------|-----------
----------------|-------------------------|-0---------
----------------|-------------0-----3-----|-----------
```

```
               A
Well I told my baby

I said Baby, I know where you been

Well, I know who you are

And what league you played in?
          D9
You wanna ramble
                A
To the break of dawn
          D9
You wanna ramble
                A
To the break of dawn
          E9     D9
You wanna ramble
                A
To the break of dawn.

Well, the night is so empty
So quit and still
For only fifteen hundred dollars
You can have anybody killed
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn.

Well, I told my baby
Further down the line
```

I said, "What happens tomorrow
Is on your head, not mine"
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn
You wanna ramble
To the break of dawn.

They Killed Him

Written by Kris Kristofferson
Released on *Knocked Out Loaded* (1986)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G
 There was a man named Mahatma Gandhi,

He would not bow down, he would not fight.

He knew the deal was a-down and dirty.
                                F     C
And nothing wrong could make it right away.
                                              G
But he knew his duty and the price he had to pay.
                  D                     C
Just another holy man who dared to be a friend.
             G
My God, they killed him.

Another man from Atlanta, Georgia,
Name of Martin Luther King
He shook the land like a rolling thunder
And made the bells of freedom ring today
With a dream of beauty that they could not take away
Just another holy man who dared to make a stand.
My God, they killed him.

The only Son of God Almighty
The holy one called Jesus Christ
He healed the sick and fed the hungry
And for his love they took his life away
On the road to glory where the story never ends
Just the holy Son of Man I'll never understand.
My God, they killed him.

(There was a man named Mahatma Gandhi,
A man named Martin Luther King
The only Son of God Almighty
The holy one called Jesus Christ)
On the road to glory where the story never ends
Just the holy Son of Man I'll never understand.
My God, they killed him.

There was a man named Mahatma Gandhi,
A man named Martin Luther King
The only Son of God Almighty
The holy one called Jesus Christ
On the road to glory where the story never ends
Just the holy Son of Man I'll never understand.
My God, they killed him.

(There was a man named Mahatma Gandhi,
A man named Martin Luther King
```

The only Son of God Almighty
The holy one called Jesus Christ)

(There was a man named Mahatma Gandhi,
A man named Martin Luther King...)

Driftin' Too Far from Shore

Written by Bob Dylan (may not be the song that he brags about in interviews and family parties, though – "Hey, I wrote this song – 'Driftin' too far from shore' ")
Released on *Knocked Out Loaded* (1986)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
Ab9                            Bb
I didn't know that you'd be a-leavin'
Ab9                                  Bb
Who you thought you were talkin' to
Ab9                            Bb
 I figure you maybe we're even
Ab9                         Bb
Or maybe I'm one up on you.

Eb                     Bb
 I sent you all my money
Eb                   Bb
 Just like I did before
Eb                    Ab
 I try to reach you honey
                                   Bb
But you're driftin' too far from shore.

Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore.

I ain't gonna get lost in this current
I don't like playin' cat an' mouse
No gentleman likes makin' love to a servant
Especially when he's in his father's house.
I never could guess your weight baby
Never needed to call you my whore
I always thought you were straight baby
But you're driftin' too far from shore.

Well driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore.

Well these times an' these tunnels are haunted
The bottom of the barrel is too
I waited years sometimes, for what I wanted
Everybody can't be as lucky as you.
Never no more do I wonder
Why you don't never play with me any more
An' any moment you can go under
Cause you're driftin' too far from shore.

Yeah driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore
```

Driftin' too far from shore
Driftin' too far from shore.

You an' me we had completeness
I'd give you all of what I could provide
We weren't on the wrong side, sweetness,
We were the wrong side.
I've already ripped out the phones, honey
You can't walk the streets in a war
I can finish this alone honey
You're driftin' too far from shore.

Precious Memories

Trad.
Released on *Knocked Out Loaded* (1986)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
Bb  .  F  .  Bb .  .  .

Bb          Eb           Bb
 As I travel down life's pathway
           C7               F
Know not what the years may hold
Bb         Eb          Bb
As I ponder hopes grow fonder
Bb        F                Bb
 Precious memories flood my soul

     Bb               Eb        Bb
     Precious memories how they linger

     How they ever flood my soul
                    Eb      Bb
     In the stillness of the midnight
              F               Bb
     Precious sacred scenes unfold.

Precious father loving mother
Glide across the lonely years
And old home scenes of my childhood
In fond memories appears

     Precious memories how they linger
     How they ever flood my soul
     In the stillness of the midnight
     Precious memories sacred scenes unfold.
```

Chords as played at Toad's Place, New Haven CT, Jan 12 1990

The lyrics differ somewhat from the album version.

```
C           F            C
 As I travel down life's pathway
           D7               G
Know not what the years may hold
C          F           C
As I ponder hopes grow fonder
C         G                C
 Precious memories flood my soul

     C               F         C
     Precious memories how they linger
```

```
How they ever flood my soul
                F       C
In the stillness of the midnight
         G               C
Precious sacred scenes unfold.
```

Maybe Someday

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *Knocked Out Loaded* (1986)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
E             A              E
Maybe someday you'll be satisfied
            A         E                B               E
When you've lost everything you'll have nothing left to hide
            E                                      A
When you're thru runnin' over things, like you're walkin' 'cross the tracks
A                   E             B        E
Maybe you'll beg me like a dog to take you back
B
Maybe someday you'll find out everybody's somebody's fool
A
Maybe then you'll realize what it would have taken to keep me cool
E                          A            E
Maybe someday when you're by yourself alone
            A           E                B        E
You'll only love that I have for you was never my own.

Maybe someday you'll have nowhere to turn
You look back an' wonder at the bridges you have burned
You look back sometime when the lights grow dim
An' you'll see you look much better with me than you do with him
Through hostile cities an' unfriendly towns
Thirty pieces of silver, no money down
Maybe someday you will understand
That something for nothing is everybody's plan.

Maybe someday you'll remember what you felt
When there was blood on the moon in the cotton belt
When both of us baby, with those who some sort of a test
Neither one of us could do what we do best
I should have known better, baby, I should have called your bluff
I guess I was too off the handle, not sentimental enough
Maybe someday you'll believe me when I say
That I wanted you baby in every kind of way.

Maybe someday you'll hear a voice from on high
Sayin', "For whose sake did you live, for whose sake did you die?''
Forgive me baby for what I didn't do
For not breakin' down no bedroom door to get at you
Always was a sucker for the right cross
Never wanted to go home when the last cent was lost
Maybe someday you will look back an' see
That I made it so easy for you to follow me.

Maybe someday there'll be nothing to tell
But I just as happy as you baby I just can't say it so well
Never slumbered or slept or waited for lightning to strike
It was no excuse for you to say that we don't think alike
You said you were goin' to Frisco, stay a couple of months
```

I always liked San Fransisco, I was there for a party once
Maybe someday you'll see that it's true,
There was no greater love than what I had for you.

Got My Mind Made Up

Written by Bob Dylan and Tom Petty (who've both done better)
Released on *Knocked Out Loaded* (1986)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G

      G
Don't ever try to change me I've been in this thing too long

There's nothing you can say or do to make me think I'm wrong
        F
But I'm going off to Libya, there's a guy I gotta see

He's been livin' there three years now in an oil refinery
                   G
I got my mind made up

Got my mind made up.

C         G

Call you ma in Tallahassee, tell her her baby's on the line
Tell her not to worry, everything is gonna be fine
Well I'll give you all my money all my connections too
There ain't nothing in this world, you can say I didn't give to you
I got my mind made up
Got my mind made up.

You will be alright girl, someone's watchin' over you
He won't do nothing to you baby that I wouldn't do
Well if you don't want to see me look out the other way
You don't have to feed me I ain't your dog that's gone astray
I got my mind made up
I got my mind made up
Got my mind made up
Got my mind made up
```

Under Your Spell

Written by Bob Dylan and Carole Bayer Sager
Released on *Knocked Out Loaded* (1986)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
E+   022110 (=Eaug)
A6   002222
```

```
A                          E+
 Something about you that I can't shake
      F#m                          Dsus4
Don't know how much more of this I can take
D    Dm              A
Baby, I'm under your spell.

E

I was knocked out an' loaded in the naked night
When my last dream exploded I noticed your light
Baby, oh what a story I could tell?

A6 . . E+ |A . . E |
D  . . Dm |A . . . |

It's been nice seein' you, you read me like a book
If you ever want to reach me, you know where to look
Baby I'll be at the same hotel.

I'd like to help you but I'm in a bit of a jam
I'll call you tomorrow if there's phones where I am
Baby, caught between heaven an' hell.

But I will be back, I will survive
You'll never get rid of me as long as you're alive
Baby, can't you tell?

Well it's four in the mornin' by the sounds of the birds
I'm starin' at your picture, I'm hearin' your words
Baby, they ring in my head like a bell.

     D
     Everywhere you go it's enough to break hearts
     A
     Someone always gets hurt, a fire always starts
     D
     You where too hot to handle, you were breakin' every vow
     Cmaj7                        E
     I trusted you baby, you can trust me now.

Turn back, baby, wipe your eye
Don't think I'm leavin' here without a kiss goodbye
```

```
Baby, is there anythin' left to tell?

I'll see you later when I'm not so out of my head
Maybe next time I'll let the dead bury the dead
Baby, what more can I tell?

When the desert is hot, the mountain is cursed
Pray that I don't die of thirst
Baby, two feet from the well.
```

30

Down In The Groove

Recorded: August 1986 to May 1987 — Released: May 31, 1988

739 Let's Stick Together
740 When Did You Leave Heaven?
741 Sally Sue Brown
742 Death Is Not The End
744 Had A Dream About You, Baby
746 Ugliest Girl In The World
747 Silvio
749 Ninety Miles An Hour (Down A Dead End Street)
750 Shenandoah
751 Rank Strangers To Me

Introductory Remarks

Eyolf Østrem

Down in the Groove came at a time when Dylan wasn't exactly at the zenith of his powers as a recording artist. His struggles with the modern recording techniques (at the time mostly resulting in lost battles), as well as a steadily decreasing audience since his religious trilogy, hadn't been good for his reputation. And *Down in the Groove* didn't make things much better.

It is probably one of the last albums people buy. And in my most critical moments I'm inclined to say: "And for good reason." But still: the album has qualities, not only compared with *Knocked out Loaded*, which only has *one* quality ("Brownsville Girl").

I'll return to the qualities in a moment. First a general overview: The six first songs, and eight out of ten songs on the album as a whole, are in the key of A major, most of them are fairly standard 12-bar blues, with slight variations (such as the F♯m in Had a Dream About You Baby, which in this case is counterbalanced by the rather monotonous singing)(I didn't say it was bad, though). The main difference between Let's Stick Together, Sally Sue Brown, Had A Dream About You Baby and Ugliest Girl In The World is the titles.

Death is Not the End is, I think, the only Dylan song that has left a really bad taste in my mouth. It was a general joking subject around here, until someone wanted to borrow the album to play this song in his wife's funeral. They had heard it on the radio a few days before she died, probably the only time it was ever played on the radio. I pass her gravestone every day on my way to work. It hasn't changed my opinion about the song, I just don't laugh about it anymore.

Silvio is a strange song in many ways. The lyrics by Grateful Dead-lyricist Robert Hunter are often referred to as typical Dylan-wannabe-writing. Be that as it may–on this album it compares favourably not only to the non-Dylan songs. For a very long time it was the regular ending of the first electric set of just about every show, which added to its strangeness: a song that for tape-collectors was a nuisance and a drag, as the eternal song no. 5, but which most others had never heard–who had got *Down in the Groove* apart from the collectors (the song request of all times: in Stockholm, June 9 1998 someone yelled out "SILVIO" after song nr. 4)?

Musically it is a carbon copy of *Isis*. That's perhaps not where the real genious of *Isis* lies, but it's a persistent little bugger of a riff.

The songs that are neither square rock'n'roll in A or "Death is not the end", go to the other opposite–three of them are played in a very loose rhythm (When Did You Leave Heaven?, Shenandoah, Ninety Miles an Hour). These are not only standing out, they are really outstanding. Sure enough, the drumming on "When did you leave heaven" is a bit strange, but that's forgiveable. "Ninety miles" is a perfect example of how to create an intensive pulse (quite fitting the lyrics) without a drum or even a fixed rhythm.

One song left, one performance, and what a performance! Rank Strangers To Me is one of the reasons to have this one on CD–not because of the sound, but because of the repeat button.

Let's Stick Together

W. Harrison, ABZ Music Corp.
Released by Bob Dylan on *Down In The Groove* (1988)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
          A
 .   .    |   .   .   .
|--------+5-----5-----5---+---
|--------+5-----5-----5---+---
|--------+6-----6-----6---+--- etc (repeat rhythm figure
|--------+7-----7-----7---+---     4 times for intro)
|--------+7-----7-----7---+---
|--0-3-5-+5-----5-----5---+---


        A
Well, a  marriage vow, you know, it's very sacred

The man put us together, now, you wanna make it
        D
Stick together
                          A
Come on, come on, stick together.
              E                                    A
You know, we made a vow, not to leave one another, never

Well, ya never miss you water till your well runs dry
Come one, baby, give our love a try, let's stick together
Come on, come on, stick together
We made a vow, not to leave one another, never.

Well, ya never miss your water till your well runs dry
Come one, baby, give our love a try, let's stick together
Come on, come on, stick together
You know, we made a vow, not to leave one another, never.

It might be tough for a while, but consider the child
Cannot be happy without his mom and his pappy
Let's stick together
Come on, come on, stick together
You know, we made a vow, not to leave one another, never.
```

When Did You Leave Heaven?

Words and Music W. Bullock and R. Whiting, Whiting music corp./EMI Robbins Catalog
Sung by Bob Dylan on *Down In The Groove* (1988)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
Dm7  x00211
Bm7  224232
E+   022110
```

```
A
When did you leave heaven?
D                      Dm7
How could they let you go?
A                    F#
How's every thing in heaven?
Bm7         E
I'd like to know.

A
Why did you trade heaven?
D                     Dm7
For all these earthly things?
A                                F#
Where on earth did you hide your halo?
Bm7           E          A
Where did you lose your wings?

               A7
     Have they missed you?
                      D
     Can you get back in?
          B7                (E)
     If I kiss you would it be a sin?

E+        A
I am only human
D                Dm
but you are so divine.
A                  F#
When did you leave heaven
Bm7 E A
angel mine?
```

Sally Sue Brown

Words and music by J. Alexander, E Montgomery and T. Stafford
Sung by Bob Dylan on *Down In The Groove* (1988)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
A       (A7)
Look who's back in town

Ain't nobody but Sally Sue Brown
D7
All you boys better run for cover
       E
If you don't a-wanna be a broken hearted lover.

A
See her in that very tight skirt

Got what it takes just to make you hurt
D7
Don't be deceived by those big bright eyes
         E
Prefer to treat her nasty and low down lies.

     D
     Makes no difference where she's been
     A
     I know Sal's been doin' them things again
     D
     Breaking hearts up and down the line
         E
     Like she broke this heart of mine.

A
I'll go see them come down my way

Like a fool you're gonna hear me say:
      D7
"I'll lay at your bed Sally Sue Brown
E                                        A
Please let me love you, baby, don't put me down".

     Makes no difference where she's been
     I'm go in south and doin' them things again
     Bake in a hot tub, down the line
     I'd rather see you ruin this a-heart of mine.

I'll go see them come down my way
Like a fool you're gonna hear me say:
"I'll lay at your bed Sally Sue Brown
Please let me love you, baby, don't put me down".
```

Death Is Not The End

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded during the *Infidels* sessions (1983)
Released on *Down In The Groove* (1988)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The figure at the end of most phrases could be played

```
   A       D/a     A
   |   .   .   .   |
|----------------------
|--2------(2)--3---2---
|--2------(2)--2---2---
|--2-------2h4-----2---
|--0---------------0---
|----------------------
```

```
A
When you're sad and when you're lonely

And you haven't got a friend
       E                            A
Just remember that death is not the end

And all that you held sacred

Falls down and dows not bend
       E                            A
Just remember that death is not the end.

              D/a  A
Not the end,       (no, no)
              D/a  A
not the end        (no, no)
       E                            A
Just remember that death is not the end.

When you're standing on the cross-roads
That you cannot comprehend
Just remember that death is not the end
And all your dreams have vanished
And you don't know what's up the bend
Just remember that death is not the end.

Not the end,
not the end
Just remember that death is not the end.

When the storm clouds gather round you
And heavy rains descend
Just remember that death is not the end
And there's nowhere there to comfort you
With helping hand to lend
Just remember that death is not the end.
```

Not the end,
not the end
Just remember that death is not the end.

```
           D
     Oh the tree of life is growing
              A
     Where the spirit never dies
            D
     And the bright light of salvation
              A              E
     Shines in dark and empty skies
```

When the cities are on fire
When the burning flesh of men
Just remember that death is not the end
And you search in vain to find
Just one law abiding citizen
Just remember that death is not the end.

Not the end, not the end
Just remember that death is not the end.

Had A Dream About You, Baby

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Sung by Bob Dylan on *Down In The Groove* (1988)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
   A
   | . . ; . . ; . . ; . . |
|:-------------------------:|-
|:-2---------2-------------:|-
|:-2---------2-------------:|- repeat 8 times
|:-2---------2-----2-4---2-:|- for intro
|:-0---------0-------------:|-
|:-------------------------:|-
```

(2nd guitar plays standard fills)

```
A
I got to see you baby, I don't care

It may be some place, baby, you say you where
        F#m              D      A
I had a dream about you, baby
  F#m              D     A
A dream about you, baby
F#m                        D                 A
Late last night you come a-rollin' across my mind.

You got the crazy rhythm when you walk
You make me nervous when you start to talk
I had a dream about you, baby
A dream about you, baby
Late last night you come a-rollin' across my mind.

Standin' on the highway, you flag me down
Said, take me, daddy, to the nearest town
I had a dream about you, baby
Had a dream about you, baby
Late last night you come a-rollin' across my mind.

     D
     The join is jumpin' it's really somethin'
     A
     The beat is pumpin, my heart is thumpin'
     B
     Spent my money on you honey
        E
     My limbs are shakin, my heart is breakin'

You kiss me, baby, in the coffee stop
You made me so bad, you gotta stop
I had a dream about you, baby
Had a dream about you, baby
Late last night you come a-rollin' across my mind.
```

The join is jumpin' it's really somethin'
The beat is pumpin, my heart is thumpin'
Spent my money on you honey
My limbs are shakin, my heart is breakin'

You had a white rag wrapped around your head
Wearing a long dress fire engine red
I had a dream about you, baby
Had a dream about you, baby
Late last night you come a-rollin' across my mind.

Ugliest Girl In The World

(Words and Music by Bob Dylan and Robert Hunter)
Released by Bob Dylan on *Down In The Groove* (1988)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
A
Well the woman that I love she got a hook in her nose

Her eye brows meet she wears second hand clothes
    D
She speaks with a stutter and she walks with a hop
  A
I don't know why I love her but I just can't stop.
    D               A
You know I love her yeah I love her
E                                       A
I'm in love with the ugliest girl in the world.

If I ever lose her I will go insane
I go half crazy when she calls my name
When she says "ba-ba-ba-ba-baby I l'-l'-love you
There ain't nothing in the world that I wouldn't do.
You know I love her yeah I love her
I'm in love with the ugliest girl in the world.

The woman that I love she got two flat feet
Her knees knocks together walking down the street
She cracks her knuckles and she snores in bed
She ain't much to look at but like I said:
I love her Yeah I love her
I'm in love with the ugliest girl in the world

     (She's so ugly
     Man she's ugly
     definitely (?) ugly
     truly ugly
     She's so ugly
     She's so ugly)

I don't mean to say she got nothing going
She got a weird sense of humor that is all her own
When I got low she sets me on my feet
Got a five inch smile but her breath is sweet.
You know I love her Yeah I love her
I'm in love with the ugliest girl in the world.

Well the woman that I love she got a hook in her nose
Her eye brows meet she wears second hand clothes
She speaks with a stutter and she walks with a hop
I don't know why I love her but I just can't stop.
You know I love her yeah I love her
I'm in love with the ugliest girl in the world.
```

Silvio

Lyrics: Robert Hunter, Music: Bob Dylan
Sung by Bob Dylan on *Down In The Groove* (1988)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G    F    C    G

G        F           C         G
Stake my future on a hell of a past
G            F           C         G
Looks like tomorrow is a coming on fast
G        F              C      G
Ain't complaining about what I got
G           F         C       G
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.

Honest as the next jade rolling that stone
When I come and knockin' don't throw me no bone
I'm an old boll weevil looking for a home
If you don't like it you can leave me alone.

I can 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
And 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

Give what I got until I got no more
I take what I get until I even the score
You know I love you and further more
When it is time to go you got an open door.

I can tell your fancy I can tell your plain
You give something up for ev'rything you gain
Since ev'ry pleasure's got an edge of pain
Pay for your ticket and don't complain.

One of these days and it won't be long
Going down the valley and sing my song
I will sing it loud and sing it strong
Let the echo decide if I was right or wrong.

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.
```

Ninety Miles An Hour (Down A Dead End Street)

Words and music by H. Blair and D. Robertson
Sung by Bob Dylan on *Down In The Groove* (1988)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Tabbed in A (capo 1st fret, original key B♭ major)

```
           A                          D         A
I took you home from a party and we kissed in fun
  E                         A    Asus4 A
A few stolen kisses and no harm was   done
           D                                    A
Instead of stopping when we could we went right on
                 (A/c#)         D           A/c#
Till suddenly we found that the brakes were gone.

You belong to someone else, and I do too
It's just crazy bein' here with you
As a bad motorcycle with the devil in the seat
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.

I didn't want to want you, but now I have no choice
It's too late to listen to that warning voice
All I hear is thunder of two hearts beat
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.

     D
     You're not free to belong to me
                               A
     And you know I could never be your own
          D
     Your lips on mine are like a sweet, sweet wine
                        A             E
     But we're heading for a wall of stone.

Warning signs are flashing ev'ry where, but we pay no heed
'Stead of slowing down the pace, we keep a pickin' up speed
Disaster's getting closer ev'ry time we meet
Going ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Yeah, ninety miles an hour down a dead end street
Well, ninety miles an hour down a dead end street.
```

Shenandoah

Trad. arr. by Bob Dylan
Sung by Bob Dylan on *Down In The Groove* (1988)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
    G                    C/g  G
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
     C/g              G
Look away, you rollin' river
    C/g                  G
Oh, Shenandoah, I long to hear you
     G           C/g    G
Look away, we're bound away
 G/b       C    /b /a G
Across the wide Missouri.

Now the Missouri is a mighty river
Look away, you rollin' river
Indians camp along her border
Look away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri.

Well, a white man loved an Indian maiden
Look away, you rollin' river
With notions his canoe was laden
Look away, we're bound away
Across the wide Missouri.

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.

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.

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.
```

Rank Strangers To Me

Words and music by Albert Brumley
Sung by Bob Dylan on *Down In The Groove* (1988)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
            E          Esus4       E
I wandered again to my home in the mountain
                                                B     B7
Where in youth's early dawn I was happy and free
                E
I looked for my friends but I never could find them
                      B                 E
I found they were all rank strangers to me.

                           Esus4
Ev'rybody I met seemed to be a rank stranger
                                      B     B7
No mother or dad not a friend could I see
                E
They knew not my name and I knew not their faces
                      B                 E
I found they were all rank strangers to me.

"They all moved a way," said a voice of a stranger
"To that bautiful home by the bright crystal sea"
Some beautiful day I'll meet 'em in heaven
Where no one will be a stranger to me.

Ev'rybody I met seemed to be a rank stranger
No mother or dad not a friend could I see
They knew not my name and I knew not their faces
I found they were all rank strangers to me.
```

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Oh Mercy

Recorded March 1989 — Released September 22 1989

754 Political World
756 Where Teardrops Fall
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766 Disease of Conceit
768 What Was It You Wanted?
770 Shooting Star

Political World

Words and music Bob Dylan.
Released on *Oh Mercy* (1989).
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
 F#m
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-------2---------|-----------------|
|-----------------|*----------------|----------------*|
|-------------2-4-|-----------------|-------------2-4-| 3 times
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|*----------------|----------------*|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .
|-------5-4---2---|-----------------|------------|----------------+----
|-----------------|-5---4---2-------|------------|----------------+----
|(4)--------------|-------------4-2-|------------|-------454---2--+---- etc.
|-----------------|-----------------|-4----------|----------------+-4--
|-----------------|-----------------|------------|----------------+----
|-----------------|-----------------|------------|----------------+----
```

F#m
We live in a political world
Love don't have any place
We're living in times
Where men commit crimes
And crime don't have any face.

We live in a political world
Icicles hanging down
Wedding bells ring
And angels sing
Clouds cover up the ground.

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

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

We live in a political world
Where courage is a thing of the past
Houses are haunted
Children unwanted
The next day could be your last.

We live in a political world

The one we can see and feel
But there's no one to check
It's all a stacked deck
We all know for sure that it's real.

We live in a political world
In the cities of lonesome fear
Little by little
You turn in the middle
But you're never sure why you're here.

We live in a political world
Under the microscope
You can travel anywhere
And hang yourself there
You always got more than enough rope.

We live in a political world
Turning and trashing about
As soon as you're awake
You're trained to take
What looks like the easy way out.

We live in a political world
Where peace is not welcome at all
It's turned away from the door
To wonder some more
Or put up against the wall.

We live in a political world
Everything is hers and his
Climb into the frame
And shout God's name
But you're never sure what it is.

Where Teardrops Fall

Words and music Bob Dylan.
Released on *Oh Mercy* (1989).
Tabbed by Jeff Kokosinski, with slight emendations by Eyolf Østrem.

D' in the last line of the verses is basically a D and a G played at the same time on different guitars. It can be emulated by playing a Dsus4 chord (xx0233).

```
G
 Far away where the soft winds blow
                 C    Eb
Far away from it all
G
 There is a place you go
G     D'        G
Where teardrops fall.

Far away in the stormy night
Far away and over the wall
You are there in the flickering light
Where teardrops fall.

        C
     We banged the drum slowly

     And played the fife lowly
         G
     You know the song in my heart
            C
     In the turning of twilight

     In the shadows of moonlight
             Cm                    D
     You can show me a new place to start.

I've torn my clothes and I've drained the cup
Strippin' away at it all
Thinking of you when the sun comes up
Where teardrops fall.

     By rivers of blindness
     In love and with kindness
     We could hold up a toast if we meet
     To the cuttin' of fences
     To sharpen the senses
     That linger in the fireball heat.

Roses are red violets are blue
And time is beginning to crawl
I just might have to come to see you
Where teardrops fall.
```

Everything is Broken

Words and music Bob Dylan.
Released on *Oh Mercy* (1989).
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Basic riff:

```
  E                   A
|-----------------|  |-----------------|
|-----------------|  |-----------------|
|-----------------|  |-----------------|
|-----------------|  |-------0-1-2-1-2-|
|-------0-1-2-1-2-|  |-0-0-3-----------|
|-0-0-3-----------|  |-----------------|
```

Dobro fills:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|---------4-4---4-|
|-------------3-5-|---------5-5---5-|
|-----------4-----|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
E
Broken lines broken strings

Broken threads broken springs
A
Broken idols broken heads
E
People sleeping in broken beds
B
Ain't no use jiving
A
Ain't no use joking
E
  Everything is broken.

Broken bottles broken plates
Broken switches broken gates
Broken dishes broken parts
Streets are filled with broken hearts
Broken words never meant to be spoken
Everything is broken.

     B
     Seem like every time you stop and turn around
     A
     Something else just hit the ground

Broken cutters broken saws
```

Broken buckles broken laws
Broken bodies broken bones
Broken voices on broken phones
Take a deep breath feel like you're chokin'
Everything is broken.

Everytime 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.

Outtake version

Lyrics transcribed by Dag B

Broken nights, broken days,
Broken leaves on broken trees,
Broken treaties, broken vows,
Broken hands on broken plows.
Ain't no use runnin', honey,
Ain't no use jokin'
Nothing's workin'
Everything is broken.

Broken lives, hangin' by a thread,
Broken bones in a broken bed,
Broken mirror, broken chair,
Broken roads, goin' nowhere.
Broken words never meant to be spoken,
Can't help it, honey,
Everything broken.

I send you roses once from a heart that was truly grieved
Send you roses someone else must have received

Broken clock, on a broken wall
Broken voices in a broken hall
Broken beginnings, broken ends
Streets are filled with broken friends
Take a deep breath, baby, feel like you're chokin',
Tell me the truth now,
Everything broken.

Seen James Dean in a picture once, comin' in from the cold
Say, geez, I hope I look that good, if I get to be that old

Broken flesh on a broken floor,
Broken key, for a broken door
Broken idols, broken heroes,
Broken numbers, addin' up to zeroes

Hound dog's howling, bull frog's croakin',
It ain't easy, baby,
Everything broken.

Ring Them Bells

Words and Music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Oh Mercy* (1989).
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

I think this song is originally in C♯ major or some other unplayable key :-). Anyway, put in C, it is perfectly playable on a guitar. The initial rush down takes some practice, but it can be done. Otherwise, just replace everything between the two plain C's with a sustained C.

```
C    /b   Am     /g F   C/e Dm   C   F/g       C
Ring them bells, ye heathen From the city that dreams,
C    /b   Am    /g       F   C/e Dm  C         G
Ring them bells from the sanctuaries Cross the valleys and streams,
           F               C
For they're deep and they're wide
                           F
And the world's on its side
    C    /b  Am /g   F   C/e  Dm C F/g       C
And time is running backwards And  so is the bride.

C G/b    Am
Am G/b   C

Ring them bells St. Peter Where the four winds blow,
Ring them bells with an iron hand So the people will know.
Oh it's rush hour now
On the wheel and the plow
And the 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.

     C    G/b  Am
     Ring them bells
                  G/b     C
     for the blind and the deaf,
          G/b  Am
     Ring them bells
                       G/b C
     for all of us who are left,
     C    G/b  Am
     Ring them bells
                    Am/g#
     for the chosen few
                       Am/g
     Who will judge the many
                     D7/f#
     when the game is through.
               F
     Ring them bells,
                       C/e
     for the time that flies,
```

```
                      Dm7
     For the child that cries
                   F/g
     When innocence dies.
```

Ring them bells St. Catherine From the top of the room,
Ring them from the fortress For the lilies that bloom.
Oh the lines are long
And the fighting is strong
And they're breaking down the distance Between right and wrong.

```
G  F  G  F
C /b Am /g F C/e Dm C F/g   C
```

Man In The Long Black Coat

Words and music Bob Dylan.
Released on *Oh Mercy* (1989).
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
F#m          A             E        C#m
Crickets are chirpin', the water is high,
          F#m         A            E            F#m
There's a soft cotton dress on the line hangin' dry.
F#m         A     E       C#m
Window wide open, African trees
F#m       A                E         F#m
Bent over backwards from a hurricane breeze.
      E
Not a word of goodbye, not even a note
    F#m           A          E          F#m
She gone with the man in the long black coat.

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

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

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

There's smoke on the water, it's been there since June
Tree trunks unprooted 'neath the high crescent moon
Feel the pulse and vibration and the rumbling force
Somebody is out there beating on a dead horse
She never said nothing, there was nothing she wrote
She gone with the man in the long black coat.
```

Most of the Time

Words and music Bob Dylan.
Released on *Oh Mercy* (1989).
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
F

|:C . . . |F . . . :|

            C
Most of the time
    F
I'm clear focused all around
            C
Most of the time
           F
I can keep both feet on the ground
Am                      F
  I can follow the path,  I can read the sign
Am                    F
  Stay right with it   when the road unwinds
                 C                F
I can handle whatever I stumble upon
              Am             F
I don't even notice   she's gone
            C
Most of the time.

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 and I can endure
And I don't even think about her
Most of the time.

Most of the time my head is on straight
Most of the time I'm strong enough not to hate
I don't build up illusion 'til it makes me sick
I ain't afraid of confusion no matter how thick
I can smile in the face of mankind
Don't even remember what her lips felt like on mine
Most of the time.

      Am
        Most of the time
      C
        she ain't even in my mind
      Am
        I wouldn't know her if I saw her
      C
        She's that far behind
```

```
      E
        Most of the time
      Am
        I can't even be sure
      E
        If she was ever with me
      Am                      F/g
        Or if I was ever with her

Most of the time I'm halfway content
Most of the time I know exactly where it went
I don't cheat on myself I don't run and hide
Hide from the feelings that are buried inside
I don't compromise and I don't pretend
I don't even care if I ever see her again
Most of the time.
```

What Good Am I?

Words and music Bob Dylan.
Released on *Oh Mercy* (1989).
Tabbed by Jeff Kokoskinski and Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

```
C                     F                   Csus4 C
What good am I if I'm like all the rest
     C                     F                 C      F C
If I just turn away when I see how you're dressed
     Am                                    Em
If I shut myself off so I can't hear you cry
F    C    F  C
What good am I ?

What good am I if I know and don't do
If I see and don't say if I look right through you
If I turn a deaf ear to the thunderin' sky
What good am I ?

What good am I while you softly weep
And I hear in my head what you say in your sleep
And I freeze in the moment like the rest who don't try
What good am I ?

          Am
     What good am I then to others and me
                                      Em
     If I've had every chance and yet still fail to see
        Am                /d (n.c.)  Am
     If my hands are tied must I not wonder within
                               Em                Dm
     Who tied them and why and where must I have been.

What good am I if I say foolish things
And I laugh in the face of what sorrow brings
And I just turn my back while you silently die
What good am I ?
```

Disease of Conceit

Words and music Bob Dylan.
Released on *Oh Mercy* (1989).
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Piano song, black keys, capo on the 1st fret (sounding key C♯ major)

```
          C                   C/e
There's a whole lot of people suffering tonight
            F                   C/e F
from the disease of conceit
                    D/f#
Whole lot of people struggling tonight
         F/g
from the disease of conceit
Am                   C/g     F                 C
Comes right down the highway straight down the line
Am             C/g                 F             C
Rips into your senses through your body and your mind
         D/f#           C/g
Nothing about it that's sweet
    F/g           C
The disease of conceit.

There's a whole lot of hearts breaking tonight
from the disease of conceit
Whole lot of hearts shaking tonight
from the disease of conceit
Steps into your room eats into your soul
Over your senses you have no control
Ain't nothing too discreet about
the disease of conceit.

There's a whole lot of people dying tonight
from the disease of conceit
Whole lot of people crying tonight
from the disease of conceit
Comes right out of nowhere and you're down for the count
From the outside world the pressure will mount
Turn you into a piece of meat
The disease of conceit.

        Am        C/g
     Conceit is a disease
              F              C
     that the doctors got no cure
     Am                    C/g
     They've done a lot of research on it
                D/f#                F/g
     but what it is they're still not sure

There's a whole lot of people in trouble tonight
from the disease of conceit
Whole lot of people seeing double tonight
```

from the disease of conceit
Give you delusions of grandeur and evil eye
Give you the idea that you're too good to die
Then they bury you from your head to your feet
From the disease of conceit.

What Was It You Wanted?

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Oh Mercy* (1989).
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C#m
What was it you wanted

Tell me again so I'll know

What's happening in there,

What's going on in your show
F#m
What was it you wanted

Could you say it again?
C#m
I'll be back in a minute

You can get it together by then.

E   G#m    C#m

What was it you wanted
You can tell me I'm back
We can start it all over
Get it back on the track
You got my attention
Go ahead speak
What was it you wanted
When you were kissing my cheek?

Was there somebody looking
When you gave me that kiss
Someone there in the shadows
Someone that I might have missed?
Is there something you needed
Something I don't understand.
What was it you wanted.
Do I have it here in my hand?

     G#m
     Whatever you wanted
     Slipped out of my mind
     Would you remind me again,
     If you'd be so kind
     Has the record been breaking
     Did the needle just skip
     Is there somebody waiting
     Was there a slip of the lip?

What was it you wanted,
I ain't keeping score
```

Are you the same person
That was here before?
Is it something important
Maybe not.
What was it you wanted?
Tell me again I forgot.

Whatever you wanted
What could it be
Did somebody tell you
That you could get it from me
Is it something that comes natural,
Is it easy to say,
Why do you want it,
Who are you anyway?

Is the scenery changing,
Am I getting it wrong
Is the whole thing going backwards
Are they playing our song?
Where were you when it started
Do you want it for free
What was it you wanted
Are you talking to me?

Shooting Star

Words and music Bob Dylan.
Released on *Oh Mercy* (1989) and in a live version on *Unplugged* (1995).
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

B″ (in the bridge) is a chord with a whole lot of tones in it, on several guitars, playing quite different chords. A good approximation is x22324.

In the outtake version the song is clearly played in C, with a capo on the 4th fret (see below). On Unplugged Dylan plays his licks without a capo, while Jackson uses the capo on the 4th fret.

```
E   E/g#  A    E
E   E/g#  A
A   B     E    A
E   E/g#  A    E

       E               E/g#
Seen a shooting star tonight
      A              E
And I thought of you
E                               E/g#
You were trying to break into another world
  A
A world I never knew
A                B
I always kind of wondered
       E           A
if you ever made it through
       E               E/g#
Seen a shooting star tonight
      A             E
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 tonight
And I thought of me.

     C#m                 /c
     Listen to the engine listen to the bell
     /b                   /a#
     As the last firetruck from hell
     A               B                   E
     goes rolling by, all good people are praying
              C#m                /c
     It's the last temptation the last account
              /b                     /a#
     The last time you might hear the sermon on the mount
     A                B''
     The last radio is playing.
```

```
Seen a shooting star tonight slip away
Tomorrow will be another day
Guess it's too late to say the things to you
that you needed to hear me say
Seen a shooting star tonight slip away.
```

Capoed version (capo 4th fret)

```
       C               C/e
Seen a shooting star tonight
      F              C
And I thought of you
C                              C/e
You were trying to break into another world
  F
A world I never knew
F                G
I always kind of wondered
       C            F
if you ever made it through
       C               C/e
Seen a shooting star tonight
      F             C
And I thought of you.

...

     Am                   /g#
     Listen to the engine listen to the bell
     /g                    /f#
     As the last firetruck from hell
     F                G                          C
     goes rolling by, all good people are praying
              Am                  /g#
     It's the last temptation the last account
              /g                      /f#
     The last time you might hear the sermon on the mount
     F                 F/g
     The last radio is playing.
```

(The Unplugged version has

```
     F                 D9
     The last radio is playing.
```

with D9 = x57555 or something like that.

Also the Fs are occasionally played Fmaj7 (133210)

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Under The Red Sky

Recorded January–March 1990 — Released September 11, 1990

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Wiggle Wiggle

Written by Bob Dylan (this must have been a central piece in his nomination for the Nobel Prize)
Released on *Under The Red Sky* (1990)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
F#

Bm              A             E
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a gypsy queen,
Bm              A          E
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle all dressed in green,
Bm              D               E       F#
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle 'til the moon is blue,
F# [n.c.]
Wiggle 'til the moon sees you.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle in your boots and shoes,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, you got nothing to lose,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, like a swarm of bees,
Wiggle on your hands and knees.

     E                                  (F#)
     Wiggle to the front, wiggle to the rear,
     Bm
     Wiggle 'til you wiggle right out of here,
     E
     Wiggle 'til it opens, wiggle 'til it shuts,
     F#
     Wiggle 'til it bites, wiggle 'til it cuts.

Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a bowl of soup,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a rolling hoop,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle like a ton of lead,
Wiggle - you can raise the dead.

     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 pail of milk,
Wiggle, wiggle, wiggle, rattle and shake,
Wiggle like a big fat snake.
```

Under the Red Sky

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Under The Red Sky* (1990)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

* The B is really an A/B chord

```
E                      A/E E                              A/E E
There was a little boy       and there was a little girl
                     A     D/A  A                E       A/E E
And they lived in an alley        under the red sky.
      C#m                         G#m
There was a little boy and there was a little girl
         F#m7              B*           E
And they lived in an alley under the red sky.

There was an old man and he lived in the moon,
One summer's day he came passing by.
There was an old man and he lived in the moon,
And one day he came passing by.

G                    B                               E
Someday little girl, everything for you is gonna be new
G                                  F#m7                  B
Someday little girl you'll have a diamond as big as your shoe

Let the wind blow low, let the wind blow high.
One day the little boy and the little girl were both baked in a pie.
Let the wind blow low, let the wind blow high.
One day the little boy and the little girl were both baked in a pie.

This is the key to the kingdom and this is the town
This is the blind horse that leads you around

Let the bird sing, let the bird fly,
One day the man in the moon went home and the river went dry.
Let the bird sing, let the bird fly,
The man in the moon went home and the river went dry.
```

Unbelievable

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *Under The Red Sky* (1990)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The basic chord is some kind of Em or Em7, but with hints of E and E7 as well.
This little thing goes through the whole song:

```
  Em      A   Em
|-0---0---0---0---|
|-0---0---2---0---|
|-0---0---2---0---|
|-2---------------|
|-2---------------|
|-0---------------|
```

combination with a bass:

```
  e   .   a   c
```

```
        Em
It's unbelievable, it's strange but true,

It's inconceivable it could happen to you.

You go north and you go south

Just like bait in the fish's mouth.
                                                    B
Ya must be livin' in the shadow of some kind of evil star.
        Em
It's unbelievable it would get this far.

It's undeniable what they'd have you to think,
It's indescribable it can drive you to drink.
They said it was the land of milk and honey,
now they say it's the land of money.
Who ever thought they could ever make that stick.
It's unbelievable you can get this rich this quick.

     B
     Every head is so dignified, every moon is so sanctified,
                                  A
     Every urge is so satisfied as long as you're with me.
     B
     All the silver, all the gold, all the sweethearts you can hold
                                                    A
     That don't come back with stories untold, are 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,
```

Beat that horse and saddle up the drum.
It's unbelievable, the day would finally come.

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.

Born in Time

Words and Music by Bob Dylan
Recorded (but not released) for *Oh Mercy* (1989), released in a different version on *Under The Red Sky* (1990)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
Intro (guitar part):       (piano part, main melody):
    :   .   .   .            :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------------------|      |-7-5-----------5-|-7---7-5---------|
|-3h5-3-------3-5---|      |-----8-5---5-8---|---------8---8---|
|-------4-2---------|x2    |---------7-------|-----------------|
|-----------5-------|      |-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------------|      |-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------------|      |-----------------|-----------------|
```

Or taken together:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-7-5-3-0---0-3-5-|-7---7-5-3---3---|
|-5-3-0---3-3-5---|-5---------3-5---|
|-------2-0-------|---7-4-2-0-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
       G
In the lonely night
                            Em
In the blinking stardust of a pale blue light
                           Am7
You're comin' thru to me in black and white
     C       Cm      G
When we were made of dreams.

You're blowing down the shaky street,
You're hearing my heart beat
In the record breaking heat
Where we were born in time.

                G                   D
     Not one more night, not one more kiss,
                 C                G/B
     Not this time baby, no more of this.
                  G                     D
     Takes too much skill, takes too much will.
               G
     It's too revealing.
                 G                   D
     You came, you saw, just like the law
               C                     G/B
     You married young, just like your ma,
                 G                   Am
     You tried and tried, you made me slide
```

```
                D
     You left me reelin'
     G/B           C
     with this feelin'.

On the rising curve
Where the ways of nature will test every nerve,
You won't get anything you don't deserve
Where we were born in time.

     You pressed me once, you pressed me twice,
     You hang the flame, you'll pay the price.
     Oh babe, that fire
     Is still smokin'.
     You were snow, you were rain
     You were striped, you were plain,
     Oh babe, truer words
     Have not been spoken
     or broken.

In the hills of mystery,
In the foggy web of destiny,
You can have what's left of me,
Where we were born in time.
```

Oh mercy **Outtake**

Chords:

```
C#m      x46650
F#m7     244200 (use the thumb)
B'       799800
A'       577600
```

```
       E
In the lonely night
                     C#m
In the stardust of a pale blue light
                  F#m7
I think of you in black and white
     Am              E
When we were made of dreams.

I walk alone through the shakin' street,
Listening to my heart beat
In the record breaking heat
When we were born in time.

     E           B'
     Just when I knew
```

```
          A'             E
     you were gone, you came back
                B'
     Just when I knew
               E
     It was for certain
          E              B'
     You were high, you were low
          A'         E
     You were so easy to know
                   F#m7              B'
     Oh babe, now is time to raise the curtain
         A'
     I'm hurtin'.

On the rising curve
Where the ways of nature will test every nerve,
I took you close and got what I deserved
When we were born in time.

     Just when I knew
     who to thank, you went blank
     And just when the whole
     fires was smokin'
     You were snow, you were rain
     You were stripes, you were plain
     Oh babe, truer words
     Have not been spoken
     or broken.

In the hills of mystery,
In the foggy web of destiny,
I think of you from deep inside of me,
When we were born in time.
```

"Love Sick" single version

Recorded Aug. 1997

Chords in Larry Campbell's guitar:

```
C#madd9  xx6640 (played broken, not spoken)
F#m7     202222
Am7-5    xx4555
```

```
  E                                  C#m
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---------------2-|/4-----4/4-------|-----4-6-4-------|
|-0-----0-0-------|-------0-0-2-4---|-----------------|-----------7-4-0-|
```

```
  F#m(7)                    Am7-5     E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .    .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|------
|-----------------|-----------------|--------/9---7-6-|--------2---------|------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------7-----|-----2h4--4-2-----|------
|-2-----4-2-------|-----2-4-5---5---|-4---------------|--------------4-2-|-0----
                                                                  In the lonely...
                   (2nd time:)
                    :   .   .   .
                   |-----------------|
                   |-------------1---|
                   |-------0---2-----|
                   |-----4---2-------|
                   |---4-------------|
                   |-2---------------|

       E
In the lonely night
                     C#madd9
In the shadows of a pale blue light
                   F#m7
I think of you in black and white
     Am7-5           E
When we were made of dreams.

I walk along through the shaking street,
I'm listening to my heart beat
In the record breaking heat
Where we were born in time.

  :   .   .   .     :
|-----------------|-----
|-----------------|-----
|--------/5--4--2-|-1---
|--------/7--6--4-|-2---
|-----------------|-----
|-----------------|-----
  time

                   E    (B-E)             B   (F#-B)
     Not one more night,    not one more kiss,
                    A                          E/g#
     Not this time, I'll have no more of this.
                   E                   B
     It's much too cold, it's much too old
              E
     Way too revealing.
                   E  (B-E)             B   (F#-B)
     You came, you saw,    just like the law
                 A                     E/g#
     You married young, just like your ma,
        E             F#m
     Oh babe, how you loved me
     B
     reelin'
```

```
               E/g#  Aadd9
     with this fee - lin'.

   E  (B-E)          B  (F# B)          B(/d#)         E/g# Aadd9
   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
||-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|-0-0-------------|
||-----4-5---------|-----------------||-4---------------|-0-0-------------|
||-----------------|-----3-4---------||-4---------------|-x-6-------------|
||-----4-6---------|-----------------||-4---------------|-6-7-------------|
||-----------------|-----4-6---------||-6---------------|-7-7-------------|
||-----------------|-----------------||(7)--------------|-4-5-------------|
  night...          kiss             ..reelin' with this feeling

  :       .   .     .
|-0---------------------|
|-----------------------|
|-4h6p4---4h6-----------|
|------6------6\4-2---2~|
|-------------------4---|
|-----------------------|
                Upon the rising...
```

On the rising curve
Where the ways of nature will test every nerve,
I took you close and got what I deserved
When we were born in time.

[2nd times intro]

You pressed me once, you pressed me twice,
You hung the flame, then you paid the price.
Oh babe, and that fire
It's still smokin'.
You were snow, you were rain
You were striped, Lord, and you were plain,
Oh baby, truer words
Have never been spoken
or broken.

In the hills of mystery,
In the foggy web of destiny,
You can have what's left of me,
Where we were born in time.

```
  Am7-5      E
  .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----5---|-4-----4---------|-------0---0---0-||-----0-----0---0-|-----------------|
|---------|-----0-----0---0-|-----------------||---5-------------|---------------2-|
|---5-----|---4-----4---4---|-4---4---6---8---||-9-----8-----6---|-4p2-1-------1---|
|-4-------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|-----------2-----|
|---------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|-----------------|
|---------|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|-----------------|
..born in   time
```

```
  C#m                                F#m                        Am7-5     E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------0-----|---5---4-2---2/4-|-2---2/4-5---5---|-4-------
|/5-5-5-4---4-2---|h2-2-2-2-----2-0-|-----------------|-----------------|---------
|/6-6-6-4---4-1---|-1---------------|/6---6-4-2---2/4-|-2---2/4-5---5---|-4-------  etc
|------------(2---|-2)--------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------
```

T.V. Talkin' Song

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *Under The Red Sky* (1990)
On this one, Eyolf Østrem commented: Go to bobdylan.com, get the lyrics, pick any chord and stay there.

One time in London I'd gone out for a walk,
Past a place called Hyde park where people talk
'Bout all kinds of different gods, they have their point of view
To anyone passing by, that's who they're talking to.

There was someone on a platform talking to the folks
About the T.V. god and all the pain that it invokes.
"It's too bright a light", he said, "For anybody's eyes,
If you've never seen one it's a blessing in disguise."

I moved in closer, got up on my toes,
Two men in front of me were coming to blows
The man was saying something 'bout children when they're young
Being sacrificed to it while lullabies are being sung.

"The news of the day is on all the time,
All the latest gossip, all the latest rhyme,
Your mind is your temple, keep it beautiful and free,
Don't let an egg get laid in it by something you can't see."

"Pray for peace!". he said, you could feel it in the crowd.
My thoughts began to wander. His voice was ringing loud,
"It will destroy your family, your happy home is gone
No one can protect you fro it once you turn it on."

"It will led you into some strange pursuits,
Lead you to the land of forbidden fruits.
It will scramble up your head and drag your brain about,
Sometimes you gotta do like Elvis did and shoot the damn thing out."

"It's all been designed", he said, "To make you lose your mind,
And when you go back to find it, there's nothing there to find."
"Everytime you look at it, your situation's worse,
If you feel it grabbing out for you, send for the nurse."

The crowd began to riot and they grabbed hold of the man,
There was pushing, there was shoving and everybody ran.
The T.V. crew was there to film it, they jumped right over me,
Later on that evening, I watched it on T.V..

10,000 Men

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *Under The Red Sky* (1990)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
Bb7
Ten thousand men on a hill,

Ten thousand men on a hill,
F                                 Bb7
Some of 'm goin' down, some of 'm gonna get killed.

Ten thousand men dressed in oxford blue,
Ten thousand men dressed in oxford blue,
Drummin' in the morning, in the evening they'll be coming for you.

Ten thousand men on the move,
Ten thousand men on the move,
None of them doing nothin' that your mama wouldn't disapprove.

Ten thousand men digging for silver and gold,
Ten thousand men digging for silver and gold,
All clean shaven, all coming in from the cold.

Hey! Who could your lover be?
Hey! Who could your lover be?
Let me eat off his head so you can really see!

Ten thousand women all dressed in white,
Ten thousand women all dressed in white,
Standin' at my window wishing me goodnight.

Ten thousand men looking so lean and frail,
Ten thousand men looking so lean and frail,
Each one of 'em got seven wives, each one of 'em just out of jail.

Ten thousand women all sweepin' my room,
Ten thousand women all sweepin' my room,
Spilling my buttermilk, sweeping it up will a broom.

Ooh, baby, thank you for my tea!
Baby, thank you for my tea!
It's so sweet of you to be so nice to me.
```

2 x 2

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *Under The Red Sky* (1990)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
  F                C                Bb               F6
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :
|--1st guitar-----|-\---3-----------|-1---------------|-10-----------
|--(12 string)----|--\--5-----------|-3---------------|-10-----------
|-----------------|---\-5-----------|-3---------------|-10-----------
|-------2-3-2-----|-2--\------------|-----------------|-10-/---------
|-0-1-3------31-3-|-----\----2nd----|-----------------|---/(5-3)-----
|-----------------|------\--guitar--|-----------------|--/1st guitar-
```

```
       F
One by one, they followed the sun,

One by one, until there were none.
       Dm            C          F
Two by two, to their lovers they flew,
       Dm               (C) F
Two by two, into the foggy  dew.

Three by three, they danced on the sea,
Four by four, they danced on the shore,
Five by five, they tried to survive,
Six by six, they were playing with tricks.

     Bb
      How many paths did they try and fail?
         F                                                  F7
     How many of their brothers and sisters lingered in jail?
     Bb
      How much poison did they inhale?
     F                                 C
      How many black cats crossed their trail?

Seven by seven, they headed for heaven,
Eight by eight, they got to the gate,
Nine by nine, they drank the wine,
Ten by ten, they drank again.

How many tomorrow's have they given away?
How many compared to yesterday?
How many more without any reward?
How many more can they afford?

Two by two, they stepped into the ark,
Two by two, they step in the dark.
Three by three, they're turning the key,
Four by four, they turn it some more,
One by one, they follow the sun,
Two by two, to another rendezvous.
```

God Knows

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded – and discarded – for *Oh Mercy*, but given a second chance on *Under The Red Sky* (1990). May not have come out perfectly in the studio, but live this is a gem.

I give two versions: one with G chords, the other with E chords. Both seem to have been used, but what he plays in concerts it is actually the E version, although the intro (before the band enters) sounds suspiciously like his dear old G-C/g-G turn.

Under the Red Sky version

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key B♭ major)

The last three verses are played without the G+ – Em/b in the second half – just plain G-C/g all the way through.

```
G                    C/g
 God knows you ain't pretty,
G               C/g
 God knows it's true.
G                G+
 God knows there ain't anybody
     Em/b                       G
Ever gonna take the place of you.

God knows it's a struggle,
God knows it's a crime,
God knows there's gonna be no more water
But fire next time.

     C
     God don't call it treason,
     G
     God don't call it wrong,
     A
     It was s'posed to last a season
                  D
     But it's been so strong for so long.

God knows it's fragile,
God knows everything,
God knows it could snap apart right now
Just like putting scissors to a string.

     God knows it's terrifying,
     God sees it all unfold,
     There's a million reasons for you to be crying
     You been so bold and so cold.

God knows that when you see it,
God knows you've got to weep,
God knows the secrets of your heart,
He'll tell them to you when you're asleep.
```

```
God knows there's a river,
God knows how to make it flow,
God knows you ain't gonna be taking
Nothing with you when you go.

God knows there's a purpose,
God knows there's a chance,
God knows you can rise above the darkest hour
Of any circumstance.

God knows there's a heaven,
God knows it's out of sight,
God knows we can get all the way from here to there
Even if we've got to walk a million miles by candlelight.
```

To match the live renditions, the verses would have to go (Eb = (e.g.) 3110xx):

```
G                    C/g
 God knows you ain't pretty,
G               C/g
 God knows it's true.
G                      Eb
 God knows there ain't anybody
     C                        G
Ever gonna take the place of you.
```

Version in E

As performed 090893 (capo usually on the 3rd fret live, 6th to match the album version).
G′ means: 30000x (bend the 6th string)

```
E            A/e        (G')
 God knows I love you,
E               A/e             (G')
 God knows it's true.
E                      C
 God knows that there ain't anybody
     A                        E    |: A/e   G' E :|
Ever gonna take the place of you.

God knows it's fragile,
God knows everything,
God knows it could snap apart right now
Just like putting scissors to a string.

|E . A/e  .G' |E . . . |

     A
     God don't call it treason,
     E
     God don't call it wrong,
     F#
     It was supposed to last a season
```

```
                B                         A
     But it's been so strong for so long.

God knows there's a river,
God knows how to make it flow,
God knows, when you leave this place
you ain't taking nothing with you when you go.

     God knows it's terrifying,
     God sees it all unfold,
     There's a million reasons for you to be crying
     You been so bold and so cold.

God knows there's a purpose,
God knows there's a chance,
God knows you can rise above the darkest hour
Of any circumstance.
```

1995 version (lyric changes)

As performed in Philadelphia, Jun 21, 1995

```
E            A/e        (G')
 God knows I need you,
E               A/e             (G')
 God knows it's true.
E                       C
 God knows ain't gonna   be anybody
     A                 E    |: A/e   G' E :|
Ever in the world like you.

God knows it's a struggle,
God knows it's a crime,
God knows ain't gonna be no more water
But fire next time.

|E . A/e  .G' |E . . . |

     A
     God don't say it's treason,
     E
     God don't say it's wrong,
     F#
     It was supposed to last a season
                 B                         A
     But it's been so strong for so long.

God knows there's a purpose,
God knows there's a chance,
God knows you can rise above the darkest hour
Of any circumstance.

[full band enters]
```

God knows it's terrifying,
God sees it all unfold,
There's a million reasons to be lying
You been so bold and so cold.

God knows there's a river,
God knows how to make it flow,
God knows, you ain't gonna be taking
nothing with you when you go.

Handy Dandy

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Under The Red Sky* (1990)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Sounding key B♭ major. I'd suggest a capo somewhere – 1st or 3rd frets are good suggestions.

Chords:

Plain	Capo 1st	Capo 3rd
Bb	A	G
Eb	D	C
F	E	D
Cm	Bm	Am
Fsus4	Esus4	Dsus4

The "Fsus4" in the last line of the bridge is a chord with a lot of tones in it – play e.g. Fsus4, F11 or B♭/f.

```
Bb     Eb    F  Eb             Bb         Eb  F  Eb
 Handy dandy,   controversy surrounds him
         Bb                  Eb
He been around the world and back again
F                Eb              Bb          Eb  F  Eb
Something in the moonlight still hounds him
Bb     Eb   F Eb                  Bb       Eb  F
Handy dandy,  just like sugar and candy

Handy dandy, if every bone in his body was broken he would never admit it
He got an all girl orchestra and when he says
"Strike up the band", they hit it
Handy dandy, handy dandy

     Cm
     You say, "What are ya made of?"
     Bb
     He says, "Can you repeat what you said?"
     Cm
     You'll say, "What are you afraid of?"
               Fsus4                            F
     He'll say, "Nothin' neither 'live nor dead."

Handy dandy, he got a stick in his hand and a pocket full of money
He says, "Darling, tell me the truth, how much time I got?"
She says, "You got all the time in the world, honey."
Handy dandy, Handy dandy

     He's got that clear crystal fountain
     He's got that soft silky skin
     He's got that fortress on the mountain
     With no doors, no windows, no thieves can break in

Handy dandy, sitting with a girl named Nancy in a garden feelin' kind of lazy
```

He says, "Ya want a gun? I'll give you one." She says, "Boy, you talking crazy."
Handy dandy, just like sugar and candy
Handy dandy, pour him another brandy

Handy dandy, he got a basket of flowers and a bag full or sorrow
He finishes his drink, he gets up from the table he says,
"Okay, boys, I'll see you tomorrow."
Handy dandy, handy dandy, just like sugar and candy
Handy dandy, just like sugar and candy

Cat's in the Well

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *Under The Red Sky* (1990)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

F7-10 x8789x

```
  Bb                Eb                F7-10
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---------6-6-8---|-------8---------|
|---------6-6-8---|-------8---------|---------8-8-7---|
|-------8---------|-6---------------|-8---------------|
|-6---------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
    Bb7
The cat's in the well, the wolf is looking down.
    Eb7
The cat's in the well, the wolf is looking down.
          F7-10                                Bb
He got his big bushy tail dragging all over the ground.

The cat's in the well, the gentle lady is asleep.
Cat's in the well, the gentle lady is asleep.
She ain't hearing a thing, the silence is a-stickin' her deep.

         Gm                   Eb                  Bb
     The cat's in the well and grief is showing its face
         Gm                                                F
     The world's being slaughtered and it's such a bloody disgrace.

The cat's in the well, the horse is going bumpety bump.
The cat's in the well, and the horse is going bumpety bump.
Back alley Sally is doing the American jump.

     The cat's in the well, and pappa is reading the news.
     His hair is falling out and all of his daughters need shoes.

The cat's in the well and the barn is full of bull
The cat's in the well and the barn is full of bull
The night is so long and the table is oh, so full

     The cat's in the well and the servant is at the door.
     The drinks are ready and the dogs are going to war.

The cat's in the well, the leaves are starting to fall
The cat's in the well, leaves are starting to fall
Goodnight, my love, may the lord have mercy on us all.
```

33

The Bootleg Series 1-3

Released March 26, 1991

797 Hard Times in New York Town
799 He Was a Friend of Mine
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803 House Carpenter
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816 Worried Blues
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832 Moonshiner
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833 Last Thoughts on Woody Guthrie

837 Seven Curses
839 Eternal Circle
841 Suze (The Cough Song)
843 Mama, You Been on My Mind
849 Farewell Angelina
↪156 Subterranean Homesick Blues
852 If You Gotta Go, Go Now
855 Sittin' on a Barbed-Wire Fence
↪194 Like a Rolling Stone

↪202 It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry
856 I'll Keep It with Mine
858 She's Your Lover Now
860 I Shall Be Released
864 Santa Fe
↪339 If Not for You
866 Wallflower
867 Nobody 'Cept You
↪428 Tangled Up in Blue
↪476 Call Letter Blues
↪450 Idiot Wind

↪465 If You See Her, Say Hello
869 Golden Loom
870 Catfish
871 Seven Days
873 Ye Shall Be Changed
↪654 Every Grain of Sand
875 You Changed My Life
877 Need A Woman
879 Angelina
↪680 Tight Connection to My Heart (Has Anybody Seen My Love)
881 Tell Me
883 Lord, Protect My Child
884 Foot Of Pride
886 Blind Willie McTell
↪694 When The Night Comes Falling From The Sky
888 Series of Dreams

Hard Times in New York Town

Written by Bob Dylan, heavily based on "Down on Penny's Farm" by the Bently Boys
Recorded Dec 22, 1961 ("The Minnesota Hotel Tape", Bonnie Beecher's appartment), and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Although the guitar playing sounds very casual, it is actually quite well-organized, with a conscious bass line, especially around the end of the verse and the chorus. This concerns particularly the alternation between c and g (5th and 6th string) as bass note for the C chord, and the F/a chord (x03211), to get the bass progression c – a – g – c in the chorus.

The G at the end of the verse and the chorus is basically just a bass tone with hints of other tones added to it, which in some verses make it a G chord, in others a C/g (332010).

The finger picking pattern is (more or less):

```
  C       F         C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------0-----|
|---1-------1-----|---1-------------|
|-------0-------2-|-------0-------0-|
|-----2-------3---|-----2-------2---|
|-3---------------|---------3-------|
|---------1-------|-3---------------|
```

```
         C              F            C
Come you ladies and you gentlemen, a-listen to my song.
C              F              C
Sing it to you right, but you might think it's wrong.
C             F            C
Just a little glimpse of a story I'll tell
         C                        F        G
'Bout an East Coast city that you all know well.
C                       F(/a)
It's hard times in the country,
C/g            G        C
Livin' down in New York town.

Old New York City is a friendly old town,
From Washington Heights to Harlem on down.
There's a-mighty many people all millin' all around,
They'll kick you when you're up and knock you when you're down.
It's hard times in the country,
Livin' down in New York town.

It's a mighty long ways from the Golden Gate
To Rockefeller Plaza n' the Empire State.
Mister Empire sets up as high as a bird,
Old Mister Rockefeller never says a word.
It's hard times from the country,
Livin' down in New York town.

Well, it's up in the mornin' tryin' to fins a job of work.
Stand in one place till your feet begin to hurt.
```

If you go a lot o' money you can make yourself merry,
If you only got a nickel, it's the Staten Island Ferry.
And it's hard times in the country,
Livin' down in New York town.

Mister Hudson come a-sailin' down the stream
And old Mister Minuet paid for his dream.
Bought your city on a one-way track,
'F I had my way I'd sell it right back.
And it's hard times from the country,
Livin' down in New York town.

I'll take all the smog in Cal-i-for-ne-ay,
'N' every bit of dust in the Oklahoma plains,
'N' the dirt in the caves of the Rocky Mountain mines.
It's all much cleaner than the New York kind.
And it's hard times in the country,
Livin' down in New York town.

So all you newsy people, spread the news around,
You c'n listen to m' story, listen to m' song.
You c'n step on my name, you c'n try 'n' get me beat,
When I leave New York, I'll be standin' on my feet.
And it's hard times in the country,
Livin' down in New York town.

He Was a Friend of Mine

Trad., Bob Dylan (arr)
Released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (original key D major)

The following figure is the basis of the fingerpicking pattern that he uses throughout, but with many variations along the way. Don't bother too much about the exact strings neither of the thumb nor the middle strings – what matters is the steady thumb against the syncopated rhythm of the upper strings:

```
  C/g
  :     .     .     .
|-------0---------0--------|
|-------1---------1--------|
|-----0--------------------|
|-----------2-----------2--|
|-------3-----------3------|
|-3-----------3------------|
```

Intro:

```
  G7                                                C/g

  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------1-----1---------1-|-------1-----------------|-------0-----0---------0-|
|-----0-----0-----0-----0-|-------0---0-----0-----0-|-------1-----1---------1-|
|-----0-----0-----0-------|-----0-----0-----0-----0-|-----0-----0-----0-------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------2-----------|-------------------------|
|-3-----------------3-----|(3)-----------------3-----|-3-----------------3-----|

  :     .     .     .
|-------0-----0-----------|
|-------1-----1-----------|
|-----0-----0-----0-----0-|   etc.
|-------------------------|   full verse
|-------------------------|
|-3-----3-----3-----3-----|

G7                C/g
He was a friend of mine
G7                C/g
He was a friend of mine
      F                     C/g
Every time I think about him now
       E                   Am
Lord I just can't keep from cryin'
       C/g G7                C/g
'Cause he    was a friend of mine
```

He died on the road
He died on the road
He never had enough money
To pay his room or board
And he was a friend of mine

I stole away and cried
I stole away and cried
'Cause I never had too much money
And I never been quite satisfied
And he was a friend of mine

He never done no wrong
He never done no wrong
A thousand miles from home
And he never harmed no one
And he was a friend of mine

He was a friend of mine
He was a friend of mine
Every time I hear his name
Lord I just can't keep from cryin'
'Cause he was a friend of mine.

Man on the Street

Words by Bob Dylan, music traditional, from a northern song called "Young man who wouldn't hoe corn" (thanks to Andrea Baroni for notifying me)
Recorded Nov 22, 1961 (*Bob Dylan* sessions) and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Bass pattern for the third and fourth lines:

```
  G                       Em
  :  .  .  .    :   .  .  .
|-------------|---------------
|-------------|---------------
|-------------|---------------
|----0--2--0--|---------------
|-------------|-0h2----2------
|-3-----------|-----3-----0---
```

```
G . . . Em G . . .

          G
Well I'll sing you a song, ain't very long,    *|-----0---0-----------0---0-
                                  Em*           |-----0---0-----------0---0-
'Bout an old man who never done wrong.          |-----0---0-----------0---0-
G                                               |-----2---2-----------2---2-
How he died nobody can say,                     |-------------0h2-----------
                                       Em*      |-0---------------0---------
They found him dead in the street one day.

Well, the crowd, they gathered one fine morn,
At the man whose clothes 'n' shoes were torn.
There on the sidewalk he did lay,
They stopped 'n' stared and they went their way.

Well, the p'liceman come and he looked around,
"Get up, old man, or I'm a-takin' you down."
He jabbed him once with his bully club,
the old man then rolled off the curb.

Well, he jabbed him again and loudly said:
"Call the wagon; this man is dead."
The wagon come, they loaded him in,
I never saw the man again.

I've sung you my song, it ain't very long,
'Bout an old man who never done wrong.
How he died no body could say,
They found him dead in the street one day.
```

No More Auction Block

Trad. (arr. Bob Dylan)
Recorded live at the Gaslight cafe, late 1962. Released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

This is reportedly the melody that Dylan used for Blowin' in the Wind. This is most evident in the beginning of the verses and in the guitar interlude.

Capo 5th fret (sounding key F major)
Played with fast strumming in a rather loose rhythm.

Chords:

```
Csus4   x33010
G6      322003 or 32200x
G7      323003 or 32300x
C/e     xx2010
G/d     xx0003
```

```
F   F   G C   Csus4  C    Am   G   G6  G7

C      F      C     /b   Am    F     F   C/e G/d    C

C     F         C                    Am  G   G6  G7
No more auction block for me, no more, no more
C     F         C         Am  F  C/e G/d  /e /f C
No more auction block for me, many   thousand   gone.

F   C/e G/d    C

No more driver's lash for me, no more, no more
No more driver's lash for me, many thousand gone.

No more pint of salt*) for me, no more, no more
No more pint of salt for me, many thousand gone.

No more auction block for me, no more, no more
No more auction block for me, many thousand gone
```

---

*) Dylan sings something like "mmm whiplash"

House Carpenter

Trad (arr. Bob Dylan)
Recorded Nov 22, 1961 during the *Bob Dylan* sessions. Released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e')

The chords, the little figures and the playing style is the same as in numerous other dropped D-tunes from the early days. And as always, there is some variation in the way the descent D – C9 – G/b is executed. Quite often both in the C9 and in the G/b the bass tone is reached by a hammer-on from the open 5th string.

In the third line there is some variation between the verses concerning which bass tones are played. Some verses have the version of the interlude written out below, with only C9 – others have the version of the first verse.

Chords:

```
D    000232
C9   x30030 (actually Cadd9)
G/b  x20030
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------|-2---2-2-2-------|----
|.----3--(3)3-3--.|-----3---3-3-3---|-----3-3-----|-3---3-3-3-------|----
|-----2--(2)2-2---|-----2---2-2-2---|-----0-0-----|-2---2-2-2-------|---- etc.
|-----0--(0)0-0---|-----0---0-0-0---|-----0-0-----|-0---------------|-0--
|.----0--(0)0-0--.|-----------------|-0h3-----2---|-0-----------3---|----
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-------------|-0---------------|----
```

```
     D         C9      G/b *)                  *) the b is often reached
Well met, well met, my own true love               by a hammer-on from the
     D         C    G/b   D    **)                open string.
Well met, well met, cried she
     D                      C9   G/b            **)  :   .   .   .   :   .
I've just returned from the salt, salt sea            |-----2-2-2-------------
         D           C)   G/b D  **)                  |-----3-3-3-------------
And it's all for the love of thee                     |-----2-2-2-------------
                                                      |-----------------0-----etc
I could have married a King's daughter there          |-------------3---------
She would have married me                             |-0---------------------
But I have forsaken my King's daughter there
It's all for the love of thee
```

```
Interlude verse (keep strumming the chords):
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-2---------------|-0-------0-------|-3---------------|-----------------
|-3---------------|-3-------3-------|-2---------------|-----------------
|-2---------------|-0-------0-------|-3---------------|-----------------
|-0---------------|-0-------0-------|-0---------------|-0---------------
|-0---------------|-3-------2-------|-0-----------3---|-----------------
|-0---------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-2---------------|-0-------0-------|-3---------------|-----------------
|-3---------------|-3-------3-------|-2---------------|-----------------
|-2---------------|-0-------0-------|-3---------------|-----------------
|-0---------------|-0-------0-------|-0---------------|-----------------
|-0---------------|-3-------2-------|-0---------------|-----------------
|-0---------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-2---------------|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---------------
|-3---------------|-3---------------|-3---------------|-3---------------
|-2---------------|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---------------
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---------------
|-0---------------|-0h3-------------|-0h3-------------|-0h3-------------
|-0---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-2---------------|-0-------0-------|-3---------------|-----------------
|-3---------------|-3-------3-------|-2---------------|-----------------
|-2---------------|-0-------0-------|-3---------------|-----------------
|-0---------------|-0-------0-------|-0---------------|-0---------------
|-0---------------|-3-------2-------|-0-----------3---|-----------------
|-0---------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------
```

Well, if you could have married a King’s daughter there
I’m sure you’re the one to blame
For I am married to a house carpenter
And I’m sure he’s a fine young man

Forsake, forsake your house carpenter
And come away with me
I’ll take you to where the green grass grows
On the shores of sunny Italy

So up she picked her babies three
And gave them kisses, one, two, three
Saying "take good care of your daddy while I’m gone
And keep him good company."

Well, they were sailin’ about two weeks
I’m sure it was not three
When the younger of the girls, she came on deck
Sayin’ she wants company

"Well, are you weepin’ for your house and home?
Or are you weepin’ for your babies three?"
"Well, I’m not weepin’ for my house carpenter
I’m weepin’ for my babies three."

Oh what are those hills yonder, my love
They look as white as snow
Those are the hill of heaven, my love
You and I’ll never know

Oh what are those hills yonder, my love
They look as dark as night
Those are the hills of hell-fire my love

Where you and I will unite

Oh twice around went the gallant ship
I'm sure it was not three
When the ship all of a sudden, it sprung a leak
And it drifted to the bottom of the sea

Talking Bear Mountain Picnic Massacre Blues

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded Apr 25 1962 during the *Freewheelin'* sessions, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The tune is the standard talkin' blues accompaniment. I've noted the deviations from the pattern of the first verse in the subsequent verses. The first four lines are the same in all the verses (which means that in verse 7 there is nothing but the four lines – it goes straight into the next verse).

```
  G      /a   C
I saw it advertised one day,
         D                                        /f#
that the Bear Mountain picnic was comin' my way.
G               C
"Come along 'n' take a trip,
      D                              /f# G
We'll bring you up there on a ship.
                           /a/b C
Bring the wife and family

Bring the whole kids."
D               G
   Yippee!

G . C . D . . G /e-d . . . .
[harp]


Well, I run right down 'n' bought a ticket
To this thing called the Bear Mountain Picnic.
little did I realize
I was in for a pleasant funny surprise.
It had nothing to do with picnics
didn't come close to a mountain.
And I hate bears.

Took the wife 'n' kids down to the pier,
there were six thousand people there,
Everybody had a ticket for the trip.         G . . /a-b C
"Oh well." I said, "it's a pretty big ship.
                                 D
Besides, anyhow, the more the merrier."

Well, we all got on 'n' what d'ya think,
That big old boat started t' sink
More people kept a-pilin' on,      G . . /a-b C
That old ship was a-goin' down.
                               D
Funny way t' start a picnic.

Well, I soon lost track of m' kids 'n' wife,
So many people I never saw in m' life
That old ship was sinkin' down in the water,             /f# G
There were six thousand people tryin' t' kill each other,
```

```
               C
Dogs a-barkin', cats a-screamin',
Women a-yellin', men a-flyin', fists a-flyin', paper flyin'
Cops a-comin', me a-runnin'.
D
 Maybe we just better call off the picnic.

I got shoved down, got pushed around,
All I remember was a moanin' sound,
Don't remember one thing more,             /f# G . . /a-b C
all I remember was wakin' up on the shore,
                             /b-c D
M' arms and legs were broken,
m' feet were splintered, m' head was cracked,
I couldn't walk, couldn't talk, smell, feel, couldn't see,
Didn't know where I was, I was bald . . .
                                /f# G
Quite lucky to be alive though.

Well, feelin' like I just climbed outa m' casket,
I grabbed back hold of m' picnic basket.
Took the wife 'n' kids 'n' started home,
Wishin' I'd never got up that mornin'.

Now, I don't care just what you do,
If you wanta have a picnic, that's up t' you.
But don't tell me about it, I don't wanta hear it,
                                           /f# G . . /a-b
You see, I just lost all m' picnic spirit.
C                       /b-c
 Stay in m' kitchen,
D
 have m' picnic in the bathroom.

Well, it don't seem to me quite so funny
What some people are gonna do f'r money.
There's a bran' new gimmick every day
                                     /f# G . . /a-b
Just t' take somebody's money away.
C                                              /b-c
 I think we oughta take some o' these people
d
 put 'em on a boat, send 'em up to Bear Mountain . . .
For a picnic.
```

Let Me Die in My Footsteps

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded Apr 25, 1962 during the *Freewheelin'* session, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key A♭ major)

```
  G
I will not go down under the ground
                              C
"Cause somebody tells me that death's comin' 'round
      G
An' I will not carry myself down to die
                         C
When I go to my grave my head will be high,
       G         C
Let me die in my footsteps
  G      D/f#    C         G
Before I go down under the ground.
```

```
  :   .   .   :   .   .   :   .   .   :   .   .
|-----3---3---------------|---3---3-------3---3---|
|-----0---0---------------|---0---0-------0---0---|
|-----0---0---------------|---0---0-------0---0---|
|-----0---0---2---0-------|-----------0-----------|
|---------------------2---|-----------------------|
|-3-----------------------|-3---------------------|
..ground
```

```
There's been rumors of war and wars that have been
The meaning of the life has been lost in the wind
And some people thinkin' that the end is close by
"Stead of learnin' to live they are learning to die.
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground.

I don't know if I'm smart but I think I can see
When someone is pullin' the wool over me
And if this war comes and death's all around
Let me die on this land 'fore I die underground.
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground.

There's always been people that have to cause fear
They've been talking of the war now for many long years
I have read all their statements and I've not said a word
But now Lawd God, let my poor voice be heard.
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground.

If I had rubies and riches and crowns
I'd buy the whole world and change things around
I'd throw all the guns and the tanks in the sea
For they are mistakes of a past history.
```

Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground.

Let me drink from the waters where the mountain streams flood
Let me smell of wildflowers flow free through my blood
Let me sleep in your meadows with the green grassy leaves
Let me walk down the highway with my brother in peace.
Let me die in my footsteps
Before I go down under the ground.

Go out in your country where the land meets the sun
See the craters and the canyons where the waterfalls run
Nevada, New Mexico, Arizona, Idaho
Let every state in this union seep in your souls.
And you'll die in your footsteps
Before you go down under the ground.

Rambling Gambling Willie

Written by Bob Dylan, based on the traditional tune "Brennan on The Moor" (thanks to Oliver Rea for notifying me)
Recorded at the first *Freewheelin'* session (April 24, 1962), and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D/E tuning
Capo 10th or 8th fret

Chords

```
E    000000
A/e  020100
B/e  040300
```

*) In subsequent verses a A/e E is inserted here, as in the following lines.

```
E . . . A/e . E . |A/e . E . . A/e E . . .

      E         *)                    A/e          E
Come around you rovin' gamblers and a story I will tell
 E        A/e      E            A/e                 E
About the greatest gambler, you all should know him well.
    E        A/e     E             A/e             E
His name was Will O' Conley and he gambled all his life,
       A/e                            B/e         A/e
He had twenty-seven children, yet he never had a wife.
         E     A/e     E
And it's ride, Willie, ride,
E     A/e     A
Roll, Willie, roll,
    A/e            E             A/e    E
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody knows.

He gambled in the White House and in the railroad yards,
Wherever there was people, there was Willie and his cards.
He had a reputation as the gamblin'est man around,
Wives would keep their husbands home when Willie came to town.
And it's ride, Willie, ride,
Roll, Willie, roll,
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows.

Sailin' down the Mississippi to a town called New Orleans,
They're still talkin' about their card game on that Jackson River Queen.
"I've come to win some money," Gamblin' Willie says,
When the game finally ended up, the whole damn boat was his.
And it's ride, Willie, ride,
Roll, Willie, roll,
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows.

Up in the Rocky Mountains in a town called Cripple Creek,
There was an all-night poker game, lasted about a week.
Nine hundred miners had laid their money down,
```

When Willie finally left the room, he owned the whole damn town.
And it's ride, Willie, ride,
Roll, Willie, roll,
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows.

But Willie had a heart of gold and this I know is true,
He supported all his children, and all their mothers too.
He wore no rings or fancy things, like other gamblers wore,
He spread his money far and wide, to help the sick and the poor.
And it's ride, Willie, ride,
Roll, Willie, roll,
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows.

When you played your cards with Willie, you never really knew
Whether he was bluffin' or whether he was true.
He won a fortune from a man who folded in his chair.
The man, he left a diamond flush, Willie didn't even have a pair.
And it's ride, Willie, ride,
Roll, Willie, roll,
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows.

It was late one evenin' during a poker game,
A man lost all his money, he said Willie was to blame.
He shot poor Willie through the head, which was a tragic fate,
When Willie's cards fell on the floor, they were aces backed with eights.
And it's ride, Willie, ride,
Roll, Willie, roll,
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows.

So all you rovin' gamblers, wherever you might be,
The moral of this story is very plain to see.
Make your money while you can, before you have to stop,
For when you pull that dead man's hand, your gamblin' days are up.
And it's ride, Willie, ride,
Roll, Willie, roll,
Wherever you are a-gamblin' now, nobody really knows.

Talkin' Hava Negeilah Blues

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded Apr 25, 1962 during the *Freewheelin'* sessions, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G
[Here's a foreign song I learned in Utah]

G
Ha      ["dut" on the harp]
  C
Va - Ha-va
D
  Na - Ha-va-na
G
Gei - Ha-va-ne-gei
C
  Lah - Ha-va-ne-gei-lah
     D
O-de-ley-e-e-oo

G . . C D . G C/g-G . .
```

Quit Your Low Down Ways

Words and music Bob Dylan (but to some extent based on Bob Wills' *Brain Cloudy Blues*)
Recorded Jul 9, 1962, during the *Freewheelin'* sessions, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

This one eluded me for a while; I thought it was in open g tuning for a while (because of the G7 chord), but couldn't then find a practical way of playing the other chords. I'm pretty confident about the 5x0003 shape, though. I haven't heard Dylan use it elsewhere in this tuning (but he uses a similar shape in *Barbara Allen*, in simple Drop D tuning), but nothing happens during that chord, and that's evidence that it is fingered in a way that prevents things from happening, such as the suggestion. Besides, it works.
The real tricky part is the rhythm, of course, with its constant changes between triple and duple time. I've noted in the verses where the riff (first bar of intro) begins, and where the beats fall in the text (usually the riff begins with an upbeat 3——; I've marked that with a comma).

According to Vince Cancilla, the "You're gonna need my help someday" part is copied exactly – text and melody – from Bob Wills' "Brain Cloudy Blues" from the 1940's. "The last two lines also follow the same melody. He even sings it the same way, with that high pitched – neeeed." (V.C.)

Double dropped d tuning (D-A-d-g-b-d'; tune down the first and the sixth string one whole step), capo 5th fret.

Chords:

```
D5      000230
D7sus4  000010
G       xx0000
G7      5x0003
A       202222 (w/thumb)
C9      030030
```

Intro (1st bar=riff):

```
  :       .       .               :       .       .         :       .
|-----3---0---0-0-0-0-----|----|-----3---0---0-0-0-0-0---|-0-------0-0-0-0--
|---------0---1-1-1-1-----|----|-------------1-1-1-1-0---|-3-------3-3-3-3--
|-------------0-0-0-0-----| x4,|-------------0-0-0-0-0---|-2-------2-2-2-2--
|-------------0-0-0-0-----|then|-------------0-0-0-0-0---|-0-------0-0-0-0--
|-------------0-0-0-0-----|----|-------------------------|-0-------0-0-0-0--
|(0)------------------3---|----|-0-----------------------|-0-------0-0-0-0--
                                                          Well, you can
```

```
D5            riff   .        .
Well, you can   read out your Bible,
.     , riff      .       .
You can fall down on your knees,
,   riff        .            .
And pray to the Lord, pretty mama,
,      riff        .     .    D7sus4-G
But it ain't gonna do no good.
             G7 *) . . . riff .  .
You're gonna need_________
   .       ,riff  . . ,riff . .
```

```
my help someday
      D5   A         .         .          .
Well, if y'all can't quit your sinnin'
**)       .         .   ,    riff x2
Please     quit your low down ways.

*)
  :       .         :       .         :       .         :       .
|-3---3-3-3-3-3---|-3---3-3-3-3-3---|-----3---0---0-0-|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0---|-----3--
|-0---0-0-0-0-0---|-0---0-0-0-0-0---|-------------1-1-|-1-1-1-1-1-1-0---|--------
|-0---0-0-0-0-0---|-0---0-0-0-0-0---|-------------0-0-|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0---|--------
|-0---0-0-0-0-0---|-0---0-0-0-0-0---|-------------0-0-|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0---|-0---etc
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------0-0-|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0---|-0------
|-5---------------|-5---------------|-5-----------0-0-|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0---|-0------
  nee   -   -   -   -     -    -  ee   -     -     -    heed my help some day
  need,                       you're gonna need__________   my help some day

**)
  :       .       .       .       .          :       .       .
|-----3---0-------0-------0-0-0-0-0-0------|-----3---0---0-0-0-0-0---
|-----------------1-------1-1-1-1-1-1------|-------------1-1-1-1-0---
|-----------------0-------0-0-0-0-0-0------|-------------0-0-0-0-0---
|-----------------0-------0-0-0-0-0-0------|-------------0-0-0-0-0---
|-------------0----------------------------|-------------------------
|-0-----------0-----------------------3----|-0-------------------3---
  please_____________    quit yr lowdown    ways

D5      riff    .           .
You can     run down to the desert,
.       riff       .           .
you can stick your head in the sand
        riff     .          .              riff     .         .
You can raise up your right hand, but your good man   ain't a-comin' home,
    riff        D7sus4
you better understand
       G     G7
You're gonna need
                              riff
You're gonna need my help someday
 .     .               .       riff      .    .  D5
(someday, you're gonna need my help, someday)
           A
Well, if y'all can't quit your sinnin'
riff . . .          .        riff x2
Please   quit your low down ways.

D5        /c riff    .           .
Now, you can     run down to the White House,
.       riff        .       .
You can gaze on the Capitol Dome,
        riff         .           .            riff
You can knock on the President's gate, pretty mama,
        .               /f /d  /f    /d
But you know it's gonna be too late.
/f       /d  G7 *)
You're gonna need
                              riff  .   .
You're gonna need my help someday
```

```
    .        riff  .  .  D5
(my help someday)
           A
Well, if y'all can't quit your sinnin'
riff . . .          .        riff
Please   quit your low down ways.

            riff     .           .
And you can     hitchhike on the highway,
.       riff       .           .               .
You can stand all alone by the side of the road.
       riff      .      .            .
try to flag a ride back home, pretty mama,
        riff    .     .             .      .
But you ain't a-gonna ride in my car no more.
             G7
You're gonna need
                              riff .
You're gonna need my help someday
    .   .
(oh yes, yeah)
Well, if y'all can't quit your sinnin'

Please quit your low down ways.

So, you can read out your Hymn book,
You can fall down on your knees
And pray to the Lord, pretty mama,
But it ain't gonna do no good.
You're gonna need
You're gonna need my help someday
(oh, wait and see)
if y'all can't quit your sinnin'
Please quit your low down ways.

  D5          C9  D5
  :       .       .
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-------||
|-3---3-3---3-3---3-------||
|-2---2-2---2-0---2-------||
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-------||
|-0---0-0---0-3---0-------||
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-------||
```

Worried Blues

Trad. (arr. Bob Dylan)
Recorded Jul 9, 1962 during the *Freewheelin'* sessions, and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key Eb major)

Chords

```
C       finger a C/g: 332010
F       133211 (w/thumb)
F/a     x03211
Fmaj7/a 103210 (w/thumb)
```

Basic fingerpicking pattern (with changes all the time – to be taken as an indication only):

```
|---0---------------
|-----------1-------
|-------0-------0---
|-----2-------2-----  etc.
|-3-----------------
|---------3---------
```

```
C                                          F      /e  /f     C/g
I got those worried blues                  :   .   .   .     :   .   .
    F              /e-/f C/g ----->       |---1-------------|---0--------
And I got those worried  blues             |-----------------|------------
           F/a  F  G(7)                    |-------2---------|-------0----
I got those worried blues                  |-----3-----------|-----2-----etc.-
C                                          |-----------------|------------
I got those worried blues, Lord            |-1-------0---1---|-3-------3--
      F                   /e  /f C/g         Wor  -  ried      blues
I'm a-going where I never been before.

  Fmaj7/a           G7               C/g
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-------0-------0-|-------1---------|---0-------------
|---1-------------|-----------------|-----------1-----
|-----------2-----|---0-------------|-------0---------
|-----3-------3---|-----0-------0---|-----2-------2---
|-0---------------|-----------------|-3---------------
|---------1-------|-3-------3-------|---------3-------

I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow
I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow
I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow
I'm going where the chilly winds don't blow
I'm going where the crackles/climate suit my clothes.

Honey baby don't leave me now
Honey baby don't leave me now
Oh honey baby don't leave me now
```

Honey baby don't leave me now
I got trouble in my mind.

Listen to that cold whistle blow, Lord
Listen to that cold whistle blow
Listen to that cold whistle blow
Listen to that cold whistle blow
I'm a-going where I never been before.

So I got those worried blues, Lord
I got those worried blues
I got those worried blues
I got those worried blues
I'm going where I never been before.

Kingsport Town

Trad. Arr Bob Dylan (that must be that descending bass line – that's the arrangement)
Recorded Nov 14, 1962 during the *Freewheelin'* sessions, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
  C                                  F          C/e*)  C
A winter wind is a-blowin' strong, my hands have got no gloves.
  F          C/e       G/d     C                  G        C
I wish to my soul that I could see the girl I'm a-thinking of.

Don't you remember me, babe, I remember you quite well,
It caused me to leave old Kingsport Town with a high sheriff on my trail.

High sheriff on my trail, boys, high sheriff on my trail,
All because I've fallen for a curly-headed dark-eyed girl.

Who's a-gonna stroke your cool black hair and sandy colored skin?
Who's a-gonna kiss your Memphis lips when I'm not in the wind?

When I'm not in the wind, babe, when I'm not in the wind,
Who's a-gonna kiss your Memphis mouth when I'm not in the wind?

Who's a-gonna walk you side by side and tell you everything's all right?
Who's a-gonna sing to you all day long and not just in the night?

Who's a-gonna walk you side by side, who's a-gonna be you man?
Who's a-gonna look you straight in the eye and hold your bad luck hand?

Hold your bad luck hand, babe, hold your bad luck hand,
Who's a-gonna hold your hard luck hand and who's a-gonna be your man?

A winter wind is a-blowin' strong, my hands ain't got no gloves.
I wish to my soul that I could see the gal I'm thinkin' of.
```

*) First verse: G

Walkin' Down the Line

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded March 1963 as a Witmark Demo, Released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D tuning (D-A-d-f♯-a-d'), capo 5th fret (sounding key G major).

The song is perfectly playable in standard tuning as well, but it's much easier, and sounds better, in open tuning.

Chords (sounding):

```
        Open     Standard
G       000000   320003 or 320033
C/g     020100   3x2013 or x32033
D7sus4  x02100   xx0213 or xx0233
```

```
G          C/g              G      C/g   G
 Well, I'm walkin' down the line,
                     C/g    G
I'm walkin' down the line
        C/g              G
An' I'm walkin' down the line.
   C/g          G
My feet'll be a-flyin'
   D7sus4        C/g      G
To tell about my troubled mind.

I got a heavy-headed gal
I got a heavy-headed gal
I got a heavy-headed gal
She ain't feelin' well
When she's better only time will tell

Well, I'm walkin' down the line,
I'm walkin' down the line
An' I'm walkin' down the line.
My feet'll be a-flyin'
To tell about my troubled mind.

My money comes and goes
My money comes and goes
My money comes and goes
And rolls and flows and rolls and flows
Through the holes in the pockets in my clothes

Well, I'm walkin' down the line,
I'm walkin' down the line
An' I'm walkin' down the line.
My feet'll be a-flyin'
To tell about my troubled mind.

I see the morning light
I see the morning light
Well it's not because
```

I'm an early riser
I didn't go to sleep last night

Well, I'm walkin' down the line,
I'm walkin' down the line
An' I'm walkin' down the line.
My feet'll be a-flyin'
To tell about my troubled mind.

I got my walkin' shoes
I got my walkin' shoes
I got my walkin' shoes
An' I ain't a-gonna lose
I believe I got the walkin' blues

Well, I'm walkin' down the line,
I'm walkin' down the line
An' I'm walkin' down the line.
My feet'll be a-flyin'
To tell about my troubled mind.

Walls of Red Wing

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Apr 24, 1963, at the last *Freewheelin'* session, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
        G
Oh, the age of the inmates
  C              G
I remember quite freely:

No younger than twelve,
   G /b     /c   D/f#
No older 'n seventeen.
G
Thrown in like bandits
    C             G
And cast off like criminals,
C  /b /a   G
Inside the walls,
       D       /c /b  G
on the grounds of Red Wing.

From the dirty old mess hall
You march to the brick wall,
Too weary to talk
And too tired to sing.
Oh, it's all afternoon
You remember your home town,
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

Oh, the gates are cast iron
And the walls are barbed wire.
Stay far from the fence
With the 'lectricity sting.
And it's keep down your head
And stay in your number,
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

Oh, it's fare thee well
To the deep hollow dungeon,
Farewell to the boardwalk
That takes you to the screen.
And farewell to the minutes
They threaten you with it,
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

It's many a guard
That stands around smilin',
Holdin' his club
Like he was a king.
Hopin' to get you
```

Behind a wood pilin',
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

The night aimed shadows
Through the crossbar windows,
And the wind punched hard
To make the wall-siding sing.
It's many a night I pretended to be a-sleepin',
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

As the rain rattled heavy
On the bunk-house shingles,
And the sounds in the night,
They made my ears ring.
'Til the keys of the guards
Clicked the tune of the morning,
Inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

Oh, some of us'll end up
In St. Cloud Prison,
And some of us'll wind up
To be lawyers and things,
And some of us'll stand up
To meet you on your crossroads,
From inside the walls,
The walls of Red Wing.

Paths of Victory

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Aug 12, 1963 during the sessions for *The Times They Are A-Changin'*, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dylan at the piano – hence black keys. Put a capo on the first fret and play as if in A (chords: A, D and E)

```
Bb
The trail is dark and dusty
    Eb               F
The road is kind of rough,
        Bb
But the good road is a-waiting
    Eb                F
And boys it ain't far off.

Bb
Trails of troubles,
Eb       F
Roads of battles,
Bb
Paths of victory,
   F     Bb
We shall walk.

I walked down to the valley,
I turned my head up high.
I seen that silver linin'
That was hangin' in the sky.

Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory,
We shall walk.

The evenin' dust was rollin',
I was walking down the track.
There was a one-way wind a-blowin'
it was blowin' at my back.

Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory,
We shall walk.

The gravel road is bumpy,
It's a hard old road to ride,
But the clearer road's up yonder
With the cinders on the side.

Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory,
```

We shall walk.

Tha mornin' train was movin',
The hummin' of its wheels,
told me of a new day
comin' across the field.

Trails of troubles,
Roads of battles,
Paths of victory,
We shall walk.

Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991) in a live version from Carnegie Hall, New York City, Oct 26, 1963, and in another live version on *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Standard Talkin' Blues pattern

[this is called: Talkin' John Birch Blues.
And there ain't nothing wrong with this song]

```
           G               C
Well, I was feelin' sad and kind'a blue,
  D
I didn't know what I was a-gonna do,
     G                C
Them Communists wus a-comin' around,
         D
They wus in the air,

They wus on the ground.
                          G . C . D . . G . . .
They wus all over.

So I run down most hurriedly
And joined the John Birch Society,
got me a secret membership card
And went back home to the yard,
Started lookin' on the sidewalk,
under the hedges.

Well, I got up in the mornin' 'n' looked under my bed,
I wus lookin' every place for them gol-darned Reds.
Looked behind the sink, and under the floor,
Looked in the glove compartment of my car.
Couldn't find any . . .

Looked behind the clothes, behind my chair
lookin' for them reds everywhere
looked up my chimney hole,
even deep down inside my toilet bowl,
They got away . . .

I heard some foot-steps by the front porch door,
so I grabbed my shot-gun from the floor.
Snuck around the house with a huff and a hiss,
saying "Hands up, you communist!"
It was the mailman.
He punched me out.

Well, I wus sittin' home alone an' started to sweat,
Figured they wus in my T.V. set.
I peeked behind the picture frame,
```

Got a shock from my feet that hit my brain.
Them Reds did it!
Hootenanny Television . . .

Well, I quit my job so I could work alone,
got a magnifying glass like Sherlock Holmes.
Followed some clues from my detective bag
And discovered: red stripes on the American flag!
Betsy Ross . . .

Now Eisenhower, he's a Russian spy,
Lincoln, Jefferson and that Roosevelt guy.
To my knowledge there's just one man
That's really a true American:
That's George Lincoln Rockwell.
I know for a fact he hates Commies cus he picketed the movie Exodus.

Well, I fin'ly started thinkin' straight
When I run outa things to investigate.
Couldn't imagine nothing else,
So now I'm home investigatin' myself!
Hope I don't find out too much . . . Good God!

Verses not sung in the released version:

Now we all agree with Hitlers' views,
Although he killed six million Jews.
It don't matter too much that he was a Fascist,
At least you can't say he was a Communist!
That's to say like if you got a cold you take a shot of malaria.

Well, I investigated all the books in the library,
Ninety percent of 'em gotta be burned away.
I investigated all the people that I knowed,
Ninety-eight percent of them gotta go.
The other two percent are fellow Birchers . . . just like me.

Live 1964 (The Philharmonic Hall)

["This is called, 'Talkin' John Birch ... PARANOID ... Blues'

It's a fictitious story..."]

Well, I was feelin' sad and kind of blue,
I didn't know what I was gonna do,
The Communists were comin' around,
They were in the air,
They were on the ground.
They were all over.

So I ran down most hurriedly
And joined the John Birch Society,
I got me a secret membership card

went back to my back yard,
Started lookin'
on the sidewalk,
'neath the rose bush.

I wus lookin' everywhere for them gol-darned Reds,
I got up in the mornin' looked under my bed,
Looked behind the kitchen, behind the door,
even tore loose the kitchen floor,
Couldn't find any . . .

I looked beneath the sofa, beneath the chair
lookin' for them reds everywhere
I looked way up my chimney hole,
even deep down inside my toilet bowl,
They got away . . .

I heard some foot-steps by the front porch door,
so I grabbed my shot-gun from the floor.
Snuck around the house with a huff and a hiss,
saying "Hands up, you communist!"
It was the mailman.
He punched me out.

Well, I quit my job so I could work alone,
got a magnifying glass like Sherlock Holmes.
Following some clues from my detective bag
I discovered there was red stripes on the American flag!
Did you know about Betsy Ross . . .?

Well, I was sittin' home alone an' I started to sweat,
I figured they wus in my television set.
I peeked behind the picture frame,
Got a shock from my feet that hit my brain.
Them Reds did it!
The ones on Hootenanny!

Well, I fin'ly started thinkin' straight
When I run outa things to investigate.
I couldn't imagine doing anyhing else,
So now I'm home investigatin' myself!
Hope I don't find out too much . . . Good God!

Who Killed Davey Moore?

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991) in a live recording from carnegie Hall, NY, Oct 26, 1963, and in a version from Philharmonic Hall (Oct 31, 1964) on *Live 1964* (2004)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret

In the Carnegie version, the descending figure in the verses is played rather freely, with ample variation. In the version from the Halloween show (Oct 31, 1964), both the rhythm and the chords are more regular:
Also, in some verses, at least, it seems that he plays the last line of each verse ("No you can't blame me at all") the same way as the last line in the chorus (F G-G6-G7-C)

```
  Verse pattern:        Chorus, last line:
  F   C/e G/d C         F  G G6 G7  C
|-------------------||--1---------------|
|---1---1---0---1---||--1---------------|
|---2---0---0---0---||--2---0-0-0---0---|
|-3---2---0---------||--3---0-2-3---2---|
|-------------3-----||--3---2-------3---|
|-------------------||--1---3-3-3-------|
```

Spoken intro at the Halloween show (1964):

"This is a song about a boxer... a boxer,
It's got nothing to do with boxing, it's just a song about a boxer.
And, uh... It's, uh...
It's not even having to do with a boxer, really
it's got nothing to do with nothing [giggle]
But I fit all these words together, that's all
This is taken out of the newspapers.
Nothing has been changed, except the words."

```
C   F      G     C
Who killed Davey Moore,
F       G      G6  G7     C
Why an' what's the reason for?

     F   C/e      G/d C
"Not I," says the referee,
"Don't point your finger at me.
I could've stopped it in the eighth
An' maybe kept him from his fate,
But the crowd would've booed, I'm sure,
At not gettin' their money's worth.
It's too bad he had to go,
But there was a pressure on me too, you know.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?
```

"Not us," says the angry crowd,
Whose screams filled the arena loud.
"It's too bad he died that night
But we just like to see a fight.
We didn't mean for him t' meet his death,
We just meant to see some sweat,
There ain't nothing wrong in that.
It wasn't us that made him fall.
No, you can't blame us at all."

Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?

"Not me," says his manager,
Puffing on a big cigar.
"It's hard to say, it's hard to tell,
I always thought that he was well.
It's too bad for his wife an' kids he's dead,
But if he was sick, he should've said.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?

"Not me," says the gambling man,
With his ticket stub still in his hand.
"It wasn't me that knocked him down,
My hands never touched him none.
I didn't commit no ugly sin,
Anyway, I put money on him to win.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?

"Not me," says the boxing writer,
Pounding print on his old typewriter,
Sayin', "Boxing ain't to blame,
There's just as much danger in a football game."
Sayin', "Fist fighting is here to stay,
It's just the old American way.
It wasn't me that made him fall.
No, you can't blame me at all."

Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?

"Not me," says the man whose fists
Laid him low in a cloud of mist,
Who came here from Cuba's door
Where boxing ain't allowed no more.
"I hit him, yes, it's true,
But that's what I am paid to do.
Don't say 'murder,' don't say 'kill.'

It was destiny, it was God's will."

Who killed Davey Moore,
Why an' what's the reason for?

Only a Hobo

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Aug 12 1963 (*The Times They Are A-changin'* sessions) and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C'  x30030

G                          C          G
As I was out walking on a corner one day,
                                      D
I spied an old hobo, in a doorway he lay.
    G                             C            G
His face was all grounded in the cold sidewalk floor
                                    D             G
And I guess he'd been there for the whole night or more.

     C               G
     Only a hobo, but one more is gone
                                   D   C' G/b
     Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song
     G                C         G
     Leavin' nobody to carry him home
                             D        C' G
     He was only a hobo, but one more is gone

A blanket of newspaper covered his head,
As the curb was his pillow, the street was his bed.
One look at his face showed the hard road he'd come
And a fistful of coins showed the money he bummed.

     Only a hobo, but one more is gone
     Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song
     Leavin' nobody to carry him home
     Only a hobo, but one more is gone

Does it take much of a man to see his whole life go down,
To look up on the world from a hole in the ground,
To wait for your future like a horse that's gone lame,
To lie in the gutter and die with no name?

     Only a hobo, but one more is gone
     Leavin' nobody to sing his sad song
     Leavin' nobody to carry him home
     Only a hobo, but one more is gone
```

Moonshiner

Trad (aka The Bottle song, Moonshine blues or Kentucky Moonshiner), arr. Bob Dylan
Recorded August 12 1963 (*The Times They Are A-changin'* sessions), and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key C♯ minor)
Standard fingerpicking.

C/g (332010) is played in the turns around F. In the longer stretches (such as from "moonshiner" to "years" in the first line), it changes to a plain C chord, i.e. the bass goes from only picking the low G, to alternating between C and G on the 5th and 6th strings.

Intro:

```
Am . . . . . C/g . . . . .
F . . . C/g . . . . . . . . . . . .
```

```
     Am     C/g F   C/g                       G7
I've been a-a   moonshiner for seventeen long years
       Am      C/g F C/g                  G7
I've spent all my-y  money on whiskey an' beer
  F          G          C/g       F
I go to some hollow and set up my still
       Am   C/g F      C/g                            G7
And if whiskey   don't kill me then I don't know what will.

I'd go to some bar room and drink with my friends
Where the women can't follow an' see what I've spent
God bless them pretty women, I wish they was mine
Their breath is as sweet as the dew on the vine.

Let me eat when I'm hungry, let me drink when I'm dry
Hmm, dollars when I'm hard up, religion when I die
The whole world's a bottle an' life's but a dram
When a bottle gets empty, it sure ain't worth a damn.
```

Last Thoughts on Woody Guthrie

Written by Bob Dylan
Spoken live , and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)

When yer head gets twisted and yer mind grows numb
When you think you're too old, too young, too smart or too dumb
When yer laggin' behind an' losin' yer pace
In a slow-motion crawl of life's busy race
No matter what yer doing if you start givin' up
If the wine don't come to the top of yer cup
If the wind's got you sideways with with one hand holdin' on
And the other starts slipping and the feeling is gone
And yer train engine fire needs a new spark to catch it
And the wood's easy findin' but yer lazy to fetch it
And yer sidewalk starts curlin' and the street gets too long
And you start walkin' backwards though you know its wrong
And lonesome comes up as down goes the day
And tomorrow's mornin' seems so far away
And you feel the reins from yer pony are slippin'
And yer rope is a-slidin' 'cause yer hands are a-drippin'
And yer sun-decked desert and evergreen valleys
Turn to broken down slums and trash-can alleys
And yer sky cries water and yer drain pipe's a-pourin'
And the lightnin's a-flashing and the thunder's a-crashin'
And the windows are rattlin' and breakin' and the roof tops a-shakin'
And yer whole world's a-slammin' and bangin'
And yer minutes of sun turn to hours of storm
And to yourself you sometimes say
"I never knew it was gonna be this way
Why didn't they tell me the day I was born"
And you start gettin' chills and yer jumping from sweat
And you're lookin' for somethin' you ain't quite found yet
And yer knee-deep in the dark water with yer hands in the air
And the whole world's a-watchin' with a window peek stare
And yer good gal leaves and she's long gone a-flying
And yer heart feels sick like fish when they're fryin'
And yer jackhammer falls from yer hand to yer feet
And you need it badly but it lays on the street
And yer bell's bangin' loudly but you can't hear its beat
And you think yer ears might a been hurt
Or yer eyes've turned filthy from the sight-blindin' dirt
And you figured you failed in yesterdays rush
When you were faked out an' fooled white facing a four flush
And all the time you were holdin' three queens
And it's makin you mad, it's makin' you mean
Like in the middle of Life magazine
Bouncin' around a pinball machine
And there's something on yer mind you wanna be saying
That somebody someplace oughta be hearin'
But it's trapped on yer tongue and sealed in yer head
And it bothers you badly when your layin' in bed
And no matter how you try you just can't say it
And yer scared to yer soul you just might forget it
And yer eyes get swimmy from the tears in yer head
And yer pillows of feathers turn to blankets of lead

And the lion's mouth opens and yer staring at his teeth
And his jaws start closin with you underneath
And yer flat on your belly with yer hands tied behind
And you wish you'd never taken that last detour sign
And you say to yourself just what am I doin'
On this road I'm walkin', on this trail I'm turnin'
On this curve I'm hanging
On this pathway I'm strolling, in the space I'm taking
In this air I'm inhaling
Am I mixed up too much, am I mixed up too hard
Why am I walking, where am I running
What am I saying, what am I knowing
On this guitar I'm playing, on this banjo I'm frailin'
On this mandolin I'm strummin', in the song I'm singin'
In the tune I'm hummin', in the words I'm writin'
In the words that I'm thinkin'
In this ocean of hours I'm all the time drinkin'
Who am I helping, what am I breaking
What am I giving, what am I taking
But you try with your whole soul best
Never to think these thoughts and never to let
Them kind of thoughts gain ground
Or make yer heart pound
But then again you know why they're around
Just waiting for a chance to slip and drop down
"Cause sometimes you hear'em when the night times comes creeping
And you fear that they might catch you a-sleeping
And you jump from yer bed, from yer last chapter of dreamin'
And you can't remember for the best of yer thinking
If that was you in the dream that was screaming
And you know that it's something special you're needin'
And you know that there's no drug that'll do for the healin'
And no liquor in the land to stop yer brain from bleeding
And you need something special
Yeah, you need something special all right
You need a fast flyin' train on a tornado track
To shoot you someplace and shoot you back
You need a cyclone wind on a stream engine howler
That's been banging and booming and blowing forever
That knows yer troubles a hundred times over
You need a Greyhound bus that don't bar no race
That won't laugh at yer looks
Your voice or your face
And by any number of bets in the book
Will be rollin' long after the bubblegum craze
You need something to open up a new door
To show you something you seen before
But overlooked a hundred times or more
You need something to open your eyes
You need something to make it known
That it's you and no one else that owns
That spot that yer standing, that space that you're sitting
That the world ain't got you beat
That it ain't got you licked
It can't get you crazy no matter how many
Times you might get kicked
You need something special all right

You need something special to give you hope
But hope's just a word
That maybe you said or maybe you heard
On some windy corner 'round a wide-angled curve

But that's what you need man, and you need it bad
And yer trouble is you know it too good
"Cause you look an' you start getting the chills

"Cause you can't find it on a dollar bill
And it ain't on Macy's window sill
And it ain't on no rich kid's road map
And it ain't in no fat kid's fraternity house
And it ain't made in no Hollywood wheat germ
And it ain't on that dimlit stage
With that half-wit comedian on it
Ranting and raving and taking yer money
And you thinks it's funny
No you can't find it in no night club or no yacht club
And it ain't in the seats of a supper club
And sure as hell you're bound to tell
That no matter how hard you rub
You just ain't a-gonna find it on yer ticket stub
No, and it ain't in the rumors people're tellin' you
And it ain't in the pimple-lotion people are sellin' you
And it ain't in no cardboard-box house
Or down any movie star's blouse
And you can't find it on the golf course
And Uncle Remus can't tell you and neither can Santa Claus
And it ain't in the cream puff hair-do or cotton candy clothes
And it ain't in the dime store dummies or bubblegum goons
And it ain't in the marshmallow noises of the chocolate cake voices
That come knockin' and tappin' in Christmas wrappin'
Sayin' ain't I pretty and ain't I cute and look at my skin
Look at my skin shine, look at my skin glow
Look at my skin laugh, look at my skin cry
When you can't even sense if they got any insides
These people so pretty in their ribbons and bows
No you'll not now or no other day
Find it on the doorsteps made out-a paper mache
And inside it the people made of molasses
That every other day buy a new pair of sunglasses
And it ain't in the fifty-star generals and flipped-out phonies
Who'd turn yuh in for a tenth of a penny
Who breathe and burp and bend and crack
And before you can count from one to ten
Do it all over again but this time behind yer back
My friend
The ones that wheel and deal and whirl and twirl
And play games with each other in their sand-box world
And you can't find it either in the no-talent fools
That run around gallant
And make all rules for the ones that got talent
And it ain't in the ones that ain't got any talent but think they do
And think they're foolin' you
The ones who jump on the wagon
Just for a while 'cause they know it's in style

To get their kicks, get out of it quick
And make all kinds of money and chicks
And you yell to yourself and you throw down yer hat
Sayin', "Christ do I gotta be like that
Ain't there no one here that knows where I'm at
Ain't there no one here that knows how I feel
Good God Almighty
THAT STUFF AIN'T REAL"

No but that ain't yer game, it ain't even yer race
You can't hear yer name, you can't see yer face
You gotta look some other place
And where do you look for this hope that yer seekin'
Where do you look for this lamp that's a-burnin'
Where do you look for this oil well gushin'
Where do you look for this candle that's glowin'
Where do you look for this hope that you know is there
And out there somewhere
And your feet can only walk down two kinds of roads
Your eyes can only look through two kinds of windows
Your nose can only smell two kinds of hallways
You can touch and twist
And turn two kinds of doorknobs
You can either go to the church of your choice
Or you can go to Brooklyn State Hospital
You'll find God in the church of your choice
You'll find Woody Guthrie in Brooklyn State Hospital

And though it's only my opinion
I may be right or wrong
You'll find them both
In the Grand Canyon
At sundown

Seven Curses

Written by Bob Dylan
Released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991) in a version from Carnegie Hall, NYC, Oct 26, 1963
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e')
Capo 2nd fret (sounding key E major)

The following figure recurs at the end of virtually every phrase, in this form, or shortened or prolonged:

D-riff:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---------------0-|h2-----3p2-----0-|h2-----------(2)|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---2-------2-----|----------(2)----|-----------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
```

```
    D                 /g      /f#       D
    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :         :         :         :
  |-----------------|-----------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
  |-----------------|-----------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
  |-----------------|-----------------|--- D-riff  -----|--------|--------|
  |-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|--------|--------|--------|--------|
  |-----------------|-----------------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
  |-0-------0-------|-5-------4-------|--------|--------|--------|--------|
Old Reilley           stole   a         stallion                     but they

  D                 /g      /f#       D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :  .  .  .
|-----------------|-----------------|---------------0-|h2-------------2-|-------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------2-----|-------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|----0-----0--|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------|
|-0-------0-------|-5-------4-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-----0-----|
caught him and they brought him       back                                    and they

  G       /f#       Em7     D/f#      D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|---------------0-|h2---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----3-----------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------2-----|-----------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-5-------4-------|-2-------4-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
  laid    him down          on  the   jail -  house     ground  with an
```

```
  A/e                                 D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .     :   .     :   .     :   .
|-----------------|-----------------|---------|---------|---------|--------|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|---------|---------|---------|--------|
|-----------------|-----------------|---   d-riff   ----|---------|--------|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|---------|---------|---------|--------|
|-----------------|-----------------|---------|---------|---------|--------|
|-2-------2-------|-2-------2-------|---------|---------|---------|--------|
  iron       chain around   his       neck
```

Old Reilly's daughter got a message
That her father was goin' to hang.
She rode by night and came by morning
With gold and silver in her hand

When the judge he saw Reilly's daughter
His old eyes deepened in his head,
Sayin', "Gold will never free your father,
The price, my dear, is you instead."

"Oh I'm as good as dead," cried Reilly,
"It's only you that he does crave
And my skin will surely crawl if he touches you at all.
Get on your horse and ride away."

"Oh father you will surely die
If I don't take the chance to try
And pay the price and not take your advice.
For that reason I will have to stay."

The gallows shadows shook the evening,
In the night a hound dog bayed,
In the night the grounds were groanin',
In the night the price was paid.

The next mornin' she had awoken
To know that the judge had never spoken.
She saw that hangin' branch a-bendin',
She saw her father's body broken.

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------------
|-----------------|-----------------|----  d-riff    ---------
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-------------------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------------
|-0-------5-------|-4-------2-------|-0-----------------------
 These be se-ven   cur-ses on   a     judge so cruel:        that
 one                doctor  will not  save him
```

That two healers will not heal him,
That three eyes will not see him.

That four ears will not hear him,
That five walls will not hide him,
That six diggers will not bury him
And that seven deaths shall never kill him.

Eternal Circle

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Oct 24, 1963 (*The Times They Are A-changin'* sessions) and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key C major)

```
E6     022120
```

The A-Asus4-A-Asus2-A turn of the interlude is used here and there where there is a long A.

```
A

  A
I sang the song slowly
   E6               A
As she stood in the shadows
    D/f#
She stepped to the light
      E6             A
As my silver strings spun
    A               E
She called with her eyes
       D          A
To the tune I's a-playin'
        A       Asus4
But the song it was long
        E6
And I'd only begun

  A         Asus4 A  Asus2  A
  :   .   .   :   .   .     :   .   .   :   .   .
|-----0---0---0---0---0---|-----0---0-------0---0---
|-----2---2---3---2---0---|-----2---2-------2---2---
|-----2---2---2---2---2---|-----2---2-------2---2---
|-----2---2---2---2---2---|-------------------------
|-0-----------------------|-0-----------------------
|-------------------------|-------------0-----------

Through a bullet of light
Her face was reflectin'
The fast fading words
That rolled from my tongue
With a long-distance look
Her eyes was on fire
But the song it was long
And there was more to be sung.

My eyes danced a circle
Across her clear outline
With her head tilted sideways
She called me again
As the tune drifted out
```

She breathed hard through the echo
But the song it was long
And it was far to the end

I glanced at my guitar
And played it pretendin'
That of all the eyes out there
I could see none
As her thoughts pounded hard
Like the pierce of an arrow
But the song it was long
And it had to get done

As the tune finally folded
I laid down the guitar
Then looked for the girl
Who'd stayed for so long
But her shadow was missin'
For all of my searchin'
So I picked up my guitar
And began the next song

Suze (The Cough Song)

One of Dylan's attempts at an instrumental.
Recorded Oct 24, 1963 and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

I've only tabbed out the first part – that's where the tricky bits are, and if you get that, you'll be able to play the rest too. The measurement is kept the same in the two parts, only written more condensedly.
In the G-G6-G7-measures in the beginning of the second part, because of the fingerpicking pattern the new bass notes (/e and /f) will not enter before on the last beat of their respective bars, but I've written it out in the beginning of the bars, since that's where the new chord implicitly begins.

Capo 4th fret

```
  C               *)                                    F
  :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---------------0-||------------------|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-1---------------||*-----1-----------|-------1---------|-------1---------|
|-----------0-----||-----------0------|-----------0-----|---0h2-----0h2---|
|-----2-------2---||------2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----3-------3---|
|-3---------------||*-3---------------|-3---------------|-----------------|
|---------3-------||----------3-------|---------3-------|-1-------1-------|

  C                                                     D7/f#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---------------0-|---------------0-|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----1-----------|-----1-----------|-----1-----------|-------1---------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|---2-------2-----|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----0-------0---|
|-3---------------|-3---------------|-3---------------|-----------------|
|---------3-------|---------3-------|---------3-------|-2-------2-------|

  G                 C                                   F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---------------0-|---------------0-|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-----------|-----1-----------|-----1-----------|-------1---------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|---0h2-----2-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----3-------3---|
|-----------------|-3---------------|-3---------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|---------3-------|---------3-------|-1-------1-------|

  D7/f#             C/g     G         Am      /g        F       G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------------0--||
|-----1---------1-|-------0-------0-|h1-------------1-|-------1p0-------*||
|-----------0-----|---0-------0-----|---2---2---2-----|---2-------0------||
|-----0-------0---|-----2-------0---|-----2-------2---|-----3-------0----||
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------*||
|-2-------2-------|-3-------3-------|---------3-------|-1-------3--------||
```

```
  C
  :   .   .   .
|-----------------|
|-----1-----------|
|-----------0-----|
|-----2-------2---|
|-3---------------|
|---------3-------|

G       G/e     G7/f
| . . . : . . . | . . . : . . .
[2nd time: "cough-cough-cough"]

C
| . . . : . . . | . . . : . . .

G       G/e     G7/f
| . . . : . . . | . . . : . . .

C
| . . . : . . . | . . . : . . .

A
| . . . : . . . | . . . : . . .

D/f#
| . . . : . . . | . . . : . . .

F
| . . . : . . . | . . . : . . .

G               G7
| . . . : . . . | . . . : . . .

G7
| . . . : . . . | . . . : . . .

Repeat from *)
```

Mama, You Been on My Mind

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded june 1964 and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991), and in a live version on *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Bootleg Series version

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

Chords:

```
D7/f#   200212 (or 200210, which would be called D9/f#)
C/g     332010
C/b     x20010 (not really C/b, but that's what he plays)
G6      322003 (drop the 1st string and play 32000x-32200x-32300x,
G7      323003 that's the only way to get this one smooth)
```

Intro:

```
        G
|------------
|------------
|-------0----
|-0-0-0-0---- etc
|-2-0-2-2----
|-3-----3----
```

```
   C                                  E
Perhaps it's the color of the sun cut flat
    Am           D7/f#
An' cov'rin' the crossroads I'm standing at,
   C              /b      Am G              C/g
Or maybe it's the weather or something like that,
    G              G6 G7 C         G
But mama, you been on my mind.

  C                                      E
I don't mean trouble, please don't put me down or get upset,
         Am          D7/f#
I am not pleadin' or sayin', "I can't forget you."
  C              E           Am       Am/g      F
I do not pace the floor bowed down an' bent, but yet,
C/g            G G6 G7 C
Mama, you been on   my mind.

     C
Even though my mind is hazy an' my thoughts they might be narrow,
          E                 Am     D7/f#
Where you been don't bother me nor bring me down with sorrow.
  C          G                  Am     /g     F
I don't even mind who you'll be wakin' with tomorrow,
```

```
    C/g               G G6 G7 C
But mama, you're just on   my mind.

         C
I am not askin' you to say words like "yes" or "no,"
       E    Am          D7/f#
Please understand me, I have no place I'm callin' you t' go.
         C               G                Am        /g      F
I'm just whisperin' to myself, so I can pretend that I don't know,
C/g           G G6 G7 C           G
Mama, you are on   my mind.

[Harmonica verse]

         C
When you wake up in the mornin', baby, look inside your mirror.
    E                                Am              D7/f#
You know I won't be next to you, you know I won't be near.
           C          E               Am      /g      F
I'd just be curious to know if you can see yourself as clear
   C/g             G   G6  G7     C
As someone who has had you on his mind
```

Halloween Show (Philharmonic Hall, NYC, Oct 31, 1964, w/Joan Baez)

Capo 4th fret

This time Dylan played with Joan Baez, and so the chords were the same in all verses…

```
   C
Perhaps it's the color of the sun cut flat
E   Am           D7/f#
An' cov'rin' the crossroads I'm standing at,
   C     /b       Am      /g F        (C/e F) C/g
Or maybe it's the weather or something like   that,
    G     G6          G7    C    Csus4 C
But mama, you're just on my mind.
   [daddy, you been]

G . G6 . G7 . . .

I . . . don't mean trouble, please don't put me down or get upset,
I am not pleadin' or sayin', "I can't forget you."
I do not walk the floor bowed down an' bent, but yet,
Mama [/daddy], you're just on my mind.

Even though my mind is hazy an' my thoughts they might be narrow,
Where you been don't bother me nor bring me down with sorrow.
It don't even matter where you're waking up tomorrow,
But mama [/daddy], you're just on my mind.

      [long halt on the G7, before:]

I . . . - don't mean trouble please don't put me down and....
a-a-ah [a-a-ah-aaaah]
```

```
     [Joanie, who remembers the lyrics, takes charge:]

I am not askin' you to say words like "yes" or "no,"
Please understand me, I'm not calling for you to go
I'm just breathing to myself, pretending not that I don't know,
that Mama [/daddy] you been on my mind.

     [Long halt on the G7 again, but this time Dylan takes his time to
     ask Joan how the next verse begins:]

When you wake up in the mornin', baby, look inside your mirror.
You know I won't be next to you, you know I won't be near.
I'd just be curious to know if you can see yourself as clear
As someone who has had you on his mind.
```

Live 1975 (Rolling Thunder) Version (w/Joan Baez)

The first verse is repeated at the end.

```
G

G              D            Em
Maybe it's the color of the sun cut flat
    Am *)
An' cov'rin' the crossroads I'm standing at,
   G              D          Em             C
Or maybe it's the weather or something like that,
    G                 D     G
But mama, you're just on my mind.

I don't mean trouble, please don't put me down or get upset,
I am not pleadin' or sayin', "I can't forget you."
I do not walk the floor bowed down an' bent, but yet,
Mama, you're just on my mind.

Even though my mind is hazy an' my thoughts they might be narrow,
Where you been don't bother me or bring me down in sorrow.
It don't even matter where you're wakin' up tomorrow,
Mama, you're just on my mind.

When you wake up in the mornin', baby, look inside your mirror.
You know I won't be next to you, you know I won't be near/there.
I'd just be curious to know if you can see yourself as clear
As someone who has had you on his mind

Maybe it's the color of the sun cut flat
An' cov'rin' the crossroads I'm standing at,
Or maybe it's the weather or something like that,
But mama, you're just on my mind.
Mama, you're just on my mind
```

*) In some verses a C is inserted before the Am.

Never ending Tour version (Roseland, 1994)

Note how the E chord, which was so prominent in the earlier versions, has disappeared completely, and the sharp D7/f♯ has been replaced by the more lax F in the second line. In more recent concert renditions, the E and D/f♯ are back.

```
C
Maybe it's the color of the sun cut flat
/b  Am           F
An' cov'rin' the crossroads I'm standing at,
   C              G          Am        /g   F
Or maybe it's the weather or something like that,
    C                 G     C
But mama, you're just on my mind.
```

Current live version (Oslo, Apr 7, 2002)

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

```
                   G
 :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .
-----------------|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
-----------------|-----3-------3---|------3---3---3---|--3-------3-------|
-----------0-2-3-|-4---4-------4---|4h5---4---2h4-4---|0h2-------0-------|
-----0-2-4-------|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
-----------------|-----------------|------------------|------------------|
-----------------|-----------------|------------------|------------------|

  B                  Em *)                              A/c#
  :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|------0-----------|-----------------|------------------|
|-4---------------|------0---0-------|---0-------------|-----2-------2----|
|-4---------------|------0---0-------|-----------------|-----2-------2----|
|-4---------------|0h2-----------2-4-|-5---4---2---0---|-----2-------2----|
|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|-4----------------|
|-----------------|------------------|-----------------|------------------|

                   G                 D/f#              Em
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----2-----2-----|-----3-----3---3-|-----3-----3---3-|-----0-----------|
|-----2-----2-2---|---4-----4-------|---2-----2-------|---0-------------|
|-----2-------2---|-5-----5-----5---|-4-----4-----4---|-2-------4---0---|
|-4---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  C                G                 D                 G5
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----3-----3-3-3-|
|-----1-1-----1---|-0---------------|-----3-----------|-----3-----3-3-3-|
|-----0-0-----0---|-0---------------|-----2-----------|-----0-----0-0-0-|
|-----2-2-0h2-----|-0-----------0-0-|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-3---------------|-----3p2---------|---------3---1---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-3-------3-------|
```

```
                    D  **)               G/b               D7(iii)
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----3-----------|-----2-----------|-----3-------3-3-|---5-----5-----5-|
|-----3-----------|-----3-------3-3-|---3-----3---3-3-|---3-----3-----3-|
|-----0-----------|-----2-------2-2-|/4-------4---4-4-|-5-----5-----5---|
|-----------------|-0-------0-------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------2-3-4-|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

                    G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----5-----------|------------------
|-----3-----------|------------------
|---5-------------|------------------  etc.
|-----------------|------------------
|-----------------|------------------
|-----------0-0-2-|-3----------------

*) or glide up to Em=xx5450
**) or use the rhythmic figure in m. 10-11 above (at G-D/f#)
```

```
G                                  B7
Maybe it's the color of the sun cut flat
    Em           A/c#              /
An' cov'rin' the crossroads I'm standing at,
   G             D          Em             C
Or maybe it's the weather or something like that,
    G                 D     G           D    G/d   D7(iii)
But mama, you're just on my mind.
```

Milwaukee, 28 Oct, 2001

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

```
                   C
 :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :     .   .   .     :   .   .   .
-----------------|-----0-----0-0-0-|---------------0-0-|-----0-0---------|
-----------------|-----1-----1-1-1-|-1-------------1-1-|-----1-1-----1-1-|
-----------------|-----0-----0-0-0-|-0h2p0---------0-0-|-----0-0-----0-0-|
-------------0-1-|-2---------------|-------2-----0-----|-0h2-----0-------|
-------0-2-3-----|-----------------|-----------3-------|-----------3-----|
---2h3-----------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|

  E                Am                                  D9/f#
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-0---------|-----0-----------|-----------------|-----0-----------|
|-----0-0---------|-----1-----0-----|-1-----1---------|-----1-----0-----|
|-----1-1---------|-----2-------2-2-|-2-----2---------|-----2-----2-----|
|-0h2-----2-0-----|-------------2-2-|-2-------2-2-----|-----------------|
|-------------3-2-|-0---------------|-0-------0-0-----|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------3-3-|-2-----------2---|
```

```
                  C/g               G7                Am
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----0-0---------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-1-----1---------|-----1-1---3-1---|-3---3-----------|-1---------------|
|-2-----2---------|-----0-0---------|-0---0-----------|-2---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-3---3-2---0-2-0-|-0h2-------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-0-----2-3-2-0---|
|-----2-------0-2-|-3---------------|-3---3-----------|---------------3-|

  F(maj7)           C                 G                 C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-3---3-3---------|-0---0-0---------|
|-----1-----------|-1---1-1-----1---|-0---0-0---------|-1---1-1---------|
|-----2---0-------|-0---0-0-----0---|-0---0-0---------|-0---0-0---------|
|-2---2-------2---|-0h2-------------|-0---0-0---------|-2---2-2---------|
|-0---------------|-3---------------|-2---------3-3---|-3-----------0-2-|
|-1---------------|-----------------|-3---------------|-----------3-----|

  C                 G                 C/g               G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-------0-0-|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----1-------1-1-|---------0-----1-|---------1-----0-|-----3-----3-----|
|-----0-------0-0-|-----0-----0-----|-----0-----0-----|---0-----0-----0-|
|-------------2-2-|---0---0-----0---|---2---2-----2---|-0-----0-----0---|
|-3-------3-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-3---------------|-3---------------|-----------------|

                  C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|---------------
|-3-----------0---|-1-------------
|-------------0---|-0------------- etc.
|-------------0---|-2-------------
|-------------2---|-3-------------
|-------------3---|---------------
```

Farewell Angelina

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded jan 13 1965 and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The melody is clearly based upon his earlier unfinished I Rode Out One Morning.

Dropped C tuning (C-A-d-g-b-e')
Capo 7th fret (sounding key G major)

```
C     032010
Csus4 033010
Fmaj7 003210
F     003211
Em/b (0)22000
```

```
C

    C        Fmaj7 C
Farewell Angeli  - na
    Fmaj7        C
The bells of the crown
          C         Fmaj7 C
Are being stolen by ban - dits
       Fmaj7      C
I must follow the sound
    C
The triangle tingles
    Fmaj7      C
the music play slow
        C        Am
But farewell Angelina
    C           Em/b
The night is on fire
F          C      Csus4 C
And I must go.

         C
There is no use in talkin'
            Fmaj7       C     Fmaj7 C
and there's no need for blame

There is nothing to prove,
     Fmaj7              C     Fmaj7 C
Ev'rything still is the same
  C
A table stands empty
       Fmaj7       C       Csus4 C
By the edge of the stream
        C        Em/b
But farewell Angelina
    C              Am
The sky's changing colours
Fmaj7      C         Csus4 C
```

```
And I must leave.

    C
The jacks and the queens
        Fmaj7         C       Fmaj7 C
they forsake the courtyard
C
Fifty-two gypsies
    Fmaj7         C          Fmaj7 C
Now file past the guards
       C
In the space where the deuce
        Fmaj7        C       Fmaj7 C
And the ace once ran wild
    C        Em/b
Farewell Angelina
    C      Am
The sky is folding
            Fmaj7   C      Csus4 C
I'll see you after a while.

        C
See the cross-eyed pirates sit
Fmaj7          C        Csus4 C
Perched in the sun
C            Fmaj7
Shooting tin cans
                     C  Fmaj7 C
With a sawed-off shotgun
        C
And the corporals and neighbors
         Fmaj7           C     Csus4 C
clap and cheer with each blast
        C        Em/b
But farewell Angelina
    C         Am
The sky it is trembling
    Fmaj7        C
And I must leave fast.

     C
King Kong, little elves
       Fmaj7          C      Csus4 C
In the rooftoops they dance
     C
Valentino-type tangos
          Fmaj7        C     Csus4 C
While the hero's clean hands

Shut the eyes of the dead
         Fmaj7      C        Csus4 C
Not to embarrass anyone
    C        Am
Farewell Angelina
    C               Am
The sky is flooding over
```

```
Fmaj7         C            Csus4 C
And I must be gone.

    C
The camouflaged parrot
   Fmaj7         C        Csus4 C
He flutters from fear
     C                    Am
when something he doesn't know about
Fmaj7      C              Csus4 C
suddenly appears
     C
What cannot be imitated
Fmaj7        C            Csus4 C
perfect must die
    C        Am
Farewell Angelina
    C              Am
The sky's flooding over
      Fmaj7               C     Csus4 C
and I must go where it is dry

   C             Am
Machine guns are roaring
Fmaj7         C       Csus4 C
Puppets heave rocks
    C
At misunderstood visions
           F        C       F C
and at the faces of clocks
        C            Am
Call me any name you like
       F(maj7) C        F C
I will never deny it
        C        Am
But farewell Angelina
    C       Am
The sky is erupting
      F(maj7)            C
And I must go where it's quiet.

Am  F  C
```

If You Gotta Go, Go Now

Words and music Bob Dylan
Played in an acoustic version occasionally in 1964-5, and recorded with a band in Jan 1965 during the sessions for *Bringing It All Back Home*. Released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991) in the electric version, and on *Live 1964* (2004) in a live version from the Philharmonic Hall

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Halloween version (NY Philharmonic Hall, 31 Oct 1964)

```
G'/d    xx0430
D7/f#   200212
```

[Finds his guitar to be terribly out of tune, stops the intro and says:
"Don't let that scare you! [strums] It's just Halloween! [giggle]
I have my Bob Dylan mask on.
I'm masquerading! [laughs]"]

```
G             C/g
Listen to me, baby,
        G                  C/g
There's something you must see.
G                C/g
I want to be with you, gal,
   G'/d               D7(/f#)
If you want to be with me.

                       G      C/g  G
     But if you got to go,
     C/g      G      C/g  G
     It's all right.
                       C      G
     But if you got to go, go now,
        G'/d           D7(/f#)  G
     Or else you gotta stay all night.

It ain't that I'm questionin' you.
To take part in any quiz.
It's just that I ain't got no watch
An' you keep askin' me what time it is.

     But if you got to go,
     It's all right.
     But if you got to go, go now,
     Or else you gotta stay all night.

I am just a poor boy, baby,
Lookin' to connect.
But I certainly don't want you thinkin'
That I ain't got any respect.

     But if you got to go,
```

```
     It's all right.
     But if you got to go, go now,
     Or else you gotta stay all night.

You know I'd have nightmares
And a guilty conscience, too,
If I kept you from anything
That you really wanted to do.

     But if you got to go,
     It's all right.
     But if you got to go, go now,
     Or else you gotta stay all night.

It ain't that I'm wantin'
Anything you never gave before.
It's just that I'll be sleepin' soon,
It'll be too dark for you to find the door.

     But if you got to go,
     It's all right.
     But if you got to go, go now,
     Or else you gotta stay all night.
```

Bootleg Series 1-3 version

The phrase end lick is basically a succession of Gs and Bbs, with some prominence to the B♭.

The G – C/g – G figure is somewhat more elaborate here than elsewhere. The el-guitar playes a little figure that would have to be played something like:

```
  G       C/g   G
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .
|(3)--------------|----------
|-3---3---5-6-5-3-|-----3----
|-4---4---5-----4-|-----4---- etc
|-5---5---5-----5-|-----5----
|-----------------|----------
|-----------------|----------
```

or something to that effect.

```
G

G             C
Listen to me, baby,
        G                 C
There's something you must see.
G                C
I want to be with you, gal,
G n.c.[lick]
If you want to be with me.
```

```
                  G      C/g  G
But if you got to go,
C/g      G      C/g  G
It's all right.
                  C      G
But if you got to go, go now,
   D7 [lick]               G
Or else you gotta stay all night.
```

Sittin' on a Barbed-Wire Fence

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded June 15, 1965 during the *Highway 61 Revisited* sessions, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dylan is at the piano, hence the (black) key. A fair guess is that the guitars are capoed on the fourth fret. That would give the chords E (which is actually an E7-10 = 022133), B7 and A9 (x02000)

```
       Ab
I paid fifteen million dollars, twelve hundred and seventy-two cents

I paid one thousand two hundred twenty-seven dollars and fifty-five cents
            Eb7
See my bull dog bite a rabbit
       Db9                                  Ab
And my hound dog is sittin' on a barbed-wire fence

Well, my temperature rises and my feet can't walk so hot
Yes, my temperature rises and my feet can't walk so hot
Well, this Arabian doctor comes in, gives me a shot
But he wouldn't tell me what it was that I got

Well, this woman I've got, she's killin' me alive
Yes, this woman I've got, she's killin' me alive
She's makin' me into an old man,
and man I'm not even 25

Of course, you're gonna think this song is a riff
I know you're gonna think this song is just a riff
Unless you've been inside a tunnel
And fell down 69, 70 feet over a barbed-wire fence

All right!
```

I'll Keep It with Mine

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Jan 14, 1965 and Jan 27, 1966, released on *Biograph* (1985) and *The Bootleg Series 1-3* respectively
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Since these are both played at the piano, the value as a guitar tab is limited, but what the heck...

Biograph version

```
         C/e     F    C/g  F/a  C/g
You will search, babe,
 F C/e G/d F/a
At a - ny  cost.
        C/e         F  C/g  F/a
But how long, babe,
C/g     F      C/e G/d    C   F/a
Can you search for what's not lost?
C/e F C/g  F/a  C/g    F  C/e
Ev'ry-body will help you,
     F          C/g  F/c
Some people are very kind.
       C F C/e  Dm     C    F/a C/g G/d C    F/a
But if I           can save you a - ny  time,
C     /b F/a     C/g F
Come on, give it to  me,
C/e  Dm      F11  C
I'll keep it with mine.

I can't help it
If you might think I'm odd,
If I say I'm loving you
not for what you are But for what you're not.
Everybody will help you
Discover what you set out to find.
But if I
can save you any time,
Come on, give it to me,
I'll keep it with mine.

Everybody will help you
Discover what you set out to find.
But if I
can save you any time,
Come on, give it to me,
I'll keep it with mine.

Now the train leaves
At half past ten,
But it'll be back,
in the same old spot again.
The conductor
He's still stuck on the line.
And if I
```

```
can save you any time,
Come on, give it to me,
I'll keep it with mine.
```

Bootleg series version

```
C F/c C F/c C F/c C F/c
Everybody will help you
C Dm7
Discover what you set out to find.
 C
But if I
F/a C F/a
can save you any time,
C F C F
Come on, give it to me,
 G C
I'll keep it with mine.

 C F/c
Now the train leaves
 C F/c
At half past ten,
 C F/c
But it'll be back tomorrow,
 C
the same old time again.
 C F/c C F/c C F/c C F/c
The conductor he's weary,
C Dm7
He's still stuck on the line.
 C
But if I
F/a C F/a
can save you any time,
C F C F
Come on, give it to me,
 G C
I'll keep it with mine.

I can't help it
If you might think I'm odd,
If I say I'm
not loving you for what you are But for what you're not.
Everybody will help you
Discover what you set out to find.
But if I
can save you any time,
Come on, give it to me,
I'll keep it with mine.
```

She's Your Lover Now

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Jan 21, 1966 during the *Blonde on Blonde* sessions, and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The "Piano song" *par exellence*, it takes some skill and some will (and it's revealing!) to make it sound good on a guitar. The original is one half tone higher, in C♯ major, so use a capo on the 1st fret. Note the similarity with Like A Rolling Stone.

```
 C Dm
Your pawnbroker roared,
 Em F
Also, so, so did the landlord
C/E Dm C/E F G
The scene was so crazy, Wasn't it?
C Dm
Both were so glad,
 Em F
 To watch me destroy what I had
C/E Dm C/E F G
Pain sure brings out the best in people, doesn't it?

     Em Dm
     Why didn't you just leave me If you didn't want to stay?
     Em Dm F G
     Why'd you have to treat me so bad? Did it have to be that way?
     G F C/E Dm C /b
     Now you stand here expectin' me
      Am /g F C/e G
     to remember something you forgot to say
            Am G
     Yes, and you, I see you're still with her, well
     Am     G G F Em Dm
     That's fine 'cause she's comin' on so stange, can't you tell?

C Dm C/e F
Somebody better explain
C Dm C/e F
She's got her iron chain,
 C Dm C/E F G
I'd do it, but I just can't remember how
Am G
You talk to her
F C G
She's your lover now.

I already assumed
That we were in the felony room
But I ain't a judge, you don't have to be nice to me
Will you please tell that
To your friend in the cowboy hat
You know he keeps on sayin' everything twice to me
```

You know I was straight with you
You know I never tried to change you in any way
You know if you didn't want to be with me
That you didn't have to stay.
Now you stand here sayin' you forgive and forget.
Honey, what can I say?
And you, you just sit around and ask for ashtrays, can't you reach?
I see you kiss her on the cheek everytime she gives a speech
With her picture books of the pyramid
And her postcard of billy the kid
why must evrybody bow?
You better talk to her about it
You're her lover now.

Oh everybody that cares Is goin' up the castle stairs
But I'm not up in your castle, honey,
It's true, I can't recall San Francisco at all
I can't even rember El Paso, uh , honey
You never had to be faithful
I didn't want you to grieve
Oh, why was it so hard to you
If you didn't want to be with me, just to leave?
Now you stand here
while your finger's goin' up my sleeve
An' you, just what do you do, anyway? Ain't there nothing you can say?
She'll be standin' on the bar soon
With a fish head an' a harpoon
An' a fake beard plastered on her brow
You'd better do somethin' quick
She's your lover now.

Oh, why must I fall into this sadness?
Do I look like Charles Atlas?
Do you think I still got what you still got, baby?
Her voice is really warm
It's just that it ain't got no form
But it's just like a dead man's last pistol shot, baby
Oh, your mouth used to be naked,
your eyes used to be so blue
Your hurts used to be so nameless
and your tears used to be so few
Now your eyes cry wolf while your mouth cries:
"I'm not scared of animals like you."
And you there's really nothing about you I can recall
I just saw you that one time and you were just there that's all
But I've already been kissed,
I'm not gonna get into this
I couldn't make it anyhow
You do it for me
You're her lover now

I Shall Be Released

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded during *The Basement* sessions (1967) and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991). A different version was recorded Oct 1971 with Happy Traum (banjo) and released on *Greatest Hits II* (1971). A live version was released on *Live 1975* (2002)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

"Basement" version

```
G   C/g  G

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

     G                    C *)            *) Am in subsequent
      I see my light come shining             verses
     Bm        D *)          G
      From the west unto the east.
     G            Am
      Any day now, any day now,
     Bm D/a        G
      I shall be released.

They say ev'ry man needs protection,
They say ev'ry man must fall.
Yet I swear I see my reflection
Some place so high above this wall.

     I see my light come shining
     From the west unto the east.
     Any day now, any day now,
     I shall be released.

Now yonder standing here in this lonely crowd,
a man who swears he's not to blame.
All day long I hear his voice shouting so loud,
Crying out that he was framed.

     I see my light come shining
     From the west unto the east.
     Any day now, any day now,
     I shall be released.
```

Greatest Hits vol. 2 version

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)
Intro (with a triple-time feel):

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|----------(0)----|-3-------3-------
|---3-----3-------|---2-----2-------|---1-----1-------|-0--(0)--1-------
|---3-----3-------|---0-----0-------|---0-----0-------|-0--(0)--0-------
|-3-----3-----3---|-2-----2-----2---|-1-----1-----0---|-0--(0)--2------- etc
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-2--(2)----------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-3-------3-------
```

```
G                            Am
They say ev'ry man must need protection,
Bm              D        G          C/g   G
 They say ev'ry man must fall.
G                        Am
 Yet I swear I see my reflection
Bm            D              G      C/g   G
Some place so high above the wall.

     G                   Am
     I see my light come shining
     Bm       D                G
     From the west down to the east.
     G            Am
     Any day now, any day now,
     Bm      D    G
     I shall be released.

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

     I see my light come shining
     From the west down to the east.
     Any day now, any day now,
     I shall be released.
```

Live 1975 version

Capo 2nd fret

```
|: G . . C/g  :|

G [n.c]                         Am(7)
  They say ev'rything can be replaced,
Bm(7)     D               G          C/g  G
Yet ev'ry distance is not near.
G                    Am(7)
So I remember ev'ry face
```

```
Bm(7)    D              G
Of ev'ry man who put me here.

     G                    Am
      I see my light come shining
     Bm        D             G
      From the west unto the east.
     G            Am
      Any day now, any day now,
     Bm . . D            G
            I shall be released.
```

Budokan version

```
G#m7      464444
F#m7      242222
A#o       x12020
B11       x22222

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

     E         G#m7       F#m7
      I see my light come shining
     D         A             E
      From the west unto the east.
     E    G#m7    F#m7
      Any day now, any day now,

     E  E/g#  A  A#o  E/b

     [B11         E]
     I shall be released.
```

Alternate lyrics

From the Martin Luther King Jr. Tribute, Washington, DC January 20, 1986

They say every man needs protection
They say that every man must fall
I swear I see my own reflection
Somewhere so high above this wall

I see my light come shinin'
I don't need no doctor or no priest

Any day now, any day now
I shall be released

It don't take much to be a criminal
One wrong move and they'll turn you into one
At first decay is just subliminal
To protect yourself and your forever on the run

I see my light come shinin'
I don't need no doctor or no priest
Any day now, any day now
I shall be released

He will find you where your stayin'
Even in the arms of somebody elses wife
Your laughin' now, you should be prayin'
To be in the midnight hour of your life

I see my light come shinin'
I don't need no doctor or no priest
Any day now, any day now
I shall be released

Santa Fe

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded during the Basement sessions with the Band, and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

Intro figure:

```
  G          C/g G
  :   .   .   .
|-3---3-3---3-3-3-|
|-0---0-0---0-1-0-|
|-0---0-0---0-0-0-|
|-0---0-0---0-2-0-|
|-2---2-2---2---2-|
|-3---3-3---3-3-3-|
```

```
G
Sante Fe,
C         D              G
dear dear dear dear dear Sante Fe
   C                 G
My woman needs every day
    C                  G
She promised to let me stay
      C                    G             D
She's rollin' up a knot to pray to gods away
         G
She's in Sante Fe
C         D              G
Dear dear dear dear dear Santa Fe.
        C                    G
Now she opens up and lets me home
      C                       G
She's brown but she keeps from roam
       C               G
She'll open up a happy home
       C                       D             G
She'll think when will that be warm in Sante Fe.

Sante Fe, dear dear dear dear Sante Fe
She's arms never teach to roam
They're never never far from home
I'll never ever ever roam
To sail away
She's all feel bad
No no no no don't don't don't feel bad
She's the worst thing he's ever had
She's a mad, man that he's so glad
She's over above the hat to bad
She's never disappear so bad
I went away.
```

Sante Fe, dear dear dear dear dear dear Sante Fe
My own heart city lay
I won't have a nature way
And I'm leavin' every day to run away
From Sante Fe, dear dear dear dear dear Sante Fe.
My woman's left sittin' at home
She's actin' the police unknown
She cried like an evening stone
She leap back under a broom
But she ain't gonna find a room
And the tears send her on own ever day.

Wallflower

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Nov 4, 1971 after the sessions for *New Morning* (1970), and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Either the tape is slow or the instruments have been tuned down a semitone. Either way, the sounding key is F♯ major, but the tab is in G.

Chords:

```
Dadd9/c x30230
G6/b    x20030
```

```
  G             D             G
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|---7-----7---|---6-----5---|-3-------
|-------------|-------------|---------
|-7-----7-----|-6-----5-----|-4------- etc.
|-------------|-------------|---------
|-------------|-------------|---------
|-------------|-------------|---------

G

    G
Wallflower, wallflower
          C          G       C/g-G
Won't you dance with me?
                   D
I'm sad and lonely too.
    G
Wallflower, wallflower
          C          G       C/g-G
Won't you dance with me?
    G          D         G
I'm fallin' in love with you.

     D                                   G
     Just like you I'm wondrin' what I'm doin' here.
     A                                        D  Dadd9/c G6/b  D/a
     Just like you I'm wondrin' what's goin' on.

Wallflower, wallflower
Won't you dance with me?
The night will soon be gone.

     I have seen you standing in the smoky haze
     And I know that you're gonna be mine one of these days,
     Mine alone.

Wallflower, wallflower
Take a chance on me.
Please let me ride you home.
```

Nobody 'Cept You

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Nov 2, 1973 during the *Planet Waves* sessions, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G

G              D                 G
Nothing 'round here to me that's sacred
      Em        C
'Cept you, yeah you
        G             D               G
there's nothing round here to me that matters
      Em        C
'Cept you, yeah you

     C
     You're the one that reaches me
                G
     You're the one that I admire
     C
     Every time we meet together
       G
     I feel like I'm on fire
     C
     Nothing matters to me
                 G           Em
     And there's nothing I desire
           C         Am
     'Cept you, yeah you

Nothing 'round here I care to try for
'Cept you, yeah you
Got nothing here to live or die for
'Cept you, yeah you

     There's a hymn I used to hear
     In the churches all the time
     Make me feel so good inside
     So peaceful, so sublime
     And there's nothing that remind me of that
     Old familiar chime
     Except you, uh huh you

          C
          Used to run in the cemetery
                                          G
          Dance and sing and run when I was a child

          and it never seemed strange
          C
          Now I just pass mournfully
                                               G
          By that place where the bones of life are piled
```

```
          I know somethin' has changed

I'm a stranger here and no one sees me
'Cept you, yeah you
Nothing anymore seems to please me
'Cept you, yeah you

     Nothing hypnotizes me
     Or holds me in a spell
     Everything runs by me
     Just like water from a well
     Everybody wants my attention
     Ev'rybody's got something to sell
     'Cept you, yeah you.

     Am               G
     I'm in love with you.
```

Golden Loom

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded during the glorious *Desire* session Jul 30, 1975, and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G

n.c.         G
Smoky autumn night, stars up in the sky,

I see the sailin' boats across the bay go by.
           C
Eucalyptus trees hang above the street
                  G
And then I turn my head, for you're approachin' me.
Am                      Bm                    C                 D
Moonlight on the water, fisherman's daughter, floatin' in to my room
              G
With a golden loom.

First we wash our feet near the immortal shrine
And then our shadows meet and then we drink the wine.
I see the hungry clouds up above your face
And then the tears roll down, what a bitter taste.
And then you drift away on a summer's day where the wildflowers bloom
With your golden loom.

I walk across the bridge in the dismal light
Where all the cars are stripped between the gates of night.
I see the trembling lion with the lotus flower tail
And then I kiss your lips as I lift your veil.
But you're gone and then all I seem to recall is the smell of perfume
And your golden loom.
```

Catfish

Words by Bob Dylan & Jacques Levy, music by Bob Dylan
Recorded Jul 28, 1975, during the *Desire* sessions, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

C7-9 = 32323

Intro:

```
  G
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-3-----------------------|
|--------(0)----0---------|-0-----------------------|
|-3---0-3---0-3--/5-----0-|-------------------------| x2
|-0-----------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-3-----------------------|-------------------------|
```

```
G
Lazy stadium night

Catfish on the mound

"Strike three'', the umpire said

Batter has to go back an' sit down.
       C7-9                G
Catfish, million dollar man
  D7                          (/Bb)         G
Nobody can throw the ball like Catfish can.

                                                  :     .     .     .
Used to work on Mr. Finley's farm *)         *) |-7---7-6---7--------------
But the old man wouldn't pay                    |-6---6-5---6--------------
So he packed his glove and took his arm         |-7---7-6---7--------------
An' one day he just ran away.                   |--------------------------
Catfish, million dollar man                     |--------------------------
Nobody can throw the ball like Catfish can.     |--------------------------

Come up where the yankees are
Dress up in a pin-stripe suit
Smoke a custom-made cigar
Wear an alligator boot.
Catfish, million dollar man
Nobody can throw the ball like Catfish can.
```

Seven Days

Words and music Bob Dylan
Performed during the Rolling Thunder Revue II (1976)
Released in a live version from Tampa, Florida, Apr 21, 1976 on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

It's hard to tell from the live version what he's actually singing in the bridge. The suggestion below has the one advantage that it rhymes. If you come up with something better, give me a hint.

Go to bobdylan.com for the official lyrics, which differ on one or two places.

```
      Em    C                          G
Seven days, seven more days she'll be comin'
        B7             Em      Am
I'll be waiting at the station for her to arrive
                B7                    Em
Seven more days, all I gotta do is survive.

She been gone ever since I been a child
Ever since I seen her smile, I never forgotten her eyes.
She had a face that outshine the sun in the skies.

I been good, I been good while I been waitin'
Maybe guilty of hesitatin', But I've been hangin' on
Seven more days, all that'll be gone.

             D
     There's kissing in the valley,
     A
     Thieving in the alley,
     B7                          Em
     Fighting every inch of the way.
     D
     Trying to get a lead on
         A
     somebody to beat [?] on
              B7
     Well, the nights are always sadder than the day.

  B7
  :   .   .   .  x3 :     .     .     .     .
|-----------------|-------------------2--------------
|-----------------|-------------------0--------------
|-----------------|-------------------2--------------
|-----------------|-------------------1--------------
|-2-2-0-0---------|-----0-2-0---------2--------------
|--------3-3-2-22-|-2-3-------3-2--------------------
 day                                      Seven days

Seven days, seven more days that are connected
Just like I expected, she'll be comin' on forth,
My beautiful comrade from the north.

     There's fighting in the valley,
```

```
Thieving in the alley,
Fighting every inch of the way.
Trying to get a lead on
somebody new to beat on
the nights are always sadder than the day.
```

Ye Shall Be Changed

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded May 2, 1979 for *Slow Train Coming*, and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
|: Bb   Eb/g Bb/f  Eb   Ab Eb    :|

    Cm
You harbor resentment
               Dm                    Cm        Bb
You know there ain't too much of a thrill
    Cm
You wish for contentment
               Dm             Eb       Bb
But you got an emptiness that can't be filled
       Cm                   Dm
You've had enough of hatred
     Eb                                      F
Your bones are breaking (and you) can't find nothing sacred, (but)

     Bb Eb/g Bb/f Eb  Ab Eb Bb    Eb/g Bb/f  [chords x2]
     Ye           shall  be changed,
     Bb Eb/g Bb/f Eb  Ab Eb Bb    Eb/g Bb/f  [x2]
     Ye           shall  be changed.
          F               Bb  F         Eb           Ab    Eb
     In a twinkling of an eye, when the last trumpet blows
         F          Bb   F         Eb          Ab    Eb
     The dead will arise and burst out of your cloths
         Bb Eb/g Bb/f Eb  Ab Eb Bb    Eb/g Bb/f  [x2]
     And ye           shall  be changed

Everything you've gotten
You've gotten by sweat, blood and muscle
From early in the morning 'til way past dark
All you ever do is hustle
All your loved ones have walked out the door
You're not even sure 'bout your wife and kids no more, but

Ye shall be changed, ye shall be changed
In a twinkling of an eye, when the last trumpet blows
The dead will arise and burst out of your cloths
And ye shall be changed

(Now) the past don't control you
But the future's like a roulette wheel spinning
(And) deep down inside
You know you need a whole new beginning
Don't have to go to Russia or Iran
Just surrender to God and He'll move you right here where you stand, and

Ye shall be changed, ye shall be changed
In a twinkling of an eye, when the last trumpet blows
The dead will arise and burst out of your cloths
And ye shall be changed
```

```
You drink bitter water
And you been eating the bread of sorrow
You can't live for today
When all you're ever thinking of is tomorrow
The path you've endured has been rough
And when you've decided that you've had enough, then

Ye shall be changed, ye shall be changed
In a twinkling of an eye, when the last trumpet blows
The dead will arise and burst out of your cloths
And ye shall be changed
```

Version with capo 3rd fret:

```
|: G   C/e G/d  C   F C:|

    Am
You harbor resentment
              Bm                    Am        G
You know there ain't too much of a thrill
    Am
You wish for contentment
              Bm             C        G
But you got an emptiness that can't be filled
       Am                   Bm
You've had enough of hatred
     C                                      D
Your bones are breaking (and you) can't find nothing sacred, (but)

     G   C/e G/d  C  F C   G      C/e G/d  C  F C     [chords x2]
     Ye           shall be changed,
     G   C/e G/d  C  F C   G      C/e G/d  C  F C     [x2]
     Ye           shall be changed.
          D               G   D         C            F      C
     In a twinkling of an eye, when the last trumpet blows
         D          G    D         C           F     C
     The dead will arise and burst out of your cloths
         G   C/e G/d  C  F C   G      C/e G/d  C  F C [x2]
     And ye           shall be changed
```

You Changed My Life

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Apr 23, 1981 during the *Shot of Love* sessions, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
      D                          /c#
I was listening to the voices of death on parade
/c                                G
Singin' about conspiracy, wanting me to be afraid
Gm6                              D
Working for a system I couldn't understand or trust
Asus4                                      A
Suffering ridicule and wanting to give it all up in disgust.

         D  G           D
     But you changed my life
     D          G            A
     Came along in a time of strife
        G                   D
     In hunger and need you made my heart bleed
     D   A          D
     You changed my life.

Talk about salvation, people suddenly get tired
They got a million things to do, they're all so inspired
You do the work of the devil you got a million friends
They'll be there when you got something, they'll take it all in the end.

     But you changed my life
     Came along in a time of strife
     In hunger and need you made my heart bleed
     You changed my life.

When the nature of man is to beg and to steal
I do it myself, it's not so unreal
The call of the wild's forever at my door
Want me to fly like an eagle while being chained to the floor.

     But you changed my life
     Came along in a time of strife
     In hunger and need you made my heart bleed
     You changed my life.

When I was eatin' with the pigs off a fancy tray
I was told I was lookin' good and to have a nice day
It all seemed so proper, it all seemed so elite
Eatin' that obsolete garbage while being so discreet.

But you changed my life
Came along in a time of strife
In hunger and need you made my heart bleed
You changed my life.
```

You were glowing in the sun while being peaceable calm
While orphans of man dance to the beat of the palm
You eyes were on fire, your feet were of brass
In the world you had made they had made you an outcast.

But you changed my life
Came along in a time of strife
In hunger and need you made my heart bleed
You changed my life.

There's someone in my body that I could hardly see
Invading my privacy making my decisions for me
Holding me back, not letting me stand
Making me feel like a stranger in a strange land.

But you changed my life
Came along in a time of strife
In hunger and need you made my heart bleed
You changed my life.

My lord and my savior, my companion, my friend
Heart"fixer, mind"regulator, true to the end
My creator my comforter my cause for joy
While the world is set against what will never destroy.

But you changed my life
Came along in a time of strife
In hunger and need you made my heart bleed
You changed my life.

Need A Woman

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded May 1981 during the *Shot of Love* sessions, and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
A
 Lately I've been having evil dreams,
  E                     A
I wake up in a cold blue glare

I run the tape back in my mind,
          E
wonderin' if I took the wrong road somewhere.
D
 Searching for the truth the way God designed it,

Well, the real truth is that I may be afraid to find it

             A             G   D   A
      Well I need a woman, all right
                   G   D A
      Need a woman, every night.
      D
       To be with me and know me as I am,

      To show me the kind of love that don't have to be condemned
          E             A
      And I want you to be that woman Yes, I do
      G   D  A                  G  D  A
      (every day, be that woman every way)

I've had my eyes on you baby for five long years,
Well, you probably don't know me at all,
but I have seen your laughter and I've seen your tears.
A tell-tale heart will show itself to anybody near
There's always some new stranger in the night
To lend a sympathetic ear.

      Well I need a woman to be my own
      Need a woman that's mine alone.
      Seen you in the doorway, I seen your in the park,
      Seen you in the sunshine, I seen you in the dark.
      And I want you to be that woman.
      (Oh oh oh,  Be that woman every way).

You keep listening to something long enough
you just bound to believe that it's true.
You know there's some things that you put up,
it's gonna come back on you
The [...] is not common and don't last
Whatever's waiting in the future
could be what you're running from in the past

      I need a woman, [ah pull up]
      Need a woman, [ticket from the same stub] (?) :-)
```

Someone who likes simple things, is not afraid to bend
Someone who don't make herself up to make every man her friend
And I want you to be that woman
(every day, be that woman every way)

Don't know what you got that I want,
Don't know what I got to give
Don't know how much time I've got,
don't know how long I live
The rebellion in my soul - why was it created?
To blur the focus of my mind and keep me isolated

But I need a woman, ain't no crime
Need a woman, all the time
To see the promised land with me as the time goes by
To rule my heart with sweetness and boldness from on high
And I want you to be that woman, Yes I do
Be that woman straight and true.

Angelina

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded May 1981 during the*Shot of Love* sessions, and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem and Einar Stenseng

Read Daniel Syrovy's essay on this song. Or read Michael Gray's analysis of this song, in his book *Song & Dance Man III*.

As this is a "piano song", it is played in C♯ major (He prefers the black keys on the piano). On a guitar I'd suggest a capo on the 1st fret (chords of C major:F, C, G) or on the 4th fret (chords of A major:D, A, E)

```
C#

          F#                  C#
Well it's always beenmy nature to take chances
G#                                  C#
 My right hand drawing back while my left hand advances
F#                                        C#
 Where the current is strong and the monkey dances
       G#
To the tune of a concertina

Blood drying in my yellow hair as I go from shore to shore
I know what it is that has drawn me to your door
But whatevercould it be makes you think you've seen me before
Angelina

F#    C#      G#
 Oooh-oh, Angelina
F#    C#      G#
 Oooh-oh, Angelina

His eyes were two slits make any snake proud
With a face that any painter would paint as he walked through the crowd
Worshipping a god with the body of a woman well endowed
And the head of a hyena

Do I need your permission to turn the other cheek
If you can read my mind, why must I speak?
No, I have heard nothing about the man that you seek
Angelina

Oooh-oh, Angelina
Oooh-oh, Angelina

In the valley of the giants where the stars and stripes explode
The peaches they were sweet and the milk and honey flowed
I was only following instructions when the judge sent me down the road
With your subpoena

When you cease to exist then who will you blame?
I've tried my best to love you, but I cannot play this game
Your best friend and my worst enemy is one and the same
```

Angelina

Oooh-oh, Angelina
Oooh-oh, Angelina

There's a black Mercedes rolling through the combat zone
Your servants are half dead, you're down to the bone
Tell me tall man, where would you like to be overthrown?
In Jerusalem or Argentina?

She was stolen from her mother when she was three days old
Now her vengeance has been satisfied and her possessions have been sold
He's surrounded by God's angels and she's wearing a blindfold
But so are you, Angelina

Oooh-oh, Angelina
Oooh-oh, Angelina

I see pieces of men marching, tryin' to take heaven by force
I can see the unknown rider, I can see the pale white horse
In God's truth, name, tell me what you want and you'll have it of course
Just step into the arena

Beat a path of retreat up them spiral staircases
Pass the tree of smoke, pass the angel with four faces
Begging god for mercy and weeping in unholy places
Angelina

Oooh-oh, Angelina
Oooh-oh, Angelina
Oooh-oh, Angelina
(Oooh-oh, Angelina)
(Oooh-oh, Angelina)

Tell Me

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded spring 1983 during the *Infidels* sessions, released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The Bs are tinted with B7.
The Es at the end of the three-line verses glide into E7 when more of these verses follow eachother.

```
E   B   E   B

     E               B
Tell me, I've got to know.
     E                    B
Tell me, tell me before I go.

               A
     Does that fire still burn? Does that flame still glow?
        E
     Or has it died out and melted like the snow.
          B        E     (E7)
     Tell me. Tell me.

Tell me, what are you focused upon?
Tell me, will it come to me after you're gone? *)

     Tell me now with a glance on the side.
     Shall I hold you close or let you go by?
     Tell me. Tell me.

     Is that the heat and the beat of your pulse that I feel?
     If it's not that, then what is it that you're trying to conceal?
     Do you have any secrets that will only come out in time?

     Do you lie in your bed do you stare at the stars?
     Is your main friend someone who's an old acquaintance of ours?
     Tell me. Yes, tell me.

Tell me, are those rock 'n' roll dreams in your eyes?
Tell me behind what door your treasure lies.

     Ever gone broke in a big way?
     Ever done the opposite of what the experts say?
     Tell me. Tell me.

     Is it some kind of game that you're playin' with my heart
     How deep must I go, where do I start?
     Do you have any morals? Do you have any point of view?

     Is that a smile that I see on your face?
     Will it lead me to glory or lead me to disgrace?
     Tell me. Tell me.

Tell me, is that my name in your book?
Tell me, will you go back and take another look?
```

```
Tell me the truth, don't tell me no lies.
Are you anybody, someone, prays for, or cries?
Tell me. Tell me.
```

---

*) Played:

```
      A/e E          A/e       E           B
Tell me,    will it come to me after you're gone?
```

Lord, Protect My Child

Words and Music Bob Dylan
Recorded May 3, 1983 during the *Infidels* sessions, and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C/g |: G  .  .  . C/g :|

                  G7
For his age, he's wise
C                     G      C/g  G
He's got his mother's eyes
                        Em
There's gladness in his heart
                    D       G/d D
He's young and he's wild
G       G7
My only prayer
C                 Cm
is, if I can't be there,
G    D           G
Lord, protect my child

As his youth now unfolds
He is centuries old
Just to see him at play makes me smile
No matter what happens to me
No matter what my destiny
Lord, protect my child

While the world is asleep
You can look at it and weep
Few things you find are worthwhile
And though I don't ask for much
No material things to touch
Lord, protect my child

He's young and on fire
Full of hope and desire
In a world that's been raped, raped and defiled
If I fall along the way
And can't see another day
Lord, protect my child

There'll be a time I hear tell
When all will be well
When God and man will be reconciled
But until men lose their chains
And righteousness reigns
Lord, protect my child
```

Foot Of Pride

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded for *Infidels* (and what an album that would have been with this and Blind Willie on instead of . . .), and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
  B-figure:          E-figure
  :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .
|-----------------||-----------------||
|-----------------||-----------------||
|-4-----4-2-2-4-4-||-----------------||
|-4-----4-2-2-4-4-||-2-----2-0-0-2-2-||
|-2---------------||-2-----2-0-0-2-2-||
|-----------------||-----------------||
```

```
        B
Like the lion tears the flesh off of a man

So can a woman who passes herself off as a male

They sang "Danny Boy" at his funeral and the Lord's Prayer

Preacher talking 'bout Christ betrayed
             E
It's like the earth just opened and swallowed him up

He reached too high, was thrown back to the ground
        B
You know what they say about bein' nice to the right people on the way up

Sooner or later you gonna meet them comin' down

                B        G#m                  E
     Well, there ain't no goin' back when your foot of pride come down
             B
     Ain't no goin' back

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.

     Well, there ain't no goin' back when your foot of pride come down
     Ain't no goin' back

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 Delilah 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.

Well, there ain't no goin' back when your foot of pride come down
Ain't no goin' back

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

Well, there ain't no goin' back when your foot of pride come down
Ain't no goin' back

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

Well, there ain't no goin' back when your foot of pride come down
Ain't no goin' back

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

Well, there ain't no goin' back when your foot of pride come down
Ain't no goin' back

Blind Willie McTell

Words and music Bob Dylan (the melody loosely based on "St James Infirmary Blues")
Recorded during the *Infidels* sessions (1991), but not released until *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Guitar tuned down one half step (sounding key Eb minor) (Otherwise: put a capo on the 1st fret and play in Dm – see chords below).

The guitar part is played on a 12-string, so it's impossible to be certain about the exact picking pattern. The following is a suggestion, where only the most prominent tones have beee indicated – the rest is picking over the indicated chords.
Since the 12-string has string pairs tuned an octave apart for the lowest strings, the highest notes in the figure *) below are actually played on the 4th string. Too bad for all you 6-stringers out there, but that's the bitter truth: you won't be able to get that sound... (Actually there is a way – see bottom of page)

```
  Em                                B7  Em
 :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---0-------0-----|---0-------------|---------3-------|-----------------|---
|-------0-------0-|-----------------|--faster picking-|-----------------|---
|-----0-------0---|-------0---------|-----------------|-----------------|---
|-2-------2-------|-2--/4---4-2-0---|-2---2-----------|-2---------------|-2-
|-----------------|---------------2-|---------------2-|--------h2-------|---
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---
```

```
         Em    B7     Em       *)
Seen the arrow on the doorpost
Em            B7         Em    *)
Saying, "This land is condemned
Em      B7       D     A
All the way from New Orleans
C     D   Em
 To Jerusalem."
  Em       B7           Em       *)
I traveled through East Texas
Em         B7      Em       *)
Where many martyrs fell
      Em      B/      D        A
And I know no one can sing the blues
C           D           Em
 Like Blind Willie McTell   **)
```

```
                                        Em    D Em  D
                                         :   .   .   .
                                    *) |-0---0-----------|
                                       |---0---3-5---3---|
                                       |----0------------|
                                       |-2-----4-5---4---|
                                       |-----------------|
                                       |-----------------|
```

```
                                         :   .   .   .
                                   **) |----0-----0------|
                                       |*-----0-3-------*|
                                       |-----0-------0---|
                                       |--2---------2----|
                                       |*------------h2-*|
                                       |-----------------|
```

```
Well, I heard the hoot owl singing
As they were taking down the tents
The stars above the barren trees
Were his only audience
Them charcoal gypsy maidens
Can strut their feathers well
But nobody can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell
```

```
See them big plantations burning
Hear the cracking of the whips
Smell that sweet magnolia blooming
(And) see the ghosts of slavery ships
I can hear them tribes a-moaning
(I can) hear the undertaker's bell
(Yeah), nobody can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

There's a woman by the river
With some fine young handsome man
He's dressed up like a squire
Bootlegged whiskey in his hand
There's a chain gang on the highway
I can hear them rebels yell
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell

Well, God is in heaven
And we all want what's his
But power and greed and corruptible seed
Seem to be all that there is
I'm gazing out the window
Of the St. James Hotel
And I know no one can sing the blues
Like Blind Willie McTell
```

Version in Dm (capo 1st fret):

```
         Dm    A      Dm           C
Seen the arrow on the doorpost
Dm            A          Dm        C
Saying, "This land is condemned
Dm      A        C     G
All the way from New Orleans
Bb    C   Dm
 To Jerusalem."
  Dm       A            Dm         C
I traveled through East Texas
Dm         A       Dm              C
Where many martyrs fell
      Dm      A       C        G
And I know no one can sing the blues
Bb          C           Dm
 Like Blind Willie McTell
```

End-of-the-line lick for 6-stringers:

```
|---0---2-3---2---|
|-----0-3-5---3---|
|----0------------|
|-2-----4-5---4---|
|-----------------|
|-----------------|
```

Series of Dreams

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Apr 1989 for *Oh Mercy*, and released on *The Bootleg Series 1-3* (1991)

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C
      C       G               C
I was thinking of a series of dreams
      C      G                C
Where nothing comes up to the top
     C    G                     C
Everything stays down where it's wounded
    C                   F
And comes to a permanent stop
       C
Wasn't thinking of anything specific
                                          F
Like in a dream, when someone wakes up and screams
C
Nothing too very scientific
             G               C
Just thinking of a series of dreams

Thinking of a series of dreams
Where the time and the tempo fly
And there's no exit in any direction
'Cept the one that you can't see with your eyes
Wasn't making any great connection
Wasn't falling for any intricate scheme
Nothing that would pass inspection
Just thinking of a series of dreams

     Am          F               C
     Dreams where the umbrella is folded
     Am  F                 C
     Into the path you are hurled
             Am       F                    C
     And the cards are no good that you're holding
       C                        G
     Unless they're from another world

In one, numbers were burning
In another, I witnessed a crime
In one, I was running, and in another
All I seemed to be doing was climb
Wasn't looking for any special assistance
Not going to any great extremes
I'd already gone the distance
Just thinking of a series of dreams
```

34

Good As I Been To You

Recorded June–July 1992 — Released November 3, 1992

890 Frankie & Albert
892 Jim Jones
895 Black Jack Davey
898 Canadee-i-o
900 Sittin' on Top of the World
902 Little Maggie
904 Hard Times
906 Step It Up And Go
908 Tomorrow Night
909 Arthur McBride
912 You're Gonna Quit Me, Baby
914 Diamond Joe
917 Froggie Went A-Courtin'

Frankie & Albert

trad., arr. Bob Dylan
Released on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The guitar is tuned ca. a semitone low.

What can I say? Lots of creative strumming here, which is virtually un-tab-able. The intro is just an approximation, of course ...

The G's are played with hammer-ons (1-2) on the fifth string throughout, and the melody is played over the Cs, on the 3rd string (drop the second finger from the 4th string (this is beginning to sound like Highway 61 ...) and damp the string with the 3rd finger, playing something like this, while strumming what's left of the C chord:

```
  C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----
|-1---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----
|-0---0---2---2---|-3---2---2---0---|-3-3-2---0-------|-0---
|-2---------------|-----------------|-----------2-----|-0---
|-3---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-2---
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-3---
```

Intro:

```
   G
   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|--------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|--------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------- etc.
|-/5-----5---5-5---|-0-3-3-0---------|-----------------|---2-2-0------ over a
|-----------------|---------3---0-1-|-2---0-1-2-------|-------------- G chord
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------3-3-|-3-------3----
```

```
G
Frankie was a good girl, everybody knows.
C                                                   G
Paid one hundred dollars for Albert's new suite of clothes.
          D                   G
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Albert said, "I'm leaving you. Won't be gone for long.
Don't wait up for me. A-worry about me when I'm gone."
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Frankie went down to the corner saloon, get a bucket of beer.
Said to the bartender: "Has my lovin' man been here?"
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Instrumental

"Well, I ain't gonna tell you no stories, I ain't gonna tell you no lies.
I saw Albert an hour ago. With a gal named Alice Bly."
He was her man but he done her wrong.
```

Frankie went down to 12th Street, lookin' up through the window high.
She saw her Albert there, lovin' up Alice Bly.
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Instrumental

Frankie pulled out a pistol, pulled out a forty-four.
Gun went off a rootie-toot-toot, and Albert fell on the floor.
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Frankie got down upon her knees, took Albert into her lap.
Started to hug and kiss him, but there was no bringin' him back.
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Instrumental

"Gimme a thousand policemen. Throw me into a cell.
I shot my Albert dead, and now I'm goin' to hell.
He was her man but he done me wrong."

Judge said to the jury: "Plain as a thing can be.
A woman shot her lover down. Murder in the second degree."
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Instrumental

Frankie went to the scaffold, calm as a girl could be.
Turned her eyes up towards the heavens. Said, "Nearer, my God, to Thee."
He was her man but he done her wrong.

Jim Jones

Trad.
Released by Bob Dylan on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C

Csus4    C      Csus4 C
Come and listen for a moment, lads,
                    F
And hear me tell my tale.
     C                  G
How across the sea from England
  F                G
I was condemned to sail.
        C        Csus4 C
Now the jury found me  guilty,
                          F
Then says the judge, says he,
         C                    G
"Oh, for life, Jim Jones, I'm sending you
 F                C  Csus4
Across the stormy sea.
    F
But take a tip before you ship
   C        Csus4 C
To join the iron gang.
      F
Don't get too gay in Botany Bay,
   C           Csus4 C G
Or else you'll surely  hang.
   C               Csus4 C
Or else you'll surely    hang," says he.
                     F
"And after that, Jim Jones,
          C           G
It's high up upon the gallows tree
    F                   C
The crows will pick your bones."

  F           G     F                 C   Csus4 C       G
  |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .
|-1---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-3-----------------
|-1---1-------3---|-1---------1-----|-1---------------|-0-----------------
|-2---0-2-----4---|-2-----0h2-------|-0---0-0---0-----|-0-----------------
|-3---3-------5---|-3---------------|-2---3-3---2-----|-0-----------------
|-3---------------|-----------------|-3---3-3---3-----|-2-----------------
|-1---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-3-------------------
                                                      Well...

Well our ship was high upon the sea
when pirates came along,
But the soldiers on our convict ship
Were full five hundred strong.
```

For they opened fire and somehow drove
That pirate ship away.
But I'd rather have joined that pirate ship
Than gone to Botany Bay.
With the storms ragin' round us,
And the winds a-blowin' gales,
I'd rather have drowned in misery
Than gone to New South Wales.
There's no time for mischief there, they say
remember that says they
oh they'll flog the poaching out of you
down there in Botany Bay

Now it's day and night and the irons clang,
And like poor galley slaves
We toil and toil, and when we die
Must fill dishonored graves,
And it's by and by I'll slip my chains,
Well, into the bush I'll go
And I'll join the brave bush rangers there,
Jack Donohue and co.
And some dark night, when everything
Is silent in the town
I'll shoot those tyrants one and all,
I'll gun the flogger down.
Oh, I'll give the land a little shock,
Remember what I say,
And they'll yet regret they've sent Jim Jones
In chains to Botany Bay.

Supper club version (17 nov 1993)

```
         A
Come and listen for a moment, lads,
                    D
And hear me tell my tale.
     A                  E
How across the sea from England
  D                E
I was condemned to sail.
        A
Now the jury found me guilty,
                           D
Then says the judge, says he,
         A                     E
"Oh, for life, Jim Jones, I'm sending you
 D         E      A
Across the stormy sea.
    D
But take a tip before you ship
   A
To join the iron gang.
      D
Don't get too gay in Botany Bay,
```

```
   A                  E
Or else you'll surely hang.
   A
Or else you'll surely hang," says he.
                     D
"And after that, Jim Jones,
          A           E
It's high up upon the gallows tree
    D          E         A
The crows will pick your bones."
```

Black Jack Davey

Trad. /arr. Bob Dylan
Released on *Good As I Been To You* (1992) and played live occasionally in 1993
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Let the 2nd string sound during the Gm strumming – that's what creates that delightful clash between the B♭ of the melody and the B of the strumming.

And, of course, there are plenty of variations from one verse to another.

Capo 4th fret (sounding key B minor)

Intro:

```
  Gm                                                  Dm
  :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .
|---------------------------------|-----------------1---------------|
|----(0)---(0)-etc.---------------|-----------------0h3-------------|
|-----0-----0---------------------|-----------------0h2-------------|
|-----------------0---------------|-----------------0---------------|
|---------1---3-------1-----------|---------1---3-------------------|
|-3-----------------------3-------|-0h3-3---------------------------|

  Gm                                                  F
  :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   :   .
|---------------------------------|-----------------1-------|
|---------------------------------|-----------------1-------|
|-----------0---0---0---0---------|-------0---0-----2-------|
|-----------------0---------------|-----------------3-------|
|---------1---3-------1-----------|---------1---0-----------|
|-0h3-3-3-----------------3-------|-0h3-3-------------------|

  C                                 Gm
  :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .
|-0-0-0-3---------------------|-----------------3-----------------------|
|-1-1-1-1---1-1---------------|-----------------3-----------------------|
|-0-0-0-0---0-0---etc.--------|-----------------3-----------------------|
|-2-2-2-2---2-2---------------|-----3p0---------5-----------------------|
|-3---------3-3---------------|/5-------3-------5-----------------------|
|-----------------------------|-------------6---3-----------------------|
```

```
Gm
Black Jack Davey come a-riden' on back,
                     Dm
A-whistlin' loud and merry.
Gm
Made the woods around him ring,
                              F C
And he charmed the heart of a lady,
Gm
Charmed the heart of a lady.

"How old are you, my pretty little miss,
How old are you, my honey"
She answered to him with a lovin' smile
"I'll be sixteen come Sunday,
```

Be sixteen come Sunday."

"Come and go with me, my pretty little miss,
Come and go with me, my honey,
Take you where the grass grows green
You never will want for money
You never will want for money

"Pull off, pull off them high-heeled shoes
All made of Spanish leather.
Get behind me on my horse
And we'll ride off together,
We'll both go off together."

Well, she pulled off them high-heeled shoes
Made of Spanish leather.
Got behind him on his horse
And they rode off together.
They rode off together.

At night the boss came home
Inquiring about this lady.
The servant spoke before she thought,
"She's been with Black Jack Dave,
Rode off with Black Jack Davey."

"Well, saddle for me my coal black stud,
He's speedier than the gray.
I rode all day and I'll ride all night,
And I'll overtake my lady.
I'll bring back my lady."

Well, he rode all night till the broad daylight,
Till he came to a river ragin',
And there he spied his darlin' bride
In the arms of Black Jack Davey.
Wrapped up with Black Jack Davey.

"Pull off, pull off them long blue gloves
All made of the finest leather.
Give to me your lily-white hand
And we'll both go home together.
We'll both go home together."

Well, she pulled off them long blue gloves
All made of the finest leather.
Gave to him her lily-white hand
And said good-bye forever.
Bid farewell forever.

"Would you forsake your house and home,
Would you forsake your baby?
Would you forsake your husband, too,
To go with Black Jack Davey.
Ride off with Black Jack Davey?"

"Well, I'll forsake my house and home,

```
And I'll forsake my baby.
I'll forsake my husband, too,
For the love of Black Jack Davey.
Ride off with Black Jack Davey."

"Last night I slept in a feather bed
Between my husband and baby.
Tonight I lay on the river banks
In the arms of Black Jack Davey,
Love my Black Jack Davey."
```

Live version, 1993

Add some melody in the bass if you like:

```
|---strum Dm------
|-----------------
|-------0-2------- etc.
|-0-0-3-----3-0---
|-----------------
|-----------------

Dm
Black Jack Davey come a-riden' on back,
                     Am
A-whistlin' loud and merry.
Dm
Made the woods around him ring,
                               C G
And he charmed the heart of a lady,
                        Dm
Charmed the heart of a lady.
```

Canadee-i-o

Trad./arr. Bob Dylan (possibly (but not certainly) influenced by Nic Jones' arr) (here's a tab of it)
Released on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Some open/alternate tuning has been suggested for this one, but I doubt that. It sounds very much like a standard guitar, tuned down one whole step (D-G-c-f-a-d'). The playing is sprinkled with hammer-ons and sus4-chords, in such a free way that it would be sacrilegious to encarcerate it in a fixed version (meaning I don't have the time or the energy to tab it out...). It's been claimed that Dylan stole his arrangement from the English folk singer Nic Jones. A comparison between the two versions tells me that Dylan can sleep safely–they don't sound that similar. See the footnote and see for yourselves.

[Intro: first two lines of the verse]

```
           C      G        C        F
Well, it's all of fair and handsome girl,
C                G      C
She's all in her tender years.
C           G           C      F
She fell in love with a sailor boy,
     C                  G
It's true she loved him well.
F                C
For to go off to sea with him
                       G
Like she did not know how,
C              G        C       F
She longed to see that seaport town
C      F     C
Of Canadee-i-o.

So she bargained with the sailor boy,
All for a piece of gold.
Straightaway then he led her
Down into the hold,
Sayin', "I'll dress you up in sailor's clothes,
Your jacket shall be blue.
You'll see that seaport town
Of Canadee-i-o.

Now, when the other sailors heard the news,
Well, they fell into a rage,
And with all the ship's company
They were willing to engage.
Saying, "We'll tie her hands and feet, my boys,
Overboard we'll throw her.
She'll never see that seaport town
Called Canadee-i-o.

Now, when the captain he heard the news,
Well, he too fell in a rage,
And with the whole ship's company
He was willing to engage,
Sayin', "She'll stay in sailor's clothes,
```

Her color shall be blue,
She'll see that seaport town
Call Canadee-i-o.

Now, when they come down to Canada
Scarcely 'bout half a year,
She's married this bold captain
Who called her his dear.
She's dressed in silks and satins now,
She cuts a gallant show,
Finest of the ladies
Down Canadee-i-o.

Come, all you fair and tender girls,
Wheresoever you may be,
I'd have you to follow your own true love
Whene'er he goes to sea.
For if the sailors prove false to you,
Well, the captain, he might prove true.
You'll see the honor I have gained
By the wearing of the blue.

Sittin' on Top of the World

Trad.
Released by Bob Dylan on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

It seems that the B is played with an open E string: x24400, but the full B chord x24442 is fine too; you don't really need those high strings anyway, since mostly the song is played only on the bass strings.

The E4 chord (E on the fourth fret) = xxx454. Could be played on the seventh fret as well (079990)

Standard blues accompaniment:

```
  :     .     .     .
|--------------------------
|--------------------------
|--------------------------
|--------------------------
|-2---2-4---4-2---2-4---4--
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0--
```

```
           E
Was in the summer,

One early fall,
               A
Just tryin' to find my
               E
Little all and all
          E4
Now she's gone,
            B
An' I don't worry.
          A                    E
Lord, I'm sittin' on top of the world.
```

```
  :     .     .     .     .      .     .     :     .
|-----------------------------------------------0---0---0----
|-----------------------------------------------0-0---0-0----
|------------------1---------------------------1-------1----
|------------------h2--2-2--h2-h2-0---------2----------------
|-2---2-4---4-2---2-----------------2-0----------------------
|-0---0-0---0-0---0---------------------4-0------------------
```

```
[this is the model also for the remaining interludes]

Was in the spring,
One summer's day.
Just when she left me,
She gone to stay.
Now she's gone.
An' I don't worry.
Lord, I'm sittin' on top of the world.
```

```
  :     .     .     .     .     .     .     :     .
|-----------------------------------------------------------
|-----------------------------------------------------------
|-----------------------------------------------------------
|-------------h2-2-2-h2-2-2-h2-0----------2---------------
|-2---2-4---4--------------------2-0----------------------
|-0---0-0---0------------------------4-0------------------
```

Now don't come runnin'
Holdin' up your hand.
Can get me a woman
Quick as you can get a man.
Now she's gone.
An' I don't worry.
Lord, I'm sittin' on top of the world.

Happen for days,
Didn't know your name.
Oh, why should I worry
Or crave you in vain?
Now she's gone.
An' I don't worry.
Lord, I'm sittin' on top of the world.

Went to the station,
Down in the yard,
Gonna get me a freight train,
Work's done got hard.
Now she's gone.
An' I don't worry.
Lord, I'm sittin' on top of the world.

The lonesome days,
They have gone by,
Why should I beg you?
You said good-bye.
Now she's gone.
An' I don't worry.
Lord, I'm sittin' on top of the world.

```
  :     .     .     .     :     .     .
|-0----------4---3-------2-------------2---
|-0------3---3-2-2-2-1-1-1-------------0---
|-1------4---4-3---3-2-2---1-----------2---
|-2------------------------2---2-------1---
|-2------------------------2---2-0-1-2-2---
|-0---------------------------------------
```

Little Maggie

Trad., arr. Bob Dylan
Released on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key B minor)

Repeat the following figure for all the lines. Harmonically the "thing" in the third bar is some kind of D and some kind of C.

```
  Am2                               G         E7
  :   .   ,   .   ,   .   ,   .     :   .   ,   .   ,   .   ,   .
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------
|-0---0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-0---------0-------------------
|-0h2-2-2-2-2-0h2-2-2-2-2-0h2-2-2-|-0---------1-------------------
|-0h2-2-2-2-2-0h2-2-2-2-2-0h2-2-2-|-0---------0-------------------
|-0-----------0-----------0-------|-2---------2-------------------
|---------------------------------|-3---------0-------------------

  Am2           "D" "C"             Am2
  :   .   ,   .   ,   .   ,   .     :   .   ,   .   ,   .   ,   .
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------
|-0---0-0-0-0-0-------------------|-0-------------------------------
|-0h2-2-2-2-2-2--/7-5-------------|-2-------------------------------
|-0h2-2-2-2-2-2--/7-5-------------|-2-------------------------------
|-0-------------------------------|-0-------------------------------
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------
```

Oh, where is little Maggie
Over yonder she stands,
Rifle on her shoulder,
Six-shooter in her hand.

How can I ever stand it,
Just to see them two blue eyes,
Shinin' like some diamonds,
Like some diamonds in the sky.

Rather be in some lonely hollow
Where the sun don't ever shine,
Than to see you be another man's darling,
And to know that you'll never be mine.

Well, it's march me away to the station
With my suitcase in my hand,
Yes, march me away to the station,
I'm off to some far-distant land.

Sometimes I have a nickel,
And sometimes I have a dime,
Sometimes I have ten dollars,
Just to pay for little Maggie's wine.

Pretty flowers are made for blooming,
Pretty stars are made to shine,
Pretty girls are made for boy's love,

Little Maggie was made for mine.

Well, yonder stands little Maggie
With a dram glass in her hand,
She's a drinkin' down her troubles
Over courtin' some other man.

Hard Times

Words and music Stephen C. Foster
Released on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

All the Cs are abundantly sprinkled with Csus4's (x33010).

```
C3      xxx553
B       xxx442
```

Intro (only the fundamentals have been noted; fill in the rest with strumming):

```
  C                                                     F             C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---------1-------|-1-------5-3-----|---------5-------|-1---------------|
|---------0-------|-0-----------5---|-5-------5-------|-2---------------|
|---------2-------|-2---------------|-5-------5---0---|-3---------------|
|-3---------------|-----------------|-3-------3-------|-3-------------3-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-1---------------|

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-1---------------|-----------------|
|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-2---------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
                           Let us....

      C                             F             C
Let us pause in life's pleasures and count its many tears
F       C-Csus4 G               C   Csus4 C
While we all sup sorrow with the poor.
        C                         F           C
There's a song that will linger forever in our ears,
F   C           G             C
Oh, hard times, come again no more.
        C         C3   B  C3  F  C
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.
C                     D             G
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
    C                           F             C
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door.
F   C           G             C
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

 C                      G       C
 .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .
-----|-----------------|--------------------
-----|-----------------|--------------------
--0-0|----------0------|--------------------
---0-|-2---2--02-----0-|-0---3-0------------
-3---|-----------------|---------3----------
-----|-----------------|--------------------
```

While we seek mirth and beauty and music light and gay.
There are frail forms fainting at the door.
Though their voices are silent, their pleading looks will say.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

There's pale drooping maiden who toils her life away
With a worn out heart, whose better days are o'er.
Though her voice it would be merry, 'tis sighing all the day,
Oh, hard times, come again no more.
'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

'Tis the song, the sigh of the weary.
Hard times, hard times, come again no more.
Many days you have lingered all around my cabin door.
Oh, hard times, come again no more.

Step It Up And Go

Trad.
Released on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Guitar tuned down one whole tone (sounding key thus F major)

The tab of the intro is at the same time the basic outline of the strumming for the verses. It is less complicated than it looks: the boogie woogie bass for the G, the little lick in bar three for the C (which comes a little late in the intro), and the turn to D at the end, which is not played in the intro, but in the verses.
The tab only notes the melodic bass notes that depart from the fundamental chord; the upstrokes generally strum the higher strings.

```
  G
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|----------0--2--3--2--0--|----------0--2--3--2--0--|
|-------2-----------------|-------2-----------------|
|---33------------------3|---33--------------------|

  C
  :     .  ,  ,  .     .       :     .     .     .
|---------------6--35--3-----|-------------------------|
|---------------5------------|-------------------------|
|----------------------------|-------------------------|
|---22--0--------------------|----2--3--2-------------3|
|---33-----------------------|---------------01--------|
|----------3----------------3|-3-----------3-----3-----|

 (D)         (C)            G    C/g G
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|----3--3-33----------------|
|-------3-0---------------|-0--0--1-10----------------|
|-------3-0---------------|-0--0--0-00----------------|
|----2--0----3---2--------|-0--0--2-20----------------|
|-------------------0-12--|-2--2-----2----------------|
|-----------------------3|-3--3--3--3----------------|

G
Got a little girl, little and low,

She used to love me but she don't no more.
          C               *) G                          *) the little figure
She gotta step it up and go   Yeah, go.                     in m. 3 of the tab
D               C                             G
Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and go.

Got a little girl, she stays upstairs,
Make a livin' by puttin' on airs.
Gotta step it up and go-Yeah, man.
Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and go.
```

Front door shut, back door too,
Blinds pulled down, what' cha gonna do?
Gotta step it up and go-Yeah, go.
Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and go.

Got a little girl, her name is Ball,
Give a little bit, she took it all.
I said step it up and go-Yeah, man.
Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and go.

Me an' my baby walkin' down the street,
Tellin' everybody 'bout the chief of police.
Gotta step it up and go-Yeah, go.
Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and go.

Tell my woman I'll see her at home,
Ain't no lovin' since she been gone.
Gotta step it up and go-Yeah, go.
Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and go.

Well, I'll sing this verse, ain't gonna sing no more,
Hear my gal call me and I got to go.
Step it up and go-Yeah, man.
Can't stand pat, swear you gotta step it up and go.

Tomorrow Night

(Sam Coslow/Will Grosz)
Played by Bob Dylan on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (original key F major)

(One verse intro)

```
E     A     E        E7
   Tomorrow night
                           A
will you remember what you said tonight
         Am    B7                           E  Fdim F#m  B7
Tomorrow night   will all the thrill be gone
         E           E7
Tomorrow night
                        A
will it be just another memory
          Am
Or just another song
B7                           E
that's in my heart to linger on

B                E
Your lips are so tender,
B                         E
your heart is beating fast
G#m
And you willingly surrender
C#m        B       A       B7
to me, but darling will it last

Tomorrow night
will you be with me when the moon is bright
Tomorrow night
will you say those lovely things you said tonight

Your lips are so tender,
your heart is beating fast
And you willingly surrender
to me, but darling will it last
```

Arthur McBride

arr. Bob Dylan
Released on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

This may come as a surprise to some of you, but this song is in standard tuning, capo 2nd fret,chords in the G family, and not in open G tuning. The hammer-ons simply wouldn't be possible in open G, and the high, continually sounding tone suggests the common G chord 3rd fret pinky on the 1st string.

See http://www.paulbrady.com/tablature/am.asp for Paul Brady's version in open G, which is probably where Dylan learned it (thanks to Trev for notifying me and for finding the link).

C/e = xx2013

The verses are played more or less as the intro. The introductory ascent is played like this in most of the verses:

```
  :   .   .   :   .   .
|-3-----------------------3---
|-0-----------------------0---
|-0-----------------------0---
|-0-----------0---2---4---0--- etc  (or 355433)
|-2-----------2---3---5---2---
|-3-----------3-----------3---
```

Intro:

```
  G
  :   .   .   :   .   .    :   .   .   :   .   .
|-3-----3-3---3----------|---------3---3-----------|
|-3-----3-3---3---5---7--|-8-------0---0-----------|
|-4-----4-4---4---5---7--|-7-------0---0-----------|
|-5----------------------|-9-------0---0-----------|
|------------------------|---------2---2-----------|
|------------------------|---------3---3-----------|

  C           G                        C/g
  :   .   .   :   .   .    :   .   .   :   .   .
|-3-------3---3----------|-------------3-----------|
|-1-------1---0---keep strumming-------1-----------|
|-0-------0---0----------|-------------0-------0---|
|-2-------2---0----------|-------------2-------0---|
|-3-------3---2---0h2----|-0h2-----0---x------(0)--|
|-------------3----------|-------------3-----------|

  G
  :   .   .   :   .   .    :   .   .   :   .   .
|-3----------------------|-------------------------|
|-0----------------------|-------------------------|
|-0----------------------|-------------------------|
|-0----------------------|-------------0-----------|
|-2-------0---2p0--------|-0h2-----3---------------|
|-3---------------3------|-------------------------|
```

```
  :   .   .   :   .   .    :   .   .   :   .   .
|-----------------------|-------------3---
|-----------------------|-------------0---
|---------0-----0---0---|-------------0--- two measures
|-0---2-----------------|-------------0--- of G strumming
|-------------2---3---2--|-0---2---0---2---
|-----------------------|-------------3---
```

```
    G                     C/e      G
Oh, me and my cousin, one Arthur McBride,
   C/e       G            C         *         * hammer-on 0-2 on
As we went a-walkin' down by the seaside,       the 4th string
G                       C/g G       C/g G
Now mark what followed and what did betide
       C/e      G         D
For it bein' on Christmas mornin'
     G        **        G                    ** ascent on the
Now, for recreation, we went on a tramp,        low strings
       C            G          C
And we met Sergeant Napper and Corporal Vamp
      G                            C/g G
And a little wee drummer intending to  camp,
                                D   G
For the day bein' pleasant and charmin'.

"Good morning, good morning," the Sergeant he cried.
"And the same to you, gentlemen," we did reply,
Intending no harm but meant to pass by,
For it bein' on Christmas mornin'
"But," says he, "My fine fellows, if you will enlist,
Ten guineas in gold I'll stick to your fist,
And a crown in the bargain for to kick up the dust,
And drink the king's health in the morning.

"For a soldier, he leads a very fine life,
And he always is blessed with a charming young wife,
And he pays all his debts without sorrow or strife,
And he always lives pleasant and charmin',
And a soldier, he always is decent and clean,
In the finest of clothing he's constantly seen.
While other poor fellows go dirty and mean,
And sup on thin gruel in the morning."

Instrumental

"But," says Arthur, "I wouldn't be proud of your clothes,
For you've only the lend of them, as I suppose,
And you dare not change them one night, for you know
If you do, you'll be flogged in the morning,
And although that we're single and free,
We take great delight in our own company,
We have no desire strange places to see,
Although that your offers are charming.

"And we have no desire to take your advance,
All hazards and dangers we barter on chance,
For you'd have no scruples for to send us to France,
```

```
      G                          D   G
Where we would get shot without warning."

"Oh no," says the Sergeant. "I'll have no such chat,
And neither will I take it from snappy young brats,
For if you insult me with one other word,
I'll cut off your heads in the morning."
And Arthur and I, we soon drew our hogs,
And we scarce gave them time to draw their own blades
When a trusty shillelagh came over their head
And bid them take that as fair warning.

And their old rusty rapiers that hung by their sides,
We flung them as far as we could in the tide,
"Now take them up, devils!" cried Arthur McBride,
"And temper their edge in the mornin'!"
And the little wee drummer, we flattened his bow,
And we made a football of his rowdy-dow-dow,
Threw it in the tide for to rock and to roll,
    G                   D
And bade it a tedious returning

And we havin' no money, paid them off in cracks.
We paid no respect to their two bloody backs,
And we lathered them there like a pair of wet sacks,
And left them for dead in the morning.
And so, to conclude and to finish disputes,
We obligingly asked if they wanted recruits,
For we were the lads who would give them hard clouts
And bid them look sharp in the mornin'.

Instrumental

Oh, me and my cousin, one Arthur McBride,
As we went a-walkin' down by the seaside,
Mark now what followed and what did betide,
For it bein' on Christmas mornin'

  G             C/e           Dadd4add9/f#  C/e
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-----3---3---|-3---3---3---|-0---0---0---|-0---0---0---|
|-----0---0---|-1---1---1---|-1/3-3---3---|-1---1---1---|
|-----0---0---|-0---0---0---|-0---0---0---|-0---0---0---|
|-----0---0---|-2---2---2---|-2/4-4---4---|-0h2-2---2---|
|-2-----------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-3-----------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
 -nin'_____________________________________________

  G             C/e           G
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-3---3---3---|-3---3-3-3-3-|-3-------3---|-3-----------
|-0---0---0---|-1---1-1-1-1-|-0-------0---|-0-----------
|-0---0---0---|-0---0-0-0-0-|-0-------0---|-0-----------
|-0-------0---|-0h2-----2---|-0-------0---|-0-----------
|-------------|-------------|-----2-------|-2-----------
|-------------|-------------|-----3-------|-3-----------
```

You're Gonna Quit Me, Baby

Trad.
Released by Bob Dylan on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
     C   F   C   F     C     C7          F                F         C7
     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
---|-----------------|-----------------|-1--------------|-0---------------
---|---------1-------|-1-----1---------|-1--------------|-1-------1-------
-0-|-0---2---0---2---|-0-----3---------|-2--------------|-0---------3-----
-2-|-2---3---2---3---|-2-----2---------|-3--------------|-2---------------
-3-|-3---3-------3---|-3-----3---------|-3--------------|-3---------------
---|-----------------|-----------------|-1--------------|-----------------
```

```
  F       D7/f#     C/g   A           D7      G7        C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-1-------2-------|-0---------------|-2---------------|-0---------------
|-1-------1-------|-1-----2---------|-1-------0-------|-1---------------
|-2-------2-------|-0-----2---------|-2-------0-------|-0---------------
|-3-------0-------|-2-----2---------|-0-------3-------|-2---------------
|-3-------0-------|-3-----0---------|-0-------2-------|-3---------------
|-1-------2-------|-3-3/5-----------|---------3-------|-----------------
```

```
C                       C7
You're gonna quit me, baby,
F                 C
Good as I been to you, Lawd, Lawd.
F         D/f#    C          A
Good as I been to you, Lawd, Lawd.
D7        G7      C
Good as I been to you.

Give you my money, honey,
Buy you shoes and clothes, Lawd, Lawd.

You're gonna quit me, baby,
Put me outta doors, Lawd, Lawd.

     [interlude, more or less like the intro]

Six months on the chain gang,
Believe me, it ain't no fun, Lawd, Lawd.

Day you quit me, baby,
That's the day you die, Lawd, Lawd.

Jailhouse ain't no plaything,
Believe me, ain't no lie, Lawd, Lawd.

Day you quit me, baby,
That's the day you die, Lawd, Lawd.

[one verse instrumental, then:]
```

```
     C          "D7-9"  G7      C
     :     .      .     .       :
---|-------------------------|-----------0------------||
---|-1-----5-----4-----3-----|-1---1-----1------------||
---|-----0-----0-----0-------|(0)----0---0------------||
---|----/5-----4-----3-----2-|(2)--------2------------||
-3-|-------------------------|(3)----------------------||
---|-------------------------|------------------------||
```

Diamond Joe

Trad.
Released on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key B major)

The figure in the second tab below (G-/f♯-C or -Em) is used for that descent at all other places, except at "He nearly drove me crazy", where the descent is on the 6th string.

```
     G                Em                                C
     :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
---|-----------------|-----0-0---------|-----------------|-----------------|
---|-----0-0---------|-----0-0-----0---|-----0-------0-0-|-----1--(1)1-1-1-|
---|-----0-0---------|-----0-0-----0---|-0---0-------0-0-|-----0--(0)0-0-0-|
---|-----0-0-----0---|-0h2-----2-------|(2)--2-------0-0-|-----2--(2)2-2-2-|
-0-|---------0h2-----|-----------------|(2)------0h2-----|-3---------------|
---|-0h3-------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
  G
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----
|-----0-----0-0---|-----0-----0-0-0-|-----
|-----0-----0-0---|-----0-----0-0-0-|-----
|-----0-----0-0---|-----0-----0-----|-----
|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-----------|-----
|-3---------------|-3---------------|-----
                              Now . . .
```

```
    G                   Em
Now there's a man you'll hear about
     C            G   C/g G
Most anywhere you go,
        G               Em
And his holdings are in Texas
        C               G
And his name is Diamond Joe.
       G               Em
And he carries all his money
     C               G
In a diamond-studded jar.
   G               Em
He never took much trouble
         C             G
With the process of the law.
```

```
  G       /f#       C
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|(3)-----(3)------|-(1)-------------|-1-1-1-----------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-0-0-0-----------|---------------0-0-|
|/5---5---0h4-4---|-0h2-2-----------|-2-2-2-------0h2-|-2---0---------0-0-|
|-----------------|---------0h2-3---|---------3-------|---------0h2-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
  G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0-----0-0---|---------0-1-1-0-|
|-----0-----0-0---|---------0-0-0-0-|
|-----0-----0-0---|---------0-2-2-0-|
|-----------------|---------2-------|
|-3---------------|-3-------3-------|
                                I . . .
```

```
  G                    Em
I hired out to Diamond Joe, boys,
    C            G         C/g G
Did offer him my hand,
   G                Em
He gave a string of horses
   C                  G
So old they could not stand.
      G      /f#        C      G
And I nearly starved to death, boys,
   C               G         C/g G
He did mistreat me so,
      G     /f#     Em C
And I never saved a dollar
                     G
In the pay of Diamond Joe.

        G                  Em
Now his bread it was corn dodger
        C                  G
And his meat you couldn't chaw,
G      /f#      Em
Nearly drove me crazy
         C              G
With the waggin' of his jaw.
        G       /f#    C  G
And the tellin' of his story,
C               G       C/g G
Mean to let you know
           G     /f#   Em         /b
That there never was a rounder
           C                G
That could lie like Diamond Joe.

       G                    Em
Now, I tried three times to quit him,
    C            G
But he did argue so
G         /f#      C   G
I'm still punchin' cattle
       C              G
In the pay of Diamond Joe.
    G        /f#       C  G
And when I'm called up yonder
    C               G
And it's my time to go,
```

```
        G              Em
Give my blankets to my buddies
         C               G
Give the fleas to Diamond Joe.
```

Froggie Went A-Courtin′

Trad.
Released on *Good As I Been To You* (1992)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

G7 32300x

Intro:

```
  C                        F         C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---0----------3--|-3----3--3----1--|-0--------------
|---1-------------|-1-------1-------|-1--------------
|---0--etc--------|-0-------2-------|-0-------------- etc
|-----------------|-2-------3-------|-2--------------
|-3---------------|-3-------0-------|-3--------------
|-----------------|---------1-------|----------------
```

```
C                         Csus4        C
Frog went a-courtin', and he did ride, Uh-huh,
                                       G
Frog went a-courtin', and he did ride, Uh-huh,
C
Frog went a-courtin', and he did ride.
       F                               C          G7    C
With a sword and a pistol by his side, Uh-huh.

Well he rode up to Miss Mousey's door, Uh-huh,
Well he rode up to Miss Mousey's door, Uh-huh,
Well he rode up to Miss Mousey's door.
Gave three loud raps and a very big roar, Uh-huh.

Said, "Miss Mouse, are you within?" Uh-huh,
Said he, "Miss Mouse, are you within?" Uh-huh,
Said, "Miss Mouse, are you within?"
"Yes, kind sir, I sit and spin," Uh-huh.

He took Miss Mousey on his knee, Uh-huh,
Took Miss Mousey on his knee, Uh-huh,
Took Miss Mousey on his knee.
Said, "Miss Mousey, will you marry me?" Uh-huh.

"Without my uncle Rat's consent, Uh-huh
"Without my uncle Rat's consent, Uh-huh
"Without my uncle Rat's consent.
I wouldn't marry the president, Uh-huh

Uncle Rat laughed and he shook his fat sides, Uh-huh,
Uncle Rat laughed and he shook his fat sides, Uh-huh,
Uncle Rat laughed and he shook his fat sides,.
To think his niece would be a bride, Uh-huh.

Uncle Rat went runnin' downtown, Uh-huh,
Uncle Rat went runnin' downtown, Uh-huh,
```

Uncle Rat went runnin' downtown.
To buy his niece a wedding gown, Uh-huh

Where shall the wedding supper be? Uh-huh,
Where shall the wedding supper be? Uh-huh,
Where shall the wedding supper be?
Way down yonder in a hollow tree, Uh-huh

What should the wedding supper be? Uh-huh,
What should the wedding supper be? Uh-huh,
What should the wedding supper be?
Fried mosquito in a black-eye pea, Uh-huh.

Well, first to come in was a flyin' moth, Uh-huh,
First to come in was a flyin' moth, Uh-huh,
First to come in was a flyin' moth.
She laid out the table cloth, Uh-huh.

Next to come in was a juney bug, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a juney bug, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a juney bug.
She brought the water jug, Uh-huh.

Next to come in was a bumbley bee, Uh-huh
Next to come in was a bumbley bee, Uh-huh
Next to come in was a bumbley bee.
Sat mosquito on his knee, Uh-huh.

Next to come in was a broken black flea, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a broken black flea, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a broken black flea.
Danced a jig with the bumbley bee, Uh-huh.

Next to come in was Mrs. Cow, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was Mrs. Cow, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was Mrs. Cow.
She tried to dance but she didn't know how, Uh-huh.

Next to come in was a little black tick, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a little black tick, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a little black tick.
She ate so much she made us sick, Uh-huh.

Next to come in was a big black snake, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a big black snake, Uh-huh,
Next to come in was a big black snake.
Ate up all of the wedding cake, Uh-huh.

Next to come was the old gray cat, Uh-huh,
Next to come was the old gray cat, Uh-huh,
Next to come was the old gray cat.
Swallowed the mouse and ate up the rat, Uh-huh.

Mr. Frog went a-hoppin' up over the brook, Uh-huh,
Mr. Frog went a-hoppin' up over the brook, Uh-huh,
Mr. Frog went a-hoppin' up over the brook.
A lily-white duck come and swallowed him up, Uh-huh.

```
A little piece of cornbread layin' on a shelf, Uh-huh,
A little piece of cornbread layin' on a shelf, Uh-huh,
A little piece of cornbread layin' on a shelf.
If you want anymore, you can sing it yourself, Uh-huh.
```

35

World Gone Wrong

Recorded May 1993 — Released October 26, 1993

922 World Gone Wrong
924 Love Henry
926 Ragged & Dirty
928 Blood in My Eyes
931 Broke Down Engine
934 Delia
936 Stack A Lee
938 Two Soldiers
940 Jack-A-Roe
942 Lone Pilgrim

World Gone Wrong

Trad., arranged by Bob Dylan
Released on *World Gone Wrong* (1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (Original key D major)

Chords:

```
C       x32010
Csus4   x33010
C+      x32110
Cmaj7   xx5500 (that's what he seems to be playing anyway.
               Otherwise it is usually played x32000)
```

The last line in every verse is given special treatment every time. Sometimes he plays C F G C using only the strings 2, 3 and 4. Other times he goes straight to an F after the Cmaj7. It's all mainly a flourish anyway, so... And the riff that follows is just as variable. This is basically what he plays:

Riff 1:

```
  C                  G   C
  |   .   .   .   |   .   .
|-0-1-3---1---0-----------------
|-1-(0)-----------1---0---1-----
|-0-------------------0---0-----
|-2-------------------0---2-----
|-3-----------------------3-----
|-------------------------------
```

```
C   | C    |

Csus4               C             Csus4   C
Strange things have happened like never before

My baby told me I would have to go
  C+       F                  *      F
I can't be good no more, once like I did before
           G
I can't be good, baby
Cmaj7                    C    F    G    C
Honey, because the world gone wrong.

[Riff 1]

Feel bad this morning, ain't got no home
No use in worrying cause the world gone wrong
I can't be good no more, once, like I did before
I can't be good baby
Honey, because the world gone wrong.

I told you baby, right to your head
If I didn't leave you, I would have to kill you dead
I can't be good no more, once, like I did before
```

I can’t be good baby
Honey, cause the world gone wrong.

I tried to be lovin’, and treat you kind
But it seem like you never right, you got no loyal mind
I can’t be good no more, once, like I did before
I can’t be good baby
Honey, cause the world’s gone wrong.

If you had a woman and she don’t treat you kind
Praise the Good Lord to get her out of your mind
I can’t be good no more, once, like I did before
I can’t be good baby
Honey, because the world gone wrong.

Said, when you been good now, can’t do no more
Just tell her kindly, pThere is the front doorp
I can’t be good no more, once, like I did before
I can’t be good baby
Honey, because the world’s gone wrong.

Pack up my suitcase, give me my hat
No use to ask me baby, cause I’ll never be back
I can’t be good no more, once, like I did before
I can’t be good baby.
Honey, because the world gone wrong.

Love Henry

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan
Released on *World Gone Wrong* (1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 6th fret (original key F♯ major)

Chords:

```
C      x32010
Csus4  x33010
Csus2  x30010
```

These are sparkled throughout the long C parts.

Riff for the last line of each verse:

```
  C           C   G   F   C/e G/d C
  |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   | .
+(0)-----------------------------------
+(1)----------5---3---1---1---0---1--
+(0)----------5---4---2---0---0---0--
+(2)---------(5)-(5)-(3)--2---0---2--
+(3)-----------------------------3--
+-----------------------------------
          I'll apply them all to thee
```

The final G/d could also be a G7/f: xx300x, as e.g. in the last verse.

```
     C                  F           C
"Get down, get down Love Henry," she cried
                        G
"And stay all night with me
  C                        F        C
I have gold chains, and the finest I have
C      G   F    C/e G/d C
I'll apply them all to thee."

"I can't get down and I shan't get down
Or stay all night with thee
Some pretty little girl in Cornersville
I love far better than thee."

He layed his head on a pillow of down
Kisses she gave him three
With a penny knife that she held in her hand
She murdered mortal he.

"Get well, get well Love Henry," she cried
"Get well, get well," said she
"Oh don't you see my own heart's blood
Come flowin' down so free ?"

She took him by his long yellow hair
And also by his feet
```

She plunged him into well water, where
It runs both cold and deep.

"Lie there, lie there, Love Henry," she cried
"'Til the flesh rots off your bones
Some pretty little girl in Cornersville
Will mourn for your return."

"Hush up, hush up, my parrot," she cried
"Don't tell no news on me
Or these costly beads around my neck
I'll apply them all to thee."

"Fly down, fly down pretty bird," she cried
"And light on my right knee
The doors to your cage shall be decked with gold
And hung on a willow tree."

"I won't fly down, I can't fly down
And light on your right knee
A girl who would murder her own true love
Would kill a little bird like me."

Ragged & Dirty

Written by Yank Rachell and Sleepy John Estes
arranged by Bob Dylan and played on *World Gone Wrong* (1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (original key E major)

The trick is to get the riff that runs through the whole song right. This riff appears everywhere where there's a G, and it's always played twice in a row. The adjacent open strings *should* be sounding, especially at the end of the riff, where you get the delicious clash between the B♭ of the third string and the B of the open second string. The : and | indicate the beats. Most of the melody notes come a little before the beat, and should be played on the upstrokes. Throughout all of this, you keep strumming, but lightly, mainly to indicate the basic rhythm.
For the initial slide up (/ = slide up), you already have the index finger in place from the C chord. Use that.

u=up, d=down

```
C G
       udududuud
:.. |..: ..:..:..|..: . . |
|-------------------------------------------------------------
|------1/3---6-------3---6---------------------------------
|------------------------------3-----3-0--------------------
|-------------------------------------------------------------
|-------------------------------------------------------------
|-------------------------------------------------------------
```

```
G (|: Riff 1 :|) C  G (|: Riff 1 :|)

                            C                   G
Lord I'm broke, I'm hungry, ragged and dirty too
C                                 G
Broke and hungry, ragged and dirty too
    D                           C                   G
If I clean up sweet mama, can I stay all night with you.

|: Riff 1 :|

Lord, I went to my window, babe, I couldn't see through my blinds
Went to my window, babe I couldn't see through my blinds
Heard my best friend coming around I thought I heard my baby cry.

Lord, if I can't come in here, baby then just let me sit down in your door
If I can't come in here baby then just let me sit down in your door
And I would leave so soon that your man won't never know.

How can I live here baby, Lord, and feel at ease?
How can I live here baby, Lord, and feel at ease?
Well, that woman I got, man, she do just what she feels.

Lord you shouldn't mistreat me, baby, because I'm young and wild
Shouldn't mistreat me, baby, because I'm young and wild
You must always remember, baby, you was once a child.
```

```
'Cause I'm leaving in the morning, if I have to ride the blind
Leaving in the morning, if I have to ride the blinds
Well, I've been mistreated and I swear, I don't mind dyin'.

G
|--3----3-----3-----3-----3---
|--0----0-----0-----0-----0---
|--0----0-----0-----0-----0---
|--3----2-----1-----0-----3---
|-----------------------------
|-----------------------------
```

Blood in My Eyes

(traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan)
Released on *World Gone Wrong* (1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (Original key D major)

The chord I've called "G7" (G6sus4add7/C, to be precise) could have been called Csus4maj7, or even some F-chord variant, but I consider it functionally as a dominant, hence a G, even though a G is hardly sounding in the chord. What's in a name anyway? Sometimes it is replaced by an F.

Chords:

```
C         x32010
Csus4     x33010
F         133211
"G7"      x33000
```

```
  C    Csus4  F    "G7"
  :     .     .     .
|-------------1-----0------|
|----(1)------1-----0------|
|----(0)0-----2-----0------|
|-2-----3-----3-----3------| x2
|-3---------3-------3------|
|--------------------------|
```

```
C    Csus4   F   "G7"
Woke up this morning,
C  Csus4 F "G7"
feeling blue,
C      F           "G7"       C            F    C
Seen a good-lookin' girl, can I make love with you?
F                     G     Csus4          C  Csus4  F  "G7"
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you,
F                     G     Csus4         |: C  Csus4  F  "G7" :|
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you.
      G
I got blood in my eyes for you, babe,
 "G7"   F                          C
I don't care what in the world you do.

I went back home, put on my tie,
Gonna get that girl that money will buy.
          1)
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you,
          1)
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you.
I got blood in my eyes for you, babe,
I don't care what in the world you do.
```

```
     :     .     .      .
1) |--------------------------|
   |--------------------------|
   |-------------2---3-/5-----|
   |-------------3---5-/7-----|
   |--------------------------|
   |--------------------------|
              babe I got . . .
```

She looked at me, begin to smile,
Said, "Hey, hey, man, can't you wait a little while?"
No, no, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you.
No, no, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you.
Got blood in my eyes for you, babe, I don't care what in the world you do.

```
  :     .     .     .          :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|-------1----------------|
|--------------------------|--|--------------------------|-------1----------------|
|-0---0--------------------|x3|-0---0-0---0-0------------|-2-----2----------------|
|-2---2-3---3-4---4-5---5-|--|-2---2-2---2-2------------|-3-----3----------------|
|-3---3-5---5-6---6-7---7-|--|-3---3-3---3-3------------|-3----------------------|
|--------------------------|--|-----------------3-0-----|-1---------3-4-----5----|
```

```
  :     .     .     .        :     .     .     .        :     .     .     .
|-----1--------------------|-0---0--------------------|-3-----------------------|
|-----1--------------------|*1---1(0---0-0---0-0---0)*|-3-----------------------|
|-----2--------------------|-0---0(0---0-0---0-0---0)-|-4---------0-0---0-0-----|
|-----3--------------------|-2---2-3---3-4---4-5---5--|-5-----------------------|
|-3------------------------|*3---3-5---5-6---6-7---7-*|-5---------3-4---4-5-----|
|-1-----3---3-4---4-5------|--------------------------|-3---------5-6---6-7---0-|
```

```
  :     .     .     .
|-----1-----1-------1-----|-0---0--------------------|
|-----1-----1-------1-----|*1---1(0---0-0---0-0---0)*|
|-----2-----2-------2-----|-0---0(0---0-0---0-0---0)-|
|-3-----3-----------3-----|-2---2-3---3-4---4-5---5--|
|-3-----3-----3-----------|*3---3-5---5-6---6-7---7-*|
|-1-----1-----1-----------|--------------------------|
```

No, no, ma'am, I can't wait,
You got my money, now you're trying to break this date.
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you,
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you.
I got blood in my eyes for you, babe, I don't care what in the world you do.

I tell you something, tell you the facts,
You don't want me, give my money back.
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you,
Hey, hey, babe, I got blood in my eyes for you.
I got blood in my eyes for you, babe, I don't care what in the world you do.

```
  :     .     .     .
|-0--0--------------------|-------0-----0------||
|*1--1-(0--0--0--0--0--0)-*|----1--1-----1------||
|-0--0-(0--0--0--0--0--0)--|----0--------0------||
|-2--2--3--3--4--4--5--5---|-2-----------2------||
|*3--3--5--5--6--6--7--7--*|-3--------3---------||
|--------------------------|--------------------||
```

Supper club version

Basically the same as above, but with the intro played:

```
|-------3-----1-----0-----|
|-1-----1-----1-----0-----|
|-0-----0-----2-----0-----|
|-2-----2-----3-----3-----|
|-3-----3-----3-----3-----|
|-------------------------|
```

Broke Down Engine

Written by Blind Willie McTell. In this case I suppose the arrangement credits could actually go to Dylan, since his version sounds nothing like Blind Willie's (unless Dylan is using someone else's arrangement).
Released on *World Gone Wrong* (1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e')

Chords:

```
D9  xx(0)-14-13-12
G   (x)55433
Bb  (x)88766
Dv  xx0775
```

```
D-riff:
  :   .   .   .     :   .
|-2---------------|-2-------
|-3---------------|-3-------
|-2-----2-5-2-----|-2-------
|-0---5-------5-3-|-0-------
|-----------------|---------
|-----------------|---------
```

The real problem here is, of course, to get the chorus right (un)rhythmically speaking (I added a transcription of the first lordylordoodledumdy at the end). Aside from that, the riffs are definitely playable. The fact that the intro riff ends with a D in fifth position (057775), and the D-riff begins in second position (000232), implies that one has to move from the one to the other somewhere during the first line of singing. I seem to hear such moves here and there (then again, after some hours of tabbing, I seem to hear quite a lot...).
In the first verse, the B♭ in the last line comes later than in the rest of the verses (where the A is noted).

Intro:

```
  D9                                          D
  :     .     .      .       :     .     .     .     :
|-12-12-12-12-12-12-/12-12-|/12-12-12-12-12-12---2-|---2-------------|
|-13-13-13-13-13-13-/13-13-|/13-13-13-13-13-13---3-|---3-------------|
|-14-14-14-14-14-14-/14-14-|/14-14-14-14-14-14---2-|---2---2-5-2-----|
|--------------------------|--------------------0---|-----5--(0)--5-3-|
|--------------------------|-----------------------|----(0)----------|
|--------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------|

  :   .   .   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----2-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----3-------------------|---------7-----7-|---7-7---7-------| (switch to
|-----2-------------------|---------7-----7-|---7-7---7-------| D=000232)
|-0---0--------------(3-4-|-5h7)7---7---7---|---7-7---7-------|
|--------------(7)----3-4-|-5---5---5---5---|-----5-----------|
|---------5-6---7---------|-----------------|-----------------|
                                                  Feel like . . .
```

```
           D                                          [D-riff]
Feel like a broke down engine ain't got no drivin' wheel
           G                      Bb             D    [D-riff]
Feel like a broke down engine ain't got no drivin' wheel
            Dv                    Bb              A          D    [D-riff]
You all been down and lonesome, you know just how a poor man feels.

Been shooting craps and gambling, momma, and I done got broke
Been shooting craps and gambling, momma, and I done got broke
I done pawned my pistol baby, my best clothes been sold.

     D9
     Lordy, Lord,
                  D
     Lordy, Lordy, Lord,
     /g /g# /a     /c /c# /d /g
     Lordy, Lordy, Lordy
               [d-riff]
     Lordy Lord.
```

```
  D9                                              D
  :     .     .     .      :     .     .     .     :   .   .   .
|-12-12-12-12-12-12-12-12-|12-12-12-12-12-12---2-|-----------------|
|-13-13-13-13-13-13-13-13-|13-13-13-13-13-13---3-|-----------------|
|-14-14-14-14-14-14-14-14-|14-14-14-14-14-14---2-|-----------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------0---|-----------------|
|-------------------------|-----------------------|-----------------|
|-------------------------|-----------------------|-----5---6-7-----|
        Lor - dy lord         lor - dy lor- dy lord    lordy lord
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-2-2-------------|-----2-2---------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-3-3-------------|-----3-3---------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-2-2---2-5-2-----|-----2-2---strum-|-----------------|
|-----------------|-0-0-5-------5-3-|-0-0-0-0---------|-----------------|
|-3---4---5-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------6---|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
  lor-dy  lordy lord_________________.                          I went . . .
```

```
I went down in my praying ground, fell on my bended knees
Went down to my praying ground, fell on my bended knees
I ain't cryin' for no religion, Lord, give me back my good gal please.

If you give me back my baby, I won't worry you no more
Give me back my baby, I won't worry you no more
Don't have to put her in my house, Lordy, just lead her to my door.

Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lordy, Lord, Lordy, Lordy, Lordy
Lordy Lord.

Can't you hear me baby, rappin' on your door ?
Can't you hear me baby, rappin' on your door ?
Now you hear me tappin', tappin' across your floor.
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------7-----
|-----------------|-----------7-----
|-----------------|-----------7-----
|-----------------|-----3-4-5-5-----
|-5-------6-------|-7---------------
```

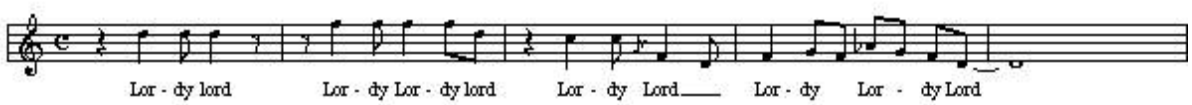
Feel like a broke down engine, ain't got no drive at all
Feel like a broke down engine, ain't got no drive at all
What made me love my woman, she can really do the Georgia Crawl.

```
           D9                                                [D-riff]
```

Feel like a broke down engine, ain't got no whistle or bell
Feel like a broke down engine, ain't got no whistle or bell
If you're a real hot momma, come and grab away Daddy's weeping spell.

```
 .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
-----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
-----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
-0-2-|-5-5-5-5-2-2---2-|-5-2---2-------2-|-5-5-5-2-5-5-2-5-|-5-2-4-2---------|
-----|-------------5---|-----5-------5---|-----------------|-----------------|
-----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
-----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3---------------|-6---------------|-2-----------------------|-----------------|
|-3--strum--------|-6---------------|-3-----------------------|---7-7-7---------|
|-4---------------|-7---------------|-2-----------------------|---7-7-7---------|
|-5---------------|-8---------------|-0-----------------------|---7-7-7---------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-0-------------------3-4-|-5-5-5-5---------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-0-----0-5---6---7-------|-----------------|
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|-5-----5-----5---|---6-------------|-2---------------|---------8----||
|-5-----5-----5---|---6-------------|-3---------------|---7-7-7-7----||
|-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-6-|-7-7-7-7-7-6-6-6-|-2---------------|---7-7-7-7----||
|-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-|-8-8-8-8-8-7-7-7-|-0---------------|---7-7-7-7----||
|-----------------|-----------------|-0-----------3-4-|-5-5----------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---5-6-7-------|--------------||
```

Delia

Traditional, arranged by Bob Dylan
Released on *World Gone Wrong* (1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Read John Garst's story about Delia Green, age 14, shot down on Christmas Eve 1900 by her boyfriend "Cooney" Houston.

Capo 2nd fret (original key D major)

Chords:

```
C      x32013  in the intro,otherwise x32010
F9     xx3213  in the intro, otherwise normal F
Cviii  xxx988
Fv     xxx565
Ciii   xxx553
Giii   xxx433
C/g    332010
```

It should be mentioned that Dylan isn't always dead certain about neither how long to strum F before "all the friends I ever had are gone", nor about now to play the descending riff. But hey, he's an artist, man, you gotta give him that.

Intro (same accompanying pattern in all the verses):

```
  C               F9              C       F9      C
  |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .
|-3---------------3---------------3-------3-------3---------------
|-1---------------1---------------1-------1-------1---------------
|-0---------------2---------------0-------2-------0---------------
|-2---------------3---------------2-------3-------2---------------
|-3-------------------------------3---------------3---------------
|-----------------------------------------------------------------

                 Ciii
   Cviii Fv Giii   Giii F
  |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .
|-----8---5---3---3-3---1-----------------------------------------
|-----8---6---3---5-3---1-----------------------------------------
|-----9---5---4---5-4---2-----------------------------------------
|----------------------3-----------------------------------------
|----------------------(3)---------------------------------------
|----------------------(1)-------------------------------0---1---

  C               "G7"            C       Csus4   C
  |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .
|-0---------------0---0---0---0---0-------------------------------
|-1---------------1---1---1---1---1-------------------------------
|-0---------------0---0---0---0---0-------------------------------
|-2---------------0---3---2---0---2-------------------------------
|-3---------------x---x---x---x---3-------------------------------
|-3---------------3---3---3---3---x-------------------------------
```

```
C           F9             C       F9   C
Delia was a gambling girl, gambled all around
Cviii Fv  Giii  Ciii Giii F
De-   lia was a gambling girl, she laid her money down.
C/g         "G7"                   C      Csus4    C
    All the friends I ever had are gone.
```

Delia's dear ol' mother took a trip out West
When she returned, little Delia'd gone to rest.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Delia's Daddy weeped, Delia's momma moaned
Wouldn't have been so bad if the poor girl died at home.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Curtis's looking high, Curtis's looking low
He shot poor Delia down with a cruel forty-four.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

High upon the housetops, high as I can see
Looking for them rounders, looking out for me.
All the friends I ever had are gone

Men in Atlanta, trying to pass for white
Delia's in the graveyard, boys, six feet out of sight.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Judge says to Curtis, "What's this noise about?"
"All about them rounders, Judge, tryin' to cut me out."
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Curtis said to the judge "What might be my fine?"
Judge says, "Poor boy, you got ninety-nine."
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Curtis' in the jailhouse, drinking from an old tin cup
Delia's in the graveyard, she ain't gettin' up.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Delia, oh Delia, how can it be?
You loved all them rounders, never did love me.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Delia, oh Delia, how could it be?
You wanted all them rounders, never had time for me.
All the friends I ever had are gone.

Stack A Lee

(trad./Frank Hutchinson)
Released on *World Gone Wrong* (1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C                Csus4           C
Hawlin Alley on a dark and drizzly night,
F                                        G
Billy Lyons and Stack-A-Lee had one terrible fight.
                              C   (Csus4  C  Csus2  C)
All about that John B. Stetson hat.

Stack-A-Lee walked to the bar-room, and he called for a glass of beer,
Turned around to Billy Lyons, said, "What are you doin' here?"
"Waitin' for a train, please bring my woman home.

"Stack-A-Lee, oh Stack-A-Lee, please don't take my life.
Got three little children and a-weepin', lovin' wife.
You're a bad man, bad man, Stack-A-Lee."

"God bless your children and I'll take care of your wife.
You stole my John B., now I'm bound to take your life."
All about that John B. Stetson hat.

Stack-A-Lee turned to Billy Lyons and he shot him right through the head,
Only taking one shot to kill Billy Lyons dead.
All about that John B. Stetson hat,

Sent for the doctor, well the doctor he did come,
Just pointed out Stack-A-Lee, said, "Now what have you done?
You're a bad man, bad man, Stack-A-Lee."

Six big horses and a rubber-tired hack,
Taking him to the cemetery, but they failed to bring him back.
All about that John B. Stetson hat.

Hawlin Alley, thought I heard the bulldogs bark-
It must have been old Stack-A-Lee stumbling in the dark.
He's a bad man, gonna land him right back in jail.

High police walked on to Stack-A-Lee, he was lying fast asleep.
High police catched Stack-A-Lee, and he jumped forty feet.
He's a bad man, gonna land him right back in jail.

Well they got old Stack-A-Lee and they laid him right back in jail.
Couldn't get a man around to go Stack-A-Lee's bail.
All about that John B. Stetson hat.

Stack-A-Lee turned to the jailer, he said,"Jailer, I can't sleep.
'Round my bedside Billy Lyons began to creep."
All about that John B. Stetson hat.

Csus4    x33010
Csus2    x30010
```

The figure at the end of the verse, that I have denoted "C Csus4 C Csus2" is just a quick florish of the underlying C major chord, and can of course be replaced by a C throughout. There are other occasional Csus4's sprinkled throughout the verses. Use your ear (and your fingers).

Dylan's Liner Notes from the album

STACK A LEE is Frank Hutchinson's version. what does the song say exactly? it says no man gains immortality thru public acclaim. truth is shadowy. in the pre-postindustrial age, victims of violence were allowed (in fact it was their duty) to be judges over their offenders-parents were punished for their children's crimes (we've come a long way since then) the song says that a man's hat is his crown. futurologists would insist it's a matter of taste. they say "let's sleep on it" but theyre already living in the sanitarium. No Rights Without Duty is the name of the game & fame is a trick. playing for time is only horsing around. Stack's in a cell, no wall phone. he is not some egotistical degraded existentialist dionysian idiot, neither does he represent any alternative lifestyle scam (give me a thousand acres of tractable land & all the gang members that exist & you'll see the Authentic alternative lifestyle, the Agrarian one) Billy didnt have an insurance plan, didnt get airsick yet his ghost is more real & genuine than all the dead souls on the boob tube-a monumental epic of blunder & misunderstanding. a romance tale without the cupidity.

Two Soldiers

Trad.
Released on World Gone Wrong (1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key D major)

Use first two lines as interlude between verses.

```
    G/d              C/e  G/d   C             F
    :   .   .    :   .   .    :   .   .    :   .   .     :   .   .    :   .   .
||--3---3-3-3---|-3---3---3---|-------------|-1---1-1-1----|-----1-1-1---|-----1-1-1-1-|-----1-1-1-1-|
||*-0---0-0-0---|-0---1p0-0---|-1---1-1-----|-1---1-1-1----|-----1-1-1---|-----1-1-1-1-|-----1-1-1-1-|
||--0---0-0-0---|-0---0---0---|-0---0-0-----|-2---2-2-2----|-----2-2-2---|-----2-2-2-2-|-----2-2-2-2-|
||--0-------0---|-0---2p0-0---|-2---2-2-----|-3---3-3-3----|-----3-3-3---|-----3-3-3-3-|-----3-3-3-3-|
||*-------------|-------------|-0h3---------|-3------------|-3-----------|-3-----------|-3-----------|
||--------------|-------------|---------3---|-1------------|-1-----------|-1-----------|-1-----------|

                           C
  :   .   .    :   .   .    :   .   .    :   .   .     :   .   .                 Fine
|---1-1-1-1-1-|-----1-0-0-0-|-0---0-0-0----|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0---||
|---1-1-1-1-1-|-----1-0-0-1-|-1---1-1-1----|-----1-1-1-1-|-----1-1-1-1-|-----1-1-1--*||
|---2-2-2-2-2-|-----2-0-0-0-|-0---0-0-0----|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0---||
|---3-3-3-3-3-|(0h3)3-3-3(2)|-2------------|-2-----------|-------------|-0h2---------||
|-3-----------|-0h3------(3)|-3------------|-------------|-------------|------------*||
|-------------|-------------|-3------------|-------------|-3-----------|-------------||
```

Variant, 2nd time:

```
  :   .   .    :   .   .    :   .   .
|---1---------|-------------|-0------------
|---1---1---1-|-----1-1-----|-1------------
|---2---2---2-|-----0-0-----|-0---etc. ----
|-3---0---3---|-3p2-----0---|-2------------
|-3---0---3---|-------------|-3------------
|-------------|-------------|--------------

Csus4 C/e G/d   G/d /e  /f    C/g                       Csus4 C/e G/d   G/d /e  C/g
  :   .   .    :   .   .    :   .   .    :   .   .     :   .   .    :   .   .
|---0---0---3-|---3---0---0-|-0---0-0-0---|-0---0-0-0-0-|---0---0---3-|---3---3---3-|
|-1---1---0---|-0---0---0---|-0h1-1-1-1---|-1---1-1-1-1-|-1---1---0---|-0---0---1---|
|-0---0---0---|-0---0---0---|-0-----------|-0-----------|-0---0---0---|-0---0---0---|
|-3---2---0---|-0---2---3---|-------------|-------------|-3---2---0---|-0---2-------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|

  :   .   .    :   .   .
|-----3-3-3-3-|-----3-3-3-3-||
|-0---0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|| DC al fine
|-0-----------|-0-----------||
|-------------|-0-----------||
|-------------|-------------||
|-------------|-------------||
```

He was just a blue-eyed boston boy
His voice was low in pain
"I'll do your biddin', comrade mine,
If I ride back again
But if you ride back and I am left
You'll do as much for me
Mother, you know, must hear the news,
so write to her tenderly."

She's waiting at home like a patient saint,
Her fond face pale with woe
Her heart would be broken when I am gone
I'll see her soon, I know.
Just then the order came to charge
For an instance, hand touched hand
They said, "Aye!" and away they rode,
That brave and devoted band.

Straight was the track to the top of the hill
the rebels, they shot and shelled
Plowed furrows of death through the toiling ranks,
And guarded them as they fell
There soon came a horrible, dying yell
From heights that they could not gain
And those whom doom and death had spared
Rode slowly down again

But among the dead that were left on the hill
was the boy with the curly hair
The tall dark man who rode by his side
Lay dead beside him there
There's no-one to write to the blue-eyed girl
The words that her lover had said.
Mama, you know, awaits the news,
And she'll only know he's dead.

Jack-A-Roe

Traditional arranged by Bob Dylan
Released on *World Gone Wrong* (1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
Am  |    |    |   G |Am   |    |    |

Am                                  C             Am
Oh, there was a wealthy merchant, in London he did dwell
   Am           C             F                 C           /b
He had a lovely daughter, the truth to you I'll tell
Am      E                 Am
Oh, the truth to you I'll tell.

She had sweethearts a-plenty and men of high degree
There was none but Jackie Frazier, her true love e'er to bee
Oh, her true lover e'er to be.

"Oh daughter, oh daughter your body I will confine
If none but Jack the sailor, would ever suit your mind
Oh, would ever suit your mind."

"This body you may imprison, my heart you can't confine
There's none but Jack the Sailor would have this heart of mine
Oh, would have this heart of mine."

Now Jackie's gone a-sailing with trouble on his mind
To leave his native country and his darling girl behind
Oh, his darling girl behind.

She went into the tailor shop and dressed in men's array
Then she went into a vessel to convey herself away
Oh, convey herself away.

"Before you step on board, sir, your name I'd like to know"
She smiled all in her countenance, said, "They call me Jack-A-Roe"
Oh, they call me Jack-A-Roe.

"Your waist is light and slender, your fingers neat and small
Your cheeks too red and rosy for to face the cannonball"
Oh, to face the cannonball.

"I know my waist is slender and my fingers they are small
But it would not make me tremble for to see ten thousand fall"
Oh, to see ten thousand fall.

The war soon being over, they hunted all around
Among the dead and dying her darling love she found
Oh, her darling love she found.

She picked him up all in her arms and carried him to town
And sent for her physician to quickly heal his wounds
Oh, to quickly heal his wounds.
```

This couple, they got married, so well they did agree
This couple they got married, so why not you and me
Oh, so why not you and me ?

Lone Pilgrim

By B.F. White and Adgar M. Pace
Released on *World Gone Wrong* (1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (original key D major)

* denotes a bass run: e-f : x32010 x33010

```
  C   G   C  Dm/f C   F   C   F   C       F           G   C       Csus4   C
  .   .   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   |
|-------------------------------------0-----------------------------------------
|-5---3---1---3---1---1---1---3---1---1---1-----1-1---0---1-------1-------1---
|-5---4---0---2---0---2---0---2---0---0---2-----2-2---0---0-------0-------0---
|-5---5---2---3---2---3---2---3---2---2---3-----3-3---0---2-------3-------2---
|---------------------3---3-----------3-------------------3-------3-------3---
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------
```

```
Csus4 C   F      C               F    G       C
I    came to the place where the lone pilgrim lay
                           G     C/g   G
And pensively stood by his tomb
F    C  Csus4 C         F     G         C
When in a low whisper I heard something say:
              G          C      Csus4  C
How sweetly I sleep here alone.
```

```
F   C  Csus4    C            F    G       C
The tempest may howl and the loud thunder roar
        *     C          G
And gathering storms may arise
F G C    Csus4 C           F    G     C
But calm is my feeling, at rest is my soul
          *       G             C
The tears are all wiped from my eyes.
```

```
  C   F   C       Dm  F   C       G   F   C           F   C
  .   .   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   |
|-------------------------------------------------------------
|-5---1---1-------3---1---1-------0---1---1-------1---1---1---
|-5---2---0-------2---2---0-------0---2---0-------0---2---0---
|-5---3---2-------3---3---2-------0---3---2-------2---3---2---
|-------------------------------------------------------3---
|-------------------------------------------------------------
```

```
C        F  G  C         F      G       C
The call of my master compelled me from home
                       G    C/g  G
No kindred or relative nigh
F G C                    F     G     C
I   met the contagion and sank to the tomb
        *       G          C     Csus4   C
My soul flew to mansion on high.
```

```
  C   G   C   Dm  F       C
  .   .   |   .   .   .   |
|---------------------0-------
|-5---1---1---3---1---1---1---
|-5---2---0---2---2---2---0---
|-5---3---2---3---3---3---2---
|-----------------------------
|-----------------------------
```

```
C       F  G   C         F   G         C
Go tell my companion and children most dear
                           G    C/g  G
To weep not for me now I'm gone
F G C    Csus4     C              F    G    C
The same hand that led me through seas most severe
               G        C      Csus4  C
Has kindly assisted me home.
```

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Unplugged

Recorded November 17–18, 1994 — Released May 2, 1995

↪198 Tombstone Blues
↪770 Shooting Star
↪276 All Along the Watchtower
↪94 The Times They Are A-Changin'
946 John Brown
↪220 Desolation Row
↪226 Rainy Day Women #12 & 35
↪166 Love Minus Zero/No Limit
951 Dignity
↪374 Knockin' on Heaven's Door
↪194 Like a Rolling Stone
↪103 With God on Our Side
↪234 I Want You

John Brown

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded as Witmark and Broadside demos in 1963 and performed occasionally in the early days (Gaslight II, *Bob Dylan in Concert*), but not released officially on a Dylan album until *Unplugged* (1995).

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Gaslight II version

From the second of the three concerts at the Gaslight Cafe, late october 1962. First known performance of this song. The other early performances are all similar to this; some use the simple drop D tuning.

Double drop D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-d')
Capo 5th fret (sounding key G minor)

Chords:

```
D/f   303030 (more correctly: Dm/f)
"A"/e 202020
D5    000230 (no third)
C9    030030 (or more correctly: Cadd9)
G/b   020030
```

Basic accompaniment pattern for the verses, with lots of variations (such as playing the descending figure on the fourth string instead of the fifth), but over the same pattern:

```
  D5   C9 D5        C9 G/b  D5        D5     C9  G/b    D5
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---------------|-0---0---0-------|-0-------0---0---|-0---------------|
|-3---------------|-3---3---3-------|-3-------3---3---|-3---------------|
|-2---------------|-0---0---2-------|-2-------0---0---|-2---------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0---0---0-------|-0-------0---0---|-0-------0-------|
|-0-----3---------|-3---2---0-------|-0-------3---2---|-0-----3---------|
|-0---------------|---------0-------|-0---------------|-0---------------|

  D5   C9 D5        C9 G/b  D5        C9         G/b    D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---------------|-0---0---0-------|-0-----------0---|-0---------------|
|-3---------------|-3---3---3-------|-3-----------3---|-3---------------|
|-2---------------|-0---0---2-------|-0-----------0---|-2---------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0---0---0-------|-0-----------0---|-0-------0-------|
|-0-----3---------|-3---2---0-------|-3-----------2---|-0-----3---------|
|-0---------------|---------0-------|-----------------|-0---------------|
```

Intro (the figure in the first bar is often used as an interlude between the verses, and the second line is used for the exclamations between some of the verses):

```
D/f "A"/e D5              D/f "A"/e D5
  :   .   .   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .   .
|-0---0---0---------------|-0---0---0-----------------------------------
|-3---2---3---------------|-3---2---3---------------repeat last figure--
|-0---0---2---------------|-0---0---2---------------a couple of times,--
|-3---2---0-------0-------|-3---2---0-------0-------then:---------------
|---------------3---------|-0---0---0-----3-----------------------------
|-------------------------|-3---2---0-----------------------------------

 D/f               "A"/e              D5               D/f A/e  D5
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---0---0----------
|-3---------------|-2---------------|-3---------------|-3---2---3----------
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-2---------------|-0---0---2----------
|-3---------------|-2---------------|-0-------0-------|-3---2---0-------0--
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0-----3---------|---------0-----3----
|-3---------------|-2---------------|-0---------------|---------0----------
 Oh!                Lord!     from my home!
```

When John Brown went off to war to fight on a foreign shore.
His mother sure was proud of him!
As he stood straight and tall in his uniform and all.
His mother's face broke out all to a grin.

"Oh son, you look so fine, I'm glad you're a son of mine,
You make me proud to know you hold a gun.
Do what the captain says, lots of medals you will get,
And we'll put them on the wall when you come home."

When that old train pulled out, John's ma began to shout,
Tellin' ev'rybody in the whole neighborhood:
"That's my son that's about to go, he's a soldier now, you know."
She made well sure her neighbors understood.

Oh! Lord! Understood!

She got a letter once in a while and her face broke into a smile
As she showed them to the people from next door.
And she bragged about her son with his uniform and gun,
And these things you called a good old-fashioned war.

Then the letters ceased to come, for a long time they'd never come.
They ceased to come for about nine months or more.
Then a letter finally came saying, "Go down and meet the train.
Your son's a-coming home from the war."

Oh! Lord! From the war.

She smiled and went right down, she looked up and all around
But she did 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.

His face was all shot up and his hands were both 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!

"Oh my darling son, tell me what to you they done.
How is it that you come to be this way?"
His mouth could hardly move as he tried his best to talk
And she did not even recognize his voice.

"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 battleground, you were home, feeling proud.
Thank God you wasn't standing in my shoes."

"Oh,  I thought when I was there, God, what am I doing here?
I'm a-tryin' to kill my enemy or die tryin'.
But as the enemy came close, the thing that hurt me most
As I saw that his face looked just like mine."

     Oh! Lord! Just like mine!

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

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.

     Oh! Lord! To her hand!
```

Bismarck, June 15, 1990

Chords:

```
D/c     x30030 (Cadd9)
G/b     x20030 (G6/b)
Gm/Bb   x10030 (Gm6/Bb)
```

The chords gradually change from this:

```
    D
John Brown went off to war to fight on a foreign shore.
                 /c           /b  D
His mama sure was proud of him!

He stood so straight and tall in his uniform and all.
                      /c    /b   D
His mama's face broke out into a grin.
```

To this:

```
       D                              /c
Oh his face was all shot off and his hand were both blown back
       G/b                            D
And he wore a metal brace around his waist.
   D                            /c
He whispered kind of slow, in a voice she did not know,
          G/b                          D
While she couldn't even recognize his face!
```

And with the ending:

```
|: D . . . | /c . . . | G/b . . . | Gm/bb . . . :| D
```

Otherwise the lyrics are more or less as in the *Unplugged* version.

***Unplugged* version**

An occasional lick:

```
  A
  :   .   .   .
|-----------------|--------
|-----2-2---------|--------
|-----2-2---------|--------
|-----2-2---------|--------
|-0-------3h0-----|-0------
|-------------3---|--------
```

```
A
John Brown went off to war to fight on a foreign shore.
                  G        D/f#   A
His mama sure was proud of him!
   A
He stood so straight and tall in his uniform and all.
                      G     D/f# A
His mama's face broke out into a grin.

"Oh son, you look so fine, I'm glad you're a son of mine,
You make me proud to know you hold a gun.
Do what the captain says, lots of medals you will get,
And we'll put them on the wall when you get home."

That old train pulled out, John's ma began to shout,
Tellin' ev'rybody in the neighborhood:
"That's my son that's about to go, he's a soldier now, you know."
She made well sure her neighbors understood.

She got a letter once in a while,  her face broke into a smile
she showed them to the people from next door.
she bragged about her son with his uniform and gun,
And these things you called a good old-fashioned war.

Then the letters ceased to come, for a long time they did not come.
ceased to come for about ten months or more.
```

Then a letter finally came saying, "Go down and meet the train.
Your son is coming back from the war."

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

Oh his face was all shot off and his hand were blown away
And he wore a metal brace around his waist.
He whispered kind of slow, in a voice she didn't know,
While she couldn't even recognize his face!

"Oh tell me, my darling son, 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 his mother had to turn her face away.

"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 battleground, you were home acting proud.
You wasn't there standing in my shoes."

"Well, and I thought when I was there, Lord, what am I doing here?
tryin' to kill somebody or die tryin'.
But the thing that scared me most when my enemy came close
I could see that his face looked just like mine."

"And I couldn't help but think, through the thunder rolling stink,
I was just a puppet in a play.
And through the roar and smoke, this string it finally broke,
And a cannon ball blew my eyes away."

As he turned away to go, his Mother was acting slow
seein' the metal brace that helped him stand.
But as he turned to leave, he called his mother close
And he dropped his medals down into her hand.

A . . . G . . . D/f# . . . F . . .
A . . . G . . . D/f# . . . F . . .
A . . . G . . . D/f# . . . F . . . A

Dignity

(Words and Music by Bob Dylan) (or James Damiano?)
1994 Special Rider Music
Released on *Greatest Hits vol. 3* (1994) and on Unplugged (1995) in a live version.

Unplugged version

(the *Greatest hits* version is basically the same, but with a capo on the 3rd fret)

```
C
Fat man lookin in a blade of steel

Thin man lookin at his last meal
F                     C
Hollow man lookin in a cottonfield
             F/g  C
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

     G
     Somebody got murdered on New Years Eve
     F                             C
     Somebody said dignity was the first to leave
            F                   C/e
     I went into the city, went into the town
                  Dm                  F/g
     Went into the land of the midnight sun

Searchin high, searchin low
Searchin everywhere I know
Askin the cops wherever I go
Have you seen dignity?

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 dont 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 wasnt any need
Heard the tongues of angels and the tongues of men
Wasnt any difference to me

Chilly wind sharp as a razor blade
```

House on fire, debts unpaid
Gonna stand at the window, gonna ask the maid
Have you seen dignity?

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

Met Prince Phillip at the home of the blues
Said hed 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

Sick man lookin' for the doctors cure
Lookin' at his hands for the lines that were
And into every masterpiece of literature
For dignity

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

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 its gonna take
To find dignity

37

Time out of Mind

Released September 30, 1997

954 Love Sick
956 Dirt Road Blues
959 Standing In The Doorway
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980 Highlands

Love Sick

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Time out of Mind* (1997)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
    Em
I'm walking,
         D                Em
through streets that are dead

Walking,
D                       Em
walking with you in my head
               D
My feet are so tired
   B           Am     Am7
My brain is so wired
                    Em
And the clouds are weeping

Did I,
hear someone tell a lie
Did I,
hear someone's distant cry
I spoke like a child
You destroyed me with a smile
while i was sleeping

G A                   G A
    I'm sick of love*)
                Em
That I'm in the thick of it
G A                   G A
    This kind of love
       Em
I'm so sick of it

I see,
I see lovers in the meadow
I see,
I see silhouettes in the window
I watch them 'til they're gone
and they leave me hangin' on
to a shadow

I'm sick of love
I hear the clock tick
this kind of love
I'm lovesick

Sometimes
the silence can be like thunder
Sometimes
I wanna take to the road of plunder
```

```
Could you ever be true?
I think of you and I wonder

I'm sick of love
I wish I'd never met you
I'm sick of love
I'm tryin' to forget you

Em                      D
Just don't know what to do
C                 B          Em
I'd give anything to be with you
```

---

*) *from a post to r.m.d. from Patricia Jungwirth*: "stay me with flagons, comfort me with apples: for I am sick of love'' – The Song of Solomon, 2:5 (in the absence of jh, I feel it's my duty to point out that the phrase "sick of love'' here means "sick with love''. Of course, we all know that "stay'' means strengthen, "flagons'' were cakes (not wine bottles – they didn't have them!) and "apples'' were probably oranges)

Tricia

Dirt Road Blues

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Time out of Mind* (1997)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The guitars in the original recording are playing high up on the fretboard, so I originally suggested a capo on the 5th fret and the chords E, A, and B. Then it is possible to play the little lick that runs through the whole song:

```
  with E                              with A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3b------0-----0-|-----------0-----||-3---------------|------------------||
|-0-----------2---|-----0---2-------||-2-------5---2-5-|---------2-5------||
|-1---------------|-----------------||-2---------------|-----4------------||
|-2---------------|-----------------||-2---------------|------------------||
|-2---------------|-----------------||-0---------------|------------------||
|-0---------------|-----------------||-----------------|------------------||
```

Note 1: it is mostly played on the E, but can occasionally be heard for the other chords too.
Note 2: It is played with the tone on the 2nd fret, 2nd string, although the 3rd fret falls more naturally, to me, at least.
Note 3: It's easier and sounds better if the initial bent note is moved to the second beat, so that the first beat gets a clear bass note.

Another option is to use the 076750 shape for the E. The open third string can be left sounding, since it produces the same clash as the first note in the lick, which leaves you with enough fingers to play a modified version of the lick, combined with the bass figure:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----7b--5-----5-|-----------------| (or 8 or 8b on the first note on this string)
|-------------7---|-----------------|
|-6---------------|-6---------------|
|-7---------------|-7-------5---7---|
|-0---------------|-0---7-----------|
```

For the B I'd suggest to leave out the lick an instead do the bass:

```
  B7                                                                  E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|(3)--------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----
|-0---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----
|-2---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----
|-1---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----
|-2-----------0---|-2-----------0---|-2-----------0---|-2---0-----------|----
|---------2-------|---------2-------|---------2-------|---------3---2---|-0--
```

It may be easier to make an interesting solo-song out of it with no capo and something like the following bass line, which can be combined with a variant of the lick, an octave lower (or just play the bass line – that's much easier…):

```
  with A                                with D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------||----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------||(3)-------------|-----------------||
|-5b------2-----2-|-----------------||-5b-----2-----2-|-----------------||
|-2-----------4---|-----------------||-0----------4---|-0---------------||
|-0---------------|-0---------------||----------------|--------0---3----||
|-----------------|--------0----3---||----------------|-----------------||

  with E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----
|-5---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----
|-7---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----
|-6---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----
|-7-----------5---|-7-----------5---|-7-----------5---|-7---5---3---2---|-0--
|-0-------7-------|---------7-------|---------7-------|-----------------|----
```

Capo 5th fret (original key A)

```
E
Gonna walk down that dirt road 'Til someone lets me ride
A                                                   E
Gonna walk down that dirt road 'Til someone lets me ride
B
If I can't find my baby
                       E
I'm gonna run away and hide

Well, I been pacing round the room, hoping maybe she come back
pacing round the room, hoping maybe she come back
Well, I been praying for salvation
Laying round in a one-room country shack

Gonna walk down that dirt road, until my eyes begin to bleed
Gonna walk down that dirt road, until my eyes begin to bleed
'Til there's nothing left to see
'Til the chains have been shattered and I been freed

But I'm looking at my shadow, I been watching the clouds up above
looking at my shadow, watching the clouds up above
Rolling through the rain and hail
Looking for the sunny side of love

Gonna walk down that dirt road 'til everything becomes the same
Gonna walk down that dirt road 'til everything becomes the same
I keep on walking
'til I hear her holler out my name
```

Version with no capo:

```
A
Gonna walk down that dirt road 'Til someone lets me ride
D                                                   A
Gonna walk down that dirt road 'Til someone lets me ride
```

```
E7
If I can't find my baby
                        A
I'm gonna run away and hide
```

Standing In The Doorway

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Time out of Mind* (1997)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

See http://www.dylanchords.com/38_toom/doorway.htm for a version with textual commentaries.

Capo 4th fret (just for the sake of convenience...). This seems like a song in the vein of Simple twist of fate in open tuning, more or less the same beginning.

```
       C major    E major
Chords (capo 4th) open tuning

C      032010     054000 (or 050000 or 000000)
C/b    x22020     044000
Am     002210     020020
C/g    332010     000000 (or 004000)
F      133211     555555 (or 020120)
Bb/f   113331     575655 (or 575675)
G      320003     777777
D      x00232     222222
C                 000000

|: C C/b Am C/g  :|

C                 /b   Am                 C/g
I'm walkin' through      the summer nights
C         /b        Am   C/g
the jukebox playing low
C                   /b Am                 C/g
yesterday everything    was goin' too fast
C    /b                 Am    C/g
Today   it's movin' too slow

F        Bb/f           F     Bb/f
I got no place left to turn
F                Bb/f  F     F  G
I got nothin' left to burn

C               /b                 Am                   C/g
Don't know if I saw you if I would kiss you or kill you
C                    /b               Am    C/g
It probably wouldn't matter to you anyhow
F           C       G               D
You left me standing in the doorway cryin'
F                          C
I got nothin' to go back to now.

The light in this place is so bad
Makin' me sick in the head
All the laughter is just makin' me sad
The stars have turned cherry red
   I'm strummin' on my gay guitar
   Smokin' a cheap cigar
```

```
The ghost of our old love has not gone away
Don't look it like it will anytime soon
You left me standin' in the doorway cryin'
Under the midnight moon.

Maybe they'll get me and maybe they won't
But not tonight and it won't be here
There are things I could say, but I don't
I know the mercy of God must be near
   I been ridin a midnight train
   Got ice water in my veins
I would be crazy if I took you back
It would go up against every rule
You left me standin' in the doorway cryin'
Sufferin' like a fool.

When the last rays of daylight go down
Buddy you'll roll no more
I can hear the church bells ringin' in the yard
I wonder who they're ringin' for
   I know I can't win
   But my heart just won't give in
Last night I danced with a stranger
But she just reminded me you were the one
You left me standin' in the doorway cryin'
In the dark land of the sun.

I eat when I'm hungry drink when I'm dry
And live my life on the square
And even if the flesh falls off of my face
I know someone will be there to care
   It always means so much
   Even the softest touch
I see nothing to be gained by any explanation
There's no words that need to be said
You left me standin' in the doorway cryin'
Blues wrapped around my head.
```

Live version 2003

New arrangement during the 2003 southern US tour. The basic structure of the song is the same as the album version, but a new riff has snuck into the first part, with the chords in the descent coming twice as fast and with an extra turn at the end. In the version that has been available to me (Austin, 20 April 2003) it sounds as if the two different guitars are in two different capo positions: the main rhythm guitar at the 3rd fret and the other at the 1st fret. I have given suggestions for the main riff in those two positions. In the 3rd position there are two suggestions, one which is more or less what is played by the band, the other a version which is more suitable for a single guitar. In the 1st-fret version I have included the chords to the whole verse.

The Am (Bm with capo 1st fret) could also be played F (G)

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key Eb major)

```
  C             G/b           Am            C/g
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|/5---5-5-5---|-3---3-3-3---|-1---1-1-1---|-1---1-1-1---|
|/5---5-5-5---|-4---4-4-4---|-2---2-2-2---|-0---0-0-0---|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|

  C/e           F             Gsus4         G
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-1---1-1-1---|-1---1-1-1---|-1---1-1-1---|-0---0-0-0---|
|-0---0-0-0---|-2---2-2-2---|-0---0-0-0---|-0---0-0-0---|
|-2---2-2-2---|-3---3-3-3---|-0---0-0-0---|-0---0-0-0---|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
```

Or, if you want the descent in the bass (which is probably better on a single guitar):

```
  C             G/b           Am            C/g
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-----1-1-1---|-----1-1-1---|-----1-1-1---|-----1-1-1---|
|-----0-0-0---|-----0-0-0---|-----0-0-0---|-----0-0-0---|
|-----2-2-2---|-----0-0-0---|-----2-2-2---|-----2-2-2---|
|-3-----------|-2-----------|-0-----------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-3-----------|

  C/e           F             Gsus4         G
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-----1-1-1---|-----1-1-1---|-----0-0-0---|-----0-0-0---|
|-----0-0-0---|-----2-2-2---|-----0-0-0---|-----0-0-0---|
|-----2-2-2---|-----3-3-3---|-----0-0-0---|-----0-0-0---|
|-------------|-------------|-3-----------|-2-----------|
|-0-----------|-1-----------|-3-----------|-------------|
```

Capo 1st fret:

```
  D             A/c#          Bm            D/a
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-7-----------|-5-----------|-3-----------|-3-----------|
|-7-----------|-6-----------|-4-----------|-2-----------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|

  D/f#          G             Asus4         A
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-3-----------|-3-----------|-3-----------|-2-----------|
|-2-----------|-4-----------|-2-----------|-2-----------|
|-4-----------|-5-----------|-2-----------|-2-----------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
```

```
D    A/c#       Bm   D/a D/f#   G      Asus4   A
 I'm walkin' through        the summer nights
D    A/c# Bm   D/a D/f#  G  Asus4  A
jukebox    playing low
D         A/c# Bm D/a               D/f#            G Asus4  A
 yesterday           everything was movin' too fast
D     A/c# Bm          D/a          D/f#   G      A   D
 Today      it's moving, moving too slow

G              C       G     C
I got no place left to turn
G             C       G      G   A
I got nothin' left to burn

D                  A/c#  Bm   D/a D/f#                   G      Asus4   A
 I don't know if I saw you        if I would kiss you or kill you
D                     A/c#   Bm     D/a    D/f#  G  A   D
 It probably wouldn't matter to you anyhow
G                    D   A                                E
You left me standing,    standing in the doorway cryin'
G                              D/f#   Em7  D
 Ah, well, I got nothin' to go back to     now.
```

Million Miles

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Time out of Mind* (1997)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (Original key A♭m). The sevenths are generally "instable". Any bluesy addition to the basic chord goes (and probably is somewhere in the soundscape of the recording...).

```
Em
You took a part of me that I really miss

I keep asking myself how long it can go on like this
    A7
You told yourself a lie
                                    Em
Thats alright mama I told myself one too
  B7                        A7                          Em
I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

You took the silver, you took the gold
You left me standing out in the cold
People asked about you, I didn't tell them everything I knew
Well I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

I'm driftin in and out of dreamless sleep
Somehow my memory's in a ditch so deep
Did so many things I never did intend to do
And I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

I need your love so bad, turn your lamp down low *)
I need every bit of it for the places that I go
Sometimes I wonder, tell us just what its all coming to
Well I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

 ...

Well I don't dare close my eyes and I don't dare wink
Maybe in the next life I'll be able to hear myself think
Feel like talking to somebody but I just don't know who
Well I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

Yes the last thing you said before you hit the street
Gonna find me a janitor to sweep me off my feet
I said thats alright mamma you, you do what you gotta do
Well I try to get closer I'm still a million miles from you

Rock me pretty baby rock me all at once,
Rock me for a little while
Rock me for a couple of months And I'll rock you too
I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you

Well there's voices in the night trying to be heard
I'm sitting here listening to every mind-pollutin' word
I know plenty of people put me up for a day or two
Yes I try to get closer but I'm still a million miles from you
```

*) *from a post to r.m.d. by Jesse Anderson:*

"I haven't seen this reference yet, but in "Million Miles", the line 'Turn your lamp down low' is from Blind Willie Mctell's great Statesboro Blues.
Jesse"

Tryin' To Get To Heaven

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Time out of Mind* (1997), and played live in a quite different version in 2000
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

For lyrical commentaries, see http://www.dylanchords.com/38_toom/heaven_comments.htm
For another song with the same refrain, recorded in 1995, check out this spooky tale.

Album version

Capo 3rd fret (original key Eb major).

There seems to be a continuous **G** somewhere in the F chord of the second last line. ("I've been walking…")

The distinguishing sound is the **a–d** that breaks in both in the C and the G chords. Below are two suggestions, one with the flourish in the upper parts, the other in the bass. The C6add9 chord can also be played 03023x

```
F/c G/b   G(add9)                      F     C                           C6add9  F
 .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
---------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||------
---------|-0---------------|-------3-----1---|-1---------------|---------------3-||------
-2---0---|-0---------------|---2-2---2---2---|-0---------------|-------------2---||-2----
-3---0---|-0---------------|-------------3---|-2---------------|-------------2---||-3----
-3---2---|-2---------------|-------------3---|-3---------------|-------------3---||-3----
---------|-3---------------|-------------1---|-----------------|-------------0---||-1----
```

or

```
F/c G/b   G(add9)                      F     C                           C6add9  F
 .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
---------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||------
---------|-0---------------|-------------1---|-1---------------|-------------1---||-1----
-2---0---|-0---------------|-------------2---|-0---------------|-------------0---||-2----
-3---0---|-0---------------|-------0-----3---|-2---------------|-------------0-0-||-3----
-3---2---|-2---------------|---0-0---0---3---|-3---------------|-------------0---||-3----
---------|-3---------------|-------------1---|-----------------|-------------0---||-1----
```

```
F                       G           F                      C
The air is gettin' hotter, there's a rumblin' in the skies.
F                                   G
I've been wadin' through the high muddy waters,
        F                C
But the heat riseth in my eyes.
     Am/F#               F
Everyday your memory goes dimmer,
Dm                        C
It doesn't haunt me like it did before.
F                           G
I've been walkin' through the middle of nowhere,
```

```
F                                   C
Tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door.


When I was in Missouri, they would not let me be.
I had to leave there in a hurry, I only saw what they let me see.
You broke a heart that loved you,
Now you can seal up the book and not write anymore.
I've been walkin' that lonesome valley,
Tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door.

People on the platforms, waitin' for the trains.
I can hear their hearts a-beatin', like pendulum swingin' on chains.
When you think that you've lost everything,
You find out you can always lose a little more.
I'm just going down the road feelin' bad,
Tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door.

 ...

I'm goin' down the river, down to New Orleans.
They tell me everything is gonna be all right,
But I don't know what all right even means.
I was ridin' in a buggy with Miss Mary Jane,
Miss Mary Jane got a house in Baltimore.
I've been all around the world boys,
I'm tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door.

Gotta sleep down in the parlor, and relive my dreams.
I close my eyes and I wonder, if everything is as hollow as it seems.
Some trains don't pull no gamblers,
No midnight ramblers like they did before.
I've been to Sugartown, I shook the sugar down,
Now I'm tryin' to get to heaven before they close the door.
```

Live version, 2000 (various locations)

Did Dylan ever play chords like this before? No.
Is it the best re-write since Tangled up in blue 1978? Yes.
Did I just have to tab it? Yes.

Chords:

```
Em7   079787 (or 020000)
Dm7-5 x5656x or xx0111
Fmaj7 133210 or x-8-10-9-10-0
Am/f# 202210 or x04555
```

```
Em7 . . . Am . . . Dm7-5 . . . C(maj7)

Fmaj7              Dm7-5
The air is gettin' hotter,
```

```
Em7                       Am7
there's a rumblin' in the skies.
          Fmaj7                          Dm7-5
I've been wadin' through the high muddy waters,
        Em7               Am
But the heat riseth in my eyes.
     Am/f#                F
Everyday your memory goes dimmer,
Dm                          C
It doesn't haunt me like it did before.
Fmaj7                                  Dm7-5
I've been walkin' through the middle of nowhere,
Em7                 Am
Tryin'    to get to heaven
            Dm7-5
before they close
    C
the door.
```

'Til I Fell In Love With You

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Time out of Mind* (1997)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Standard three-chord blues, with more of a E feeling than G, so therefore:Capo 6th fret (Original key B major)

```
E
Well my nerves are exploding
And my body is tense
I feel like the whole world
got me pinned up against the fence
              A
I been hit too hard
Seen too much
           E
Nothing can heal me now
But your touch
B
I just don't know what I'm gonna do
      A              E
I was allright 'til I fell in love with you

Well my house is on fire
Burnin' to the sky
Well I thought it would rain
But the clouds passed by
I feel like I'm comin'
To the end of my way
But I know God is my shield
And he won't lead me astray
Still I don't know what I'm gonna do
I was allright 'til I fell in love with you

Boys in the street
Beginnin' to play
Girls like birds
Flyin' away
When I'm gone
You will remember my name
I'm gonna win my way
To wealth and fame
Yet I just don't know what I'm gonna do
I was allright 'til I fell in love with you

Well junk's pilin' up
Takin' up space
My eyes feel
Like they're fallin' off my face
Sweat fallin' down
I'm starin' at the floor
I'm thinkin' about that girl
Who won't be back no more
I just don't know what to do
```

I was allright 'til I fell in love with you

Well I'm tired of talkin'
I'm tired of tryin' to explain
My attempts to please you
They were all in vain
Tomorrow night
Before the sun goes down
If I'm still among the livin'
I'll be Dixie bound
Still I just don't know what I'm gonna do
I was allright 'til I fell in love with you

Not Dark Yet

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Time out of Mind* (1997)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Sounds very C major-ish in the chords, but can of course be played in E directly. The C/G chords of the second part of the verse contain a D on some occasions.
Once again:Capo 4th fret (original key E major)

```
C                  F/C                  C
Shadows are falling and I been here all day
                    F/C                    C
It's too hot to sleep and time is running away
G            G/F      C/E         C
Feel like my soul has turned into steel
Am                 C/G            F          C
I've still got the scars that the sun didn't heal
G                G/F            C/E     C
There's not even room enough to be anywhere
Am       C/G      F                     C
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

Well my sense of humanity is going down the drain
Behind every beautiful thing, there's been some kind of pain
She wrote me a letter and she wrote it so kind
She put down in writin' what was in her mind
I just don't see why I should even care
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

Well I been to London and I been to gay Paris
I followed the river and I got to the sea
I've been down to the bottom of a world full of lies
I ain't lookin for nothin' in anyone's eyes
Sometimes my burden is more than I can bear
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there

I was born here and I'll die here, against my will*)
I know it looks like I'm movin' but I'm standin' still
Every nerve in my body is so vacant and numb
I can't even remember what it was I came here to get away from
Don't even hear the murmur of a prayer
It's not dark yet, but it's getting there
```

---

*)*From a recension by Martin Grossman*

Dylan the Talmudist

In the last verse of "Not Dark Yet," Dylan paraphrases lines from the Pirke Avot, which lends credence to the rumors that he has been studying Talmud in recent years. He sings,

- *I was born here and I'll die here against my will*

In the Pirke Avot (Ethics of the Fathers), 4:29, the language is strikingly similar:

- *"And not let your evil inclination assure you that the grave will be a place of refuge for you – for against your will you were created, against your will you were born, against your will you live, against your will you die, and against your will you are destined to give an account before the Supreme King of Kings, the Holy One Blessed be He."*

Cold Irons Bound

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Time out of Mind* (1997)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

***Time out of Mind* version**

Capo 6th fret (original key B♭ major).
The "Bbdim'' is only a faint approximation to the wealth of notes sounding at this point (and never twice the same, it seems). A chord like x12300 or x12202 captures that fairly well, but there are really no "correct'' chords here!
The same goes for the other two chords – basically tonic, fifth and a lot of blue notes.

```
Em7
I'm beginning to hear voices and there's no one around

now I'm all used up and the fields have turned brown

I went to church on Sunday and she passed by

and my love for her is taking such a long time to die
         Bbdim       A7                Em7
Lord I'm waist deep, waist deep in the mist
            Bbdim      A7       Em7
It's almost like, almost like I don't exist
    A7              G                Em7
I'm 20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound

The walls of pride is high and wide,
can't see over to the other side
It's such a sad thing to see beauty decay,
it's sadder still to feel your heart torn away
one look at you and I'm out of control
like the universe has swallowed me whole
I'm 20 miles out of town and Cold Irons bound

There's too many people, too many to recall
I thought some of 'em were friends of mine
I was wrong about 'em all
Well, the road is rocky and the hillside's mud
Up over my head nothing but clouds of blood
I found my world, I found my world in you
but your love just hasn't proved true
I'm 20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound
20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound

 ...

Well the winds in Chicago have torn me to shreds
reality has always had too many heads
some things last longer than you think they will
there are some kind of things you can never kill
```

```
it's you and you only I'm thinking about
but you can't see in, and it's hard looking out
I'm 20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound

Well the fat's in the fire, and the water's in the tank
and the whiskey's in the jar, and the money's in the bank
I tried to love and protect you because I cared
I'm gonna remember forever the joy we've shared
but looking at you and I'm on my bended knee
you have no idea what you do to me
I'm 20 miles out of town Cold Irons bound
20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound
```

Live versions (2000-)

Kenneth Mirandola has noted that in live versions (fall 2001) "both Campbell and Larry played with capoes. Larry was capoed at the first fret and Sexton at the third." These are the chords according to those two capo positions.
I've tabbed out some suggestions for licks for the version with A major chords. The changes between A and A7 (G and G7 in the second version) are not played as regularly as in the tab.
The Ebdim descent could also be seen (and played) as a descent eb-d-c-b over a sustained D7 or D9 (xx0210) chord.

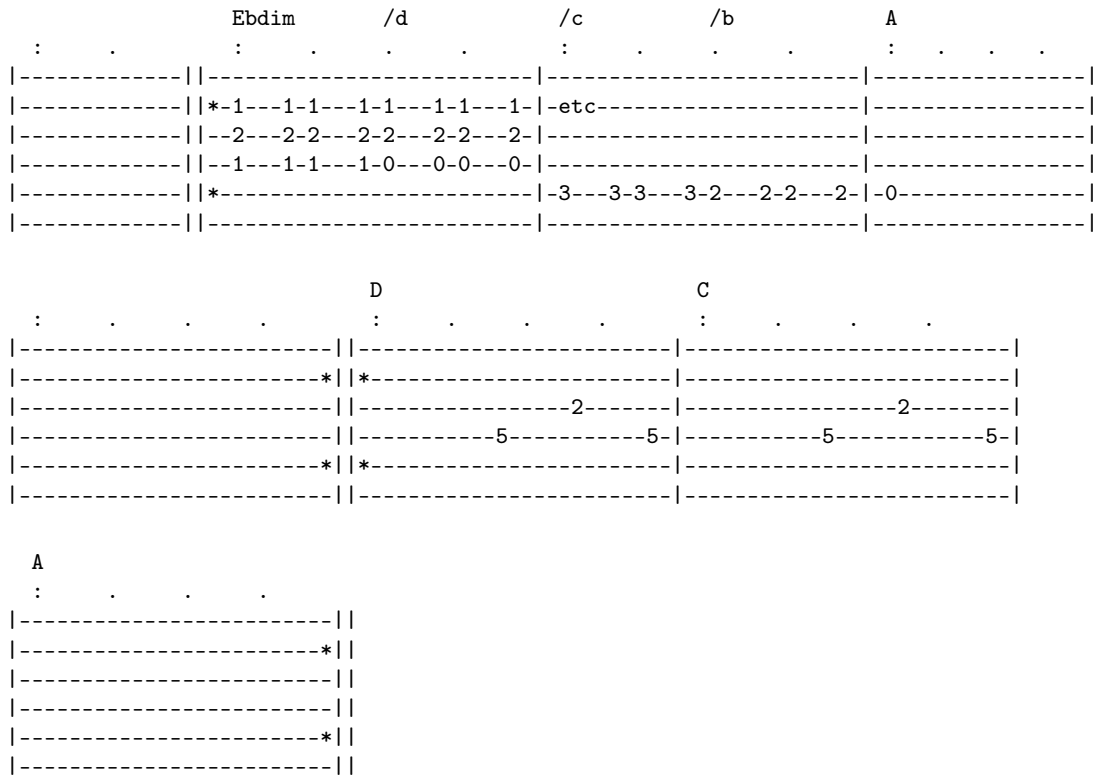
Guitar capoed on 1st fret:

Chords:

```
A        xx7655
A7       xx5655 (=A7/g)
Ebdim    xx1212 (or xx1210)
Ebdim/d  xx0212
```

```
                         A                        A7
I'm beginning to hear voices and there's no one around
                  A                                 A7
now I'm all used up and the fields have turned brown
                     A                      A7
I went to church on Sunday and she passed by
                A                                  A7
and my love for her is taking such a long time to die
         Ebdim     /d /c       /b          A
Lord I'm waist deep,     waist deep in the mist
            Ebdim /d /c         /b     A
It's almost like        I don't even exist
    D               C               A
I'm 20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound
```

```
             A                                      A7
   :    .    .    .      :   .   .   .    :     .     .     .       :   .   .   .    x8
||---------5------------|---------------|-----------5-------------|------------------||
||*--------5------------|---------------|-----------5-------------|-----------------*||
||---------6------------|---------------|-----------6-------------|------------------||
||---------7------------|---------------|-----------5-------------|------------------||
||*---------------------|---------------|-------------------------|-----------------*||
||---------------------|---------------|-------------------------|------------------||
```



Guitar capoed on 3rd fret:

```
                        G                        G7
I'm beginning to hear voices and there's no one around
                 G                             G7
now I'm all used up and the fields have turned brown
                    G                     G7
I went to church on Sunday and she passed by
                G                                 G7
and my love for her is taking such a long time to die
         Dbdim     /c /Bb      /a          G
Lord I'm waist deep,     waist deep in the mist
            Dbdim /c /Bb        /a     G
It's almost like        I don't even exist
    C               Bb               G
I'm 20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound
```

Make You Feel My Love

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Time out of Mind* (1997)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

This is a piano tune on the record, but harmonically it is an almost exact copy of "Simple twist of fate", and can preferably be played on guitar in open tuning (E or D), with the chords 054000, 044000, 034000, 020120, xx5450, 000000, 222222 (or even better 020220), x02100, 000000 for the verse and 021020, 000000, 010010, 021020, 000000, 021020, 000000, 222120, x02102 (or -00 or -20), 000000 for the bridge. Got that...?

In standard tuning it is most easily played using G as tonic, but I give it here in C, as that is closest to the key of the recording. Capo 1st fret (Original key D♭ major).

```
C     x32010
G/b   x20003 (could even be played as an Em/B:x22000)
C7/Bb x10033
F/a   x03211
Fm/Ab 433111
C/g   332010
D9/f# 200210 or 202210
G11   333211 (w/thumb) or 3x3211
C+    x32110
```

```
C                        G/b
When the rain is blowing in your face
Gm/Bb                  F/a
and the whole world is on your case
Fm/Ab           C/g
I could offer a warm embrace
D9/f#       G11     C
to make you feel my love

When evening shatters and the stars appear
and there is no one there to dry your tears
I could hold you for a million years
to make you feel my love

     F                           C
     I know you haven't made your mind up yet
     C+          F            C
     but I would never do you wrong
     F                            C
     I've known it from the moment that we met
     Dm                           G
     no doubt in my mind where you belong

I'd go hungry, I'd go black and blue
I'd go crawling down the avenue
Oh there's nothing that I wouldn't do
to make you feel my love

The storms are raging on the rolling sea
```

```
and on the highway of regret
the winds of change are blowing wild and free
you ain't seen nothing like me yet

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
```

Can't Wait

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Time out of Mind* (1997)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (Original key A♭ blues)
The recurrent chord is a shimmering Esus4 which is never really resolved – or, for the sake of convenience, Em.

```
Em
I can't wait
A                          Em
Wait for you to change my mind

It's late
A                     Em
I'm tryin to walk the line

Well it's way past midnight

And there's some people all around
A
Some on their way up

Some on their way down
Em                                A
The air burns and I'm tryin to think straight
C                B7                    Em
And I don't know how much longer I can wait

I'm your man
I've tried to recover the sweet love that we knew
You understand
That my heart can't go on beating without you
Well your loveliness has wounded me
I'm reeling from the blow
I wish I knew what it was that keeps me loving you so
I'm breathin' hard standin' at the gate
And I don't know how much longer I can wait

Skies are gray
I'm looking for anything that will bring a happy glow
Night or day
It doesn't matter where I go anymore I just go 1)
If I ever saw you comin' I don't know what I might do
I'd like to think I could control myself
But it isn't true
That's how it is
When things disintegrate
And I don't know how much longer I can wait

                  A
     I'm doomed to love you
                                  Em
     I been rollin' through stormy weather
```

```
                A
     I'm thinkin' of you
                                      Bsus4
     And all the places we could roam together

            Em
It's mighty funny
The end of time has just begun
Oh honey, after all these years you're still the one
Well I'm strollin' through the lonely graveyard of my mind
I left my life with you
Somewhere back there along the line
I thought somehow that I would be spared this day
I don't know how much longer I can wait
```

---

1) *From Josh Meisler:*

The lyric "*night or day, it doesn't matter anymore where I go, I just go*" is conspicuously similar to a lyric in the Grateful Dead tune 'Crazy Fingers' which goes "*gone are the days we stopped to decide where we should go, we just ride*", by Robert Hunter. Somewhat similar in construction and definitely in content.

2000 version

The main changes are in the pace and the mood of the playing, not really much in the arrangement. B7add11=x21200. Or play B7-10 (x21230)

```
Em

        Em
I can't wait
A                          Em
 Wait for you to change my mind

It's late
A                     Em
I'm tryin to walk the line
          *)
Well it's way past midnight

And there's some people all around
A
Some on their way up

Some on their way down
Em                                A
The air burns and I'm tryin to think straight
         C                B7add11      Em
And I don't know how much longer I can wait

                  A
     I'm doomed to love you
                                    Em
     I been rollin' through stormy weather
```

```
                A
     I'm thinkin' of you
                                      Bsus4
     And all the places we could roam together
```

*)

```
    Em                                A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3---3---0-------|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-3h5-3---0---3---|-0---------------|-2---0-----------|-----------------|
|-------------2---|-0---2---0-------|-------------0---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----4---2-------|---------4-------|-0-----2---------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----4-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

Highlands

Words and music by Bob Dylan
Released on *Time out of Mind* (1997)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
E7
Well my heart's in The Highlands, gentle and fair

Honeysuckle blooming in the wildwood air
A                                        E7
Bluebells blazing where the Aberdeen waters flow
        B7
Well my heart's in The Highlands
          A                                  E7
I'm gonna go there when I feel good enough to go

Windows were shaking all night in my dreams
Everything was exactly the way that it seems
Woke up this mornin' and I looked at the same old page
Same old rat race, life in the same old cage

I don't want nothin' from anyone, ain't that much to take
Wouldn't know the difference between a real blonde and a fake
Feel like a prisoner in a world of mystery
I wish someone'd come and push back the clock for me

Well my heart's in The Highlands wherever I roam
That's where I'll be when I get called home
The wind it whispers to the buckeyed trees in rhyme
Well my heart's in The Highlands
I can only get there one step at a time

I'm listening to Neil Young, I gotta turn up the sound
Someone's always yellin' "Turn it down"
Feel like I'm driftin', driftin' from scene to scene
I'm wonderin' what in the devil could it all possibly mean?

Insanity is smashin' up against my soul
You could say I was on anything but a roll
If I had a conscience, well I just might blow my top
What would I do with it anyway, maybe take it to the pawn shop

My heart's in The Highlands at the break of dawn
by the beautiful lake of the Black Swan
Big white clouds like chariots that swing down low
Well my heart's in The Highlands only place left to go

I'm in Boston town in some restaurant
I got no idea what I want
or maybe I do but I'm just really not sure
Waitress comes over, nobody in the place but me and her

Well it must be a holiday, there's nobody around
She studies me closely as I sit down
She got a pretty face and long white shiny legs
I said "Tell me what I want"
```

She say "You probably want hard boiled eggs"

I said "That's right, bring me some"
She says "We ain't got any, you picked the wrong time to come"
then she says "I know you're an artist, draw a picture of me"
I said "I would if I could but
I don't do sketches from memory"

Well she's?? near she says "I'm right here in front of you or haven't you looked"
I say "All right I know but I don't have my drawin' book"
She gives me a napkin, she say "You can do it on that"
I say "Yes I could but I don't know where my pencil is at"

She pulls one out from behind her ear
She says "Alright now go ahead draw me I'm stayin' right here"
I make a few lines and I show it for her to see
Well she takes the napkin and throws it back and says
"That don't look a thing like me"

I said "Oh kind miss, it most certainly does"
She say "You must be joking", I said "I wish I was"
She says "You don't read women authors do ya?"
at least that's what I think I hear her say
Well I say "How would you know, and what would it matter anyway"

Well she says "Ya just don't seem like ya do", I said "You're way wrong"
She says "Which ones have you read then?", I say "Read Erica Jong"
She goes away for a minute, and I slide out, out of my chair
I step outside back to the busy street, but nobody's goin' anywhere

Well my heart's in The Highlands with the horses and hounds
way up in the border country far from the towns
with the twang of the arrow and the snap of the bow
My heart's in The Highlands, can't see any other way to go

Every day is the same thing, out the door
feel further away than ever before
Some things in life it just gets too late to learn
Well I'm lost somewhere, I must have made a few bad turns

I see people in the park, forgettin' their troubles and woes
They're drinkin' and dancin', wearin' bright colored clothes
All the young men with the young women lookin' so good
Well I'd trade places with any of 'em, in a minute if I could

I'm crossin' the street to get away from a mangy dog
talkin' to myself in a monologue
I think what I need might be a full length leather coat
Somebody just asked me if I'm registered to vote

The sun is beginnin' to shine on me
But it's not like the sun that used to be
The party's over and there's less and less to say
I got new eyes, everything looks far away

Well my heart's in The Highlands at the break of day
over the hills and far away

```
There's a way to get there, and I'll figure it out somehow
Well I'm already there in my mind and that's good enough for now
```

---

*) From a post at r.m.d.:

Highlands source

OK, so the song "Highlands" contains the line 'My heart's in the highlands." The source of this line (my apologies to all of you who know this already) is a song by Robert Burns. The song was first published in 1790, and, like many of Burns's songs, was his own expansion of lines gathered from the folk tradition.

In the 1960s, as I recall, the song was somewhat scorned in Scotland. (Andrew Muir can perhaps confirm this.) It was seen as one of Burns's polite, sentimental songs, written for an English audience (as witness its English, not Scottish, vocabulary). In the 1960s, it was the kind of thing which would have been sung by genteel, middle-class, pseudo-Scots entertainers, rather than by the genuine singers of the Scottish folk renaissance. (That is, to get really local, it's a song more likely to have been performed by Kenneth MacKellar than by Archie Fisher – right, Andy?)

Anyway, with these (serious) reservations, here are the lyrics:

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go. –

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North;
The birth-place of valour, the country of Worth:
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love. –

Farewell to the mountains high cover'd with snow;
Farewell to the Straths and green valleys below;
Farewell to the forest and wild-hanging woods;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods. –

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe;
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go. –

Stephen Scobie

38

Bootleg Series vol. 4: Live 1966

The "Royal Albert Hall" Concert

Recorded May 17, 1966 in Manchester Free TraDecember Hall. — Released 1998

↪159 She Belongs to Me
↪261 4th Time Around
↪229 Visions of Johanna
↪190 It's All Over Now, Baby Blue
↪220 Desolation Row
↪247 Just Like a Woman
↪177 Mr. Tambourine Man

985 Tell Me, Momma
↪144 I Don't Believe You (She Acts Like We Never Have Met)
↪38 Baby, Let Me Follow You Down
↪218 Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues
↪244 Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat
↪106 One Too Many Mornings
↪208 Ballad of a Thin Man
↪194 Like a Rolling Stone

The somewhat cryptic title of this album reflects the fact that the concert, which circulated widely among collectors long before it was officially released, was for a long time believed to have been the final concert of the English tour (May 26 or 27, 1966), in the Royal Albert Hall, London.

Tell Me, Momma

Written by Bob Dylan
Performed during the 1965/66 tour, and released on *Live 1966*
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (thanks to Andy for lyric suggestions)

The lyrics below differ considerably from the official lyrics on bobdylan.com, but not so considerably from what he actually sings live. There are some blanks, though. Suggestions and corrections are welcome.

The tuning and the playing style is interesting: on the song that was chosen to open the electrical pandemonium, he uses a tuning and a playing style from his earliest acoustic days.

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e'), capo 7th fret (sounding key A major)

```
D       000232
Dsus2   000030
D/c     030030
G       020033
Em      222000
F#m     444222
```

The rhythm isn't at all obvious in the introduction: his foot-tapping is on the off-beats, but when the band enters, the full rhythm pattern corresponds well with what the intro would have been with the foot-tapping as the beats.
This figure, with variations, is repeated for the intro, and played during the beginning of the verses:

```
  D                            D/c   D                              D9/f
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-2-------2-----2-|-2-----------0---|-2-------2-----2-|-2-----------0---|
|-3-------3-----3-|-3-----------3---|-3-------3-----3-|-3-----------3---|
|-2-------2-----2-|-3-----------0---|-2-------2-----2-|-2-----------0---|
|-0-------0-----0-|-0-----------0---|-0-------0-----0-|-0-------0---3---|
|-0-------0-----0-|-0-------0---3---|-0-------0-----0-|-0---------------|
|-0-------0-----0-|-0---------------|-0-------0-----0-|-0---------------|
```

```
D                 D/c  D              D/c
Cold black glass don't make no mirror
D                  D/c D             D/c
Cold black water don't make no tears
G
You say you love me with what may be love
D
Don't you remember makin' baby love?
Em
Yes, you got your steam drill,
           F#m
now you're lookin' for some kid
Em
To get it to work for you
          F#m
like your nine-pound hammer did
    D Dadd2     D   Dadd2     D G         D   Dadd2
But I know that you know that I know that you show
```

```
Em           F#m             A
Something is tearing up your mind.

     D
     Tell me, momma,

     Tell me, momma,
                         Em
     Tell me, momma, what is it?
            F#m                 D
     What's wrong with you this time?

Black sun-glass [came here, pony run] *)
Tombstone babes, y'all can get it done
Fool's gold in your teeth and cementary hips
Get outside of your graveyard lips
Yes, everybody's wonderin'
when your friendship's gonna end
But come on, baby, I'm your friend!
And I know that you know that I know that you show
Something is tearing up your mind. **)

     Tell me, momma,
     Tell me, momma,
     Tell me, momma, what is it?
     What's wrong with you this time?

Ohh, [you're pleasing?] but your face is red
That ain't he can't get it, he's almost dead.
Everybody sees you on your window ledge
How long's it gonna take for your to get off the edge
You just gonna make everybody jump and roar
Now, whatcha wanna go and do that for?
For I know that you know that I know that you know
Something is tearing up your mind.

     Ah, tell me, momma,
     Tell me, momma,
     Tell me, momma, what is it?
     What's wrong with you this time?
```

---

*) The end of the line is dubious, but in Liverpool (5/14) he clearly sings "pony run'' somewhere. Sydney, Apr 13, 1966 has: "With your dark sun-glasses on your Babylon chest'' (different continuation).

**) Sydney: "Sometimes / my time's / the right time / to go, / now, / what's resting on your mind?"

39

“Love And Theft”

Recorded Spring 2001 — Released September 11, 2001

988 Tweedle Dee And Tweedle Dum
991 Mississippi
993 Summer Days
998 Bye And Bye
1002 Lonesome Day Blues
1004 Floater (Too Much To Ask)
1008 High Water (For Charlie Patton)
1010 Moonlight
1013 Honest With Me
1015 Po’ Boy
1018 Cry Awhile
1020 Sugar Baby

Tweedle Dee And Tweedle Dum

Words by Bob Dylan. Music taken from Johnnie & Jack's "Uncle John's Bongos" (pointed out by Eben Hensby)
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
B
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee

They're throwing knives into the tree

Two big bags of dead man's bones

Got their noses to the grindstone
E
Living in the Land of Nod
B
Trusting their fate to the hands of God
E
They pass by so silently
B
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee

Well, they're going to the country, they're going to retire
They're taking a streetcar named Desire
Looking at a window with a pecan pie
Lot of things they'd like they would never buy
Neither one want to turn and run
And making a voyage to the sun.
"His master's voice is calling me,"
Said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle Dee.

Tweedle Dee and Tweedle Dum
All that and more and then some
They walk among the stately trees
They know the secrets of the breeze
Tweedle Dum said to Tweedle Dee,
"Your presence is obnoxious to me,
Feel like baby sitting on a woman's knee."
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee

Well, the rain beatin' down on a window pane
I got love for you, and it's all in vain
Brains in a pot, they're beginning to boil
They're dripping with garlic and olive oil.
Tweedle Dee is on his hands and his knees,
Saying, "Throw me something, Mister, please!"
"What's good for you is good for me,"
Said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle Dee.

Well, they're living in a happy harmony
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee
They're one day older and a dollar short
They got a parade permit and a police escort
```

```
They're lying low and they're making hay
They seem determined to go all the way
They run a brick and tile company
Tweedle Dum and Tweedle Dee

Well, a childish dream is a deathless need
And a noble truth is a sacred creed.
My pretty baby, she's looking around.
She's wearing a multi-thousand dollar gown.
Tweedle Dee is a low-down sorry old man.
Tweedle Dum, he'll stab you where you stand.
"I've had too much of your company,"
Said Tweedle Dum to Tweedle Dee.
```

Some licks:

Intro and recurring B figure:

```
  B
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|  |-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|  |-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|x3|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|  |-----------------|-2h4---3p2-------|
|-2---5---2-------|-----2-5---2-----|  |-2---5---2-------|-------------5---|
|-------------5---|-2-5---------5---|  |-------------5---|-----------------|
```

Transition to E (preceded by the B figure):

```
                                    E
|-----------------|-----------------|-----
|-----------------|-----------------|-----
|-----------------|-----------------|-----
|-4---3---2---0---|---------0---1---|-2---
|-----------------|-2---4-----------|-----
|-----------------|-----------------|-----
```

End of lines 5 and 7:

```
  E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----7-----7-----|-7-----7-----7---|---7-----7-----7-|-----7-----7-----|----
|-8h9---8h9---8h9-|---8h9---8h9---8-|h9---8h9---8h9---|-8h9---8h9-------|----
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------7b8-|----
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-9--
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|----
```

End of line 6:

```
|-------14------------
|-15b16----  x10  ----
|----------   as  ----
|---------- above ----
|---------------------
|---------------------
```

Kenneth Mirandola comments that in live versions (fall 2001) “Larry played in A capoed on the second fret for a sounding key of B major. Sexton played uncapoed. So I think Larry played the intro riff. . . .and Sexton played the riff between the verses the end of lines 5 and 7 verses.”

Patrik Winquist confirms this, that “Larry played the opening riff in Stockholm with a capo on the 2nd fret”. So that would be:

```
  B
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .         :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|  |-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|  |-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|x3|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|  |-----------------|-0h2---1p0-------|
|-0---3---0-------|-----0-3---0-----|  |-0---3---0-------|-------------3---|
|-------------3---|-0-3---------3---|  |-------------3---|-----------------|
```

Mississippi

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

A rare instance of a Dylan song with an ascending bass line (but there are others – "Like A Rolling Stone" is one).

The G at the end of the verses is probably best played G7sus4 (3x301x). G11 (3x3211) is another possibility.
The F chords in the verses could be played Fmaj7 (133210)
Use G=320033 for the bridge section – just hold the -33 on the lighter strings and play the ascent in the bass.
The "/d" in that passage ("Don't even have anything") contains an *f*; a possibility is to switch to G7sus4/d (x53533) here – or just leave out the *f*.

```
Intro (actually played one octave higher):

  C       /d      /e      /f        G           C
  :       .       .       .         :       .       .       .
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|
|-----1-------1-------1-------1---|-3---3-------5-------------------|
|---0---0---0---0---0---0---0---0-|-5---4-------5-------------------|
|---------0-------2-------3-------|-5---5-------5-------------------|
|-3-------------------------------|-------------3-------------------|
|---------------------------------|-------------------------------|

C                  Csus4 C              Csus4
 Every step of the way,   we walk the line.
C              Csus4    C       F
 Your days are numbered, so are mine.
C                F    C               F
Time is piling up, we struggle and we scrape.
C      /d        /e  /f G         C
 We're all boxed in,  nowhere to escape.

City's just a jungle, more games to play.
Trapped in the heart of it, trying to get away.
I was raised in the country, I been working in the town.
I been in trouble ever since I set my suitcase down.

   G            /a      /b               /c
    Got nothing for you, I had nothing before
   /d              /e             F       G
   Don't even have anything for myself anymore
   G           /a   /b            /c
   Sky full of fire, pain pouring down
   /d              /e            F        G
   Nothing you can sell me, I'll see you around.

All my powers of expression, I thought so sublime,
Could never do you justice in reason or rhyme
Only one thing I did wrong,
```

```
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long

Well, the devil's in the alley, mule's in the stall
Say anything you want to, I have heard it all
I was thinking about the things that Rosie said
I was dreaming I was sleeping in Rosie's bed
Walking through the leaves falling from the trees
Feeling like a stranger nobody sees.
So many things that we never will undo
I know you're sorry, I'm sorry too.
   Some people will offer you their hand and some won't
   Last night I knew you, tonight I don't
   I need something strong to distract my mind
   I'm gonna look at you 'til my eyes go blind
Well, I got here following the southern star
I crossed that river just to be where you are
Only one thing I did wrong
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long.

Well, my ship's been split to splinters and it's sinking fast.
I'm drowning in the poison, got no future, got no past.
But my heart is not weary, it's light and it's free.
I got nothing but affection for those who've sailed with me.
Everybody moving, if they ain't already there.
Everybody got to move somewhere
Stick with me baby, stick with me anyhow,
Things should start to get interesting right about now
   My clothes are wet, tight on my skin
   Not as tight as the corner that I painted myself in
   I know that fortune is waiting to be kind
   So give me your hand and say you'll be mine *)
Now the emptiness is endless, cold as the clay
You can always come back, but you can't come back all the way
Only one thing I did wrong
Stayed in Mississippi a day too long
```

---

*) In the light of the reference to Othello and Desdemona in Po' Boy, the following exchange from *Measure for Measure* is interesting (submitted by Mike Conley):

Duke Vincentio [to Isabella]:
If he be like your brother, for his sake
Is he pardon'd; and, for your lovely sake,
Give me your hand and say you will be mine. (Act V, Scene I, 484–486)

Summer Days

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The song is a fairly straightforward rockabilly number, but the guitar parts are far from straightforward. The left channel guitar alternates between the high, ringing playing of the intro and the interludes, and the middle-range alternative in the bridges.
In the right channel there is a guitar with a descending figure, which can even be combined with the intro (see the end of the page for these two tabs). In the bridges, there is a trace of the "high version" in this channel, which seems to have been mixed out.

During the verses, the guitar plays the Eb chords on the backbeat:

```
  Eb
  :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|
|----8------8-----8-----8-|
|----8------8-----8-----8-|
|---10-----10----10----10-|
|-------------------------|
```

In some verses the return from B♭ to Eb in the last line passes through A♭.

I haven't written out the different solos in the interludes, but they follow the same chord pattern as the model in the intro. It can be played in different positions, of course, but if one plays the 11-13-11-turn with the little finger and keeps a half barre on the 8th fret during the second A♭ measure, it is playable as written below.

Intro:

```
              Eb7             Eb6               Eb+             Eb7     Ab
    .         :       .       .       .         :       .       .       .
------------|-11---11-11---11-11---11-11---11-|-11---11-11---11-11---11-11---11-|
-11-13---11-|-14---14-14---14-13---13-13---13-|-12---12-12---12-11---11-13---13-|
------------|---------------------------------|-------------------------13---13-|
------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|

  Eb      Ab      Eb                                      Ab
  :       .       .     .       :       .     .     .     :     .     .     .
|-11---11---------------------|-------------------------|----------------11---13-|
|-11---11-9----9--8---8-8---8-|-8----8--8---8-8----------|-13-------------11---13-|
|-12---12-8----8--8---8-8---8-|-8----8--8---8-8--------8-|-11---------------------|
|---------10---10-8---8-9---9-|-10---10-9---9-8---8h10---|------------------------|
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
|-----------------------------|-------------------------|------------------------|
```

```
                                Eb
  :      .      .     .         :      .     .     .       :    .    .    .
|-11--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
|-11--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|
|------8-11--10-8-------------|-----8--------------------|/8------/8----------|
|--------------------8--------|--------------------------|--------------------|
|----------------------11---9-|-10-----------------------|--------------------|
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------|

  Ab7                                                     Eb
  :      .      .     .         :      .      .      .       :      .     .     .
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|-----11-------11---------|
|/13--13-----13------------13-|-----13-11-----13-----11----|-----11-------11---------|
|/13--13-----13------------13-|-----13-12-----13-----11h12-|-----12-------12---------|
|-----------------------------|(13)--------13----(13)------|-13----------------------|
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
|-----------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|

  :     .      .     .
|-11--------11-------------|
|-11--------11-------------|
|-12--------12-------------|
|-13--------13-------------|
|--------------------------|
|--------------------------|

Eb
 Summer days, summer nights are gone,
Ab7                              Eb
Summer days and summer nights are gone,
         Bb7                                      Eb
I know a place where there’s still somethin’ goin’ on.

I got a house on the hill, I got hogs out in the mud,
I got a house on the hill, I got hogs all out in the mud,
I got a long-haired woman, she got raw Indian blood.

Everybody get ready, lift up your glasses and sing,
Everybody get ready, lift up your glasses and sing,
Well, I’m standin’ on the table, I’m proposin’ a toast to the king.

Well, I’m -

  Eb7           Eb6             Eb+           Eb
  :      .      .      .        :      .      .       .
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
|-8---8--8---8--8---8--8---8--|-8----8-8----8-8----8--------|
|-8---8--8---8--8---8--8---8--|-8----8-8----8-8----8--------|
|-11--11-11--11-10--10-10--10-|-9----9-9----9-8----8-10--10-|
|-----------------------------|----------------------11--11-|
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
 drivin’ in the flats  in a     Cadil -lac  car.         The
```

```
         Ab     Eb    Eb+     Eb6   Eb+   Eb   (Eb7)
  :      .      .     .       :     .     .     .
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
|--------9---9--8-----8----|-8-----8-----8-----8-----|
|-8---8--8---8--8-----8----|-8-----8-----8-----6-----|
|-8---8--10--10-8-----9----|-10----9-----8-----8-----|
|-10--10-------------------|-------------------------|
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
  girls  all    say you're a  worn  out   star
```

```
        Ab7                                        Eb
     My pockets are loaded and I'm spendin' every dime.
                 Bb7
     How can you say you love someone else,
                                        Eb
             You know it's me all the time.
```

[intro]

Well, the fog's so thick you can't spy the land,
The fog is so thick that you can't even spy the land,
What good are you anyway if you can't stand up to some old businessman.

Weddin' bells are ringin' and the choir is beginnin' to sing,
Yes, the weddin' bells are ringin' and the choir's beginnin' to sing,
What looks good in the day, at night is another thing.

She's lookin' into my eyes, and she's a-holdin' my hand,
She lookin' into my eyes, she's holdin' my hand,
She says, "You can't repeat the past,"
    I say "You can't? What do you mean you can't? Of course, you can."*)

"Where do you come from?" "Where do you go?"
Sorry, that is nothin' you would need to know.
Well, my back's been to the wall so long, it seems like it's stuck.
Why don't you break my heart one more time just for good luck?

[intro]

I got eight carburetors, boys, I'm usin' 'em all,
Well, I got eight carburetors and, boys, I'm usin' 'em all,
I'm short on gas, my motor's startin' to stall.

My dogs are barkin', there must be someone around,
My dogs are barkin', there must be someone around,
I got my hammer ringin', pretty baby, but the nails ain't goin' down.

If you got somethin' to say, speak or hold your peace,
Well, you got somethin' to say, speak now or hold your peace,
If it's information you want, you can get it from the police.

Politician's got on his joggin' shoes,
He must be runnin' for office, got no time to lose,
Suckin' the blood out of the genius of generosity.
You been a-rollin' your eyes, you been teasin' me.

[intro]

```
Standing by God’s river, my soul’s beginnin’ to shake,
Standing by God’s river, my soul’s beginnin’ to shake,
I’m countin’ on you, love, to give me a break.

Well, I’m leavin’ in the mornin’ as soon as the dark clouds lift,
Yes! I’m leavin’ in the mornin’ just as soon as the dark clouds lift,
Gonn’ break in the roof, set fire to the place as a parting gift.

Summer days, summer nights are gone,
Summer days, summer nights are gone,
I know a place where there’s still somethin’ goin’ on.

Eb  Ab/eb Eb       Eb9
```

2nd guitar, intro:

```
------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
---------3--|-4----4--4----4--4----4--4----4--|-3----3--3----3------------------|
-3--5-------|---------------------------------|-----------------6----6--5-----5-|
------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|


|-----------------------------|-------
|-----------------------------|-------
|-3----3----------------------|-------
|---------6----6--5---5-3---3-|------- etc
|-----------------------------|-6-----
|-----------------------------|-------
```

1st and 2nd guitars, combined (the 3rd string has to be damped – it’s a bit awkward, but it can be done...):

```
              Eb7             Eb6               Eb+             Eb7     Ab
    .         :       .       .       .         :       .       .       .
------------|-11---11-11---11-11---11-11---11-|-11---11-11---11-11---11-11---11-|
-11-13---11-|-14---14-14---14-13---13-13---13-|-12---12-12---12-11---11-9----9--|
------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
------------|-13---13-13---13-13---13-13---13-|-12---12-12---12-11---11-10---10-|
------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
------------|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|

  Eb      Ab      Eb
  :     .       .       .       :    .    .    .
|-----------------------------|---------------------
|-8---8-----------------------|---------------------
|-8---8-----------------------|---------------------
|-8---8-10---10-8----8--------|---- etc ------------
|-------11---11-10---10-8---8-|---------------------
|-----------------------------|-11------------------
```

---

*) Here’s the full quotation from *The Great Gatsby*:

“You can’t repeat the past.”
“Can’t repeat the past?’‘ he cried incredulously. “Why of course you can!’’
“I’m going to fix everything just the way it was before,’‘ he said, nodding determinedly, “She’ll see.’’

Bye And Bye

Words by Bob Dylan. Music based on ‘Having Myself a Time’ by Leo Robin & Ralph Rainger, sung by Billie Holiday (thanks to Trev for notifying me)
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

For this song I believe in a capo on the 1st fret, at least in a solo acoustic tab, since the uncapoed version would be virtually unplayable. Both versions are included, though, with a list of suggested chords at the end.

```
A . Bbo . Bm7 . E  E7
A . Bbo . Bm7 . E

Eo     E7
By and by,
                          A  .  .  .  | .  .  Co
I'm breathing a lover's sigh.
      .   Bm7               Bbo
Well, I'm sitting on my watch
         Bm7   E7
So I can be on time
    A7/g           D/f#
I'm singing love's praises
     Dm/f         E
With sugar-coated rhyme.
Eo     E7
By and by,
                      A  .  .  .  | .  .  Co
On you I'm casting my eye.

    .            E7
I'm paintin' the town,
Swingin' my partner around
Well, I know who I can depend on,
I know who to trust
I'm watchin' the roads,
I'm studying the dust
I'm paintin' the town
                 A   /c#  Co  E7/b   A  .  G#7
Making my last go round.


           .   C#7                G#7
     Well, I'm scuffling, and I'm shuffling
           C#7          A7   G#7
     And I'm walking on briars
     C#              G#7
      I'm not even acquainted
           C# G#/b#   E7/b .  E7
     with my own     desires                        *)

I'm roamin' slow,
I'm doing all I know.
```

I'm telling myself
I've found true happiness,
That I've still got a dream
that hasn't been repossessed.
I'm roamin' slow
Going where the wild roses grow.

```
  A                                          Co      E9
  :     .     .     .       :       .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-----------------------5-|-7---575-------------------|--------------------------|
|-----------------5-7-----|---------7---5-------------|-------------7--------/9-|
|-------------5h6---------|---------------5/6---------|--------------------------|
|-------------------------|------------------(7)------|-------6---9--------------|
|-------------------------|----------------------6-----|---6h7--------------------|
|-------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|
  grow

                           A                                              Co
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-----7---6h7-9-----9-----|-5/6---------------------|---5/6-------------------|
|-------------------------|-----7-------------------|-------7---------------5-|
|-------------------------|-------9---7-9---7-------|-----------9---9-7-9-----|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

  E9                                               A
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------7---7-|-7-------7-8-9-----------|-------------------------|
|-------7---5-7---5-------|-----------------5-7---5-|-----------------------5-|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-5/6---------------5/6---|
|-6-----------------------|-------------------------|-----7-------7-----------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------9---7-------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

  A           G#
  :     .     .     .
|-5-----------------4-----|
|-----5-----------4-------|
|-------6-------5---------|
|-----------7-6-----------|
|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|
                  Well, the....
```

Well, the future for me
Is already a thing of the past
You were my first love
And you will be my last.

Papa gone mad,
Mama, she's feeling sad.
Well, I'm gonna baptize you in fire
So you can sin no more
I'm gonna establish my rule
Through civil war,

```
Gonn' make you see
Just how loyal and true a man can be!

     [instrumental, fade out]
```

---

*) *As You Like It*, Act 1, Scene 1, Line 41:

If with myself I hold intelligence, Or have acquaintance with mine own desires [...]

this is spoken by Rosalind who, about twenty lines earlier says “oh how full of briers is this working-day world”. she and Celia then discuss the nature of the briers and walking on paths lined with such briers for the next ten lines or so (found and submitted by Nick Dorman).

Uncapoed version:

```
Bb . Bo  .  Cm  .  F F7
Bb . Bo  .  Cm  .  F

Fo     F7
By and by,
                        Bb  .  .  .  | .  .  C#o
I'm breathing a lover's sigh.
      .   Cm7           Bo
Well, I'm sitting on my watch
         Cm7   F7
So I can be on time
    Bb7/ab         Eb/g
I'm singing love's praises
     Ebm/gb       F
With sugar-coated rhymes.

. . .

                  Bb   /d  C#o  F7/c   Bb  .  A7
Making my last go round.

           .   D7                A7
     Well, I'm scuffling, and I'm shuffling
           D7          Bb7   A7
     And I'm walking on briars
     D7              A7
      I'm not even acquainted
           D A/c#  F7/a .  F7
     with my own    desires
```

Chords:

```
Bbo    x12020              Bo       x23131
Bm7    x24232              Cm7      x35343
Eo     012020              Fo       123131  or xx3434
E7     022140              F7       131241  or xx3545
Co     x34242              C#o      x45353
A7/g   34222x              Bb7/ab   45333x
```

```
D/f#   254232 or 200232     Eb/g     365343
Dm/f   103231               Ebm/gb   2x4342
G#/b#  x3114x               A/c#     x4225x
```

Here's a tab of what the bass plays during the bridge. I've written it relative to the capo of the rest of the tab, for clarity. The bass obviously doesn't use a capo, though, and the (*) denotes the tone right below the capo... (i.e. the open, lowest string).

```
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------|
|---------3----------------------|---------3---6---7-----7-6-----6-|
|-4---6-------4---6---4---3------|-4---6--------------------------|
|-----------------------------4---|--------------------------------|

|--------------------------------|------------------------------
|--------------------------------|------------------------------
|--------------------------------|------------------------------
|--------------------------------|------------------------------
|-4-----------------------------3-|-4-----4-3-----3-2-----2------
|-----4---6---5---4---2---1--(*)--|------------------------0----
```

Lonesome Day Blues

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Played in A♭ major, with barre chords. Could of course be played in A by dropping all the ’b’s from the chord names.
The tone ‘cb’ is in practice the same as b, i.e. 5th string, 2nd fret.

The * thing:

```
|-----------------|-------
|-----------------|-------
|-----------------|-------
|-----------------|-------
|-----3---4---3---|-------
|-4---------------|-4-----
```

```
      Ab                                *    Ab  Ab7
Well, today has been a sad and lonesome day,
        Db7                              Ab *
Yeah, today has been a sad and lonesome day,
         Eb                             /eb    /db     /cb  /bb Ab *
I’m just sitting here thinking with my mind a million miles away.

Well, they’re doing the double shuffle, throwing sand on the floor,
They’re doing the double shuffle, they’re throwing sand on the floor,
Well, I left my longtime darling, she was standing in the door.

Well, my pa he died and left me, my brother got killed in the war.
Well, my pa he died and left me, my brother got killed in the war.
My sister she ran off and got married, never was heard of anymore. *)

Samantha Brown lived in my house for about four or five months.
Samantha Brown lived in my house for about four or five months.
Don’t know how it looked to other people,
                I never slept with her even once.

Well, the road’s washed out, weather not fit for man or beast.
Yeah, the road’s washed out, weather not fit for man or beast.
Funny the things you have the hardest time parting with
                are the things you need the least.

Well, I’m forty miles from the mill, I’m dropping it into overdrive.
I’m forty miles from the mill, I’m dropping it into overdrive.
Set my dial on the radio, I wish my mother was still alive.

I seen your loverman coming, coming across the barren fields,
I see your loverman coming, coming ’cross the barren fields,
He’s not a gentleman at all, he’s rotten to the core,
                he’s a coward and he steals.

Well, my captain he’s decorated, he’s well-schooled and he’s skilled,
```

```
My captain he's decorated, he's well-schooled and he's skilled,
He's not sentimental, it don't bother him at all
                how many of his pals have been killed.

Last night the wind was whispering, I was trying to make out what it was **)
Last night the wind was whispering something,
                I was trying to make out what it was
Yeah, I tell myself something's coming, but it never does.

I'm going to spare the defeated, I'm going to speak to the crowd,
I'm going to spare the defeated, boys, I'm going to speak to the crowd,
I'm going to teach peace to the conquered, I'm going to tame the proud.

Well, the leaves are rustling in the wood, **)
                things are falling off of the shelf,
Leaves are rustling in the wood, things are falling off the shelf,
You're gonna need my help sweetheart, you can't make love all by yourself.
```

There are some interesting references to Mark Twain's *Huckleberry Finn* here (thanks to Nick for the informing me):

*) midway through chapter 17: '. . . and my sister Mary Ann run off and got married and never was heard of no more. . . '

**) Towards the end of Ch. 1: 'I felt so lonesome I most wished I was dead. The stars was shining, and the leaves rustled in the woods ever so mournful;. . . and the wind was trying to whisper something to me and I couldn't make out what it was.' (thanks to Nick for the reference)

Floater (Too Much To Ask)

Words by Bob Dylan. Music taken from “Snuggled On Your Shoulders” by Lombardo/Young
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

I’ve written in the melody line from the violin part in the intro; it’s a bit awkward, but it can be done, if you absolutely want to (otherwise, it sounds better with the chord indicated in the chord list). If played with a capo on the 1st fret, it is actually a bit easier to get this part right. If only for that reason, I include such a version at the end of the page.

Chords:

```
F7      xx3545        Ebm     x68876
F#o     xx4545        Dm      x57765
F#7     xx4656        A7      575655
Fo      xx3434        C/e     x7558x
Bb      688766        F       x87565
Eb7     x68686        Bb6     x13333
```

Not only the music is “borrowed”; Chris Johnson has discovered that most of the text lines are taken from Junichi Saga’s novel *Confessions of a Yakuza* (translated by John Bester). See this survey of all the lines borrowed from that book, or see the references below.

Intro:

```
  F7                F#o               F#7               F7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-1---------------|-2---------------|-2-----4-2-----4-|-1---------------|
|-1-----3-1-----3-|-4-----6-4-----6-|-2---------------|-1---------------|
|-2---------------|-2---------------|-3---------------|-2---------------|
|-1---------------|-4---------------|-2---------------|-1---------------|
|-3---------------|-3---------------|-4---------------|-3---------------|
|-1---------------|-2---------------|-2---------------|-1---------------|
```

```
F7    Fo      F7
Down over the window
         Bb       Eb7    Bb
Come the dazzling sunlit rays
            F7          Fo          F7
Through the back alleys, through the blinds,
               Bb          Ebm     Bb
Another one of them endless days.

Honey bees are buzzing
Leaves begin to stir
I’m in love with my second cousin           Bb    A7
I tell myself I could be happy forever with her.

     Dm                  A7
     I keep listening for footsteps,
     Dm                       Bb     A7
      But I ain’t ever hearing any.
```

```
     Dm                         A7
     From the boat, I fish for bullheads
       Dm               C/e       F . . Fo
     I catch a lot, sometimes too many.

A summer breeze is blowin',
A squall is setting in.
Sometimes it's just plain stupid
To get into any kind of wind.

[intro]

Well, the old men 'round here sometimes they get on              1)
bad terms with the younger men,
Old, young - age don't carry weight
It doesn't matter in the end

One of the bosses' hangers-on sometimes comes to call
At times you least expect,
Tryin' to bully you, strong-arm you, inspire you with fear.
It has the opposite effect

     There's a new grove of trees on the outskirts of town       2)
     The old one - long gone.
     Timber, two foot six across,
     Burns with the bark still on.

They say times are hard,
If you don't believe it you can follow your nose.
It don't bother me, times are hard everywhere,
We will just have to see how it goes.

[intro]

My old man he's like some feudal lord,                           3)
Got more lives than a cat.
I've never seen him quarrel with my mother even once.            4)
Things come alive or they fall flat.

You can smell the pine wood burnin'
You can hear the school-bell ring.
Got to get up near the teacher, if you can
If you wanna learn anything.

     Romeo, he said to Juliet, "You got a poor complexion
     It don't give you an appearance of a youthful touch."
     Juliet said back to Romeo, "Why don't you just shove off    5)
     If it bothers you so much."

They all got out of here any way they could -
Cold rain can give you the shivers.
They went down the Ohio, the Cumberland, the Tennessee,
All the rest of them rebel rivers.

[intro]

If you ever try to interfere with me, or cross my path again,
```

```
You do so at the peril of your own life.                          9)
I'm not quite as cool or forgiving as I sound,                    6)
I've seen enough heartache and strife.

My grandfather was a duck trapper
He could do it with just dragnets and ropes
My grandmother could sew new dresses out of old cloth,
I don't know if they had any dreams or hopes.

     I had 'em once though I suppose
     To go along with all the ring dancing,
             Christmas Carols on all the Christmas Eves
     I left all my dreams and hopes
     Buried under tobacco leaves

Not always easy kicking someone out,                              7)
Got to wait awhile, it can be an unpleasant task.
Sometimes somebody wants you to give something up
And, tears or not, it's too much to ask.                          8)

[intro, ended by Bb6]
```

References to Junichi Saga's novel *Confessions of a Yakuza*

1) . . . some kind of trouble that put him on bad terms with the younger men. . . age doesn't matter. . . Age by itself just doesn't carry any weight. (155)

2) They were big, those trees – a good four feet across the trunk. (241)

3) My old man would sit there like a feudal lord (6)

4) It's Up To Him Whether A Session Comes Alive Or Falls Flat. . . (155)

5) "If it bothers you so much,'' she'd say, "why don't you just shove off?'' (9)

6) I'm not as cool or forgiving as I might have sounded (158)

7) even kicking him out wasn't as easy as that. . . I decided to wait a while and see how it worked out. . . (155)

8) Tears or not, though, that was too much to ask (182)

Other references

9) "R B" has sent me the following quite interesting reference – there's no limit to the range of sources Dylan has chosen: this time, it is Confederate Gen Nathan B. Forrest, the founder of the Ku Klux Klan:

. . . Later in the war, Forrest told General Braxton Bragg just what he thought of that vacillating, indecisive officer after Bragg had twice "tampered with" Forrest's cavalry command. The confrontation occurred at Bragg's headquarters on Missionary Ridge during the ridiculous Confederate siege of Chattanooga. Forrest said:

"I have stood your meanness as long as I intend to. You have played the part of a damned scoundrel, and are a coward, and if you were any part of a man I would slap your jaws and force you to resent it. . . . **If you ever again try to interfere with me or cross my path, it will be at the peril of your life."** (from http://www.thehistorynet.com/acw/blfeuding_generals/index1.html)

Version in E (capo 1st fret):

```
  E7                Fo                F7                E7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---------------|-1-----0-------0-|-1-----3-1-----3-|-0---------------|
|-0-----2-0-----2-|-3-------3-------|-1---------------|-0---------------|
|-1---------------|-1---------------|-2---------------|-1---------------|
|-0---------------|-3---------------|-1---------------|-0---------------|
|-2---------------|-2---------------|-3---------------|-2---------------|
|-0---------------|-1---------------|-1---------------|-0---------------|
```

```
E7    Eo      E7
Down over the window
         A        D7     A
From the dazzling sunlit place
            E7           Eo          E7
Through the back alleys, through the blinds,
                A            Dm     A
Another one of them endless days.

Honey bees are buzzing
Leaves begin to stir
I'm in love with my second cousin           A    G#7
I tell myself I could be happy forever with her.

     C#m                   G#7
     I keep listening for footsteps,
     C#m                       A     G#7
      But I ain't ever hearing any.
     C#m                       G#7
     From the boat, I fish for bullheads
       C#m              B/d#      E . . Eo
     I catch a lot, sometimes too many.

     . . .
```

High Water (For Charlie Patton)

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
        G                        F5  F#5   G                        (C)
 .      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .
-------|-------3-/(7)7---|-----------------|-3---------------|----------------|
-------|-------3-/(8)8---|*----------------|-3-------------*|----------------|
-------|-------4-/(7)7---|-----------------|-4---------------|----------------|
-3h0---|-5---------------|-----------------|-5----(3-5)------|----------------|
----1b-|-5---------------|*--------3---4---|-5-------------*|----------------|
-------|-3---------------|---------1---2---|-3---------------|----------------|
```

```
G
High water rising, rising night and day

All the gold and silver are being stolen away

Big Joe Turner looking east and west from the dark room of his mind

He made it to Kansas City, Twelfth Street and Vine *)
F5      F#5      G
Nothing standing there
     F5    F#5  G
High water everywhere

High water rising, the shacks are sliding down
Folks lose their possessions and folks are leaving town
Bertha Mae she shook it, broke it, and she hung it on the wall
Say: "You dancin’ with whom they tell you to, or you don’t dance at all"
It’s tough out there
High water everywhere

I got a craving love for blazing speed, got a hopped up Mustang Ford
Jump into the wagon, Love, throw your panties on the board
I can write you poems, make a strong man lose his mind
I’m no pig without a wig I hope you treat me kind
Things are breaking up out there
High water everywhere

High water rising, six inches ’bove my head
Coffins dropping in the street, like balloons made out of lead
Water poured into Vicksburg, don’t know what I’m gonna do
"Don’t reach out for me," she said, "Can’t you see I’m drowning too"
It’s rough out there
High water everywhere

Well, George Lewes told the Englishman, the Italian and the Jew,
"You can’t open up your mind, boys, to any conceivable point of view,
They got Charles Darwin trapped out there on Highway 5"
Judge says to the High Sheriff, "I want him dead or alive,
Either one, I don’t care"
High water everywhere
```

Well, the cuckoo is a pretty bird, she warbles as she flies **)
I'm preaching the word of God, I'm putting out your eyes
I asked fat Nancy for something t' eat, she said, "Take it off the shelf
As great as you are, man, you'll never be greater than yourself."
I told her I didn't really care
High water everywhere

I'm gettin' up in the morning, I believe I'll dust my broom
Keeping away from the women, I'm giving them lots of room
Thunder rollin' over Clarksdale, everything a-lookin' blue
I just can't be happy, love, unless you're happy too
It's bad out there
High water everywhere.

---

*) As has been pointed out by jokerman on r.m.d., there is no such intersection in Kansas. However, as Matt Groneman has pointed out in an e-mail, this

is irrelevant because Kansas City is in Missouri. Kansas City, Kansas is a suburb of Kansas City, Missouri. 12th Street and Vine, also referenced in the R&B standard Kansas City made famous by Wilbert Harrison among others, is a historic jazz and blues landmark. Big Joe Turner, Count Basie and others made themselves famous in the Kansas City scene. 56th and Wabasha is also in Kansas City, Missouri, within walking distance from the Kansas border.

**) This is of course a reference to Cuckoo Is A Pretty Bird, sung by Bob Dylan at the second Gaslight show (oct 1962).

Moonlight

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
Bb6    x1303x                C#o    x45353
Dm7-5  xx0111 or x5656x      Bb/d   x5333x
Cm7-5  x3434x                C9     x35333
Dm/f   xx3231                F+     x4322x
Bo     x23131
```

A more logical (or at least euphonious) progression at the end of the intro and other places, would be B♭ Bo Cm C#o. B♭/b matches what Dylan sings… Euphony never was his middle name anyway.
The Dm7 at “meet me” sounds like a Dm7-5 in some verses, but since that clashes with the singing, I’d recommend a plain Dm7.
The figure at the end of the bridge is transcribed according to what is played. The chord names in the tab are more or less what results if the bass and the song are considered; in the text I’ve suggested a simpler version that does more or less the same (Dm/f – F+ – F7 – F+).
And remember: the bass notes that are played too early, which gives the swing character.

```
  Bb6         Gm            Dm7-5       G7            Cm7-5       Dm/f  F
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-1---3-4----------3-----|-------------------------|
|-------3-----------3-----|-1-----------3-----3-----|-4---6-4-----3-----1-----|
|-------0-----3-----3-----|-1-----------4-----4-----|-3-----------2-----2-----|
|-----3-----3-5-----5---0-|-------------3-----------|-4-----------3-----3-----|
|-1-----------------------|-------------5---------3-|----------------------(1)|
|-------------------------|-----------3-------------|-------------------------|

  Bb    /b    Cm    F+
  :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|
|-3-----3-----4-----2-----|
|-3-----3-----3-----2-----|
|-3-----3-----5-----3-----|
|-1-----2---3-------4-----|
|-------------------------|

    Bb                Bo
The seasons, they are turning
       Cm7           C#o
And my sad heart is yearning                          :     .      :     .
        Bb/d                  Bb                C9    |---------------------3-----|
To hear again the songbird’s sweet melodious tone     |-3-------------------3-----|
Bb     Gm7                                            |-3-------------------3-----|
Won’t you                                             |-5-----5-4-3--------5-----|
Dm7     G7                                            |-3-----------7------------|
meet  me                                              |-------------------------|
Cm7-5      Dm/f  F    Bb   /b  Cm7  F                   tone
out in the moonlight alone
```

```
The dusky light the day is losing
Orchids, poppies, black-eyed susan
The earth and sky that melts with flesh and bone
Won't you meet me
Cm7-5      Dm/f F    Bb     F+
out in the moonlight alone

The air is thick and heavy
All along the levee
Where the geese into the countryside have flown
Won't you meet me
Cm7-5      Dm/f  F    Bb
out in the moonlight alone

               Gm
     Well, I'm preaching peace and harmony
         Cm
     The blessings of tranquility
         Gm                                C7
     Yet I know when the time is right to strike
       Bb
     I take you 'cross the river, dear
     C7
     You've no need to linger here
     Dm/f         F+                F    F+
     I know the kinds of things you like

  Dm/f    Eo        F9      Fm7+5
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-10--10--9---9---|-8---8---9---9---|
|-10--10--8---8---|-8---8---9---9---|
|-10--10--9---9---|-8---8---8---8---|
|(10)-------------|-----------------|
|(8)--(implied throughout)----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|

The clouds are turning crimson
The leaves fall from the limbs and
The branches cast their shadows over stone
Won't you meet me
out in the moonlight alone

The boulevards of cypress trees
The masquerade of birds and bees
The petals pink and white, the wind has blown
Won't you meet me
out in the moonlight alone

     The trailing moss in mystic glow
     The purple blossom soft as snow
     My tears keep flowing to the sea.
     Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief
     It takes a thief to catch a thief
     For whom does the bell toll for, love?
     It tolls for you and me.  *)
```

```
Old pulses running through my palm
The sharp hills are rising from
Yellow fields with twisted oaks that groan
Won’t you meet me
out in the moonlight alone

[instr. verse, ending with:]
```

freely

```
|-------------------------------------------------5----||
|-----------------------------------------4-(3)----3----||
|---------------------------------5--3------------3----||
|------------------------/5---3-------------------3----||
|------------------3--1---------------------------------||
|-2-2-2-2/4-2-0-1-----------------------------------------||
```

---

*) In recent shows (August 2002) these lines have been changed to:

```
The trailing moss and mystic glow
Purple blossoms soft as snow
My tears keep flowing without end
Doctor, lawyer, Indian chief
It takes a thief to catch a thief
For whom does the bell toll for, love? It tolls for you, my friend
```

(reported to pool.dylantree.com by Minstrel Boy and Marcel)

Honest With Me

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
  F5       Eb5          C5       Bb5          Ab5   F5
  :     .    .   .      :     .     .   .     :   .     : . . .   : . . .
|---------------------|---------------------|---------|---------|---------|
|---------------------|---------------------|---------|---------|---------|
|-10-10-10-8----------|---------------------|---------|---------|---------|
|-10-10-10-8----------|-10-10-10-8----------|-6-6-6-3-|---------|---------|
|-8--8--8--6----------|-10-10-10-8----------|-6-6-6-3-|---------|---------|
|---------------------|-8--8--8--6----------|-4-4-4-1-|---------|---------|
                                                                  Well...
```

```
          F7
Well, I'm stranded in the city that never sleeps

Some of these women they just give me the creeps

I'm avoiding the south side the best I can

These memories I got they can strangle a man
        Bb7
Well, I came ashore in the dead of the night
                 F7
Lot of things can get in the way when you're trying to do what's right
    C7
You don't understand it, my feeling for you
         F7
You'd be honest with me if you only knew.

I'm not sorry for nothing I've done
I'm glad I fought, I only wish we won
The siamese twins are coming to town
People can't wait, they've gathered around
When I left my home the sky split open wide
I never wanted to go back there, I'd rather have died
You don't understand it, my feeling for you
You'd be honest with me if only you knew

[intro]

My woman got a face like a teddy bear
She's tossin' a baseball bat in the air
The meat is so tough you can't cut it with a sword
I'm crashing my car trunk first into the board
You say that my eyes are pretty and my smile is nice
Well, I'd sell it to you at a reduced price
You don't understand it, my feeling for you
You'd be honest with me if only you knew

[intro]
```

Some things are too terrible to be true,
I won’t come here no more if it bothers you.
There’s a Southern Pacific leaving at 9:45
I’m having a hard time believing some people were ever alive
I’m stark naked but I don’t care
I’m going off into the woods, I’m huntin’ bare
You don’t understand it, my feeling for you
Well, you’d be honest with me if only you knew

[intro]

I’m here to create the new imperial empire
I’m gon’ do whatever circumstances require
I care so much for you I didn’t think I could
I can’t tell my heart that you’re no good
Well, my parents, they warned me not to waste my years
And I still got their advice oozing out of my ears
You don’t understand it, my feeling for you
Well, you’d be honest with me if only you knew

[intro, fade out on F7]

Po′ Boy

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
Fmaj7   133210  or x-8-10-10-10-12
F6      13x231  or x-8-10-10-10-10
Am/f#   202210  or xx4555 (=F#m7-5)
Bm7-5   x2323x
E7-5    010100  or, more correctly, 010130
D9      x54555  or x54530 (in the bridge)
B5      x2440x
G6      320000
G       320003  or 320033
```

The E7-5 is the combined result of guitar and bass. A plain E7 is just as good.
The G at the end of the bridge is, just like in Mississippi, more of a G7sus4 (3x301x) or G11 (3x3211).

```
  Fmaj7 F6          C     Am/f#       Fmaj7   G6 G  C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-12----10--------|-----------------|--------/3-1---0-|-----------------
|-10----10--------|-1-----1---------|/5-5-5-5/5-3---1-|-----------------
|-10----10--------|-0-----2---------|--------(0-0---0)|-----------------
|-10----10--------|-2-----2---------|/5-5-5-5---------|-----------------
|-----------------|-3-----0---------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-------2---------|-----------------|-----------------

C                                 Bm7-5        E7(-5)
Man came to the door, I say, "For whom are you lookin' "
               Am                   D9
He says, "Your wife." I say, "She's busy in the kitchen cookin' "
Fmaj7 F6   C         Am/f#
Po'   boy, where you been?
F(maj7)            G6          G    C
I already told you, won't tell you again.

I say, "How much you want for that?" I go into the store,
Man says, "Three dollars." "All right," I say, "Will you take four?"
Po' boy, never say die,
Things will be all right by and by.

Workin' like on the main line, working like a devil,
The game is the same, it's just up on another level.
Po' boy, dressed in black,
Police at your back.         B(5)

     Em  B7       Em      B7
     Po' boy in a red hot town,
     Em     B7               Em
      out beyond the twinklin' stars,
```

```
     E7           Am            E7         Am
     Ridin’ first class trains, makin’ the rounds,
     E7                  Am        D9        G
     Tryin’ to keep from fallin’ between the cars
```

```
G
   .       :     .     .             .       :     .     .
---------|-------------------    ----------|-------------------
-5-6---5-|-8---8-----6-------    --1-3---1-|-5---5-----3-------
-5-7---5-|-9---9-----7------- or ----------|-------------------
---------|-------------------    --2-3---2-|-5---5-----3-------
---------|-------------------    ----------|-------------------
---------|-------------------    ----------|-------------------
```

```
Othello told Desdemona, "I’m cold, cover me with a blanket,
By the way, what happened to that poisoned wine?"
        She said, "I gave it to you, you drank it."
Po’ boy, layin’ him straight,
Pickin’ up the cherries fallin’ off the plate.

Time and love has branded me with its claws
Had to go to Florida dodgin’ them Georgia laws.
Po’ boy, in the hotel called The Palace of Gloom,
Call down to room service, says "Send up a room."

     My mother was a daughter of a wealthy farmer,
     My father was a travelin’ salesman, I never met him.
     When my mother died, my uncle took me and he ran a funeral parlor.
     He did a lot of nice things for me and I won’t forget him.
```

```
    .       :     .     .
----------|-------------------
--1-3---1-|-5---------3-3-----
----------|-------------------
--2-3---2-|-5---------3-3-----
----------|-------------------
----------|-------------------
```

```
All I know is that I’m thrilled by your kiss,
I don’t know any more than this.
Po’ boy, pickin’ up sticks,
Build you a house out of mortar and bricks.

Knockin’ on the door, I said, "Who’s it, where you from?"
Man said, "Freddie."  I said, "Freddie who?"
        He said, "Freddie or not, here I come!"
Po’ boy, ’neath the stars that shine,
Washin’ them dishes, feedin’ them swine.

[Intro (slowly)]
```

An alternate way of playing the end of the intro:

```
  Fmaj7    G6        C
  :    .   .     .       :
|-0--------0---------0-|-------
|-1--------0---3-1---1-|-------
|-2--------0---------0-|-------
|-3--------0---------2-|-------
|-3--------2---------3-|-------
|-1--------3-----------|-------
```

Cry Awhile

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key G major). It is of course possible to play it without a capo, but it sounds best with an E7 chord shape, like 022430 (half barre 2nd fret).

During the first part of the verses (the bouncy part), the guitars play a descending bass line (e-d-c♯-b) against the ascending e-f♯-g-g♯ in the bass.

Intro:

```
  E7                                    A7
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0---0-------|-0-----------------------|
|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3---3-------|-3-----------------------|
|-4-4-4-4-4-4-4---4-------|-4-----------2-----------|
|-2-----------------------|-----2-------------5---2-|
|-2---------------------2-|-------2-3-4-------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|

  E     E7    A     C7      E7
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------0---0-------------||
|-------------------------|-------3---3-------------||
|-------1---1-2---2-3---3-|-4-----4---4-------------||
|-------0---0(2---2-2---2)|-2-----2---2-------------||
|-----2-------4---4-3---3-|-2-----------------------||
|-0-----------------------|-------------------------||
```

Verse:

```
  E7      /d        /c#     /b
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3---3---3---3---|-3---3---3---3---|
|-4---4---4---4---|-4---4---4---4---|
|-2---2-----------|-2---2---2---2---| x4
|---------5---5---|-4---4---2---2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|

Bass:
  E       f#        g       g#
```

```
                  E7             /f#      /g  /g#  E7      /f# /g  /g#
Well, I had to go down and see a guy named    Mr Goldsmith
E7      /f#          /g            /g#
Nasty, dirty, double-crossing, backstabbing phony
                               E7               /f#           /g        /g#
                               I didn't have to wanna have to deal with
```

```
     A7                                          E7
But I  did it for you, and all you gave me was a smile.
                                    A7            E   E7   A   C7  E
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn to cry awhile

I don't carry dead weight, I'm no flash in the pan
All right, I'll set you straight, can't you see I'm a union man
I'm letting the cat out of the cage, I'm keeping a low profile
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn, and you can cry awhile

Feel like a fighting rooster, feel better than I ever felt
But the Pennsylvania Line's in an awful mess
                and the Denver road is about to melt
I went to the Church house, every day I go an extra mile
Well, I cried for you, now your turn, you can cry awhile

Last night, 'cross the alley, there was a pounding on the wall
It must have been Don Pasquale making a 2 a.m. booty call
To break a trusting heart like mine was just your style
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn to cry awhile

I'm on the fringes of the night, fighting back tears that I can't control
Some people they ain't human, they got no heart or soul
But I'm crying to the Lord, trying to be meek and mild
Yes, I'm crying for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

     [instr. verse]

Well the preacher's in the pulpit and the babies in their cribs
I'm longing for that sweet fat that sticks to your ribs
I gonn' buy me a barrel of whisky, I'll die before I turn senile
Yes, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Well, you bet on the horse, and it ran the wrong way
I always said you'd be sorry and today could be the day
I might need a good lawyer, could be your funeral, my trial
Well, I cried for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile
```

Sugar Baby

Words by Bob Dylan. Musically a Theft from “The Lonesome Road” by Austin/Shilkret, sung by Gene Austin
Released on *Love And Theft* (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The most prominent guitar (right channel) uses a re-tuned guitar, most likely in the tuning C-G-c-f-a-d’ (“Drop D” tuning pattern, but one whole step lower than usual). Other tunings are possible – DADGAD, open D or double drop D (all tuned one step lower, to C). The only chord that seems to require a 1st string in standard tuning, is F♯m7. Throughout the rest of the song, the 1st string doesn’t seem to be used.

The tabs below follow the re-tuned guitar, here and there incorporating the bass figure, which is not always played on that guitar. At the bottom of the page is a version in standard tuning, for those who don’t want to re-tune your guitars.

Chords (with chord names relative to standard tuning, for clarity. The sounding chords are one step lower):

```
Gm6     01203(0)     D7      xx053(5)
Bm/f    xx443(2)     G/d     xx043(3)
Bm(vii) xx977(7)     Gm/d    xx033(3)
F#m7    xx4220
F#m(vi) xx7670
```

```
  D                 Gm6               D       A7        D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3---3---3-------|-3---3---3-------|-3---3-----------|-3---3---3-------|
|-2---2---2-------|-0---0---0-------|-2---2---0-------|-2---2---2-------|
|-0---0---0-------|-2---2---0-------|-0---0--(0)------|-0---0---0-------|
|-0-------2-0-----|-1---------1-----|-0---0---2-0---2-|-0---0--(2-0)----|
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---0-----------|-0---0---0-------|
```

```
  D           Gm6                   D        A7         D
I got my back to the sun ’cause the light is too intense.
D                Gm6     D               A7  D
I can see what everybody in the world is up against.
Bm/f       Bm(vii)   F#m7       (vi)  Bm           (vii)    F#m7  A7
Can’t turn back, you can’t come back, sometimes we push too far
D               Gm6/d                 D          A7       D
 One day you’ll open up your eyes and you’ll see where we are.
D7                 G/d                      Gm/d             D
Sugar baby, get on down the road, you ain’t got no brains, nohow,
D7                 G/d                   Gm/d       D
You went years without me, might as well keep going now.
```

Verse tab (lyrics aren’t exactly aligned with the tab):

```
  D                 Gm6               D       A7        D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|*-3---3---3------|-3---3---3------|-3---3-----------|--------(3)-----*|
|--2---2---2------|-0---0---0------|-2---2---0-------|----(2)-(2)------|
|--0---0---0------|-2---2---0------|-0---0--(0)------|-0---0---0-------|
|*-0-------2-0----|-1---------1----|-0---0---2-0---2-|-0---0---0------*|
|--0--------------|-0--------------|-0---0-----------|-0---0---0-------|
I've got my back     to the sun 'cause the light is too intense
I can see what       everybody         in the world is up against.

  Bm      (vii)     F#m7    (vi)      Bm/f    (vii)     F#m7    A7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|---0---0---0---0-|-----------------|---0---0---------|
|-3---3---7---7---|-2---2---7---7---|-3---3---7---7---|-2-------2-------|
|---4---4---7---7-|---------6---6---|---4---4---7---7-|---------0-------|
|-4---4--/9---9---|-4-------7---7---|-4---4---9---9---|-----4---2-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------0-----0h2|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
Can't turn back, you can't           sometimes we push too far
                       come back

  D                 Gm6               D       A         D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3---3---3-------|-3---3---3-------|-3---3---7-5-----|(3)------3-------|
|-2---2---2-------|-0---0---0-------|-2---2-----------|(2)------2-------|
|-0---0---0-------|-2---2---0-------|-0---0---7-5-----|(4)------0-------|
|-0-------2-0-----|-1---------1-----|-0---0--(0)------|-0---0---0-------|
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---0-----------|-0---0---0-------|
 One day you'll     open up your      you'll see        are.
                           eyes and          where we

  D7      G/d       Gm/d    D         D7      G/d       Gm/d
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------|
|-----3-------3---|-----3-----------|-----3-------3---|-----3---|
|-5-----5-4-----4-|-3-----3-2-------|-5-----5-4-----4-|-3-----3-|
|---0-------0-----|---0---------*---|---0-------0-----|---0-----| * Harmonics
|-----------------|-------------*---|-----------------|---------|   5th fret
|-----------------|-------------*---|-----------------|---------|
  Sugar Baby...

  D                 Gm6               D       A         D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3---3---3-------|-3---3---3-------|-3---3---7-5-----|(3)------3-------|
|-2---2---2-------|-0---0---0-------|-2---2-----------|(2)------2-------|
|-0---0---0-------|-2---2---0-------|-0---0---7-5-----|(4)------0-------|
|-0-------2-0-----|-1---------1-----|-0---0--(0)------|-0---0---0-------|
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---0-----------|-0---0---0-------|
```

Some of these bootleggers, they make pretty good stuff.
Plenty of places to hide things here if you want to hide them bad enough.

```
I’m staying with Aunt Sally, but you know she’s not really my Aunt
Some of these mem’ries you can learn to live with and some of ’em you can’t.
Sugar baby, get on down the line, yeah, you ain’t got no brains, nohow,
You went years without me; you might as well keep going now.

The ladies down in Darktown, they’re doing the Darktown strut
You always got to be prepared, but you never know for what
There ain’t no limit to the amount of trouble women bring
Love is pleasing, love is teasing. Love, not an evil thing.
Sugar baby, get on down the road, ain’t got no brains, nohow
You went years without me; might as well keep going now.

Every moment of existence seems like some dirty trick
Happiness can come suddenly and leave just as quick
Any minute of the day the bubble can burst
Try to make things better for someone sometimes you just end up
                   making it thousand times worse.
Sugar baby, get on down the road, ain’t got no brains, nohow
You went years without me; might as well keep going now

Your charms have broken many a heart and mine is surely one
You got a way of tearing the world apart, love, see what you’ve done
Just as sure as we’re living, just as sure as you’re born,
Look up, look up, seek your Maker, ’fore Gabriel blows his horn
Sugar baby, get on down the line, you ain’t got no sense, nohow
You went years without me; might as well keep going now
```

```
  D                 Gm6/d             D       A         D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------------0----||
|-3---3---3-------|-3---3---3-------|-3---3---7-5-----|---------------3----||
|-2---2---2-------|-0---0---0-------|-2---2-----------|---------------2----||
|-0---0---0-------|-2---2---0-------|-0---0---7-5-----|-----0---2h4---4----||
|-0-------2-0-----|-1---------1-----|-0---0--(0)------|---0---0-------0----||
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---0-----------|-0-------------0----||
```

Here’s a version in standard tuning:

```
Fm6   45353x or 133131
```

```
  C                 Fm6     [Fmmaj7]  C       G7        C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3---3-----------|-5---5---3-------|-3---3-----------|-3---3-----------|
|---------5-3-----|-----------4-----|---------5-3---5-|---------5-3-----|
```

```
  C           Fm6                   C        G7         C
I got my back to the sun ’cause the light is too intense.
C              Fm6       C               G7  C
I can see what everybody in the world is up against.
```

```
Am                    Em               Am                      Em   G
Can’t turn back, you can’t come back, sometimes we push too far
C               Fm6                   C          G7       C
 One day you’ll open up your eyes and you’ll see where we are.
C7                 C6                       Fm               C
Sugar baby, get on down the road, you ain’t got no brains, nohow,
C7                 F                     Fm         C
You went years without me, might as well keep going now.
```

40

Bootleg Series vol. 5: Live 1975

The Rolling Thunder Revue

Recorded November–December 1975 — Released November 26, 2002

↪303 Tonight I'll Be Staying Here With You
↪150 It Ain't Me, Babe
↪68 A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall
↪121 The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll
↪571 Romance in Durango
↪561 Isis
↪177 Mr. Tambourine Man
↪440 Simple Twist of Fate
↪53 Blowin' in the Wind
↪843 Mama, You Been on My Mind
↪860 I Shall Be Released

↪190 It's All Over Now, Baby Blue
↪166 Love Minus Zero/No Limit
↪428 Tangled Up in Blue
1026 The Water Is Wide
↪202 It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry
↪567 Oh, Sister
↪558 Hurricane
↪565 One More Cup of Coffee (Valley Below)
↪577 Sara
↪247 Just Like a Woman
↪374 Knockin' on Heaven's Door

The Water Is Wide

Trad.
Performed by Bob Dylan and Joan Baez (8 times) during the first Rolling Thunder Tour (1975), and 3 times in 1989-90. Released on *Live 1975* (2002)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The tab is based on the version from Plymouth, Oct 1975

```
G

             G          C           G
The water is wide and I can't cross over
        Em              D
Neither have I wings to fly
[n.c]      Bm                   C
Build me a boat that can carry two
               G  D            C G/b Am G (C/g G)
And both shall row my love and I.

There is a ship and it sails on the sea
Loaded deep as deep can be
But not as deep as the love I'm in
I know not if I sink or swim.

I leaned my back up against an oak
Thinkin' it was a trusty tree
But first it bent and then it broke
Just like my own false love to me.

Oh love is gentle, love is kind
Gay as a jewel when first it's new
But love grows old and waxes cold
And fades away like some morning dew.

The water is wide and I can't cross over
Neither have I wings to fly
Build me a boat that can carry two
And both shall row my love and I.
```

41

Bootleg Series vol. 6: Live 1964

Concert at Philharmonic Hall

Recorded October 31, 1964 at Philharmonic Hall, New York City — Released March 30, 2004

↪94 The Times They Are A-Changin'
↪131 Spanish Harlem Incident
↪825 Talkin' John Birch Paranoid Blues
↪138 To Ramona
↪828 Who Killed Davey Moore?
↪181 Gates of Eden
↪852 If You Gotta Go, Go Now
↪185 It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding)
↪144 I Don't Believe You (She Acts Like We Never Have Met)
↪177 Mr. Tambourine Man
↪68 A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall

↪81 Talkin' World War III Blues
↪71 Don't Think Twice, It's All Right
↪121 The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll
↪843 Mama, You Been on My Mind
1028 Silver Dagger
↪103 With God on Our Side
↪150 It Ain't Me, Babe
↪127 All I Really Want to Do

Silver Dagger

Trad.
Song by Joan Baez and released on *Live 1964*

```
G           D7                        G
Don’t sing love songs, you’ll wake my mother,
               D                Em
she’s sleeping here right by my side.
           C                   Am
And in her right hand a silver dagger
              Em      G       D
she says that I can’t be your bride.

All men are false, says my mother,
they’ll tell you wicked, lovin’ lies.
The very next evening they’ll court another,
leave you alone to pine and sigh.

My daddy is - a handsome devil,
he’s got a chain, five miles long.
And on every link a heart does dangle
of another maid he’s loved and wronged.

Go court another tender maiden,
and hope that she will be your wife.
For I’ve been warned, and I’ve decided
to sleep alone all of my life.
```

42

Bootleg Series vol. 7

No Direction Home: The Soundtrack

Released September 2005

1030 When I Got Troubles
1031 Rambler, Gambler
1032 This land is your land
↪46 Song to Woody
↪1227 Dink's Song
↪1094 I Was Young When I Left Home
1034 Sally Girl
↪71 Don't Think Twice, It's All Right
↪28 Man of Constant Sorrow
↪53 Blowin' in the Wind
↪62 Masters of War
↪68 A Hard Rain's A-Gonna Fall
↪119 When the Ship Comes In
↪177 Mr. Tambourine Man
↪134 Chimes of Freedom
↪190 It's All Over Now, Baby Blue

↪159 She Belongs to Me
↪161 Maggie's Farm
↪202 It Takes a Lot to Laugh, It Takes a Train to Cry
↪198 Tombstone Blues
↪218 Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues
↪220 Desolation Row
↪216 Highway 61 Revisited
↪244 Leopard-Skin Pill-Box Hat
↪238 Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again
↪229 Visions of Johanna
↪208 Ballad of a Thin Man
↪194 Like a Rolling Stone

When I Got Troubles

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded May 1959, and released on *No direction home* (2005)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Basic pattern:

```
  E                           A
  :     .     .     .         :     .     .     .
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----||-0-----0-----0-----0-----||
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----||-2-----2-----2-----2-----||
|-1-----1-----1-----1---0-||-2-----2-----2-----2---0-||
|-2-----2-----2-----2---0-||-2-----2-----2-----2---0-||
|-2-----2-----2-----2-----||-0-----0-----0-----0-----||
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----||-------------------------||
```

```
E                     A               E
  Well I got troubles, troubles on my mind
          A                                   E
Yes, when I got those troubles, troubles on my mind
                B7                  A                    E
Well, I'm gonna forget my troubles, leave my troubles behind,
  B7
behind

         E               A
I'm gonna swing it up
E                A
 Swing down,
E
 Grab my baby, and wind, wind, wind,
      A                                          E
well, swing your troubles, swing your troubles away
       B7         A                      E
Well, swing, baby, swing your troubles today

                    A       E                 A       E
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-----------------0-2---0-|-----------------0-2---0-|-------------------------|
|-----------------0-2---0-|-1---------------0-2---0-|-1-----------------------|
|-----------------0-2---0-|-2---------------0-2---0-|-2-----------------------|
|-------------------------|-2-----------------------|-2-----------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
 swing it up                     swing it down              grab the baby . . .
```

Rambler, Gambler

Trad.
Recorded fall 1960, released on *No direction home* (2005)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

Strumming pattern, here written out with the little "thingie" between the verses:

```
  D7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----2-------2-2-|-----2-2-----2-2-|
|-----1-------1-1-|-----1-1-----1-1-|
|-----2---0h2-2-2-|-----2-2-----2-2-|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
```

Note also the strong lyric similarities with Wagoner's Lad

```
      G                            C               D
I'm a rambler and a gambler, I'm a long way from my home
       G           C       G                  D
If the people don't like me, they can leave me alone


Come sit down beside me, come sit down right here
Come sit down long you want to, love you always to hear

When you get to Wyoming, a letter you'll see
If you get into trouble, just you write after me

For I once had a lover, Her age was 16
She's a flower of Belton, and a rose of Seline

Her parents was against me, now she is the same
If I've writ on your book, love, just you blot out my name

Oh, there's changes in the ocean, there's changes in the sea
There's changes in my true love, ain't no change in me
```

This land is your land

Written by Woody Guthrie
Released by Bob Dylan on *No direction home* (2005) in a version from the Carnegie Chapter Hall, Nov 4, 1961
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Intro:

```
          C                                   G
          :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---------|-----0-------0---|-0---0-----------|-----3-------3---|-3---------------|
|---------|-----1-------1---|-1---1-----------|-----0-------0---|-0---------------|
|---------|-----0-------0---|-0---0-----------|-----0-------0---|-0---------------|
|-0-------|-----------------|-----2-----------|-----0-------0---|-----0-----------|
|-----2---|-3-------3-------|-------------0---|-0h2-------------|---------3---2---|
|---------|-----------------|---------3-------|---------3-------|-----------------|

  D                                   G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----2-2-----2---|-----2-----------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----3-3-----3---|-----3-----------|---strumming-----|-----------------|
|-----2-2-----2---|-----2-----------|---as before-----|-----------------|
|--------(0)------|---------0-------|---------0-------|-----------------|
|-0---------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------0---2---|
|-----------------|-------------2---|-3---------------|-3---3-----------|

  C                                   G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---------2-------|-----2---0h2-2---|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-3---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----2---3---2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|---------3-------|-----------------|

  D                                   G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----0---0-------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0---------------|-------------0---|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-3---------------|-----------------|
```

[One verse harp]

```
          C                       G
As I went walking, that ribbon of highway,
       D                       G
I saw above me that endless skyway,
        C                   G
I saw below me that golden valley.
D                               G
This land was made for you and me.
```

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York Island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

I've roamed and rambled, and I've followed my footsteps
To the sunny bright sands of her diamond deserts
And all around me a voice came a-singing
Singing, "This land was made for you and me"

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York Island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

It was early one morning, and I was a-strolling
With the wheat fields waving and the dust clouds rolling
As the fog was lifting, a voice comes chanting
. . .

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York Island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

Nobody living can ever stop me
As I go walking my freedom highway
Nobody living can make me turn back
This land was made for you and me

This land is your land, this land is my land,
From California to the New York Island,
From the redwood forest to the Gulf stream waters,
This land was made for you and me.

Sally Girl

Trad.
Recorded by Bob Dylan April 24-25, 1962, during the *Freewheelin'* sessions, and released on *No direction home* (2005)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Intro:

```
G  . Em . C . D G    x4
D [long harp improvisation]
G  . Em . C . D G    x2
G
```

```
      G                     Em
Well, I'm gonna get to you, Sally Girl
C                     D     G
I'm gonna get to you, Sally Girl
G                     Em
I'm gonna get to you, Sally Girl
C                     D     G
I'm gonna get to you, Sally Girl
```

```
[short interelude]
```

```
      G                    C
Well, I'm just one of them ramblin' men
D                G
Ramblin' since I don't know when
G                      C
Here I come, and I'm a-gone again
D            G
Sally says I got no end

I'm gonna get to you, Sally Girl
I'm gonna get to you, Sally Girl
I'm gonna get to you, Sally Girl
I'm gonna get to you, Sally Girl
```

```
[outro, same as intro]
```

43

Modern Times

Recorded ? — Released August 29, 2006

1036 Thunder on the Mountain
1038 Spirit on the Water
1042 Rollin' and Tumblin'
1045 When the Deal Goes Down
1048 Someday Baby
1050 Workingman's Blues #2
1054 Beyond the Horizon
1058 Nettie Moore
1060 The Levee's Gonna Break
1063 Ain't Talkin'

Thunder on the Mountain

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on Modern Times (2006)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Acoustic guitar (right channel): Capo 3rd fret (sounding key B♭ major)
Electric guitar more to the left: Capo 1st fret and the chords A, D, and E with this pattern:

```
  A                 D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------||-2---2---2---2---|
|-2---3---2---3---||-3---3---3---3---|
|-2---2---2---2---||-2---4---2---4---|
|-2---4---2---4---||-0---------------|
|-0---------------||-----------------|
|-----------------||-----------------|
```

The acoustic guitar in the right channel uses both xx0212 and x54530 for D7

```
  C/g                                       G
  :                                         :
|-------------------------------------3------|-3-----3-----------------------------------|
|-------------------------------------------|-0-------6-3-------------------------------|
|-------3-5------3-5---3-5---3-5---3-5--------|-0-----------5b7-5-3h5---5p3---3-h4--------|
|-----5--------------5-----5-----5------------|-0---------------------------5-------------|
|-------------------------------------------|-2-----------------------------------------|
|-------------------------------------------|-3-----------------------------------------|

  C/g                                     G
  :                                       :
|---------3-------3--------3---6---3------|------10-\slow\3-------------------------------|
|-----3-------3-------3-------------------|--------------------6--3-----------------------|
|-----------------------------------------|-------------------------5b7-5--3h4------------|
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------0--3--|
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
|-----------------------------------------|-----------------------------------------------|
```

```
G
Thunder on the mountain and there's fires on the moon

There's a ruckus in the alley and the sun will be here soon
  C                                       G
Today's the day; gonna grab my trombone and blow
              D7                                  G
Well, there's hot stuff here and it's everywhere I go

I was thinkin' 'bout Alicia Keys, couldn't keep from crying
When she was born in Hell's Kitchen, I was living down the line
I'm wondering where in the world Alicia Keys could be
I been looking for her even clear through Tennessee
```

Feel like my soul is beginning to expand
Look into my heart and you will sort of understand
You brought me here, now you're trying to run me away
The writing on the wall, come read it, come see what it say

Thunder on the mountain, rolling like a drum
Gonna sleep over there, that's where the music coming from
I don't need any guide, I already know the way
Remember this, I'm your servant both night and day

The pistols are poppin' and the power is down
I'd like to try somethin' but I'm so far from town
The sun keeps shinin' and the north wind keep picking up speed
gonna forget about myself for a while, go out and see what others need

I've been sitting down studying The Art of Love
I think it will fit me like a glove
I want some real good woman to do just what I say
Everybody got to wonder what's the matter with this cruel world today

Thunder on the mountain rolling to the ground
Gonna get up in the morning walk the hard road down
Some sweet day I'll stand beside my king
I wouldn't betray your love or any other thing

Gonna raise me an army, some tough sons of bitches
I'll recruit my army from the orphanages
I been to St. Herman's church; said my religious vows
I've sucked the milk out of a thousand cows

I got the pork chops, she got the pie
She ain't no angel and neither am I
Shame on your greed, shame on your wicked schemes
I'll say this, I don't give a damn about your dreams

Thunder on the mountain heavy as can be
Mean old twister bearing down on me
All the ladies in Washington are scrambling to get out of town
Look like something bad gonna happen, better roll your airplane down

Everybody going and I want to go, too
Don't wanna take a chance with somebody new
I did all I could, I did it right there and then
I've already confessed - no need to confess again

Gonna make a lot of money, gonna go up north
I'll plant and I'll harvest what the earth brings forth
The hammer's on the table, the pitchfork's on the shelf
For the love of God, you ought to take pity on yourself

Spirit on the Water

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on Modern Times (2006)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Original key B♭ major. Best played in A major with a capo on the first fret.

The chords in the beginning of the verses could be played like this, to emulate the guitar figures in the recording:

```
  A   E   A   E     D   A   D   E     A                 D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|-0---0---0---0---|-2---0---2---0---|-0---------------|-2---
|-2---0---2---0---|-3---2---3---0---|h2--h2-----------|-3---
|-2---1---2---1---|-2---2---2---1---|-2-------4-2-----|-2--- etc.
|-2---2---2---2---|-0---0---0---2---|-2-----------4---|-0---
|-0---0---0---0---|-----------------|-0---------------|-----
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----
```

Or, in the correct position:

```
  A   E   A   E     D   A   D   E     A                 D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|-9---7---9---7---|-5---5---5---4---|-0---------------|-2---
|-10--9---10--9---|-7---5---7---5---|h2--h2-----------|-3---
|-9---9---9---9---|-7---6---7---4---|-2-------4-2-----|-2--- etc.
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------4---|-0---
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----
```

Correspondingly, the full chords for the first two lines would be:

```
E             A    E   A   E
Spirit on the water
D        A       D      E     A
Darkness on the face of the deep
```

At the place marked *) in the tab below, there is thus room for any of the variants — full guitar figure, E7, or D throughout.

Chords:

```
A          x02220  (going to E)
A          x0222x  (going to D; half barre)
D          x04232  (alternative fingering; goes with the following F)
F          x07560  (slide up from the previous); there is also a 6 in there some
F#m        244222                               times, so x33230 is playable...
Bm         x24432
C#7        x4342x
B9         x21222  or x21222x or plain B7: x24242
E9sus4/b   x24230  or x20230, or just x20200
```

```
A  E  A   E | D   A  D  E | A  .  .   .  | D   .  F  .  |
A  . F#m7 . | Bm7 .  E  . | A  . F#m7 .  | Bm7 .

E             A
Spirit on the water
D               *)          A
Darkness on the face of the deep
D      F              A         F#m7
I keep thinking 'bout you, baby,
Bm           E      A    .   F#m7  . Bm7
 And I can't hardly sleep.

.   E         .    A
I'm travelling by land
D                                  A
Travelling through the dawn of the day
D              F     A     F#m7
You're always on my mind
Bm7     E     A    D    Dm  A
I can't stay away

     F#
     I'd forgotten 'bout you
     Bm
     Then you turned up again
     C#7      F#m
     I always knew
     B9                             E7sus4/b     E7
     We were meant to be more than friends

           A
When you're near,
     D                        A
It's just as plain as it can be
D   F          A      F#m7
I'm wild about you, gal
    Bm7           E          A    F#m7  Bm7 E
You ought to be a fool about me

Can't explain
The sources of this hidden pain
You burned your way into my heart
You got the key to my brain

I've been trampling through mud
praying to the powers above
I'm sweating blood
You got a face that begs for love

  Life without you
  Doesn't mean a thing to me
  If I can't have you
  I'll throw my love into the deep blue sea

Sometimes I wonder
```

Why you can't treat me right
You do good all day
And then you do wrong all night

When you're with me
I'm a thousand times happier than I could ever say
What does it matter
What price I pay?

they brag about your sugar
Brag about it all over town
Put some sugar in my bowl
I feel like layin' down

  I'm as pale as a ghost
  Holding a blossom on a stem
  You ever seen a ghost?
  No, but you have heard of them

I see you there
I'm blinded by the colors I see
I take good care
of what belongs to me

```
A  E  A   E | D   A  D  E | A  .  .   .  | D   /c#  Bm7  E  |
                                                I hear your . . .
```

I hear your name
ringing up and down the line
I'm saying it plain:
These ties are strong enough to bind

Your sweet voice
calls out from some old familiar shrine
I got no choice,
can't believe these things would ever fade from your mind

  I could live forever
  with you perfectly
  You don't ever
  have to make a fuss over me

From east to west
ever since the world began
I only mean it for the best
I won't be with you any way I can

```
A  E  A   E | D   A  D  E | A  .  .   .  | D   /c#  Bm7  E  |
```

I've been in a brawl
and I'm feeling the wall
I'm going away, baby

I won’t be back till fall

High on the hill
you can carry all my thoughts with you
You know my will
This love could tear me in two

  I won’t be with you in paradise
  and it seems so unfair
  I can’t go to paradise no more,
  I killed a man back there

You think I’m over the hill
Think I’m past my prime
Let me see what you got
We can have a whoppin’ good time

Final guitar solo:

```
  F#                                                Bm
  :     .     .      .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|--------------------2--h3-|-2---3-232---2-----------|-------------------------|
|-----------2-5------------|-----------5-----5-----3-|-------3---2-3---------2-|
|-------3------------------|-------------------------|--------------------4-----|
|--------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|--------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|--------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

                           C#7                       F#m
  :     .     .      .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-2------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-323----------------------|-----------------2-3---2-|-----------------1-2--/4~|
|--------------------------|-----------1-4-----------|-------2-----------------|
|--------------------------|-------3-----------------|----------(4)------------|
|--------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|--------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

  B9                       E7                        A
  :     .     .      .       :     .     .     .       :
|--------------------------|-------------------------|------
|~~~~~~~~~---------2-4---5~|~~~--------5-6-----------|------
|--------------------------|-----------------6-------|------
|--------------------------|-------------------6-----|------
|--------------------------|-----------------------8-|-7----
|--------------------------|-------------------------|------
```

Rollin' and Tumblin'

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on Modern Times (2006)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capoed 1st fret (sounding key B♭ major)
Lead guitar: open G tuning, capo 3rd fret

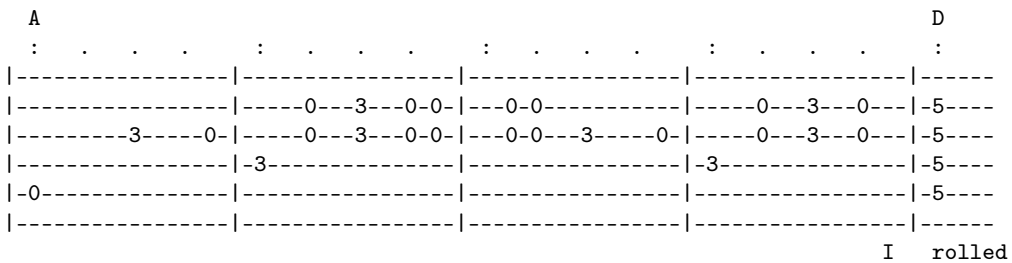
The riff between the lines is played like this on the open-tuned guitar:

```
  A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0---3-----0-|-----0---3---0-0-|---0-0---3-----0-|-----0---3---0---|
|-----0---3-----0-|-3---0---3---0-0-|---0-0---3-----0-|-3---0---3---0---|
|-----------------|-3---------------|-----------------|-3---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

But it can be approximated on a standard-tuned guitar:

```
    A
    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
||------------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------||
||*-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------*||
||------2---5-----2-|-0---2---5---2-2-|---2-2---5-----2-|-0---2---5---2----||
||------2---5-----2-|-0---2---5---2-2-|---2-2---5-----2-|-0---2---5---2----||
||*-0---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------*||
||------------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------||
```

```
[Intro, guitar in open G:]

        D                                 A
   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
-0-0-0-|-5-5-5-5-5-5-5-5-|-5-5-5\0-3-------|-----------------|-----------------|
-------|-----------------|-------------3---|-3\--------------|---------3-------|
-------|-----------------|-----------------|-3\--0---3-----0-|-----0---3---0-0-|
-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-3---------------|
-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

                                  E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---------3---0---|/7---------------|-----------------|
|---0-0---3-----0-|-----0---3---0---|/7---------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-3---------------|/7---------------|--------/5---~---|
|-----------------|-----------------|/7---7-7---7---7-|-7-0/7-0/5-0-3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```




```
  D                                                 A
I rolled and I tumbled, I cried the whole night long
  D                                                 A
I rolled and I tumbled, I cried the whole night long
E                                             A
Woke up this mornin', I must've bet my money wrong

I got troubles so hard, I can't stand the strain
I got troubles so hard, I just can't stand the strain
Some young lazy slut has charmed away my brains

The landscape is glowin', gleamin' in the golden light of day
The landscape is glowin', gleamin' in the golden light of day
I ain't holding nothin' back now, I ain't standin' in anybody's way

Well, I did all I know just to keep you off my mind
Well, I did all I know just to keep you off my mind
Well, I paid and I paid; my sufferin' heart is always on the line

Well, I get up in the dawn and I go down and lay in the shade
I get up in the dawn and I go down and lay in the shade
I ain't nobody's houseboy, I ain't nobody's well-trained maid

I'm flat out spent, this woman been drivin' me to tears
I'm flat out spent, this woman, she been drivin' me to tears
This woman so crazy, I swear I ain't gonna touch another one for years

Well, the warm weather is comin' and the buds are on the vine
Warm weather is comin'; the buds are on the vine
Ain't nothin' more depressin' than tryin' to satisfy this woman of mine

I got up this mornin', saw the risin' sun return
Well, I got up this mornin', seen the risin' sun return
Sooner or later, you too shall burn

Well, the night's filled with shadows, the years are filled with early doom
The night is filled with shadows, the years are filled with early doom
I've been conjuring up all these long dead souls from their crumblin' tombs

Let's forgive each other, darlin', let's go down to the Greenwood Glen
Let's forgive each other, darlin', let's go down to the Greenwood Glen
Let's put our heads together now, let's put all ol' matters to an end
```

```
Now I rolled and I tumbled and I cried the whole night long
Ah, I rolled and I tumbled, I cried the whole night long
I woke up this morning, I think I must be travelin' wrong
```

When the Deal Goes Down

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on Modern Times (2006)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key D♭ major)

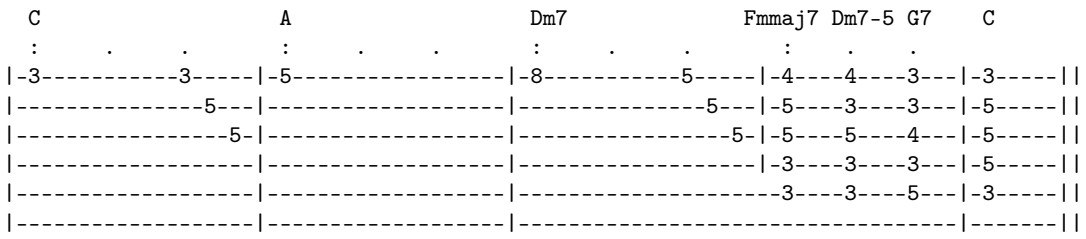
There are some quite full chords here and there, and many of them are mere variations of eachother. E.g. G11 contains all the tones of G7sus4 (and then some), and the same goes for Fm and Dm7-5. The following are mere suggestions; vary as you feel like. The last two measures can most easily be simplified to `| Dm7-5 .  G7 | C`

```
F6       133231 or xx3231
Dm7-5    xx0111 or x5656(4)
G11      3x3210
G7sus4   3x301x
```

```
  C                   A                   Dm7                 G
  :     .     .       :     .     .       :     .     .       :    .    .
|-3-----------3-----|-5-----------------|-8-----------5-----|-3--------------
|---------------5---|-------------------|---------------5---|----------------
|-----------------5-|-------------------|-----------------5-|----------------
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|----------------
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|----------------
|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|----------------
```

```
       C            E7            F(6)            Dm7-5
In the still of the night, in the world's ancient light
      C/g    G11          C      G
Where wisdom grows up in strife
     C        E7     F        Dm7-5
My bewildered brain, toils in vain
            C/g             G11    G7   C      C7
Through the darkness on the pathways of life

        F6     Dm7-5           C
Each invisible prayer is like a cloud in the air
  F            C/e      D7      G7sus4        (G7)
Tomorrow keeps turning around
   C           E7      F        Dm7-5
We live and we die, we know not why
            C/g               G11  G7   C
But I'll be with you when the deal goes down

We eat and we drink, we feel and we think
Far down the street we stray
I laugh and I cry and I'm haunted by
Things I never meant nor wished to say
The midnight rain follows the train
We all wear the same thorny crown
Soul to soul, our shadows roll
And I'll be with you when the deal goes down
```

```
[guitar solo]
         C                   A                   F                   Dm7-5
 .       :      .     .      :     .     .       :     .     .       :    .    .
-------|------------------8-|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
-------|------8-8-----8-----|-9-----------------|-6---5-------------|-----------------|
-9--10-|-8/9--------9-------|-------------------|-------7---5-7--/9-|-----------------|
-------|-10-----------------|-------------------|-------------------|-10--------------|
-------|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------|
-------|--------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-----------------|

  C                   G9                  C                 /g   /a   /b
  :     .     .       :     .     .       :    .    .       :    .    .
|--------------------|-------------7--10-|-8---------------|-----------------|
|-------------8---10-|-8-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----7-9---10-------|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-10-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|--------------------|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|--------------------|-------------------|-----------------|-----------------|

The moon gives light and it shines by night
Well, I scarcely feel the glow
We learn to live and then we forgive
O'er the road we're bound to go
More frailer than the flowers, these precious hours
That keep us so tightly bound
You come to my eyes like a vision from the skies
And I'll be with you when the deal goes down

        C                   A                   F                 Dm7-5
 .      :     .     .       :     .     .       :     .     .      :   .   .
-------|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--------------|
-------|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--------------|
-------|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--------------|
-------|------------------|-------------------|-------------------|--------------|
-------|------------------|-------------------|-------3-----5----|-5p3-----3--3-|
-0-1-2-|-3--3-------0---3-|-4---------------4-|-5-----------------|--------------|

   C                   G9                  C              /g  /a   /b
   :     .     .       :     .     .       :    .    .     :   .   .
|---------------------|-------------------|---------------|-------------|
|---------------------|-------------------|---------------|-------------|
|--------------------2-|-------------------|---------------|-------------|
|-h2---5-5------------|-5-2---------5-4-3-|-2-------------|-------------|
|---------------------|-------------------|---------------|-------------|
|---------------------|-------------------|---------------|-------------|

Well, I picked up a rose and it poked through my clothes
I followed the winding stream
I heard the deafening noise, I felt transient joys
I know they're not what they seem
In this earthly domain, full of disappointment and pain
You'll never see me frown
I owe my heart to you, and that's sayin' it true
And I'll be with you when the deal goes down
```


C A Dm7 Fmmaj7 Dm7-5 G7 C

Someday Baby

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on Modern Times (2006)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

It sounds like the main lead guitar might play with a capo on the 6th fret, but it might as well be played uncapoed; these are all standard blues licks that any decent guitarist should be able to play anywhere on the neck.

```
Common lick between lines (relative to capo 6th fret):
  :     .     .     .       :            :     .     .     .       :
|------(0)----------------|------      |--------------------------|-----
|-------3-----------------|------      |-----------3--------------|-----
|-------4-----2---0-------|------  or: |------/4-----2---0--------|-----
|-------------------2---0-|-2----      |--------------------2---0-|-2---
|-------------------------|------      |--------------------------|-----
|-------------------------|------      |--------------------------|-----

Uncapoed:
  :     .     .     .       :            :     .     .     .       :
|------(6)----------------|------      |--------------------------|-----
|-------9-----------------|------      |-----------9--------------|-----
|-------10----8---6-------|------  or: |------/10----8---6--------|-----
|-------------------8---6-|-8----      |--------------------8---6-|-8---
|-------------------------|------      |--------------------------|-----
|-------------------------|------      |--------------------------|-----
```

```
Bb
 I don't care what you do, I don't care what you say
                       Eb                 Bb
I don't care where you go or how long you stay
        Bb                   F         Eb     Bb
Someday baby, you ain't gon' worry po' me any more

Well, you take my money and you turn me out
You fill me up with nothin' but self doubt
Someday baby, you ain't gon' worry po' me any more

When I was young, driving was my crave
You drive me so hard almost to the grave
Someday baby, you ain't gon' worry po' me any more

I'm so hard pressed, my mind tied up in knots
I keep recycling the same old thoughts
Someday baby, you ain't gon' worry po' me any more

So many good things in life that I overlooked
I don't know what to do now, baby, you got me so hooked
Someday baby, you ain't gon' worry po' me any more
```

Well, I don't want to brag, I'm gonna wring your neck
When all else fails, I'll make it a matter of self respect
Someday baby, you ain't gon' worry po' me any more

You can take your clothes, put 'em in a sack
You goin' down the road, baby, and you can't come back
Someday baby, you ain't gon' worry po' me any more

I tried to be friendly, I tried to be kind
I'm gonna drive you from your home just like I was driven from mine
Someday baby, you ain't gon' worry po' me any more

Living this way ain't a natural thing to do
Why was I born to love you'
Someday baby, you ain't gon' worry po' me any more

Workingman's Blues #2

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on Modern Times (2006)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Did you ever expect to hear a line like "The buying power of the proletariat's gone down" in a song lyric? Way to go, Bobby! In a straight line from Ballad of Hollis Brown, through the *Farm Aid* initiative in the eighties, here's one of the highlights of the album — but more than a political statement, it is also a love-ballad.

Musically, it is a close cousin of Cross the Green Mountain with which it shares the ever-descending bass line and some of the chord shadings that never manage to decide whether they're major or minor (and *which* minor they are!).

A stroke of genius is the G7 between the verses — the only place where this is actually a blues song.

"I say it, so it must be so."

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

Chords:

The G/d in the second line (marked with *) below) can be played in many different ways, in addition to the plain xx0003. A well-sounding solution, which captures the f♯ (sounding: g♯) in the strings, is to play it as 354000 or 054000, and to play the preceeding Em as 075000. This gives a nice descent on the guitar neck down to the C in the next measure (-75— -54— -32—).

```
D/f#        200232 or xx4030
Em          022000 or 075000
Gmaj7       354000
Em9         054000
D9          xx0210
G7          320031
```

```
  G                D'/f#            Em               G/d
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|(0)--------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---------3-------|-3---------3-----|-3-0---1-0-------|-----0-----0-----|
|-----0-------0---|---------0-------|-----0-------2---|-0-----0---------|
|-----------------|-----0h4-----4---|-2-------2-------|-0-------0-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------0-2-|
|-3---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  Cadd9            G/b              Am(7)            D
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---------3-------|-3-0-----0---0---|-1-----------0---|-----------------|
|-----0-------0---|-----0---------2-|---------------0-|-2---------------|
|-----------------|---------0-------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3---------------|-----2-------2---|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-3---------------|-----------------|-----------------|

          G           D/f#
There's an evening haze settling over town,
```

```
Em                          G/d *)
Starlight by the edge of the creek
    C                        G/b
The buying power of the proletariat's gone down,
Am                          D
Money's getting shallow and weak

Well, the place I love best is a sweet memory
it's a new path that we trod
They say low wages are a reality
If we want to compete abroad

My cruel weapons have been put on the shelf
Come sit down on my knee
You are dearer to me than myself
As you yourself can see
While I'm listening to the steel rails hum
Got both eyes tight shut
Just sitting here trying to keep the hunger from
Creeping it's way into my gut

     C                            G6/b
     Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
     Am                     G
     Bring me my boots and shoes
            C                              G/b
     You can hang back or fight your best on the frontline
     Am                          D9           G7
     Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-------------6---|-----------------|---------6-------|
|---------7---7---|-7---7---7-5-----|-7-------7-------|-----7-5---------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
                                                                Well . . .

Well, I'm sailin' on back, ready for the long haul
Tossed by the winds and the seas
I'll drag 'em all down to hell and I'll stand 'em at the wall
I'll sell 'em to their enemies
I'm a-tryin' to feed my soul with thought
Gonna sleep off the rest of the day
Sometimes no one wants what you got
Sometimes you can't give it away

Now the place is ringed with countless foes
Some of them may be deaf and dumb
No man, no woman knows
The hour that sorrow will come
In the dark I hear the night birds call
I can feel a lover's breath
```

I sleep in the kitchen with my feet in the hall
Sleep is like a temporary death

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
Bring me my boots and shoes
You can hang back or fight your best on the frontline
Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|---3-------------|-----------------|
|-----3-----------|-6---5-----------|-------------6---|-----------------|
|/4-------4---7-5-|---------7---5---|-4---------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

Well, they burned my barn, and they stole my horse
I can't save a dime
I got to be careful, I don't want to be forced
Into a life of continual crime
I can see for myself that the sun is sinking
How I wish you were here to see
Tell me now, am I wrong in thinking
That you have forgotten me?

Now they worry and they hurry and they fuss and they fret
They waste your nights and days
Them I will forget
But you I'll remember always
Old memories of you to me have clung
You've wounded me with your words
Gonna have to straighten out your tongue
It's all true, everything you've heard

Meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
Bring me my boots and shoes
You can hang back or fight your best at the frontline
Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----3---3---3\2-|-3---6-------4---|-3---------------|-----------------|
|/4---4---4---4\3-|-4---7-------5---|-4---------------|-----------------|
|/5---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

In you, my friend, I find no blame
Wanna look in my eyes, please do
No one can ever claim
That I took up arms against you.
All across the peaceful sacred fields
They will lay you low
They'll break your horns and slash you with steel
I say it, so it must be so

Now I'm down on my luck and I'm black and blue
Gonna give you another chance
I'm all alone I'm expecting you
To lead me off in a cheerful dance
I got a brand new suit and a brand new wife
I can live on rice and beans
Some people never worked a day in their life
Don't know what work even means

> Well, meet me at the bottom, don't lag behind
> Bring me my boots and shoes
> You could hang back or fight your best on the frontline
> Sing a little bit of these workingman's blues

Beyond the Horizon

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on Modern Times (2006)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

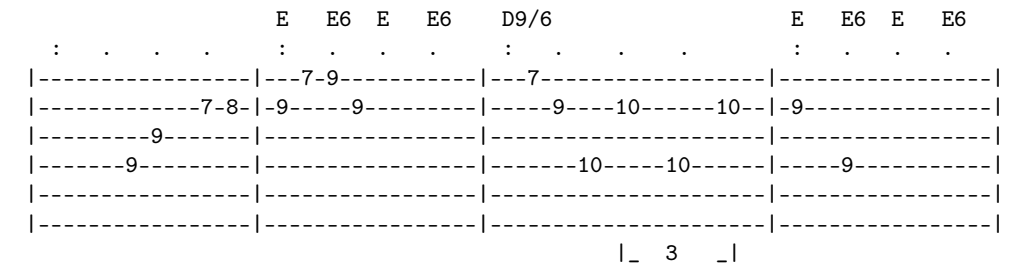
There are lots of different tones here, and many places to play them. Here are two different versions: one in E major (capo 1st fret), which gives a fuller sound and the option to play around with the E-E6-E7-plus-plus things up at the 7th fret and still use the open strings as a soundboard; another in D (capo 3rd fret), which is much easier to play, and doesn't sound half bad at all.

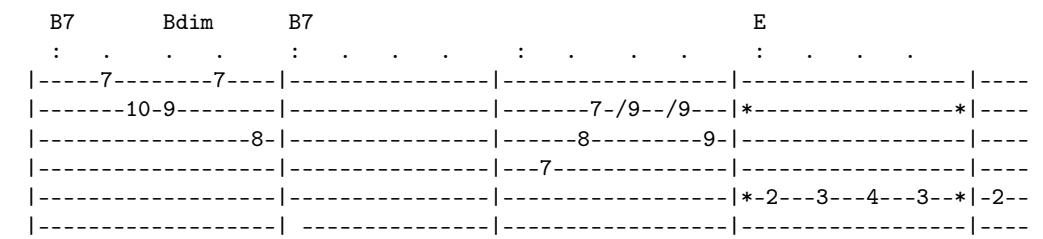
Don't let all the long names scare you off: all the 6-es are there for the gently rocking groundwork, and the maj7-s and 9-s for the N'Orleans-ish fillings. Any of them can be dropped: play `E ... | D7 ... |` etc instead if you wish.

Version with capo 1st fret (sounding key F major)

```
Chords:

There are several possibilities. Here are some of them:


E          079990      022100
E6         07-11-x00   022120
Emaj7      079890      021100
Emaj7/6    07-11-600   021120
D9/6       x57557      x54577 or just xx0202
D9         x57555  or  x54555 or x5455x
B7         x24242
Bdim       x23131

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-4---5---6---5---|-4---5---6---5---|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-2---3---4---3---|-2---3---4---3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|
                         Beyond the . . .

             E  E6  Emaj7  Emaj7/6
Beyond the horizon,
D9/6 D9         E   E6   E   E6
     behind the sun
B7     Bdim       B7                       E  E6  E  E6  Emaj7 .   B11)
At the end of the rainbow, life has only begun

In the long hours of twilight
'neath the stardust above
Beyond the horizon, it is easy to love

     A6  F#m7-5       E
     I'm touched with desire
```

```
     B7           E
     What don't I do?
     A6      F#m7-5            E
     Through flame and through fire
     F#7  F#7/6    F#7    F#7/6   B7
     I'll build my world around you

Beyond the horizon,
in the springtime or fall
Love waits forever for one and for all

Beyond the horizon, across the divide
'Round about midnight, we'll be on the same side
Down in the valley, the waters run cold
Beyond the horizon, someone prayed for your soul

     My wretched heart's pounding
     I felt an angel's kiss
     My memories are drowning
     In mortal bliss

Beyond the horizon, at the end of the game
Every step that you take, I'm walking the same
```






```
Beyond the horizon, the night winds blow
The theme of a melody from many moons ago
The bells of St. Mary, how sweetly they chime
Beyond the horizon, I found you just in time

     It's dark and it's dreary
     I been pleading in vain
     I'm wounded, I'm weary
     My repentance is plain

Beyond the horizon, o'er the treacherous sea
I still can't believe that you have set aside your love for me
```

```
Beyond the horizon, 'neath crimson skies
In the soft light of morning, I'll follow you with my eyes
Through countries and kingdoms and temples of stone
Beyond the horizon, right down to the bone

     It's the right time of the season
     Someone there always cared
     There's always a reason
     Why someone's life has been spared

Beyond the horizon, the sky is so blue
I've got more than a lifetime to live lovin' you
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------1---|-2---------------
|-2---3---4---3---|-2---3---4---3---|-2---3---4-------|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------
```

Version with capo 3rd fret

```
Chords:
D       xx0232   (with half barre, 2nd fret)
D6      xx0432
Dmaj7   xx0222
Dmaj7/6 xx0422
C9/6    x32355 or x32330 or x35335
C9      x32333 or x35333
A7      x02020
Adim    x01212
A11     x00000
G6      320000
Em7-5   012030
E7      020100
E7/6    020120
```

```
            D  D6  Dmaj7  Dmaj7/6
Beyond the horizon,
C9/6 C9         D   D6   D   D6
     behind the sun
A7     Adim       A7                       D  D6  D  D6  Dmaj7 .   A11)
At the end of the rainbow, life has only begun

In the long hours of twilight
'neath the stardust above
Beyond the horizon, it is easy to love

     G6  Em7-5          D
     I'm touched with desire
```

```
     A7           D
     What don't I do?
     G6      Em7-5             D
     Through flame and through fire
     E7    E7/6    E7     E7/6   A7
     I'll build my world around you

Beyond the horizon,
in the springtime or fall
Love waits forever for one and for all

  :   .   .   .
||-------------------|
||*-----------------*|
||--2---3---4---3----|
||--0----------------|
||*-----------------*|
||-------------------|
```

Nettie Moore

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on Modern Times (2006)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem
Capo 2nd fret (sounding key B major)

```
F#m7        E            A             .   .   .
Lost John's sittin' on a railroad track
F                  E    .   .   .
Something's out of whack
F#m7       E               A         Bm7   .   .   .
Blues this mornin' fallin' down like hail
A              .         E     A
Gonna leave a greasy trail

Gon' travel the world is what I'm gonna do
Then come back and see you.
All I ever do is struggle and strive.
If I don't do anybody any harm, I might make it back home alive.

I'm the oldest son of a crazy man,
I'm in a cowboy band
Got a pile of sins to pay for and I ain't got time to hide
I'd walk through a blazing fire, baby, if I knew you was on the other side

     E D   A
     Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore
           D
     And my happiness is o'er
     E                                A
     Winter's gone, the river's on the rise
                 A             C#7
     I loved you then and ever shall
                 D                   A
     But there's no one left here to tell
         A              E               A
     The world has gone black before my eyes

Well, the world of research has gone berserk
Too much paperwork
Albert's in the graveyard, Frankie's raising hell
I'm beginning to believe what the scriptures tell

I've gone where the Southern crosses the Yellow Dog
Get away from these demagogues
And these bad-luck women stick like glue
It's either one or the other or neither of the two

She says, "Look out, daddy, don't want you to tear your pants
You can get wrecked in this dance."
They say whisky'll kill you, but I don't think it will
I'm ridin' with you to the top of the hill
```

Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore
And my happiness is o'er
Winter's gone, the river's on the rise
I loved you then and ever shall
But there's no one left here to tell
The world has gone black before my eyes

Don't know why my baby never looked so good before
Don't have to wonder no more
She been cooking all day, gonna take me all night
I can't eat all that stuff in a single bite

The judge's coming in, everybody rise
Lift up your eyes
You can do what you please, you don't need my advice
'Fore you call me any dirty names, you'd better think twice

Gettin' light outside, the temperature dropped
I think the rain has stopped
I'm gonna make you come to grips with fate
When I'm through with you, you'll learn to keep your business straight

Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore
And my happiness is o'er
Winter's gone, the river's on the rise
I loved you then and ever shall
But there's no one left here to tell
The world has gone black before my eyes

The bright spark of the steady lights
Has dimmed my sights
When you're around me all my grief gives 'way
A life time with you is like some heavenly day

Everything I've ever known to be right has been proven wrong
I'll be drifting along
The woman I'm a-lovin', she rules my heart
No knife could ever cut our love apart.

Today I'll stand in faith and raise
The voice of praise
The sun is strong, I'm standing in the light
I wish to God that it were night

Oh, I miss you, Nettie Moore
And my happiness is o'er
Winter's gone, the river's on the rise
I loved you then and ever shall
But there's no one here left to tell
The world has gone black before my eyes

The Levee's Gonna Break

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on Modern Times (2006)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Best played with a capo on the 1st fret (sounding key B♭ major)

The basic riff (in A; same thing in D and E, just on other strings):

```
  A
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .      .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------8----(7)----|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------5----(4)----|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|                         |                         |
| :     .     .     .     | :     .     .      .     |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-2-----4-----5-----4-----|-2-----4------2---2-2---2-|
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0------0-----0-----|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
```

```
      A
If it keep on rainin', the levee gonna break,
      D                                    A
If it keep on rainin', the levee gonna break.
E                                             A
Everybody sayin' this is a day only the Lord could make.

Well, I worked on the levee, mama, both night n' day,
I worked on the levee, mama, both night n' day.
I got to the river and I threw my clothes away.

I paid my time and now I'm good as new,
I've paid my time and now I'm as good as new.
They can't take me back unless I want 'em to.

If it keep on rainin', levee gonna break,
If it keep on rainin', the levee gonna break.
Some of these people gonna strip you of all they can take.

[Guitar solo]

I can't stop here, I ain't ready to unload,
I can't stop here, I ain't ready to unload.
Riches and salvation can be waiting behind the next bend in the road.

I picked you up from the gutter and this is the thanks I get,
I picked you up from the gutter and this is the thanks I get.
You say you want me to quit ya, I told ya, 'No, not just yet.'
```

Well, I look in your eyes, I see nobody other than me,
I look in your eyes, I see nobody other than me.
I see all that I am and all I hope to be.

If it keep on rainin', the levee gonna break,
If it keep on rainin', the levee gonna break.
Some of these people don't know which road to take.

[Guitar solo]

When I'm with you, I forget I was ever blue,
When I'm with you, I forget I was ever blue.
Without you there's no meaning in anything I do.

Some people on the road carryin' everything that they own,
Some people on the road carryin' everything they own.
Some people got barely enough skin to cover their bone.

Put on your cat clothes, mama, put on your evening dress,
Put on your cat clothes, mama, put on your evening dress.
Few more years of hard work, then there'll be a thousand years of happiness.

If it keep on rainin', the levee gonna break,
If it keep on rainin', the levee gonna break.
I tried to get you to love me, but I won't repeat that mistake.

[Guitar solo:]

```
  A
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .        . . . .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|----------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|----------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|----------|
|-------------------5-----|-------5---------5-------|-------------------------|----------|
|-------3-----5/7---------|-6--/7-----6/7-----7\5-3-|-------------3-----------|----------|
|-----5-------------------|-------------------------|-5-----5---5-------------|----------|

  D
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .        . . . .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|----------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|----------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|----------|
|-------------------------|-------5-----------------|-------------------------|----------|
|-------3-----5-----3---3-|-5--/7-------7\5-3-----3-|-------------3-----------|----------|
|-----5-------------------|-------------------5-----|-5-----5-----------------|----------|


  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .   .     .   .   .   .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|--------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|--------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|--------------|
|---------------------- ---|-------------------5---5h|-7-----------7-5-----|--------------|
|-------3-----5-----3---3-|-5---3-5---3-5--/7-------|-----------------7-5-|-5-3----------|
|-----5-------------------|-------------------------|---------------------|-----5--------|
```

If it keep on rainin', the levee gonna break,
If it keep on rainin', the levee gonna break.
Plenty of cheap stuff out there still around that you take.

I woke up this morning, butter n' eggs in my bed,
I woke up this morning, butter n' eggs in my bed.
I ain't got enough room to even raise my head.

Come back, baby, say we nevermore will part,
Come back, baby, say we nevermore will part.
Don't be a stranger with no brain or heart.

If it keep on rainin', the levee gonna break,
If it keep on rainin', the levee gonna break.
Some people still sleepin', some people are wide awake.

Ain't Talkin'

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released on Modern Times (2006)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key G♯ minor)

Chords:

```
Em          022000     or 075000   (for the in-/outro)
Am7         x02010    and x05500
B5          x24400
D5add9      xx0230     or x57700 (slide up from B5)
```

```
    Em          Am7                    Em          Am7
    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
||-----------------|-----------------|(3---0)----------|-----------------|
||*-0-------0---1---|-----------------|-0-----------1---|-----------------|
||------0-------0---|-----------------|-0-----------0---|-----------------|
||--2-----------2---|-----------------|-2-----------2---|-----------------|
||*-2-----------0---|-----------------|-2-----------0---|-----------------|
||--0---------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------|
```

```
  Em          Am7                    Em
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-0)--------------|-----------------||
|-0-------0---1---|-----------------|-0---------------|----------------*||
|-----0-------0---|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------||
|-2-----------2---|-----------------|-2---------------|-----------------||
|-2-----------0---|-----------------|-2---------------|----------------*||
|-0---------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------||
```

```
  Em
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|---------------0-|-----------------|---------------0-|---------2p0-----|
|-----0-----------|-----0-----------|-----0-----0-----|-------------0---|
|-----------0-----|---------0-------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|
|---------2-------|---------2-------|---------2-------|---------2-------|
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0---------------|
                                                        As    I ...
```

```
Em
As I walked out tonight in the mystic garden,

The wounded flowers were dangling from the vine,
      Am                                      *)
I was passin' by yon cool crystal fountain,
Em
  Someone hit me from behind.

*) The Am7 passage goes something like this:
```

```
  Am7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .
|---------------0-|---------------0-|-------------------|-----------------|
|-----1-------1---|-----1-----1-----|-----1-----1-------|-1(/3)-3---(\1)--|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|---------------0---|-----------0-----|
|---------2-------|---------2-------|-----2-------2-----|-2/4--------\2---|
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0-------0---------|-----0---0-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------|-----------------|
  passin' by  yon   cool    crystal fountain

          Em
     Ain't talkin', just walkin'
                    Am            Em
     Through this weary world of woe.

     Heart burnin', still yearnin'
        B5     D5add9           Em
     No one on earth would ever know.

They say prayer has the power to heal, so pray for me, mother.
In the human heart, an evil spirit will dwell.
I am a-tryin' to love my neighbor and do good unto others,
But own mother things ain't goin' well.

     Ain't talkin', just walkin'
     I'll burn that bridge before you can cross.
     Heart burnin', still yearnin'
     There'll be no mercy for you once you've lost.

Now I'm all worn down by weeping,
My eyes are filled with tears, my lips are dry.
If I catch my opponents ever sleeping,
I'll just slaughter them where they lie.

     Ain't talkin', just walkin'
     Through the world mysterious and vague.
     Heart burnin', still yearnin'
     Walkin' through the cities of the plague.

Well, the whole world is filled with speculation,
The whole wide world which people say is round.
They will tear your mind away from contemplation,
They will jump on your misfortune when you're down.

     Ain't talkin', just walkin'
     Eatin' hog-eyed grease in a hog-eyed town.
     Heart burnin', still yearnin'
     Some day you'll be glad to have me around.

They will crush you with wealth and power
Every waking moment you could crack.
I'll make the most of one last extra hour,
I'll avenge my father's death when I step back.

     Ain't talkin', just walkin'
     Hand me down my walkin' cane.
     Heart burnin', still yearnin'
     Got to get you out of my miserable brain.
```

All my loyal and my much-loved companions
They approve of me and share my code
I practice a faith that's been a long abandoned
Ain't no altars on this long and lonesome road

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
My mule is sick, my horse is blind.
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
Thinkin' 'bout that girl I left behind.

Well, it's bright in the heavens and the wheels are flyin',
Fame and honor never seem to fade.
The fire gone out but the light is never dyin'.
Who says I can't get heavenly aid'

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
Carryin' a dead man's seal.
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
Walkin' with a toothache in my heel.

The suffering is unending;
Every nook and cranny has its tears.
I'm not playing, I'm not pretending,
I'm not nursing any superfluous fears.

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
Walkin' ever since the other night.
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
Walkin' 'til I'm clean out of sight.

As I walked out in the mystic garden
On a hot summer day, a hot summer lawn.
Excuse me, ma'am, I beg your pardon:
There's no one here, the gardener is gone.

Ain't talkin', just walkin'
Up the road, around the bend.
Heart burnin', still yearnin'
In the last outback at the world's end.

```
|: Em . . Am7 | . . . .  | Em . . Am7 | . . . .   |
   Em . . Am7 | . . . .  | Em . . .   | . . . .  :|
```

E

A

Early Acoustic Bob

Miscellaneous songs from 1960 to 1965

1069 The Two Sisters
1071 Mary Ann
1072 Jesus Met The Woman At The Well
1075 James Alley Blues
1076 Railroad Bill
1079 It's Hard To Be Blind
1082 Naomi Wise
1083 Acne
1084 San Francisco Bay Blues
1085 The Girl I Left Behind
1087 1913 Massacre
1089 In The Pines
1091 In The Evening
1094 I Was Young When I Left Home
1097 Poor Lazarus
1098 Stealin'
1101 Ballad For A Friend
1102 Standing On The Highway
1104 Smokestack Lightning
1106 Roll On John
1108 Hard Travelin'
1109 Long Time Man
1110 Ballad Of Donald White
1112 Tomorrow is a Long Time
1116 Deep Ellem Blues
1117 Rocks and Gravel
1119 Milk Cow's Calf Blues
1121 Going Down To New Orleans
1122 Baby, Please Don't Go
1124 Wichita Blues
1127 Lonesome Whistle Blues
1128 The Death of Emmett Till
1129 Whatcha Gonna Do?
1132 Hero Blues
1134 Hiram Hubbard

1136 Two Trains Runnin'
1139 Motherless Children
1142 Handsome Molly
1144 Cuckoo Is A Pretty Bird
1146 West Texas
1148 Ain't No More Cane
1149 Kindhearted Woman Blues
1152 Black Cross (Hezekiah Jones)
1157 Liverpool Gal
1159 Long Ago, Far Away
1161 Talkin' Devil
1162 All Over You
1164 I'd Hate To Be You On That Dreadful Day
1166 Bound To Lose, Bound To Win
1167 Lonesome River Edge
1168 Farewell
1171 Long Time Gone
1173 Cuban Missile Crisis
1174 Wieviele Strassen
1175 I Rode Out One Morning
1177 Ramblin' Down Through the World
1178 Hiding Too Long
1180 Bob Dylan's New Orleans Rag
1182 Dusty Old Fairgrounds
1184 Ain't A-Gonna Grieve
1185 Gypsy Lou
1187 Troubled and I don't Know Why
1188 Guess I'm Doin' Fine
1190 Love Is Just A Four-Letter Word
1192 Lost Highway

The Two Sisters

Trad.
Played by Bob Dylan on the *Karen Wallace Tape* (May 1960)
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

Either the tape is slow or the guitar is low (half step): the sounding key is B major, but the chords are from the C family

The consistent use of the F/a (x03211) chord might imply some kind of altered tuning (dropped c) or a capo, but then one might expect to hear the low bass string, which is not the case.

```
      C                    F/a        C
There was an old lady lived by the sea shore
                   F/a
Bow and balance to be,
      C          F/a        C          F/a
There was an old lady lived by the sea shore
G7                       C
number of daughters was one two three four
     F/a C          F/a
I'll be  true to my love
      G7                   C
if my love will be true to me.

There was a young man who came courting them
The oldest one got struck on him

He gave the youngest a beaver hat
The older one got mad at that.

O sister, O sister let's walk the sea shore

[tape cut]
```

Additional verses (source: Alan Lomax – thanks to Simon)

```
O sister, O sister let's walk the seashore
and watch the ships as they sail oer

While these two sisters were walking the shore
the oldest pushed the youngest oer

O sister, O sister please lend me your hand
and you will have Willie and all of his land

I never, I never will lend you a hand
but I will have Will and all of his land

Sometime she sank and sometime she swam
until she came to the old mill dam

The miller got his fishing hook
and fished the maiden out of the brook
```

```
O miller, O miller here's five gold rings
to push the maiden in again

The miller recieved those five gold rings
and pushed the maiden in again

The miller was hung as his mill gate
for drowning little sister Kate
```

Yet another possible continuation, from the Mudcat Cafe:

```
He gave the youngest a gay gold ring
The older, not a single thing.

But when they reached the water's brim
The oldest pushed the yougest in.

O sister, O sister, O give me your hand
And you may have my house and land.

I will not give you my hand nor my glove
But I will have your own true-love.

Down she sank and away she swam
And down to the miller's mill-pond she swam.

O miller, O miller, there swims a swan
A-swimming about in your mill-pond.

The miller ran out with his fish-hook
And fished that fair maid out of the brook.

He's robbed her of her gay gold rings
And into the pond he's pushed her again.

The miller was hung at his mill gate
For drowning of his sister, Kate.
```

Mary Ann

Trad.
As performed by Bob Dylan on the "Karen Wallace tape" (home of Karen Wallace, May 1960)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

"Syrupy", was it? Apparently the Wallace tape has been authenticated (and it does sound quite a bit like the other early tapes, to my ears anyway). Although it's a decent recording, there are words here that I can't quite make out. The below is a suggestion, and as always I welcome corrections.

Chords:

```
Fmaj7     133210
G6        320000
```

The rhythm that goes through the whole song, is a slow:

```
   C           Fmaj7
   :     .     .     .
|--0-----0---0-0-----0---0--|
|*-1-----1---1-1-----1---1-*|
|--0-----0---0-2-----2---2--|
|--2-----2---2-3-----3---3--|
|*-3-----3---3-3-----3---3-*|
|--------------1-----1---1--|
```

```
    C       Fmaj7    C       Fmaj7
Ah, I don't know the word to find
  C        Fmaj7     C              Fmaj7
A word for [...],*) [mean life this time]
  C      Fmaj7        C            Fmaj7
I got to know, got to make me understand
C     Fmaj7 C Fmaj7 C
if to me my Mary    Ann

Fmaj7 .  G  G6  C  .  .  .
Fmaj7 .  G  G6  C  .

C        Fmaj7     C         Fmaj7
Oh, Mary Ann, Mary Ann, Mary Ann
C         Fmaj7 C   Fmaj7 C
I'm gonna marry you some  time

Fmaj7 .  G  G6  [C  .  .  .] (tape break)
```

---

*) Sounds almost like: "I work all day"

Jesus Met The Woman At The Well

Trad.
As played by Bob Dylan on the Gleason Tape (Feb or March 1961)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dylan ends his performance by saying, apologetically, "I don't know this song". He knows it well enough to play two different versions of it, first one verse in G, then the whole song in A.

The G version is played in a rather square rhythm with constant alternation between G and C:

```
  G       C
  :   .   .   .
|-------------0---|
|-----0-------1---|
|-----0-------0---|
|-----0-------2---|
|-----2---3-------|
|-3---------------|
```

The version in A is more lively, with the following figure or some variant of it played where there is an A:

```
  A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----5-5---5-2---|-----2-------2---|
|-----2-2---2-2---|-----2-------2---|
|-----2-2---2-2---|-----2-------2---|
|-----2-2---2-2---|-----2-------2---|
|-0---------------|-3---0-------0---|
|-----------------|---------3-------|
```

See the tab of the intro for more details.

Chords:

```
A        022225
D        xx0775
Dsus4    xx0785
D7       200212
```

```
G     C    G
Jesus
C       G     C    G
met the woman
C      G     C    G
at the well,
C      G     C    G     C
at the well
C     /g   /c
Jesus
```

```
/g      /c   /g   /c
met the woman
/g     G     C    G
at the well,
C      G     C    G
at the well
C      Em/b     /e    /b
And he told her
/e   C
everything
             G
that she had done
```

A

```
  A                                   D                Dsus4 D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-----0-0---|-----0-------0---|-----5-----5-5---|-5---5---5---5-5-|
|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-------2---|-----7-----7-7---|-8---7---7---7-7-|
|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-------2---|-----7-----7-7---|-7---7---7---7-7-|
|-----2-----------|-----2-------2---|-0------(0)------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
Dsus4 D             D6    D7  D       A
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-5---5---5---5---|-7---5-8---5-5---|-----5-----5-5---|-----5-----5-5---|
|-8---7---7---7---|-7---7-7---7-7---|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-----2-2---|
|-7---7---7---7---|-7---7-7---7-7---|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-----2-2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-----2-2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-------------0---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-0-------3-------|
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----5-----5-5---|-----5-----5-5---|-----5-----5-5---|-----5-5-5---5---|
|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-2-2---2---|
|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-2-2---2---|
|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-2-2---2---|
|-0---------------|-0-----------0---|-0---------------|-0---------------|
|-----------------|---------3-------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
A
Jesus

met the woman

at the well

At the well
D     Dsus4
Jesus
        D      Dsus4  D
met the woman
       A
at the well,
```

```
at the well
       E
And he told her
     D7
everything
           A
she'd ever done

E

He said, "Woman,"
He said, "Woman,
Tell me, where is your husband?"
He said, "Woman,"
He said, "Woman,
Tell me, where is your husband?"
And the woman
said to Jesus,
"I have none"

Oh woman,
Oh woman,
You have
three husbands
Woman,
woman,
You have
three husbands
And the one
that you have
is not your own.

Oh, this man
she said, this man
She said, this man
is a prophet
This man
this man
this man
he's a prophet
Cause he told me
everything
I ever done.
```

James Alley Blues

Written by Richard "Rabbit" Brown
As performed by Bob Dylan on the "Minnesota Party Tape" (May, 1961)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Lots of lines here that show up in later Dylan songs (especially 2nd and 4th verses)

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e'; tune the 6th string down one whole step)

G/b = (0)20033

```
[long intro over a D chord]

D          /a/b        /c   /b    D
Times ain't  what they used to be,
G/b                   /c   /b  D
Times ain't what they used to be.
            A                   G/b           /c      /b   D
Well, I'm a-tellin' it, people, Lord, you can take it from me.

Lord, I've seen better days, but I'm puttin' up with these.
Lord, I've seen better days, I'm puttin' up with these.
Well, there's too many people, they're all too hard to please.

'Cause I was born in the country she thinks I'm easy to use,
'Cause I was born in the country she thinks I'm easy to use.
'Cause I was born in the country you know I'm easy to lose.

I gave you sugar for sugar, you want salt for salt.
I gave you sugar for sugar, but you want salt for salt,
And if you can't get along, honey, it's your own damn fault.

Sometimes I'm thinkin' you're too good to die,
Sometimes I'm thinkin' you're too good to die,
Other times I'm thinkin' you ought to be buried alive.

These are the bluest blues that a man could ever have,
These are the bluest blues a man could ever have.
These are the darnest hard-luck blues a man could brag.
```

Railroad Bill

Trad.
As sung by Bob Dylan on the "Minnesota Party Tape" (May 1961)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The accompainment here is fingerpicking, but not in its more common, steady-thumbed version. The alternating thumb is there, but played quite irregularly: lots of thumbstrokes are left out, and the accent pattern is reversed, so that the accented strokes are placed on usually unaccented beats, which gives the syncopated feel to the piece. The ground pattern is what is found in the second and third C-major chords in the first line. It's a very neat way of combining a melody in the upper voice, with a syncopated rhythm in the lower (including the index-finger stroke on the 3rd string in the bass line).

Anoter unusual feature is the mixture of fingerpicking and strumming, especially in the F chord parts. The tab here is just an approximation.

```
              C
  .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
--------------|-----3-----------|-3---------3-----|-3---------1-----|-0---------------|
--------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
--------------|-----------0-----|-------0---------|-------0---------|-----------------|
--------------|--------(2)------|-------------2---|-------------2---|-----------------|
------0---2---|-3---3-------3---|-3---3-----------|-3---3-----------|-----------------|
-[3]----------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----3---2---1---|

  E                                 F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-0---------|-------0---------|-----1-1---------|-------1---------|
|-----0-0---------|-----------0-----|-----1-1---1-----|-----------1-----|
|-----------1-----|-0h1-------------|-----2-2-----2---|-0h2-------------|
|-----------------|-------------2---|-0h3-------------|-----3-------3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-----------0---|-----0---0-------|-----------------|-----------------|

  C                 G                 C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------0---------|-------3---------|-0---------0-----|-0---------0-----||
|-----------1-----|-----------0-----|-----------------|-----------------||
|-0---------------|-----------------|-------0---------|-------0---------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------2---|-------------2---||
|-----3-------3---|-------------0---|-3---3-----------|-3---3-----------||
|-----------------|-3---3-----------|-----------------|-----------------||

  C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3---------3-----|-3---------3-----|/5-----5---------|-3-----0---------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------1-----|
|-------0---------|-------0---------|(0)--------0-----|-----------------|
|-------------2---|-------------2---|(4)----------4---|-----------------|
|-3---3-----------|-3---3-----------|/5---5-----------|-3---3-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------0---|
```

```
  E                                F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------0---------|-------0---------|-----1-1---------|-----1-1---------|
|-----------------|-----------0-----|-----1-1---1-----|-1---1-1---1(1)--|
|-0h1-------1-----|-0h1-------------|-----2-2---------|(0h2)2-2--(2-2)--|
|-----------------|-------------2---|-0---------------|----------(3)3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----3-------0---|-----------------|
|-----0---0---0---|-----0---0-------|-----------------|-----------------|

  C                G                C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------0---------|------(3)--------|-0---------0-----|-0---------0-----||
|-----------1-----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-0---------------|-----------0-----|-------0---------|-------0---------||
|-----------------|-------------0---|-------------2---|-------------2---||
|-----3-------3---|-----------------|-3---3-----------|-3---3-----------||
|-----------------|-3---3-----------|-----------------|-----------------||
```

C
Railroad Bill, he ain't so bad,
E F
killed his mommy, shot a [round] in his dad [/around with?]
C G C
Ride old Railroad Bill.

[2 instr. verses, 2nd with harp]

Railroad Bill took my wife.
If I'd said a word, he'd have taken my life
Ride old Railroad Bill.

[harp verse]

Railroad Bill he was comin' down the hill
Lightin' cigars with a ten-dollar bill
Ride old Railroad Bill

[guitar verse + harp verse]

Ten policemen, all dressed in black,
coming out of nowhere, walking down the tracks,
and they're looking for Railroad Bill

[guitar verse]

Railroad Bill, [comin' round the bend][/fence?]
Robbin' a passenger train for 16 cents
I'm gonna ride old Railroad Bill

[guitar verse]

Railroad Bill got in a gamblin' game
shot a man down, though he was to blame
when you lose your mind, let it [turn?] loose

```
     [harp verse]

He's down in a jailhouse singin' railer's blues
Same old pants on your passenger shoes
When you lose your mind, let it loose

     [wicked harp verse + guitar verse]

Railroad Bill he's a mighty bad man
Shot the lantern from a brakeman's hand
Just to see that man suffer pain.

     [two lines of instrumental, then:]
     ride, ride, ride, ride.
```

Additional verses from other versions

Early one morning, standing in the rain
'round the curb come a long freight train

Railroad Bill, a-comin' on soon
Killed McMillen by the light of the moon

Kill me a chicken, send me the wing,
They think I'm working, lord, I ain't doin' a thing

Kill me a chicken, send me the hip
Think I'm workin', Lord, I'm laying in [deep]

Got a great long pistol, 'bout as long as your arm,
I'm gonna shoot everybody ever done me harm

Got a .38 special on a .45 frame.
How can I miss when I got dead aim

Gonna drink my whisky, gonna drink it in the wind
the doctor said it'd cure me, but he didn't say when

Going up on the mountain, going out west.
Thirty eight special sticking out of my vest.

Honey honey, think I'm a fool.
Think I would quit you when the weather is cool.

It's Hard To Be Blind

Trad. (this version attributed to Rev. Gary Davis)
Played by Bob Dylan on the so-called Minnesota Party Tape II (May 1961) and Minnesota Hotel Tape (Dec 1961)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Minnesota Party Tape II (May 1961)

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key D major)

The guitar accompaniment has a fairly steady oompa-bass, as exemplified in the tab snipped below. The F is frequently played with the little flourish in the second measure below (indicated with an asterisk in the chord section).
There are instrumental verses before, between, and after, which are more or less identical to the tabbed version.

```
  C                F                C
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .
|-----0-------0---|-1---------------|-----0---
|-----1-------1---|-1---1-1-1-1-----|-----1---
|-----0-------0---|-2---2-2-3-2---0-|-----0---  etc
|-----2-------2---|-3---------------|-----2---
|-3---------------|-----------------|-3-------
|---------3-------|-----------------|---------
```

```
          C    F *)  C
Well, it's hard to be blind
          C             Em         Am     G (G7)
Lord, it's hard and it's hard to be blind
C                    F
 If I could see, how happy I would be
C      F           C
Nobody cares about me.
C      F     *)    C
Nobody cares about me.

        C         F          C
Lord, I cried the day I went blind
         C            Em          Am    G
I said, "Lord, what's happened to me?"
C                       F
(Eeeeh) Lost my friends I lost my sight
C      F           C
Nobody cares about me.
    C      F           C
Nobody cares about me.

Lord, it's hard, it's hard to be blind
Lord, it's hard, it's hard to be blind
If I could see, how happy I would be
Nobody cares about me.
```

```
Lord, it's hard to be blind
[harmonica line]
If I could see, how happy I would be
C      F
Nobody
C
[harmonica]
C      F           C
Nobody cares about me.

C . F . C Csus2 C
```

Minnesota Hotel Tape (22 Dec, 1961)

This version is much more straightforward in the playing.
Capo 1st fret (sounding key D♭ major)

"I wrote my own new song to it, it's called "It's hard it's hard to be poor. But I'll sing it [Gary's way]"

```
        C         F          C
Lord, I cried the day I went blind
         C            Em          Am    G
I said, "Lord, what's happened to me?"
C                       F
 Lost my friends when I lost my sight
C      F           C     (F)
Nobody cares about me.
    C      F       G      C
And nobody cares about me.

Lord, it's hard and it's hard to be blind
And it's hard and it's hard to be blind
If I could see, how happy I would be
Nobody cares about me.
Nobody cares about me.

There was a time when I went blind
Lord what's happened to me?
I lost my friends and I lost my sight
C      F
Nobody
C      F
Nobody
C             F    G     C
Nobody cares about me.

It's hard and hardest to be blind
Lord, it's hard, it's hard to be blind
If I could see, how happy I would be
Nobody cares about me.
C      F           G
Nobody cares about me.
```

```
F      G             C
Nobody cares about me.
```

Naomi Wise

Trad.
As performed by Bob Dylan at the Riverside Church, Jul 29 1961
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
Strumming pattern: |:   .   .   |
                   |d   d u d u |
```

```
[1 verse instr. intro]

                G                   C
She promised to meet him at Adams' Spring
              D                        G
Expecting some money or some other fine things


No money, no money to flatter the case
We'll have to get married so there'll be no disgrace

So jump you up Omie, and away we will ride
To yonder fair country and I'll make you my bride

She jumped up behind him and away they did go
to yonder far country where the deep waters flow

Now jump you down Omie and I'll telly my mind
My mind is to drowned you and to leave you behind

Oh no, oh no, please don't take my life
Oh I will deny you and I'll not be your wife

But he kicked and he cuffed her to the worst understand
And he threw her in deep water that flows through the land

They found the poor body the following day
Run up on the river on the banks full of clay *)

And up spoke her mother with a voice such a-sting
No one but John Lewis could have done such a thing

They traced him up the river to Dutch Charlie's bend
Where they found him in jail for killing a man

Go hang him, go hang him was the mother's command
Through him in deep water that flows through the land

Go hang him, go hang him was the judge's command
Through him in deep water that flows through the land
```

---

*) Minnesota tape: "The preacher and the reverend they all began to pray"

Acne

Written by Eric von Schmidt (probably – anyway, it's probably not what he considers his major contribution to humanity either, so he may be able to forgive me if the attribution is wrong)
Performed by Dylan and Ramblin' Jack Elliott at the Riverside Church, Jul 29 1961
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The Do-wap thing is Elliott's assigned role throughout the song.
Things get a little out of hand towards the end of the song; I've indicated the chords in the third verse

---

```
C . . . Am . . . F . . . G      rep. ad lib.
C . . . Am . . . F . . .

    G
Do wop, do wop,

         C
Do do do wop, do do do wop,
         Am
Do do do wop, do do do wop,
         F
Do do do wop, do do do wop,
         G
Do do do wa, ah

     [two more rounds in the same manner]

C
 You say you'd ask me,
Am
 You said you'd ask me,
F
 You said you'd ask me
G
 To the senior prom. [Elliott: "Say something!"]

Found out I had acne,
Now you won't ask me,
'Cause I have acne,
To the senior prom, Oooh...

C . .        .
    Get me a shotgun
Am . . .         F     . . .
      Twenty-two rocket
G  .             .        .
 I got it for my birthday

I'll kill my parents
'Cause they don't understand,
They don't think of a teenager at all
```

San Francisco Bay Blues

Words and music Jesse Fuller
Performed by Bob Dylan at Gerdes Folk City (New York, NY), Sept. 1961 w/ Jim Kweskin, and occasionally during the late 80s
Tabbed by Jeffrey Kokosinsky

It has been said (don't remember by who) that whereas Chuck Berry has three different songs that he puts different texts to, Jesse Fuller had one. He wrote She's (or You're) no good on *Bob Dylan* as well.

```
C/G    332010
C/B    x22010
E-em-E 022100-022000-022100 (hammering on and off the G string)
```

```
C/G . . . F . . . C . /b . A7 . . . F . . . G . . . C . . . C . . .

          C                         F                   C
I got the blues from my baby livin' by the San Francisco Bay
    F                       C
The ocean liners not so far away
  F                                        C           C/B       A7
I didn't mean to treat her so bad; she was the best girl I ever have had
D7/F#                             G7
I said goodbye; I can take a cry, I wanna lay down and die

       C                       F                C
     I ain't got a nickle and I ain't got a lousy dime
         F                                      E-em-E
     She don't come back, think I'm gonna lose my mind
            F                                C/G       C/B       A7
     If she ever get back to stay it's gonna be another brand new day
     D7/F#               G7                       C
     Walkin' with my baby down by San Francisco Bay

Sittin' down lookin' from the back door wondrin' which way to go
Woman I'm so crazy 'bout she don't love me no more
Think I'll catch me a freight train cause I'm feelin' blue
Ride all the way to the end of the line thinkin' only you

     Meanwhile livin' in the city just about to go insane
     All I heard my baby Lord the way she used to call my name
     If she ever get back to stay it's gonna be another brand new day
     Walkin with my baby down by San Francisco Bay
     Walkin with my baby down by San Francisco Bay
     Yeah, walkin with my baby down by San Francisco Bay
```

The Girl I Left Behind

Lyrics as performed on Oscar Brand's "Folk Song Festival", WNYC, NYC, Oct 29, 1961
Lyrics transcribed by Manfred Helfert
Chords tabbed by Kaliph Hayes

Capoed 3rd fret (original key Cm)

```
Am E Am

Am
There was a wealthy old farmer
C           E           Am
That lived in the county nearby
Am
He had a lovin' daughter
C               E
On whom I cast my eye
Am
She was pretty fair and handsome
C               E
And did so very fine
Am
There was no girl in the county
E
With her that could compare

Am E Am

I asked her if she'd be willing
To let me cross over the plains.
She said it would be alright with her
Just so I'd return again.
She said that she'd be true to me
Till death would be unkind.
We kissed, shook hands, and parted.
I left my girl behind.

Out in a western city, boys,
A town you all know well,
Where everyone was friendly,
They'd show me all around.
The work an' money was plentyful,
And the girls to me were kind.
But the only girl I thought about
Was the girl I'd left behind.

One day when I was ramblin' 'round
Down by the public square,
The mail coach it came in,
And I met the mail boy there.
He handed me a letter, gave me to understand
That the girl I left in old Texas
She married another man.

I turned myself all around and around
```

Not knowing what else to do.
I rid down a little pace further,
Just to see if these words were true.
It's drinkin' I throw over,
Card playin' I'll resign,
For the only girl I ever did love
Was the girl I left behind.

Come around, you ramblin' gamblin' men,
And listen while I tell.
If it does to you no good, kind friends,
I'm a-sure it will do you no harm.
If you ever find you a fair young maid,
Just marry her while you can.
For if you ever cross over the plain,
she'll marry another man.

1913 Massacre

Written by Woody Guthrie (later adapted by Dylan for his own Song to Woody)
Played by Dylan during his concert at the Carnegie Chapter Hall, Nov 4, 1961
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Melodically identical to Song to Woody. The playing resembles Long Time Growing with the fast strumming, but with the G /e /d /b G figure from Song to Woody in place:

```
  G           /e          /d          /b      /a    G
  :   .   .   :   .   .   :   .   .   :   .   .     :
|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|-3-3-------
|-0---0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-0-0-------
|-0---0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-0-0--etc--
|-0---0-------2---2---2---0---0---0---0---0---0---0-|-0-0-------
|-2---2---2---------------------------2---2---0---0-|-2---------
|-3---3---3-----------------------------------------|-3---------
```

```
G                     D  G
Take a trip with me in 1913
   C                        D          G
To Calumet, Michigan, in the copper country.
                               C       G
I'll take you to a place called Italian Hall
          G . . /e . . /d . . /b . /a  G            D             G
Where the miners                   are having their big Christmas ball.

I'll take you indoor, and up a high stair.
There's singin' and dancin', it's heard everywhere,
I'll let you shake hands with the people you see
And watch the kids dance round the big Christmas tree.

There's singin' and dancin' and songs in the air,
An' the spirit of Christmas is there everywhere,
Before you know, you're friends with us all
And you're dancin' around and around in the hall.

You ask about work and you ask about pay;
They'll tell you they make less than a dollar a day,
Just workin' the copper claims, riskin' their lives,
So it's fun to spend Christmas with children and wives.

A little girl sits by the Christmas tree lights
To play piano, she gotta keep quiet.
To hear all this fun you would not realize
That the copper-boss thug-men are millin' outside.

The copper-thugs stuck their heads through the door
One of them yelled and he screamed, "There's a fire!"
A lady, she hollered, "There's no such a thing!
Keep on with your party, there's no such thing."

A few people rushed, and it's only a few.
```

"It's just the scabs and the thugs foolin' you."
A man grabbed his daughter and he carried her down,
But the thugs held the door and he could not get out.

And then others followed, a hundred or more,
But most everybody remained on the floor.
The scabs and the thugs they still laughed at their joke,
And the children were smothered on the stairs by the door.

Such a terrible sight I never did see,
We carried our children back up to their tree.
The scabs and the thugs they still laughed at their spree,
And the children that died there were seventy-three.

The piano played a slow funeral tune,
But the town was lit up by a cold Christmas moon,
The parents they weep and the miners they moan,
"See what your greed for money has done."

In The Pines

By Huddie 'Leadbelly' Ledbetter
Performed by Bob Dylan on his first major gig, in Carnegie Chapter Hall, Nov 4, 1961, and during his longest gig, the Toad's Place concert Jan 12, 1990.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Carnegie Chapter Hall, Nov 4, 1961

the tremolo intro is used between the verses

Chords:

```
G(7)   xxx787
F(5)   xxx565
```

"Kinda' got lost comin' up here tonight. Took a subway. Got off somewhere on 156th Street. Started to walkin' back. I got hung up on a Cadillac store down there. So I'm not here so on time. I was almost run over by a bus. Took another subway, down on 34th street and I walked up here.

I come pretty prepared tonight, I got a list on my guitar. This is a new list, I used to have one on my guitar about a month ago,that was no good. Figured I'd get a good list, so I went around... I put the list on first, then I went around to other guuitar players, and – sort of looked at their lists, and I copied down songs on mine.

Some of these I don't know so good."

```
G(7) . . . |F(5) . . . |(tremolo)
C . . . | . . . . |
G . . . | D . . . |
G . C . | G . D etc

[spoken: "This is the story about a little girl,
                                        D7
runnin' all over, findin' out all about - life,
       G                    C                                G
She's... goin' out at night, comin home, keepin' late hours,
                              D
findin' out all about - just . . . what makes up life.

Eleven years old."]

G . . . | G7 . . . | C . . . | . . . .
G . . . | D . . . |G . . . | D . . .

       G            G7              C
Little girl, little girl, where you been so long?
    G         D    G       D
Not even your mama knows.
       G             G               C
In the pines, in the pines, where the sun never shines.
      G            D            G         D
And I shivered the whole night long.
```

```
My daddy, he was a railroad man,
Till the [...] town.
His head, was found neath' the driving wheel
And his body has never been found

[...], he love you, for a thousand times
And he's taken all the love I had to give.
He's taken my house, he's taken my love.
I'll never will love as long as I live.

Little girl, little girl, where you been so long?
Not even your mama knows.
In the pines, in the pines, where the sun never shines.
And I shivered the whole night long.
```

Toad's Place, Jan 12 1990

```
    A               D/a A
The longest train I ever seen
    A      E       A
was on the Georgia line
    A              D/a     A
The engine fast it seeks a cart,
       A         E       A
and it came past by last night

In the pines, in the pines,
where the sun never shines
and I shivered where the cold winds blow

Black girl, black girl,*)             *) [other times it is "dark girl"]
don't you lie to me
tell me where
did you sleep last night

In the pines, in the pines,
where the sun never shines
I shivered where the cold winds blow.

I asked my captain for the time of day
He got so mad he threw his watch away
The long steel rail that shone 'cross town
I'm on my way back home

In the pines, in the pines,
where the sun never shines
And I shivered where the cold winds blow.

In the pines, in the pines,
where the sun never shines
And I shivered where the cold winds blow.
```

In The Evening

Brownie McGhee
Recorded by Bob Dylan on the "Minnesota Hotel Tape" (Dec 22, 1961)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Standard tuning, but the guitar is tuned a little low.

Standard blues accompaniement (see tab below). The B7 is fingered and strummed in a variety of ways, sometimes with an open e string either on bottom or top, or both (021200/ 221200, or 021202), sometimes with a hammer-on on the fifth string, or even on the third (in the intro), but mostly it sounds like both the third and the sixth strings are open, which would give 021000 as the "standard" chord formation for B7.
The last A in each verse, after the B7, is in many cases reduced to an open E string in the bass, giving it an undefined character somewhere between A and E.
The final harp solo uses the same kind of licks as the middle solo, with variations, of course.

```
Intro (w/harp):
```

```
  E                         A                         E
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|   In most of the following
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|   verses the first four
|-------------------------|-2---2-4---4-5---5-4---4-|-------------------------|   bars are played E
|-2---2-4---4-5---5-4---4-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-2---2-4---4-5---5-4---4-|   throughout
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-------------------------|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|

                          A
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-2---2-4---4-5---5-4---4-|-2---2-4---4-5---5-4---4-|
|-2---2-4---4-5---5-4---4-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-------------------------|-------------------------|

  E                                                   B7
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----0-----0-----0-----0-|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----0-----2-----2-----2-|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------1-----4-----1-----|
|-2---2-4---4-5---5-4---4-|-2---2-4---4-5---5-4---4-|-2-----------------------|
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-------------------------|

  A                         E
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-2---2-4---4-5---5-4---4-|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-2---2-4---4-5---5-4---4-|-2---2-4---4-5---5-4---4-|
|-------------------------|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|
                                                                  In the e-(vening) . . .
```

```
      E
In the evening, baby, when the sun goes down
      A                         E
In the evening, when the sun goes down
         B7      A                      E
Sure gets lonesome when your baby's not around.


[Full verse, one-note (B) harp interlude,
followed by one verse of free harp solo]


         E
Sure gets lonesome, sleepin' all by yourself
         A                                  E
Sure gets lonesome, baby, sleepin' all by yourself
           B7                  A                              E
When you're lovin' somebody, and   she's sleepin' with somebody else
                 .    B7  .  .  |
when the sun goes down
```

[Harp solo:]
x4
|: E . . . :|

```
     E(iv)                    B7          E(iv)           E
     :     .     .     .      :     .     .     .
---|-4-----4-----4-----------|-2-----2----/4-----4-----|--(0)-------
---|-------------------------|-------------------------|--(0)-------
-2-|/4---4-----4-----4-----2-|-----2-----2(/4)-4-------|(0 or 1)----
---|-------------------------|-------------------------|--(2)-------
---|-------------------------|-------------------------|--(2)-------
---|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|--(0)-------
```

|: E . . . :| B7 . . . |

```
  E
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .        :     .     .     .
|-4-----4-----4-----2-----|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-----------0-----------0-|-------------------------|
|-----4-----4-----4-----2-|-1-----2-----1-----2-----|-1-----2---1-------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|
                                                                  In the . . .
```

```
       E(m) . . . | . . . . | . . | A           .   .   .      E
In the evening,                     mama, when the sun goes down (Oooh Lord)
       A                          E
In the evening, when the sun goes down
          B7                A                E
Sure gets lonesome when your baby's not around,
                  E   /a /a# B7
when the sun goes down.
```

[Harp solo verse again]

In the evening, in the evening, mama, when the sun goes down
In the evening, mama, when the sun goes down
Sure gets lonesome when your baby's not around,
when the sun goes down.

I Was Young When I Left Home

Trad.
Recorded on the "Minnesota Hotel Tape" (Dec 22, 1961) and released on the limited edition of *Love And Theft* (2001) and on *No direction home* (2005)
Tabbed by Gabor Bella and Eyolf Østrem

Open G tuning (DGdgbd')

```
G      000000
G'     000430
"D"    000210
"C"    002010
```

The tab is of the intro, but it's almost the same thing that he plays while singing. As usual with Dylan, the actual pattern is always changing, so it would be impossible (and pointless) to write down every single note exactly. For example, the alternation of the bass (between the G and d strings) is not always continuous, and from time to time Dylan uses the lower D string as well.

"I sorta made it up on a train. Huh, oh I'm here. This must be good for somebody, this sad song. I *know* it's good for somebody. If it ain't for me, it's good for somebody. I just talked about it, huh huh."

Intro:

```
     G'
     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
d------0-------0-----|---0-------0-----|
b------------------3-|-----------------|
g--3/4-----4---------|-------4-------3/|
d--------0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
G----0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
D--------------------|-----------------|

           "D" G    "C"
   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
d----0-------------|---0-------0-----|---0-------0-----|
b------------------|-----------------|-------1---------|
g--4-----4\2-0-----|-------0-------0-|---------------0h|
d------0-------0-2-|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|
G--0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
D------------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  "D"               "C"
   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
d----0-------0-----|---0-------0-----|
b------------------|-----------------|
g--2-----2---------|-------0-------2/|
d------0-------0-0-|h2---2-------0---|
G--0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
D------------------|-----------------|
```

```
   G’     "D"  G     G
   :   .   .   .     .
d----0-------------|---0-------0-------|-0-------0-----|
b------------------|-------------------|---------------|
g-/4-----4\2-0---0-|-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-|
d------0-------0---|-----0-------0-----|---0-------0---|
G--0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-|-------0-------|
D------------------|-------------------|---------------| etc.
```

```
      G’
I was young when I left home
             D    G    C
and I been a-rambling ’round.
      D
And I never wrote a letter to my home.
      G     G’   D  G  C
To my home, lord to my home.
      D                        G’
And I never wrote a letter to my home.
```

It was just the other day,
I was bringing home my pay
when I met an old friend I used to know.
Said your mother’s dead and gone,
baby sister’s all gone wrong
and your daddy needs you home right away.

Not a shirt on my back,
not a penny on my name.
But I can’t go home thisaway.
Thisaway, lord lord lord.
And I can’t go home thisaway.

If you miss the train I’m on,
count the days I’m gone.
You will hear that whistle blow a hundred miles.
Hundred miles, honey baby, lord lord lord,
and you’ll hear that whistle blow a hundred miles.

I’m playing on a track,
ma would come and whoop me back
on them trussels down by old Jim McKay’s.
When I pay the debt I owe
to the commissary store,
I will pawn my watch and chain and go home.
Go home, lord lord lord.
I will pawn my watch and chain and go home.

Used to tell ma sometimes
when I see them riding blind,
gonna make me a home out in the wind.
In the wind, lord in the wind.
Make me a home out in the wind.

I don’t like it in the wind,
I go back home again,
but I can’t go home thisaway.

```
Thisaway, lord lord lord,
and I can't go home thisaway.

I was young when I left home
and I been all rambling 'round.
And I never wrote a letter to my home.
To my home lord lord lord.
And I never wrote a letter to my home.
```

Poor Lazarus

(trad.)
Recorded by Bob Dylan on the "Minnesota Hotel Tape" (Dec 22, 1961)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
          G          G7
Well they found poor Lazarus
C              A
in between two mountains.
            G          D/F#
Blowed him down, great God,
                G      D/F#
they blowed him down.

Well they killed poor Lazarus
with a mighty number,
number .45.

Poor Lazarus, they took his body
to the commissary office.
Walked away,
great God, they walked away.

Poor Lazarus, Lazarus's father,
when he heard his son was a-dying,
he said: let that fool go down.
Let the fool go down.

And Lazarus, Lazarus's little sister,
she could not come to the funeral.
Didn't have no shoes,
lord, on her feet.

And Lazarus, Lazarus's old mother
walking down the road,
crying: my only son,
he killed my only son.

Hey captain, did you hear the news?
Your men are gonna leave you
next pay day,
oh lord, next pay day.

Well the high sheriff told the deputy
go out and get me Lazarus.
Dead or alive,
dead or alive.
```

Stealin'

Traditional
Performed on various occasions in Dylan's early years
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

"Folksinger's Choice", Mar 11, 1962

```
  G   D   C   D        C   D   C     G
  :   .   .   .        :   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-7---5---3---2---|--|-0---2---0---|-3---3---3------
|-8---7---5---3---|--|-1---3---1---|-0---0---0------
|-7---7---5---2---|x6|-0---2---0---|-0---0---0------
|-----------------|--|-2---0---2---|-0---2---0------
|-----------------|--|-3-------3---|-2-------2------
|-----------------|--|-------------|-3---3---3------
```

```
         G
Well the woman I hate, I see her everyday.
    C
The woman I love she's so far away.

            D                                          G
     If you don't think I love you, look what a fool I've been.
            C                                   C      G
     If you don't think I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in.
         G      . . .  G7      . . .    C
     I'm stealin', I'm stealin', pretty mama don't you tell on me.
              G                  D                 G
     Well I'm stealin' back to my good old used to be.

[1 verse harp interlude (see below)]

         G
Well the woman I love she's about my size.
       C
She's a married woman, come to see me sometime.

            D                                    G
     If you don't think I love you, look what a fool I've been.
            D [n.c]
     If you don't think I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in.
         G        G7              C                      (A)  *)
     I'm stealin', stealin', pretty mama won't you tell on me.
         G                  D                  G
     I'm stealin' back to my good old used to be.

    G              /e              /d            G
Well put your arms around me like a circle in the sun,
C
Stay with me baby like my easy rider done.

            D  [n.c]
```

```
     If you don't think I'm sinking, look what a hole I'm in.

     If you don't think I love you, look what a fool I've been.
         G         G7               C
     I'm stealin', stealin', pretty mama won't you tell on me.
              G                   D
     Well I'm stealin' back to my good old used to be.
         G         G7               C
     I'm stealin', stealin', pretty mama don't you tell on me.
              G                   D                   G
     Well I'm stealin' back to my good old used to be.

[long harp interlude]

         G         G7               C
     I'm stealin', stealin', pretty mama won't you tell on me.
              G                   D                  G
     Well I'm stealin' back to my good old used to be.

     G . . . D . . C G . . . . ||
```

---

*) In the harp interludes, the figure at "If you don't think I'm …" goes:

```
  G D C  D  C G
  :   .   .   .
|-7-5-3--2--0-3---|
|-8-7-5--3--1-0---|
|-7-7-5--2--0-0---| repeat
|-----------2-0---|
|-----------3-2---|
|-------------3---|
```

Also, the A in the refrains is only used in the harp interludes, and the G-G7 are twice as short there.

Finjan Club, Jul 2, 1962

```
         G
Well the woman I love she's about my size
        C
She's a married woman, comes to see me sometime.

              G [n.c]
     If you don't think I love you, look what a fool I've been
              *)
     If you don't think I'm sinkin', look what a hole I'm in
         G
     I'm stealin', stealin'
              C                     A7
     Pretty mama don't you tell on me
         G                   D                G
     I'm stealin' back to my same ol' used to be.
```

```
Well put your arms around me like a circle in the sun
Stay with me baby like my easy ridin' done.

Well the woman I hate, I see her every day
The woman I love she's so far away.
```

---

*) In the third refrain the following chords are played here:

```
  G     D     C    G
|-7-----5-----3----3------
|-8-----7-----5----0------
|-7-----7-----5----0------
|-------0----------0------
|------------------2------
|------------------3------
```

Ballad For A Friend

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Jan 1962 as a Leeds Music demo
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D tuning (D-A-d-f♯-a-d′), capo 7th fret.

The interlude figure also appears in “Standing On The Highway”, recorded on the same occasion.

Chords:

```
G       020100
D7      000330
```

```
D

G       D              G        D
Sad I'm sittin' on the railroad track
G             D
Watchin' that old smokestack
G                        D               D7  D
Train is a-leavin' but it won't be back.

  D7                             D
      :     .     .     .       :     .
--0-|-----0-0-----------------|-----0------
--3-|-----3-3-----------------|-----0------
--3-|-----3-3---1-------------|-----0------  etc.
----|-----------------3-----0-|-----0------
----|-------------------------|-----0------
----|-0-----0-----0-----0-----|-0----------

Years ago we hung around,
Watchin' trains roll through the town.
Now that train is a-graveyard bound.

Where we go up in that North Country,
Lakes and streams and mines so free,
I had no better friend than he.

Something happened to him that day,
I thought I heard a stranger say,
I hung my head and stole away.

A diesel truck was rollin' slow,
Pullin' down a heavy load.
It left him on a Utah road.

They carried him back to his home town,
His mother cried, his sister moaned,
Listin' to them church bells tone.
```

Standing On The Highway

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Jan 1962 as a Leed Music demo
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D tuning (D-A-d-f♯-a-d'), capo 6th fret

The tab simply consists of the following little figure (which is also featured, in a slightly more refined fashion, in Ballad For A Friend, which was recorded on the same occasion), repeated over and over again.

```
  :   .   .   .
|-----0-----------|
|-----3-----------|
|---3---1---------|
|-----------3---0-|
|-----------------|
|-0---0---0---0---|
```

```
Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Tryin' to bum a ride, tryin' to bum a ride,
Tryin' to bum a ride.
Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Tryin' to bum a ride, tryin' to bum a ride,
Tryin' to bum a ride.
Nobody seem to know me,
Everybody pass me by.

Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Tryin' to hold up, tryin' to hold up,
Tryin to hold up and be brave.
Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Tryin' to hold up, tryin to hold up and be brave.
One roads goin' to the bright lights,
The others goin' down to my grave.

Well, I'm lookin' down at two card,
They seem to be handmade.
Well, I'm lookin' down at two card,
They seem to be handmade.
One looks like it's the ace of diamonds,
The other looks like it is the ace of spades.

Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Watchin' my life roll by.
Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Watchin' my life roll by.
Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Tryin' to bum a ride.

Well, I'm standin' on the highway
Wonderin' where everybody went, wonderin' where everybody went,
Wonderin' where everybody went.
Well, I'm standin' on the highway
```

Wonderin' where everybody went, wonderin' where everybody went,
Wonderin' where everybody went.
Please mister, pick me up,
I swear I ain't gonna kill nobody's kids.

I wonder if my good gal,
I wonder if she knows I'm here,
Nobody else seems to know I'm here.
I wonder if my good gal,
I wonder if she knows I'm here,
Nobody else seems to know I'm here.
If she knows I'm here, Lawd,
I wonder if she said a prayer.

Smokestack Lightning

Howlin' Wolf
Played by Bob Dylan on Cynthia Gooding's *Folksinger's Choice* radio show, March 11, 1962
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The entire song is really nothing more than a fooling around with a finger-picked E major chord, toying with the third (g♯) in either direction, either towards Em or towards Esus4. It would be senseless to tab the entire thing: just finger an E chord, let the thumb start working (either just alternating between strings 6 and 4, or, as Dylan does, in a more irregular pattern, involving even the 5th string), and add flourishes like the following sample (heard for quite some time at the beginning of the second verse), or those found in the intro (see below).

```
      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
----|---0-------0-----|---0-------0------|
----|-----------------|------------------|
--2-|-------0h1-----2-|-------0h1--------|
----|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2----|
----|-----------------|------------------|
----|-0-------0-------|-0-------0--------|
```

Intro:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-3-------0---------0-----|
|-----------------|-----------0-----|-----------------|-------------------------|
|-----------------|-------------1---|-2-----0--h1-----|-------------------------|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-----------|-----------------|-------------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0---0-------0---|-----0-------0---0---0---|

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------0-----|-3b----0---------|---------------0-|
|-2---------------|-0---------0-----|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-------1---------|-----------0--h1-|-----1-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------2---|-----------2-----|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----2-----------|
|-----0---0---0---|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---0-------|-0-------0--(0)--|

                      >       >       >       >
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---0--h1---0--h1-|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
                                                      Hard days...

Hard days, Smokestack Lightning
shining down like ghost
Can't you hear me crying?
```

Tell me, tell me baby
Just where you stayed last night.
Can't you hear me crying?

Please stop your train, and
let a poor boy ride.
Can't you hear me crying?

Tell me, tell me baby
Just what's the matter here.
Can't you hear me crying?

Hey you been fooling
Who's been here since I been gone? Little Billy Boy?
Can't you hear me crying?

Dylan: "Did you like that?"
Cynthia: "Yeah, I sure do!"

Roll On John

Trad.
Played by Bob Dylan on Cynthia Gooding's *Folksinger's Choice* show, recorded Jan 13, broadcast March 11, 1962
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D/E tuning (D-A-d-f♯-a-d') Capo 5th fret (sounding key G major)

These are the basic figures that are played throughout the song. The second string is always an alternative to the first; it adds flavour to the G/b and A chords (but, as with all spices: add with caution):

```
  D                 G/b               G/b, alternative between verses       A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
||-------0-------0-||-------0-------0-||-------0----------|-------0-------0-||-------0-------0-||
||-----------------||------(0)-----(0)||---0--------------|-----------------||------(0)-----(0)||
||---0-------0-----||---1-------1-----||-----------1--(p0)|--(0)------0-----||---1-------1-----||
||-----0-------0---||-----0-------0---||-----0-------0----|-----0-------0---||-----2-------2---||
||-----------------||-2-------2-------||-2-------2--------|-----------------||-0-------0-------||
||-0-------0-------||-----------------||------------------|-0-------0-------||-----------------||
```

```
[Intro]

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-------0-------0-|------(0)------0-|-------0-------0-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------0-------0-|
|-----------------|---0-------0-----|---0-------0-----|---0-------0-----|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-----------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---------------0-|-------0-------0-|-----------------|---
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---
|-----------0-----|---0-------0-----|-----------------|---
|-----------------|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|---
|-----0-------0---|-----------------|-----------------|---
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|---
                                    Roll . . .

D
Roll


Roll

Roll on John,
                  G/b
Don't you roll so slow
          A                         D   G/b D
How can I roll when the wheels won't roll?
```

I asked that girl, won't you be my wife?
She fell on her knees,she began to cry.

The more she cried, the worse I felt
Till I thought my heart would melt.

I looked at the sun was a-sinking low.
I looked at my baby, she was a-walkin' down the road.

I looked at the sun was a-turning red.
I looked at my baby, but she bowed her head.

Don't the sun look lonesome, oh lord lord lord, on the graveyard fence?
Don't my baby look lonesome when her head is bent?

Roll on John, don't you roll so slow.
How can I roll when the wheels won't roll.

Roll on John, don't you roll so slow.
How can I roll when the wheels won't roll.

Hard Travelin'

Written by Woody Guthrie (Dylan's lyrics differ slightly from Guthrie's)
Played by Bob Dylan on Cynthia Gooding's *Folksinger's Choice* show (Jan/Mar 1963)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The following figure is played wherever there is a long G:

```
  G      /e        /d      /a-b
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----3-3-----3-3-|-----3-3-----3-3-|
|-----0-0-----0-0-|-----0-0-----0-0-|
|-----0-0-----0-0-|-----0-0-----0-0-|
|---------2-------|-0---------------|
|-----------------|---------0h2-----|
|-3---------------|-----------------|
```

```
    G         /e          /d   /a-b       G                       [etc.]
Oh, I've been havin' some hard travelin', I thought you knowed.
                                        A            D
I've been havin' some hard travelin', way down the road.
G                                       C
I've been havin' some hard travelin', hard ramblin', hard gamblin'
    D                                      G
An' I've been havin' some hard travelin', Lawd.

Oh, I've been ridin' them blind passengers, I thought you knowed.
I've been ridin' in fast wheelers, way down the road.
Blind passengers, flat wheelers, dead enders, kicking up cinders
An' I've been havin' some hard travelin', Lawd.

Ooh, I've been workin' in a hard rock tunnel, I thought you knowed.
I've been pourin' red hot slag way down the road.
I've been a-blastin' an' I've been firin' an' I've been pourin' the red hot iron
An' I've been havin' some hard travelin', Lawd.

Oh, I've been walkin' that Lincoln Highway, I thought you knowed.
I've been hitchin' on the '66, way down the road.
Heavy load, a worried man, I'm a-lookin' for a woman that's a-hard to find
I've been havin' some hard travelin', Lawd.

Oh, I've been hittin' some hard harvestin', I thought you knowed.
North Dakota to Kansas City way down the road.
Bunchin' that wheat an' stacking that hay, trying to make about a dollar a day
An' I've been havin' some hard travelin', Lawd.

Oh, I've been locked in a hard rock jail, I thought you knowed.
I've been layin' out ninety days, way down the road.
The mean old judge he says to me, "That's a-ninety days for vagrancy."
An' I've been hittin' some hard travelin', Lawd.

Oh, I've been havin' some hard travelin', I thought you knowed.
I've been hittin' some hard travelin', way down the road.
I've been hittin' some hard travelin', hard ramblin', hard gamblin'
An' I've been havin' some hard travelin', Lawd.
```

Long Time Man

Trad. arr Alan Lomax
Played by Bob Dylan on Cynthia Gooding's *Folksinger's Choice* show (Jan/March 1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The chord I've called B♭' is played in two different ways: x03301 and x03330, possibly even x03331. It is cheating of course: a technical problem (the full barre B♭ is hard to finger especially in quick succession with other chords) is solved in an unsuccessful way (lots of discords whichever way you play it) in a way which parades as a conscious choice ("Sounds wicked, eh?"). It's not. But hey, it's Dylan so we all love it, right? Right!

```
Bb'

        C         Bb' F      C
Makes a long time man   feel bad
        C         Bb' F      C
Makes a long time man   feel bad
            C        E
When you're out all alone
   F               D/f#
No letter from your home
        C         F        C
Makes a long time man feel bad

G

I believe my dear old mother's gone
I believe my dear old mother's gone
I believe she's gone on to a better land
It makes a long time man feel bad

Go tell all my friends goodbye
You can tell all my friends so long
You can tell my friends so long,
I'll see you next time around
It makes a long time man feel bad

It makes a long time man feel bad
It makes a long time man feel bad
When you're out all alone
and you get no letter from your home
It makes a long time man feel bad
```

Ballad Of Donald White

Words and music Bob Dylan (I suppose it's based on something else)
Played occasionally in 1962
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Quite similar to another song, I Pity the Poor Immigrant.

Capo 1st fret (sounding key C♯ major)

```
C                 F
My name is Donald White, you see,
  G7               C
I stand before you all.
      C               F     C
I was judged by you a murderer
                             G7
And the hangman's knot must fall.
       C            F       C
I will die upon the gallows pole
                         F
When the moon is shining clear,
    C            F
And these are my final words
     G7            C
That you will ever hear.

I left my home in Kansas
When I was very young,
I landed in the old Northwest,
Seattle, Washington
Although I'd a-traveled many miles,
I never made a friend,
For I could never get along in life
With people that I met.

If I had some education
To give me a decent start,
I might have been a doctor or
A master in the arts.
But I used my hands for stealing
When I was very young,
And they locked me down in jailhouse cells,
That's how my life begun.

Oh, the inmates and the prisoners,
I found they were my kind,
And it was there inside the bars
I found my peace of mind.
But the jails they were too crowded,
Institutions overflowed,
So they turned me loose to walk upon
Life's hurried tangled road.

And there's danger on the ocean
Where the salt sea waves split high,
```

And there's danger on the battlefield
Where the shells of bullets fly,
And there's danger in this open world
Where men strive to be free,
And for me the greatest danger
Was in society.

So I asked them to send me back
To the institution home.
But they said they were too crowded,
For me they had no room.
I got down on my knees and begged,
"Oh, please put me away,"
But they would not listen to my plea
Or nothing I would say.

And so it was on Christmas eve
In the year of '59,
It was on that night I killed a man,
I did not try to hide,
The jury found me guilty
And I won't disagree,
For I knew that it would happen
If I wasn't put away.

And I'm glad I've had no parents
To care for me or cry,
For now they will never know
The horrible death I die.
And I'm also glad I've had no friends
To see me in disgrace,
For they'll never see that hangman's hood
Wrap around my face.

Farewell unto the old north woods
Of which I used to roam,
Farewell unto the crowded bars
Of which've been my home,
Farewell to all you people
Who think the worst of me,
I guess you'll feel much better when
I'm on that hanging tree.

But there's just one question
Before they kill me dead,
I'm wondering just how much
To you I really said
Concerning all the boys that come
Down a road like me,
Are they enemies or victims
Of your society?

Tomorrow is a Long Time

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded as a Witmark Demo Dec. 1962, in the NY Town Hall Apr 12 1963 for the unissued live album *In Concert* (Included on *Greatest Hits vol. 2*), and June 1970 during the sessions for *New Morning* (outtake).

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Town Hall Apr 12 1963 (*In Concert/Greatest Hits vol. 2*)

Standard tuning, capo 3rd fret (sounding key B♭ major)

Chords:

```
C/g     3x2013
G       320003
D/f#    200232
D7/f#   20021(2)
```

The C/g G at most of the line endings is played like the figure at the beginning of the intro.

Intro (same picking pattern throughout):

```
  C/g         G   C/g         G       G                         C/g
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---3-------------|
|-----1------(0)--|-----1------(0)--|-----0-----------|-----------------|
|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----2-------0---|-----2-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|-3-------3-------|

  G     C/g   G                     C/g         G   C/g         G
  |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .     |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
|-----0h1----(0)------------------|-----1------(0)------1------(0)--|
|-----------0---------------0-----|-----------0---------------0-----|
|-----0h2-----0-------0-------0---|-----2-------0-------2-------0---|
|---------------------------------|---------------------------------|
|-3-------3-------3-------3-------|-3-------3-------3-------3-------|

  G
  |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .
|---------------------------------|
|---------------------------------|
|-----------0---------------0-----|
|-----0-------0-------0-------0---|
|---------------------------------|
|-3-------3-------3-------3-------|
                          If today...

     G       C/g            G          C/g  G
If today was not an endless highway, *)
```

```
     G         C/g           G
If tonight was not a crooked trail,
   C/g      D/f#          C/g       G
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time,
     C/g                 D/f#              C/g G
Then lonesome would mean nothing to you at all.

               C/g        D/f#              C/g  G
     Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',
        C/g             D/f#           C/g     G
     if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
               C/g     D/f#          C/g   G
     Yes, and only if she was lyin' by me,
         C/g . . .     D7/f# . . .     C/g  G | C/g  G | C/g   G | G
     I'd lie     in my bed       once again.

I can't see my reflection in the waters,
I can't speak the sounds that show no pain,
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps,
Or can't remember the sound of my own name.

     Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',
     Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
     Only if she was lyin' by me,
     Then I'd lie in my bed once again.

There's beauty in the silver, singin' river,
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky,
But none of these and nothing else can touch the beauty
That I remember in my true love's eyes.

     Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',
     Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
     Only if she was lyin' by me,
     Then I'd lie in my bed once again.
```

*) He sings "crooked highway".

New Morning Outtake, June 1970

Intro:

```
  A
  |  .  .  .  |  .  .    .
|--------------------------|
|--------------------------|
|--------------------------| repeat
|--------------------------|
|-0--0--3--3--5--5--b7r5-3--|
|--------------------------|
```

2nd guitar (from 1st chorus):

```
  A
  |  .  .  .  |  .  .    .
|--------------------------|
|------------------1-------|
|-------0--0--2--2-----2-0--|
|-2--2---------------------|
|--------------------------|
|--------------------------|
```

```
     A
If today was not an endless highway,

If tonight was not a crooked trail,
   D7                    A
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time,
     D (n.c.)                            A
Then lonesome would mean nothing to me at all.

            D7                        A
     and if only my own true love was waitin',
        D                               A
     if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
        D                     A
     If only she was lyin' by me,
              [intro]x4
     Then I'd lie     in my bed       once again.
```

Witmark Demo, Dec. 1962

Open D/E tuning

The chords seem numerous and difficult, with their long names, but it's all quite simple actually – don't let the appearance scare you.

```
E          000000
A/c#       020120
Esus4      000100
Aadd9/c#   x20100
Esus4/b    x00100
B7/f#      200100
E/g#       400004
A/e        020100
B'/d#      x40300
```

fingerpicking pattern (incl. lick 1):

```
                          lick 1
  |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .   .
|-------------------------------0-|
|---0-------0-------0-------0h3---|
|-------0-------0-------0---------|
|-----0-------0-------0-----------|
|---------------------------------|
|-0-------0-------0-------0-------|
```

```
     E                              lick 1
If today was not an crooked highway,
                                    lick 1
If tonight I could finally stand tall,
   A/c#                   E         Esus4 E
If tomorrow wasn't such a long time,
     Aadd9/c#            Esus4/b    B7/f# E
Then lonesome would mean nothing to me at all.

            Aadd9/c#    Esus4/b           E/g#
     yes and only if my own true love was waitin',
                Aadd9/c#         Esus4/b        E/g#
     yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
     Aadd9/c# Esus4/b      E     A/e E
     only if she was lyin' by me,
              Aadd9/c#  B'/d#     E
     Then I'd lie in my bed once again.

I can't see my reflection in the waters,
I can't speak the sounds that know no pain,
I can't hear the echo of my footsteps,
Or can't remember the sound of my own name.

     Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',
     Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
     Only if she was lyin' by me,
     Then I'd lie in my bed once again.

There's beauty in the silver, singin' river,
There's beauty in the sunrise in the sky,
But none of these and nothing else can match the beauty
That I remember in my true love's eyes.

     Yes, and only if my own true love was waitin',
     Yes, and if I could hear her heart a-softly poundin',
     Only if she was lyin' by me,
     Then I'd lie in my bed once again.
```

Deep Ellem Blues

Written by Joe & Bob Attlesay (but credited to Big Joe Williams by Dylan)
Performed live by Bob Dylan on April 16, 1962 at Gerde's Folk City
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The track begins with a lot of tuning; the guitar has been in open E tuning before the song begins...
In the first verse, Dylan reverses the basic strumming pattern (G6 – G – G6 – G etc.)

The basic strumming pattern:

```
  G       G6        G       G6
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|
|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|
|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|
|-0-------2-------|-0-------2-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3---------------|-3---------------|
```

```
         G       G6      G
When you go down to Deep Ellem
G6        G     G6      G     G6
keep your money in your shoes
G       G6    G     G6
Women in Deep Ellem give you
G    G6    G     G6
Deep Ellem blues
C
Hey, pretty mama
                      D          G     (G6  G  G6 etc.)
Your daddy's got them Deep Ellem blues
          D
Tell your brothers and your sisters
                           G     (G6   G  G6  etc.)
Daddy's got them Deep Ellem blues.

Well, I went down to Deep Ellem
On a one-way track
Woman took my money, boys,
and she never gave it back
Hey, pretty mama
Your daddy's got them Deep Ellem blues
Tell your brothers and your sisters
Your daddy's got them Deep Ellem blues.

When you go down to Deep Ellem
keep your money in your shoes
Them women in Deep Ellem give you
Deep Ellem blues
Hey, pretty mama
Your daddy's got them Deep Ellem blues
Tell your brothers and your sisters
Your daddy's got them Deep Ellem blues.
```

Rocks and Gravel

According to bobdylan.com this was written by Bob Dylan (I don't know about that...)
Recorded twice during the *Freewheelin'* sessions (Apr 25 and Nov 1, 1962), and made it to the promo edition of the album, but was withdrawn in the last moment.
The following is the version from the second of the three concerts at the Gaslight Cafe, late october 1962.

Double dropped D tuning (D-A-D-g-b-d; tune the highest and lowest string down one whole step)

Chords:

```
D     000230 (for some verse he uses 000233 = Dm)
G     xx0000 alternate with xx0003
A/e   202222 (thumb + barre on the four lowest strings)
```

The rhythm of the fingerpicking can be quite tricky to get right, but once you get it, it's quite easy... (I know – that's a drag to hear when you're sweating over it...). The following little thing is all that departs from the standard fingerpicking pattern. It is the basic pattern, used here and there in the long held notes. Let the thumb take care of the bass strings.
The second string stopped on the third fret sounds like the open first string, which you don't really need, but it's easier to get the right feel in the syncopations if that tone is played on the first string, so that the *c* (—-1-) on the first string can ring as long as possible. I'm pretty sure that's how Dylan plays it too.

```
  :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .
|---------------------------------0-----------------0-------------|
|---------------------------1---------------3---------------1-----|
|-----------------------0h2-------------2-------2-------0h2-----2-|
|-----0-------0-------0-------0-------0-------0-------0-------0---|
|-----------------------------------------------------------------|
|-0-------0-------0-------0-------0-------0-------0-------0-------|
```

```
      D
Takes rocks and gravel, baby, make a solid road,

Make a solid road.
                        G                   D
Takes rocks and gravel, baby, make a solid road,

Make a solid road.
        A
Takes a good woman mama,
                    D
To satisfy my weary soul.

Have you ever been down on that Mobil and K. C. line,
Have you ever been down on that Mobil and K. C. line?
Well I just wanna ask you,
If you seen that gal of mine.

Don't the clouds look lonesome shining across the sea,
```

Don’t the clouds look lonesome shining across the sea,
Don’t my gal look good,
When she’s comin’ after me?

Milk Cow's Calf Blues

Written by Robert Johnson (who based his version on Kokomo Arnold's *Milk Cow Blues*)
Recorded by Bob Dylan Apr 25, 1962 (*Freewheelin'* sessions)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D/E tuning Capo 8th or 10th fret
(I recommend the E tuning here, otherwise it may be difficult to get the capo in place)

The thumb basically has a 9-to-5 job on the 6th string. I've indicated some of the deviations from the strict rhythm, but these might as well be disregarded: do what your fingers tell you to do (this is nothing a guitar teacher would tell you, but then again: I'm not a guitar teacher). The thumb job even includes the 5th string once in a while, especially towards the end of the verse, before and after the A7. This is probably intentional.

The slide up on the 2nd and 3rd strings should, I believe, be done with the first finger (or the first and second), in order to come in the correct position for the pull-off on the 4th string.

The tab reflects the first verse. The follwing verses are almost identical.

Chords:

```
E7     000330 (no third)
A      020100
A7     020103
E7-10  000033
```

```
     E7
     :     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
---|---0-----0---------|-----------------------0-|---------0-----0-----0---------|
---|/3---3-------------|-------------------0h3---|-------------------------------|
---|/3----/3---3-------|-------------------0-----|------/3---3/3---3/3---3-------|
---|-------------5p3-0-|-----------0-------------|-------------------------5p3-0-|
---|-------------------|-------0h3---------------|-------------------------------|
-0-|-0---0-0---0---0---|-0---0-------0---0-0-----|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-0-----|


  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|---------------------0---||---0-----0-----0-----0---|---0-----0-----0-----0---|
|-------------------------||-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------3---3-||-3---3-3---3-3---3-3---3-|-3---3-3---3-3---3-3---3-|
|-----------0-------------||-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------0h3---------------||-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0---0-------0---0-0---0-||-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|
                    Well I       woke up this morning      looked all around

                                                    A
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|---0-----0-----0-----0---|---0-----0-----0-----0---|---0-----0-----0-----0---|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-3---3-3---3-3---3-3---3-|-3---3-3---3-3---3-3---3-|-1---1-1---1-1---1-1---1-|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-2---2-2---2-2---2-2---2-|
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-------------------------|
        see my milkcow, but   she can't be found,    please
                                                holler
```

```
       A7                  E7
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|---0---3---3---3---3---3-|-0-------0-----0---------|-----------------0-------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------0-------|
|-1---1---1---1---1---1---|-0---3/3---3-3---3-------|-----------------0-------|
|-------------------------|-------------------5p3-0-|-----------0-------------|
|-2---2-----2-----2-----2-|(0)----------------------|-------0h3---------------|
|-------------------------|-------0-----0-----0-----|-0---0-------0-----0---0-|
  please          don't do               don't do                    If you see
                      me wrong               me wrong

  E7-10                   E7          A7            E7
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3---3-3---3-|(0)------------------3---|---------0-----0---------|
|(3)----------------------|-3-3-3-3-3-3-------------|------/3-----------------|
|(0)----------------------|-3-3-3-3-3-3-1---1-1---1-|-0----/3---3-3---3-------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------5p3-0-|
|-------------------------|(0---0-0---0)2---2-2---2-|-------------------------|
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-0---0-0---0-------------|-0---0-0-0---0---0-0-----|
       my  milkcow               Lord Lord send her home


  :     .     .     .       :
|-----------------0-------||---0----
|-----------------0-------||/3------
|-----------------0-------||/3---3-- etc.
|-----------0-------------||--------
|-------0h3---------------||--------
|-0---0-------0-----0---0-||--------
                  Well, I . . .
```

```
     E7
Well I woke up this morning, looked all around

see my milkcow, but she can't be found,
       A      A7                  E7
holler please, please don't do me wrong, don't do me wrong
       E7-10            E7*)  A7            E7
If you see my  milkcow, Lord, Lord send her home!

Well, I woke up this morning, blues around my bed
coudn't even eat my breakfast ,blues in my bed
holler please, please don't do me wrong, don't do me wrong
If you see my  milkcow, Lord, Lord send her home!

Mama, your calf is hungry I believe she needs a suck
But your milk is turning blue, I believe she's out of luck
holler please, please don't do me wrong, don't do me wrong
If you see my  milkcow, Lord God, send her home!

Well, since my milk cow left me, I been a-treated wrong
I ain't had no milk an butter since my cow been gone
holler please, please don't do me wrong, don't do me wrong
If you see my  milkcow, Lord, Lord, send her home, send her home!
```

*) In subsequent verses he goes straight from E7-10 to A7.

Going Down To New Orleans

Trad., Resembles Muddy Waters' *Louisiana Blues*, and Dylan's own (trad.) *Whichita*
Recorded by Bob Dylan during the first *Freewheelin'* session, Apr 24, 1962
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
         A                                          E
I'm goin' down to New Orleans, baby, behind the rising sun
      A                                           E
Goin' down to New Orleans, baby, behind the rising sun
          B7                                     E
Lord, I've just found out, my trouble has just begun.

Oh, went to see a gypsy woman, have my fortune told
Went to see that gypsy woman, have my fortune told (have my fortune told)
She said: "You're a good boy, Bobby. Man, you just got a bad luck soul."

I got a 32 special [built on a cross of]*) wood
I got a 32 special [built on a cross of] wood
I got a 38-20 [well, it's] twice as good

I'm goin' down to New Orleans, mama, with my hat [/head?] in my hand
Goin' down to New Orleans, mama, with my hat [/head?] in my hand
Now, I hate to leave you, but you just don't understand

I'm goin' down to New Orleans, baby, behind the rising sun
Goin' down to New Orleans, baby, behind the rising sun
Lord, I've just found out, my trouble has just begun.
```

*) I know, it makes no sense, but that's what it sounds like.

Baby, Please Don't Go

Written by Big Joe Williams
Played by Bob Dylan during the *Freewheelin'* sessions (April 25, 1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords: E, E7, Em or E7-10 (or E7#9), that's all.
The intro contains all the licks that are used throughout the rest of the song, between the sung lines. The lick at the beginning of the second line (m. 5) is everywhere, while the shapes in m. 1 (0xx430) and m. 2 (0xxx53) are used here and there between verses. All with lots of variations, of course.
The bass. . . , no, maybe we shouldn't talk about the bass. . . Oh, ok, it's erratic, driving, brilliant, and hopeless to put down on paper.

Intro:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------0-----|-------0-3-0-----|-------0---0-----|-----------------|
|----/3---3-3-----|----/5-----------|----/3--/3-------|-----------------|
|----/4-4---------|-----------------|----/4--/4-------|-----------------|
|---------------5-|-----------------|---------------2-|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-0---0-0---0-0-|---0-----0---0-0-|-0-0-0---0---0---|-0-0-0---0---0---|

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---0-----0-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|----/3~~~~~~~~~~~|-------3---3-----|
|-----2---2-0---1-|-----2---2---0(1)|----/4~~~~~~~~~4-|-4-----------4-2-|
|----(2---2-0)--2-|---------------2-|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-0---0-----0---|-0-0---0---0-----|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---0---0---|

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------2---0-|-1-----0h1-0h1-0-||h1---------------|-----2---2-0---1-|
|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------||-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-0-0---0---0---|-0---0---0---0---||-----------------|-0-0---0-----0---|
                                      Baby please
                                             don't go . . .

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----2---2-0-----|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|---------------2-|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---0---0---|
    Baby please                     Baby please       back to
           don't go . . .                   don't go      New Orleans
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|------------------
|-----------------|-----------------|------------------
|-----------2---0-|h1---------------|-------harp-------
|-----------------|-----------------|------------------
|-----------------|-----------------|------------------
|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---0---0---|-0----------------
    you know            Baby please
        it hurts me so          don't go
```

Baby, please don't go,
Baby, please don't go,
Baby, please don't go,
Back to New Orleans,
You know it hurts me so,
Baby, please don't go.

Turn your lamp down low
Turn your lamp down low
Turn your lamp down low
Don't drive me from your door
Baby, please don't go,
Baby, please don't leave

Wichita Blues

Robert Johnson
Recorded by Bob Dylan during the *Freewheelin'* sessions
Tabbed by Eyolf strem, from the version played in Cynthia Gooding's appartment, Feb/Mar 1962

Tuning: E-A-c♯-e-a-e'. Capo 4rd fret (sounding key: C♯major).

This is the basic lick that dominates the song. It is played between most of the text lines. The variations are ample, especially in the last part of the lick, where an extra beat is often inserted (see the variants below).

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----5-5-3-3-0-0-|-0-0-------------|-----0-----------|-----
|-----0-0-0-0-5-5-|-3-3-0-0---------|-----0-----------|-----
|-----------------|-0-0-5-5-2-2-----|-----0-----------|-----
|-----------------|-----0-0-1-1-0-0-|-----0-----------|-----
|-0---------------|-------------3-3-|-0-----------3---|-0---
|-0---------------|-----------------|-0-----------3---|-0---
```

There are two possible ways of playing the second beat of the second measure. Either as written (000500), which is what Dylan plays, or with all the strings open (000000). That would ensure a smoother transition to the next shape (x01200).

The last chord in the second line of the tab (x02100) sound like a mistake. It only occurs at the very beginning of the song, so it's likely that he misplaced the fingers, playing the more common shape instead of the "correct" x01200).

Chords:

```
A       000000
D       201200 or x01200
A7      003300
```

```
[intro:]
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----5---3---0---|-0---0---0---0-------|-----0-----------|-----0-------0---|
|-----0---0---5---|-3---0---0---0-------|-----0-----------|-----0-------0---|
|-----0---0---0---|-0---5---2---0-------|-----0-----------|-----2-------2---|
|-----------------|-------------1-------|-----0-----------|-----1-------1---|
|-0---------------|-----------------3---|-----0-------3---|-----------------|
|-0---------------|---------------------|-0-----------3---|-0---------------|
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0-------0-------|-----------------|-----0-------0---|-0-------0-------|
|-0-------0-------|-----------------|-0---3-------3---|-3-------0-------|
|-2-------2-------|-----0-------0---|-0---3-------3---|-3-------1-------|
|-1-------1-------|-----0-------0---|-0---0-------0---|-0-------2-------|
|-0-------0-------|-0---3-------3---|-0---0-------0---|-0-------0-------|
|-0-------0-------|-0---3-------3---|-0---------------|-----------------|
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .   .
|-----0-------0---|-----5---3-------|---------------------0-0-|
|-----0-------0---|-------------5---|-3-------------------0-0-|
|-----2-------2---|-----------------|-----5---3---0-------0-0-|
|-0---1-------1---|-----------------|-----------1---0-----0-0-|
|-0---0-------0---|-0---------------|-----------------3-------|
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-----------------3-------|

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-0---------|-----0-------0---|-----0-----------|-----0-------0---|
|-----0-0---------|-----0-------0---|-----0-----------|-----0-------0---|
|-----0-0---------|-----0-------0---|-----0-----------|-----0-------0---|
|-0---------------|-----0-------0---|-----0-----------|-----0-------0---|
|-0-----------3---|-0---------------|-0-----------3---|-0-------0-------|
|-0-----------3---|-0---------------|-0-----------3---|-0-------0-------|
                                                        And

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----2-------2---|-2---2-------2---|
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-0---1-------1---|-1---1-------1---|
|-0-------3-------|-0-------3-------|-0---0-----------|-0---------------|
|-0-------3-------|-0-------3-------|-0---------------|-2---------------|
  when I  left    Wichita                 the weather was        winding

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----5---3-------|-----------------|-----0--------------
|-------------5---|-3---------------|-----0--------------
|-----------------|-----5---2-------|-----0--------------
|-----------------|---------1---0---|-----0--------------
|-0---------------|-------------3---|-0------------------
|-0---------------|-----------------|-0------------------
  free

    A                       D                   A    [lick]
And when I left Wichita the weather was blowin' free
    D                                       A       [lick]
And when I left Wichita the wind was blowing free
         A7                                                D     A  [lick]
Well, my poppa said, "Son, Watch out, you might catch that old T.B"

       A7                    D                   A
When I landed in West Memphis, Lord, I never had a dime.
       D                                         A
When I landed in West Memphis, Lord, I never had a dime.
   A7                            D         A
Operator said, "Son, you ain't no friend of mine."

Operator, operator Let a poor boy ride.
Operator, operator, oh Let a poor boy ride.
Can't you see my standing here, how tears are running down my eyes.
```

```
  A   D                                A           D     A
      >       >         >       >
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-----0-0---|---0-0-----0-0---|-0---0-------0---|-0---0------------
|-----0-----0-0---|---0-0-----0-0---|-0---0-------0---|-0---0------------
|-----2-----2-2---|---2-2-----2-2---|-0-----------2---|-0---0------------
|-----1-----1-1---|---1-1-----1-1---|-0-----------1---|-0---0------------
|-0---------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------
|-0---------------|-----------------|-----------------|------------------
ride                                                              Operator
```

[...] let me ride your train
[...] let me ride your train
Lord, I'm standing in the weather, Lord, clouds look like it will rain.

Going down to Louisiana where that green river runs
Going down to Louisiana where that green river runs
Lord, I just went out, my ramblin' is just begun.

And when I left Wichita the weather was blowin' free
And when I left Wichita the wind was blowing free
Well, my poppa said, "Son, Watch out, you might catch that old T.B"

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----5-5-3-3-0-0-|-0-0-------------|-----0-------0---|-0----||
|-----0-0-0-0-5-5-|-3-3-0-0---------|-----0-------3---|-3----||
|-----------------|-0-0-5-5-2-2-----|-----0-------3---|-3----||
|-----------------|-----0-0-1-1-0-0-|-----0-------0---|-0----||
|-0---------------|-------------3-3-|-0---------------|------||
|-0---------------|-----------------|-0---------------|------||
```

Lonesome Whistle Blues

Williams/Davies
Recorded by Bob Dylan Apr 24, 1962 during the *Freewheelin'* sessions
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key D major)

```
C
I was riding number 9,
        F          C
heading south from Carolina.
                G               C
I heard that lo-onesome whistle blow.

Got in trouble, had to roam,
        F             C
left my girl, left my home.
                G               C
I heard that lo-onesome whistle blow.

       F
Just a kid, acting smart,
           C
I went and broke my baby's heart.
              D            G
I guess I was too young to know.
             C
They took me off that Georgia Main
              F             C
and locked me to a ball and chain.
                G               C
I heard that lo-onesome whistle blow.

All I do is sit and cry
as the evening train goes by.
I heard that lonesome whistle blow.
I'll be locked here in this cell
till my body's just a shell
and my head turns whiter than snow.
I'll never see that girl of mine
'cos I'm in Georgia doing time.
I heard that lonesome whistle blow.

I'll be locked here in this cell
till my body's just a shell
and my head turns whiter than snow.
I'll never see that girl of mine
'cos I'm in Georgia doing time.
I heard that lonesome whistle blow.
```

The Death of Emmett Till

Written by Bob Dylan
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem
as recorded during the *Freewheelin'* sessions (1962)

Capo 3rd fret

Sprinkle some hammer-ons here and there in the Am and E chords.

```
Am . . . C/g . D/f# . F . Am . E . Am . . .

      Am            C/g   D/f#       F
"Twas down in Mississippi no so long ago,
       Am                C/g              D/f#          E
When a young boy from Chicago town walked in a Southern door.
     Am             C/g                 D/f#         F
This boy's frightful tragedy you should all remember well,
    Am           C/g                    E               Am
The color of his skin was black and his name was Emmett Till.

Some men they dragged him to a barn and there they beat him up.
They said they had a reason, but I disremember what.
They tortured him and did some things too evil to repeat.
There was screaming sounds inside the barn, there was laughing sounds out on the street.

Then they rolled his body down a gulf amidst the blood-red rain
And they threw him in the waters wide to cease his screaming pain.
The reason that they killed him there, and I'm sure it ain't no lie,
He was a black-skinned boy, so he was born to die.

And then to stop the United States of yelling for a trial,
Two brothers they confessed that they had killed poor Emmett Till.
But on the jury there were men who helped the brothers commit this awful crime,
And so this trial was a mockery, but nobody seemed to mind.

I saw the morning papers but I could not bear
To see the smiling brothers walkin' down the courthouse stairs.
For the jury found them innocent and the brothers they went free,
While Emmett's body floats the foam of a Jim Crow southern sea.

If you can't speak out against this kind of thing, a crime that's so unjust,
Your eyes are filled with dead men's dirt, your mind is filled with dust.
Your arms and legs they must be in shackles and chains, and your blood it must cease to flow,
For you let this human race fall down so God-awful low!

This song is just a reminder to remind your fellow man
That this kind of thing still lives today in that ghost-robed Ku Klux Klan.
But if all  us folks that thinks alike, if we'd give all we could give,
We could make this great land of ours a greater place to live.

Am . C/g . D/f# . F . Am . E . Am . Em Am
```

Whatcha Gonna Do?

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded Nov 14 and Dec 6 1962 during the *Freewheelin'* sessions
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open D tuning, capo 5th fret (sounding key G major)

Chords:

```
D    000000
G/d  020100
D(3) 054300 or 004300 or 004350
D/f# 404300
A7   x02100 or x02140
A    777777
```

The playing on this one is really very simple, but he's playing around with the basic elements (both the chord shapes, the rhythms and the chord sequences) in a way that makes it look complicated on paper.
Concerning the D(3) chord (i.e. D in the third position, i.e. beginning in the 3rd fret), the first fingering (054300) is to be preferred when it replaces the D-G/d-D figure, as in the second verse, and the second or third (004350) when it is played in the succession D-A7-D. The fingering D(3)=004300 goes with A7=002100, and D(3)=004350 with A7=002140.
I've written out the chords to the first three verses, which I think cover most of the variants in the handling of this song.

The rhythm in the D-G/d-D parts varies between straight beats and syncopated hammer-ons:

```
  D       G/d            D     G/d
  :   .   .   .          :   .   .   .
|-0---0---0---0---|    |-0---0-----0-0---|
|-0---0---0---0---|    |-0---0-----0-0---|
|-0---0---1---1---| or |-0---0h1---1-1---|
|-0---0---0---0---|    |-0---0-----0-0---|
|-0---0---2---2---|    |-0---0h2---2-2---|
|-0---0---0---0---|    |-0---0-----0-0---|
```

```
[instrumental verse]

        D    G/d          D   G/d
Tell me what you're gonna do
         D            G/d        D
When the shadow comes under your door.
G/d     D    G/d             D   G/d
Tell me what you're gonna do
         D                       A
When the shadow comes under your door.
        D G/d             D
Tell me what you're gonna do
         G/d                     D
When the shadow comes under your door.
  D(3)    A7
```

```
O Lord, O Lord,
               D   G/d  D  G/d  D  G/d  D  G/d
What shall you do?

G/d     D    G/d          D    G/d
Tell me what you're gonna do
         D     G/d        D
When the devil calls your cards.
G/d     D(3)
Tell me what you're gonna do
                           A
When the devil calls your cards.
        D G/d              D
Tell me what you're gonna do
         G/d               D
When the devil calls your cards.
G/d D       A7
 O  Lord, O Lord,
               D    G/d  D  G/d  D  G/d  D
What shall you do?

G/d     D    G/d            D  G/d
Tell me what you're gonna do
          D(3)  A7       D
When your water turns to wine.
G/d     D D(3)      G/d   D D(3)
Tell me what you're gonna do
          D/f#           A
When your water turns to wine.
        D G/d             D
Tell me what you're gonna do
          G/d            D
When your water turns to wine.
G/d D       A7
O   Lord, O Lord,
                 D   G/d  D  G/d  D  G/d  D
What shall you do?

[instrumental verse]

Tell me what you're gonna do
When you can't play God no more.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When you can't play God no more.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When you can't play God no more.
O Lord, O Lord,
What shall you do?

[instrumental verse]

Tell me what you're gonna do
When the shadow comes creepin' in your room.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When the shadow comes creepin' in your room.
Tell me what you're gonna do
When the shadow comes creepin' in your room.
```

```
O Lord, O Lord,
What should you do?

[instrumental verse]
```

For the sake of completeness, here's a version in standard tuning (uncapoed):

```
        G    C/g          G   C/g
Tell me what you're gonna do
         G            C/g        G
When the shadow comes under your door.
C/g     G    C/g             G   C/g
Tell me what you're gonna do
         G                       D
When the shadow comes under your door.
        G C/g             G
Tell me what you're gonna do
         C/g                     G
When the shadow comes under your door.
  G       D7
O Lord, O Lord,
               G
What shall you do?
```

Hero Blues

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded during the *Freewheelin'* sessions (Dec 6, 1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The intro is at the same time the fundament for the bass motive that runs through this song, wherever there's a pause in the song or a harp lick. Only the bass line has been indicated: strum the chords whenever there's time.

```
  G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|---3--33--------------
|--(00)-----------|---0--00--------------
|--(00)-----------|---0--00--------------
|-----3-2-0-----0-|---0--00--------------
|-----------1-2---|----------------------
|-3---------------|-3-------3------------
                              Well the

  G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------|-----------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------|-----------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------|-----------
|-----3---2---0---|-----0-2-3-------|---------------0-|-3-2-0---|-----------
|-----------------|-1-2-------------|---------0-1-2---|-------1-|-----------
|-3---------------|-----------------|-3---------------|---------|-3---------
 gal I   got, I   swear she's the screamin' end                      yes, the

  C                   (G)  D         G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---3-------------|-----------2-----|-----------------|--------------------
|---1-------------|-----------3-----|-----------------|--------------------
|---0-------------|-----------2-----|-----------------|--------------------
|---2-------------|---------0-------|-----3---2-------|--------------------
|-3-------3-------|-3---2-----------|-------------1-2-|--------------------
|-----3-------3---|-----------------|-3---------------|-3------------------
gal I    got,  man, she's a screamin' end.                       She wants

  D
  :   .   .   .     :       .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---2-------------|---------------------|-----------------
|---3-------------|---------------------|-----------------
|---2-------------|---------------------|-----------------
|-0---------------|-3-------2----------0-|-----------------
|-----------------|--------------0-1-2---|-----------------
|-----------------|---------------------|-3---------------
me to be a hero, so she can tell all her friends.

Well, she begged, she cried
She pleaded with me all last night
Well, she begged, she cried
She pleaded with me all last night
She wants me to go out
```

```
And find somebody to fight

She reads too many books
She got new movies inside her head
She reads too many books
She got movies inside her head *)     *)    :   .   .     :
She wants me to walk out running    --3-1-|---0---0-----|-------
She wants me to crawl back dead     ------|-3---1-----0-|-------
                                    ------|---------3---|-------
                                    ------|-------------|-------
                                    ------|-------------|-------
                                    ------|-------------|-3-----

You need a different kinda man, babe
One that can grab and hold your heart
Need a different kind of man, babe
One that can hold and grab your heart *)
You need a different kind of man, babe
You need Napoleon Boneeparte

Well, when I'm dead
No more good times will I crave
When I'm dead
No more good times will I crave
You can stand and shout hero
All over my lonesome grave
```

[outro: twice the *)-riff, plus the basic riff.]

Hiram Hubbard

Trad., arr. Bob Dylan
Played live at the Finjan Club, Montreal, Jul 2, 1962
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret, drop D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e')

Chords:

```
D        000232
Cadd2    x30030
A/e      202220 (or 20222x, with thumb on the 6th string)
G        550003
Gadd9/d  005433
Dsus2    000230
Dsus4    000233
```

The following two licks are played here and there. I've only marked the instances in the first two verses.

```
*) D           Csus2   **) D                 Csus2             D
   :   .   .   .           :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
 |-----2---2-0-0-2-|     |-----2-------2---|-----0-0-0-0-----|-----
 |-----3---3-3-3-3-|     |-----3-------3---|-----3-3-3-3-----|-----
 |-----2---2-0-0-2-|     |-----2-------2---|-----0-0-0-0-----|-----
 |-----0-----------|     |-----0-------0---|-----------------|-----
 |-------------3---|     |-----------------|-3---------------|-----
 |-0---------------|     |-0-------0-------|-------------3---|-0---
```

```
           D                                      Csus2 D
     Hiram Hubbard wasn't guilty I've heard great many say
           D      *)            *)                Csus4    D  **)
     Hiram Hubbard wasn't guilty I've heard great many say
            A                              G      D
     He was not in this county, he was 40 miles away

D     A     D

         D                                                 A    D
But they took him cross the mountain and they whooped him on a hill
         D        Dsus2 D Dsus4      D
Yes they took him         on the mountain and they whooped him on a hill
       A                                            G  D
It was there that he pleaded: Oh please, let me make my will

           D     /f D   Csus2 D                       Gadd9/d D
     Hiram Hubbard   wasn't   guilty I've heard great many    say
                  *)           G D            Dsus4      D
     Hiram Hubbard wasn't guilty   I've heard great many say
            A                           G         D
     He was not in this county, he was 40 miles away

         D                                          G       D
But they took him down to Danville, and they throwed him in jail
```

```
                                                  Dsus4  D
Yes, they took him down to Danville, and they threw him in jail
       A                           G                 D
And it was there nobody saw him, nobody could go his bail

           D
     But Hiram Hubbard wasn't guilty I've heard great many say
                       Dsus4 D               G      D
     Hiram Hubbard wasn't guilty I've heard great many say
            A                           G         D
     He was not in this county, he was 40 miles away

         D                                              G     D
But they took him out at midnight and they strapped him to a tree
                         Dsus4   D                      G     D
Yes, they took him out at midnight and they strapped him to a tree
       A                                    G       D
It was there that they killed him with rifle-bullets three

           D                                                Dsus4  D
     But Hiram Hubbard was not guilty, Lord, I've heard great many say
          D                    Dsus4                  D
     Hiram Hubbard wasn't guilty I've heard great many say
            A                           G  A      D
     He was not in this county, he was 40 miles away.
```

Two Trains Runnin'

Written by McKinley Morganfield (Muddy Waters)
Played twice by Bob Dylan (May 1961, the "Minnesota Party Tape", and July 2, 1962 in the Finjan Club, Montreal)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem from the Finjan Club version

Open D tuning (D-A-d-f♯-a-d')

```
[intro:]

  :     .     .       :     .       :     .     .       .     :     .
|-------------------|-------------|---------0-----0---------|-------------|
|---0-----0---------|-------------|-------------------------|-------------|
|/3---3-3---3-------|-------------|------/3---3/3---3-------|-------------|
|-------------5-3-0-|-----------0-|--------------------5p3-0-|-----------0-|
|-------------------|-------0-3---|-------------------------|-------0h3---|
|-------0-----0-----|-0---0-0-----|-0---0-------0-----0-----|-0---0-0-----|

  :     .     .     .     .       :     .       :     .     .     .       :     .
|-----3~~~~~~3p0--0---0---------|-------------|---------------0---------|------------|
|-------------0-----------------|-------------|---------3---------------|------------|
|------------------/3---3-------|-------------|------/3---3/3---3-------|------------|
|-------------------------5p3-0-|-----------0-|--------------------5p3-0-|----------0-|
|--------------------------------|-------0h3---|-------------------------|------0h3---|
|-0---0-0---0-0-----0---0-------|-0---0-0-----|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|0---0-------|

  :     .     .     .     .     .     .       :     .       :     .     .     .
|-----3-3---3-3p0-0-------------------------|-------------|-------------------------|
|----------------------------3~~~~~~-------|-------------|------/3-3-----3---------|
|----------------------2/3---3~~~~~~-------|-------------|------/3---3/3---3-------|
|-------------------------------------5p3-0-|-------------|--------------------5p3-0-|
|-----------------------------------------|-------0p3-0-|-------------------------|
|-0---x-x---x-x-----0----0---0-0---0-0-----|-0---0-0---0-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0-----|

  :     .     .     .       :
|-------------------------|-------
|-------------------------|-------
|-------------------------|-------
|-------------------------|-------
|-------------------------|-------
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-------
      Well, there's two . . .

     .         :  .  .   .     :     .  .
Well there's two        trains running
.              :    .  .  .       :  .  .  .
And they're running       this way
:       .     .     .
One leaves at midnight
    :       .       .  .    :
the other at the break of day
.        .   .    :
At the break of day
```

```
.       .   .    :
At the break of day
Oh Lordy

  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|---3-----3-----3---------|-----------------/3---3-|-----------------/3-----|
|/3---3/3---3/3---3-------|-----------------/3-----|-0h3-------------/3-----|
|-------------------5p3---|-----------0-------------|-------------------------|
|-----------------------0-|-------0h3---------------|-------------------------|
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0-----|-0---0-0-----0---0-0-----|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|
other at the break  of  day      at the break of  day      at the break of  day

  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------3-----|-3p0--------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-----------------3-----|----(0)---/3~~~---~-----|----------------/3-------|
|-0-----------------------|----------/3~~~~~-------|----------------/3-------|
|-------------------------|-------------------5p3-0-|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|
        oh, lordy                                       oh,  lordy

                                          *)
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .     .     .
|-------------------|-----3-3-----3p0-0-------------|-----------------0-----0-------------|
|-------------------|-------------3p0--/3---3-------|-----------------0-----0-------------|
|-------------------|------------------/3-3---1p0---|-----------------0-----0-------------|
|-5p3-0-----------0-|------------------------------0-|-----------0-------------------------|
|-------------0h3---|------------------------------|-------0h3---------------------------|
|-------0---0-------|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-0-----|-0---0-0-----0---0-0---0-0-----0-----|

I've been troubled, I've been a fool          *) This version of the downward lick
I've been crazy my whole life                    takes over from --5p3-0--  for the
Well, I done fell in love                        rest of the song
With another man's wife
With another man's wife
Oh, Lordy

I'm gonna find me a woman
Who shines like a morning star
I'm gonna find me a woman
Ride like a Cadillac car
Ride like a Cadillac car
Ride like a Cadillac car
Oh, lordy
Oh, lordy

Well I'm afraid of everybody
And I can't trust myself
Well, the woman I love has
Put me on top of the shelf
Put me on top of the shelf
Put me on top of the shelf
Oh, Lordy
Oh, Lordy

Well ther's two trains running
```

```
And they're running this way
One leaves at midnight
other at the break of day
At the break of day
At the break of day
At the break of day
```

```
Basic figure during the last verse:
  :     .     .     .
|---0-----0-----0-----0---|
|---0-----0-----0-----0---|
|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|
|-0---0-3---3-0---0-3---3-|
|-0---0-3---3-0---0-3---3-|
```

Motherless Children

Recorded by Rev.Gary Davis & Blind Willie Johnson
Played by Bob Dylan in the second Gaslight show (late oct 1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Double dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-d')
Capo 5th fret

Chords:

```
D      000230
Csus2  030030
G      020030
Asus4  202222
```

Basically the —230 shape is held throughout, except where noted. Basically the strumming – rather square – goes on throughout too. The figure found among other places at the end of the first interlude (/c – D), is played between each line in the verses.
I've written out the first and the beginning of the second interlude. The following ones are in the same style.

The length of the Csus2-G-Asus4 after the second line varies between the verses.

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---0---0-------|-0-------0---0---|-0-----------|-----0-----0-0-0-|
|-3---3---3---3---|-3-------3---1---|-1-----------|-----3-----3-3-3-|
|-2---2---2---0---|-0-h-2---2---2---|-0-----------|-----2-----2-2-2-|
|-0---0---0---3---|-0-------0---0---|-0-----------|-----0-----0-0-0-|
|-0---0---0-------|-----------------|-------------|-----------------|
|-0---0---0-------|-----------------|-----3---0---|-0-------0-------|

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-----0-0---|-----0-----0-0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-----0-0-0-|
|-----0-----0-0---|-----3-----3-3---|-----3-------3---|-----3-----3-3-3-|
|-----0-----0-0---|-----2-----2-2---|-----2-------0---|h2---2-----2-2-2-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------0---|-0---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------3---|-----------------|
|-0------0--------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|---------0-------|

  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----0-0---0-0-0-|-0---0-------0---|-----0-----0-0---|--------------------
|-----3-3---3-3-3-|-3---3-------3---|-----3-----3-3---|--------------------
|-----2-2---2-0-0-|h2---2-------2---|-----2-----2-2---|--------------------
|-------------0---|-0---------------|-----------------|--------------------
|-------------3---|-----------------|-----------------|--------------------
|-0-------0-------|---------0-------|-0-------0-------|--------------------
                                                        Motherless . . .

D                         Csus2              G        D
Motherless children run a hard road when yer mother's dead
D                                                     Csus2  G  Asus4
Motherless children run a hard road when yer mother is dead
D
Motherless children run a hard road
```

```
Csus2      G
hard road, hard road
D                          /f                  /g        /a
Motherless children run a hard road when your mother is dead
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .     :   .   .   .
|-0---------------|-0---------------|-0-------|-0---------------|
|-3---------------|-3---------------|-3-------|-3---------------|
|-2---------------|-0---------------|-0-------|-2---------------|
|-0---------------|-3---------------|---------|-----------------|
|-0---------------|-----------------|---------|-------------3---|
|-0---------------|-----------------|---------|-----------------|
  Motherless ...    hard road when yr mother is dead
```

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------------0---|-0---0-0-0---0---|-0-------|-------------|-------------|
|-------------3---|-0h1-1-1-1---0---|-3-------|*------------|------------*|
|-------------0---|-0h2-2-2-0---0---|-2-------|-------------|-------------|
|-0-----------3---|-----------------|---------|-------------|-0-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|---------|*---------3--|------------*|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----3---|-0-----------|-------------|
```

```
Your Father will do the best he can when your mother is dead
Your Father will do the best he can when your mother is dead
Your Father will do the best he can
But he jus' does not understand
Motherless children run a hard road when yer mother is dead
```

```
  :   .   .   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------------------------|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-------------------------|-3---------------|-----------------|
|-------------------------|-2---------------|-----------------|
|-3-------2-------0-------|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-------------------------|-0-----------3---|-0---------------|
|-------------------------|-0---------------|-----------------|
  hard   road ... mother... dead
```

```
 :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .   .   .     :
-----------------|---------------------------------|-0----
-----------------|---------------------------------|-3----
-----------------|---------------------------------|-2----
-3-------2-------|-0-------------------------------|-0--etc
-----------------|---------3-------2---------------|-0----
-----------------|-------------------------3-------|-0----
```

```
An' some people say, "Your sister might do when your mother's dead."
An' some people say, "Your sister might do when your mother is dead."
Some people say "Your sister will do"
Soon as she marries, turn yer back on you.
Motherless children run a hard road when yer mother is dead
```

```
You can dig my grave with a bloody spade when I'm dead
You can dig my grave with a bloody spade when I'm dead
You can dig my grave with a bloody spade
See that my digger gets well paid
Motherless children run a hard road when yer mother is dead
```

Jesus won’t be no mother to you when your mother is dead
Jesus won’t be no mother to you when your mother is dead
Jesus won’t be no mother to you
His trials and tribulations won’t see you through
Motherless children run a hard road when yer mother is dead

Handsome Molly

Trad.
Performed by Bob Dylan in the second Gaslight show, late oct. 1962
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e′)
Capo 4th fret

Chords:

```
D    000232
G    020033 (played with a hammer-on on the 5th string)
A    20222x (or 202220)
```

```
      D                    G . D . . .
Oh, I wish I was in London,
                      A
Or some other seaport town;
    D
I'd put my foot on a steamboat,
    G               D    . . .
I'd sail the ocean 'round.
```

```
  G                                  D                       G D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-2---------------|-------3-2---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-3---------------|-------3-3---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-2---------------|-------0-2---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-------0-0---------------|
|-0h2-------------|-0h2-----0h2-----|-0---------------|-------2-0---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-------0-0---------------|
```

```
While sailing 'round the ocean,
While sailing 'round the sea,
I'd think of handsome Molly
Wherever she might be.

Don't you remember, Molly,
You gave me your right hand?
You said if ever you'd marry
I'd be your man

But  you broke your promise,
Go with whom you please,
My poor heart is aching
You are at your ease.

I went to church last Sunday,
Molly came ridin' by;
I could tell her mind was changing
By the rovin' of her eye.

I'll go down to the river,
When everyone's asleep.
```

I'll think of handsome Molly
An' I'll begin ta weep.

So I wish I was in London,
Or some other seaport town;
I'd put my foot on a steamboat,
I'd sail the ocean 'round.

Cuckoo Is A Pretty Bird

Trad
Performed by Bob Dylan on the second Gaslight show (late Oct 1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e′)
Capo 4th fret

The tab only indicates the deviations from the D chord in the beginning. Meanwhile the strumming goes on, more or less as indicated in the first measure. The tab gives the pattern for the verses and for the interlude (last two lines)

```
   D
   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|--2---2-2-2-2-----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|*-3---3-3-3-3-----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|--2---2-2-2-2-----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|--0---0-0-0-0-----|-0---------------|-----------------|-0---------------|
|*-0-----------3---|-----------------|-------------3---|-----------------|
|--0---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|


 ---------------------------------------------------------------------
| 1.                                                                  |
  F                       /c        D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|(1)---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-1---------------|---------1-------|-----------------|----------------*||
|-2---------------|---------2-------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-3---------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-0---------------||
|-----------------|---------3-------|-------------3---|----------------*||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||


 -----------------------------------------------------
|2.
  F                 /c      F         D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|(1)---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-1---------------|-1-------1-------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-2---------------|-2-------2-------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3---------------|---------3-------|-0---------------|-0-------3-------|
|-----------------|-3---------------|-------------3---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|


  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-3---0-----------|---------3-------|-3---0-----------|---------0-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------------3---|-0---------------|-------------3---|-0---------------|
```

```
  F                                   D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-2---------------|-----------------|
|-1---------------|-1-------1-------|-3---------------|-----------------|
|-2---------------|-2-------2-------|-2---------------|-----------------|
|-3---------------|---------3-------|-0---------------|-0---------------|
|-----------------|-3---------------|-0-----------3---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------|
```

```
        D     /c D                  /c D
Oh, the cuckoo     is a pretty bird
        F              D
An' she warbles as she flies
        D    /c D               /c D
But she never     sings "Cuckoo"
          F               D
'till the fourth day 'n July

I've a-gambled in England
I've gambled in Spain
'An I betchu' ten dollars
That I'll beatchu' next game

I'll build me a cabin
On a mountain so high
So I can see Mary
When she goes ridin' by

I wish I was a poet
An' could write a fine hand
I'd write my love a letter
Lawd she would understand
```

West Texas

Traditional
Performed by Bob Dylan at the second Gaslight show, late Oct 1962
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Double dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-d')

D7

```
D7   xx0210
A    202222
"A7" x00210  (same as D7, really, but with the a-string emphasised)
```

Intro/riff:

```
   .      :   .   .   .
---0-0-|--0-0-0-0---0-0-0--|
---3-3-|*-3-3-3-3---3-3-3-*|
---0-0-|--2-2-0-2---2-0-0--|
---3---|--0-0-0-0---0-3----|
---0---|*-0-0-3-0---0-0---*|
---0---|--0-0-0-0-0-0-0----|

          D7
I'm goin' down to West Texas
                            [riff]
Behind the Louisiana line

I'm goin' down to West Texas
                            [riff]
Behind the Louisiana line
         A
Get me a fortune tellin' woman
"A7"                       D   [riff]
One that's gonna read my mind

If you ever go to Dallas
Take the right hand road
If you ever go to Dallas
Take the right hand road
Those western Dallas streets, boys
They' bound ta kill ya fo' sho'

I'm goin' down to Jack Rabbit's
Past the west Texas line
I'm goin' down to Jack Rabbit's
Behind the Texas line
Eh they's stars up above
Lord it's my a-leavin' m' sign

Well you never miss your water
'till the well runs dry
An' you never miss your water
'Till the well runs dry
An' you never miss your man
```

’till he says "Good-bye"

You can write an’ tell m’ Mama
I won’t be comin’ home tonight
You can write an’ tell my Mother
I won’t be home tonight

Ain't No More Cane

Trad. (see The Band site for references and additional verses)
Played by Bob Dylan at the second Gaslight show (late October 1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

One of the "special effects" here is the rhythm: square, and with all the strings left open before every strong beat (see the outro for an example).

```
C             F           C
Ain't no more cane on the Brazos
C   D7     G  G6  G7
Oh, oh, oh,
C               F        C
Its done ground all to molasses
F   G   C
M-m-m-m-m

C                   F        C
Shoulda been on the river in 1910
C   D7  G  G6
M-m-m-m-m
G7        C           F     C         Am
They were driving the women just like men.
D7 F  G   C
M-m-m-m-m

C                   F        G  C
Shoulda been on the river in 1905
C             F         C  Am
Find yourself lucky to be alive

   C        F                 G       C
Go down Old Hannah, don't you rise no more
C          F        G        C
 Don't you rise til Judgment Day

      C        G          C
Ain't no more cane on the Brazos
C                     F        C      Am
They've done ground it all to molasses

  F       G         C       F     C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .
|-1---1(0)3---3(0)|-0---0-0-111-110-|-0-0-0---0------------|
|-1---1(0)0---0(0)|-1---1-0-111-111-|-1-1-1---1------------|
|-2---2(0)0---0(0)|-0---0-0-222-220-|-0-0-0---0------------|
|-3---3(0)0---0(0)|-2---2-0-333-332-|-2-2-2---2------------|
|-3---3(0)2---2(0)|-3---3-0-333-333-|-3-3-3---3------------|
|-1---1---3---3(0)|---------111-113-|----------------------|
  m  -  m-m -   m - mm.
```

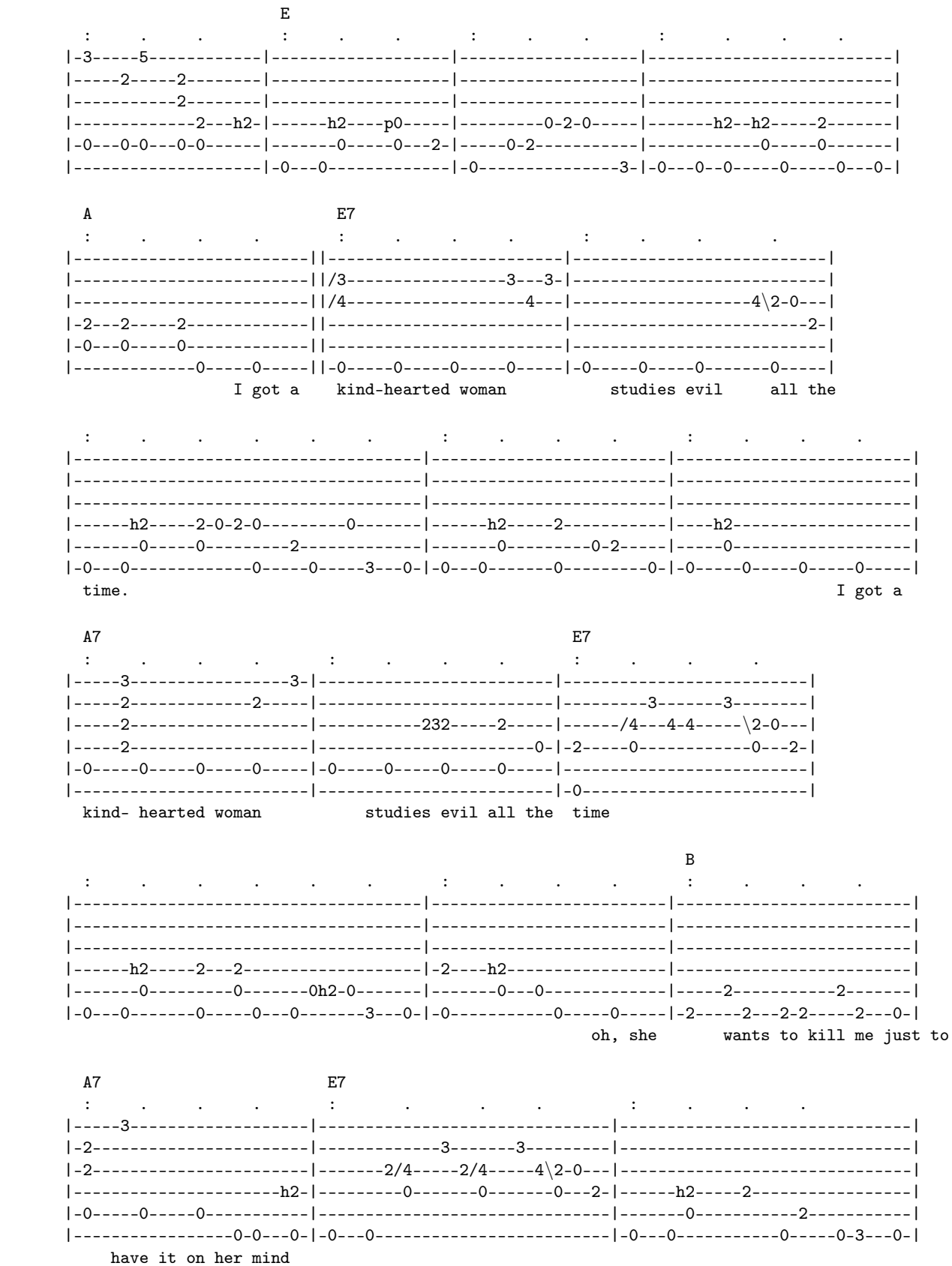
Kindhearted Woman Blues

Written by Robert Johnson
Played by Bob Dylan on the second Gaslight tape (late October 1962)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key F♯ major)

A single "h" means a hammer-on from an open string.
Use the basic chord shapes E7=0xx430, A7=x02223 and B=22xxxx, and the licks that you'll find in the tab, and play around with those, rather than trying to follow the tab slavishly. The second and third verses follow more or less the same pattern as the first.

```
  A                                                E7
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-----3-------------------|-----3-------3------------|--------------------------|
|-----2-----2-------------|-----2-------2------------|------3---3-3---3---------|
|---------2-------23232---|---------2-------232323---|------------------3p2-0---|
|-------2-----------------|-----------2-----------0--|----0---------------------|
|-0-----------0-----------|-0-----0------------------|--------------------------|
|-----------------0-------|--------------------------|-0--------0-0---0-------0-|

                                                    B7
  :      .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|--------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------|
|--------------------------|--------------------------|-----------------0--------|
|--------------------------|--------------------------|---------------------0----|
|----0h2-----2-0-----------|-2----h2------------------|----------------------0---|
|------0-----0---2-0-------|---------1-0-------1---0-|-2-----2-----------------|
|-0------0-----------3---0-|-0---0-0-----0---0--------|-2-----2---2-2---2-2-----|

  A6                       E7
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .       .       :     .     .     .
|-----2-------------------|------------------0---------|--------------------------|
|-2--(2)--2---------------|----------3-------3---------|--------------------------|
|----(2)------3-----2-----|-------2h3--3-4-----4\2-0---|--------------------------|
|-----------------------2-|-------0--------------0---2-|------h2---2--------------|
|-0---------0-0-----0-----|----------------------------|-------0---------0-2-0---|
|-------------------------|-0---0----------------------|-0---0-------0---------3-|

  :       .     .     .         :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-----------------------------|-----------------0-0---0-|--------------------------|
|-----------------------------|-----------------3-3---3-|-3---3-----------3-3---3-|
|-----------------------------|-----------------4-4---4-|-----------4--------------|
|-----0h2-----2------h2-h2-h2-|-2---2-----2-------------|--------------------------|
|-----0---------------0-------|-----------0-------------|--------------------------|
|-0-----------0-0---0---------|-0---0-------0-----0---0-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|

                                                        A7
  :     .     .     .       :     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------|-------------------------|-----3--------------------|
|-3---3-------------------|-------------|-------------------0-----|----------------------2-|
|-4---4\2-0---------------|-------------|-----------------------0-|-------------23--------2-|
|-----------2------h2---2-|-0-----------|------h2---2-2-----2-----|--------------------------|
|-------------------0-----|-----2-0-----|-------------------------|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0-----|
|-0---0-0-----0---0-------|-------0---3-|-0---0-0-----0-----------|--------------------------|
```


E
A
E7
I got a kind-hearted woman studies evil all the
time. I got a
A7
E7
kind- hearted woman studies evil all the time
B
oh, she wants to kill me just to
A7
E7
have it on her mind

```
  :     .     .     .     .       :     .     .
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
|-------------------------------|---------------------|
|-------------------------------|-1-----1-------------|
|-2----h2-----------------------|-2-----2-------------|
|-------0---------0-2-----------|-2----h2-------------|
|-0---0-------0-----0---0-3---0-|-------------0-----0-|
                                                she got a ...
```

```
          E7
She got a .32 special, built on a cross of wood
          A7                                 E7
She got a .32 special, built on a cross of wood
        B     A7                         E7
I got a 38-20, man, that's twice as good.

Sometime I'm thinking, you're too good to die
Sometime I'm thinking, you're too good to die
Other times I'm a-thinking you ought to be buried alive.
```

Black Cross (Hezekiah Jones)

Written by Joseph S. Newman, popularized by Lord Buckley (see their versions below)
Dylan's version has the story from these, but the delivery is his own.
Recorded on the third Gaslight Tape
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The verses that Dylan divides this into, are marked by two figures: first a short turn from G to C and back again, then a shift to D, where he stays for a shorter or longer time, "talkin' blues" fashion.

The turns from G to C are played:

```
| G . . C | G . . etc
```

The shift from G to D is played like this:

```
  G                D
  :   .   .   .    :   .
|---3---3---3-----|---2---
|---0---0---0-----|---3---
|---0---0---0-----|---2---  etc.
|---0---0---0-----|---0---
|-------------3-2-|-0-----
|-3---3---3-------|-------
```

```
G       C G

                                          G-D
This is the story of Hezekiah Jones...

Hezekiah Jones lived in a place... in Arkansas.
             G       C G
He never had too much,
                       G-D
except he had some land,

An' he had a couple of hogs and things like that.

G
He never had much money
       C       G
But he spent what he did make as fast as he made it,
                                    G-D
So it never really mattered that he had much money.

                       G  C G
But in a cupboard there,
                         G-D
He kept in the cupboard...

he kept in the cupboard books,
                                       G    C G
He called the books his "rainy season."

                                                          C G
The white folks around the county there talked about Hezekiah...
```

```
     G-D
They... said, "Well... old Hezekiah, he's harmless enough,

but the way I see it he better put down them goddam books,
                                                    G     C G
Readin' ain't no good, for an ignorant nigger."

G-D

One day the white man's preacher came around
                                        G
Knockin' on doors, knockin' on all the doors in the county,
                  C      G
He knocked on Hezekiah's door.

He says, "Hezekiah, you believe in the Lord?"
   /c          /b                    D
Hezekiah says, "Well, I don't know, I never really SEEN the Lord,

I can't say, yes, I do..."

              G
He says, "Hezekiah, you believe in the Church?"
              C           G
Hezekiah says, "Well, the Church is divided, ain't they,
      C           G
And... they can't make up their minds.
                     D
I'm just like them, I can't make up mine either."

              G
He says, "Hezekiah, you believe
                 C    G                D-G
that if a man is good Heaven is his last reward?"
                        G-D
Hezekiah says, "I'm good... good as my neighbor."

                      G                                  C-G
"You don't believe in nothin'," said the white man's preacher,
                         C /b D
You don't believe in nothin'!"

"Oh yes, I do," says Hezekiah,

"I believe that a man should be indebted to his neighbor

Not for the reward of Heaven or fear of hellfire."

                    G
"But you don't understand," said the white man's preacher,
                  C                          G           G-D
"There's a lot of good ways for a man to be wicked..."

                                             /e-f# G
Then they hung Hezekiah high as a pigeon.
                                       C   /b-a  G      D
White folks around there said, "Well... he had it comin'
```

```
'Cause the son-of-a-bitch never had no religion!"

G     C  /b-a G
```

Black Cross

Joseph S. Newman

Hezekiah Jones of Hogback County
Lived on a hill in a weather-beaten hovel
And all that he owned was a two-acre plot
And a bed and some books and a hoe and a shovel.

Hezekiah, black as the soil he was hoeing,
Worked pretty hard to make ends meet;
Raised what he ate, with a few cents over
To buy corn likker that he drank down neat,

And a few cents more that he put in the cupboard
Against what he called "de rainy season,"
But he never got to save more'n two or three dollars
Till he gave it away for this or that reason.

The white folks around knew old Hezekiah...
"Harmless enough, but the way I figger
He better lay off'n them goddam books,
'Cause readin' ain't good fer an ignorant nigger."

Reverend Green, of the white man's church,
Finally got around to "comin' ovah
To talk with you-all about the Pearly Kingdom
An' to save yo' soul fer the Lawd Jehovah!"

"D'ya b'lieve in the Lawd?" asked the white man's preacher.
Hezekiah puckered his frosty brow,
"Well I can't say 'yes,' so I ain't gonna say it,
Caze I ain't SEEN de Lawd....nowhere....no-how."

"D'ya b'lieve in Heaven?" asked the white man's preacher,
"Where you go, if you're good, fer yer last rewa'hd?"
"Ah'm good," said Hezikiah, "good as Ah'm able,
But Ah don't expect nothin' from Heaven OR the Lawd."

"D'ya b'lieve in the Church?" asked the white man's preacher.
Hezekiah said, "Well de Church is divided;
Ef they can't agree, than Ah cain't neither...
Ah'm like them....Ah ain't decided."

"You don't b'lieve nothin'," roared the white man's preacher.
"Oh yes Ah does," said old Hezikiah,
"Ah b'lieve that a man's beholden to his heighbash
Widout de hope of Heaven or de fear o' hell's fiah."

There's a lot of good ways for a man to be wicked...
They hung Hezikiah as high as a pidgeon,

And the nice folks around said, "He had it comin'
'Cause the son-of-a-bitch didn't have no religion!''

Lord Buckley's version

It's a beautiful thing.

It was written by Paul Newman's beloved grandfather, in Cleveland,
a Cleveland poet. It's "Black Cross."

There was Old Hezekiah Jones, of Hogback County.
He lived on a hill in a weatherbeaten hovel.
And all that he owned was a two-acre plot
with a bed and some books and a hoe and a shovel.

Old Hezekiah, black as the soil he was hoeing,
Worked pretty hard to make both ends meet.
Raised what he ate, with a few cents over
To buy corn likker that he drank down neat,

And a few cents more that he put in the cupboard
Against what he called "de rainy season,"
But he never got to save more'n two or three dollars
Till he gave it away for this or that reason.

The white folks around knew old Hezekiah...
"Harmless enough, but the way I figger
He better lay off'n them goddam books,
'Cause readin' ain't good fer an ignorant nigger."

Reverend Green, of the white man's church,
Finally got around to "comin' ovah
To talk with you-all about the Pearly Kingdom
An' to save yo' soul fer the Lawd Jehovah!"

"D'ya b'lieve in the Lawd?" asked the white man's preacher.
Hezekiah puckered his frosty brow,
"Well I can't say 'yes,' so I ain't gonna say it,
Caze I ain't SEEN de Lawd....nowhere....no-how."

"D'ya b'lieve in Heaven?" asked the whiteman's preacher,
"Where you go, if you're good, fer yer last rewa'hd?"
"Ah'm good," said Hezikiah, "good as Ah'm able,
But Ah don't expect nothin' from Heaven OR the Lawd."

"D'ya b'lieve in the Church?" asked the white man's preacher.
Hezekiah said, "Well de Church is divided;
Ef they can't agree, than Ah cain't neither...
Ah'm like them....Ah ain't decided."

"You don't b'lieve nothin'," roared the white man's preacher.
"Oh yes Ah does," said old Hezikiah,
"Ah b'lieve that a man's beholden to his neighbahs
Widout de hope of Heaven or de fear o' hell's fiah."

There's a lot of good ways for a man to be wicked...
They hung Hezikiah as high as a pidgeon,
And the nice folks around said, "He had it comin'

'Cause the son-of-a-bitch didn't have no religion!''

Liverpool Gal

Written by Bob Dylan, during his stay in London in December 1962.
The song has been taped once by Dylan (July 17 1963 in the home of David Whitaker, Minneapolis, Minn.), but the tape is not in circulation (thanks to Miguel Angel for notifying me). The following tab is therefore based upon the version by *Lennon & Hyam*, formerly found at the Shelter From The Storm website.

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

I've prepared a sheet-music version: http://www.dylanchords.com/00_misc/liverpool_gal.pdf

Lennon & Hyam use a kind of arrangement that Dylan would never have played in 1962. The following is a reversal, back to simple chords. I've indicated the rhythm in the first verse. They use a capo on the 6th fret (sounding key F♯ major)

The melody is clearly based upon The Lakes of Pontchartrain or a related tune (apparently Dylan learned "Lakes…" from Paul Brady in 1984).

```
     C   . . /b . .  Am . . F   . .
When first I came to London town
  C/g . .  G . . F . G C . .
A stranger I did come
    C        /b         Am    F
I'd walk the streets so silently
  C/g     G       F   G C
I did not know no-one
      Am . .   Em     .  .  F . G    C   . .
I was thinking thoughts and dreaming dreams
    C  . .        Em .  F  . . G .
The kind when you roll along
.   C       /b        Am        F
But most of all I was thinking about
    C/g      G         Am . . Em . . F . . G .
the land I'd left back home

I'd stand by the river Themes
with the wind blowing through my hair.
And who should come and stand by me
but a London gal so fair.
Her eyes were blue, her hair was brown
Her face was gentle and kind
For a second, well, I clear forgot
The land I left behind

As we began walking and talkin'
All through the English air
I did not know where we'd end up
'til we came to the top of a stair
As we lay round on a worn-out rug
the room it was so cold
And we talked for hours by the inside fire
'bout the outside world so old.

All through our sweet conversation
She thought my ways were so strange
```

```
But I know there was one thing about me
That she would try to change
And the night passed on with the drizzeling rain
There's one thing I found out
[A pair of sweet curls] I know too well,
Her love I know not much about *)

And I awoke the next morning
And the rain had turned to snow
I looked out of her window
And I knew that I must go
I did not know how to tell her
I didn't know if I could
But she smiled a smile I'd never seen
To say she understood.

And thinking of her as I stood in the snow
How strange she appeared to be,
On the reason I was leaving,
she seemed no better than me.
I gazed all up at her window
where the snowy snow-flakes blowed
I put my hands in my pockets
And I walked 'long down the road.

So it's now I'm leaving London, boys
Well, the town I'll soon forget,
Likewise its winds and weather
Likewise some people I met
But there's one thing that's for certain
Sure as the sunshine down
I'll never forget that Liverpool Gal
Who lived in London Town.
```

---

*) Lennon & Hyam sing "Of her…", and have to make a strange maneuvre at the end to make it fit, but the "Of…" isn't necessary, lyrically, and the line is easier to sing without it.

Long Ago, Far Away

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded Nov 1962 as a Witmark demo
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Drop D tuning (D-a-d-g-b-e')

Chords:

```
D     000232 (but mostly played 000230)
A     20222x (w/thumb; actually A/f#)
G     5x000x or 5x0003
```

Most of the accompaniement consists of a steady alternation of two tones on the 6th string (open and fingered/bent on the 3rd fret), with chords strummed in between (see tab). A D major chord is held throughout, but with the 1st string open for most of the song (it is mostly not played on, but it can be heard at the end of the second verse) and the 3rd string alternating between open and fingered. The chord is probably fingered with the third finger constantly on the second string, and the second finger alternating between the 3rd and the 6th strings.

The rhythm is rather square with the same pattern throughout, with a little extra on the "Long ago, far away" refrain line.

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----3-3-----3-3-|-----3-3---3-3-3-|
|-----2-2-----0-0-|-----2-2---0-0-0-| rep.
|-----0-0-----0-0-|-----0-0---0-0-0-|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------3b------|-0-------3b------|
```

```
   D
To preach of peace and brotherhood,

Oh what might be the cost!

a man he did it long ago,

and they hung him on a cross.
      A        D
Long ago, far away
G                 A      D
Those things don't happen nowadays

The chains of slaves they dragged the ground
with heads and hearts hung low
But that was during Lincoln's time,
and that was long ago.
Long ago, far away
Those things like that don't happen no more nowadays, do they?

The war guns they bombed and blazed
```

```
the whole world bled its blood.                *) The official lyrics have:
Men's bodies rotted on the ground                  ‘‘Men's bodies floated on the edge
as their graves were made in mud.                  Of oceans made of mud.’’
Long ago, far away
Those kind of things don't happen no more nowadays

One man had much money,
One man had not enough to eat,
One man he lived just like a king,
The other man begged on the street.
Long ago, far away,
things like that don't happen no more nowadays.

One man died of a knife so sharp,
One man died from the bullet of a gun,
One man died of a broken heart
           A               D
To see the lynchin' of his son.
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen no more nowadays.

Gladiators killed themselves,
It was during the Roman times.
People cheered with bloodshot grins
As eye and minds went blind.
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen no more nowadays.

And to talk of peace and brotherhood,
Oh, what might be the cost!
A man he did it long ago
And they hung him on a cross.
Long ago, far away
Things like that don't happen no more nowadays,
do they?
```

Talkin′ Devil

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded Jan 19, 1963 at the Broadside office, released on *Broadside Ballads*, Sep 1963, Dylan under the name Blind Boy Grunt

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
["This is all about what the devil is,
some people say that there's no devil."]

G

     G                   C
Well sometimes you can't see him so good
        D
When he hides his head neath a snow white hood
 /f# G                       C
An'  rides to kill with his face well hid
        D
An' then goes home to his wife an' kids.

Wonder if his kids know who he is?

/f# |G . . /a-b | C . /b-c | D . . /e-f# | G

Well he wants you to hate, he wants to fear
He wants you to fear somethin' that's not even there.
He'll give you his hate an' he'll give you his lies
He'll give you the weapons to run out an' die
An' you give him your soul.

["That's just two verses to it."]
```

All Over You

Bob Dylan

Tabbed (just for kicks) by Eyolf Østrem

"Let's just put this one down for kicks"

```
G                           /f# /f E
Well, if I had to do it all over again,
A               D        G
Babe, I'd do it all over you.
    G                        /f#  /f  E
And if I had to wait for ten thousand years,
A                      D
Babe, I'd even do that too.
        B7                         Em
Well, a dog's got his bone in the alley,
  B7                  Em
A cat, she's got nine lives,
  A
A millionaire's got a million dollars,
     D(7)
King Saud's got four hundred wives.
      C    D          G
Well, ev'rybody's got somethin'
G                     /f# /f  C/e
That they're lookin' forward to.
            C                      G     /f# /f E
I'm lookin' forward to when I can do it all again
    A                D        G
And babe, I'll do it all over you.

Well, if I had my way tomorrow or today,
Babe, I'd run circles all around.
I'd jump up in the wind, do a somersault and spin,
I'd even dance a jig on the ground.
Well, everybody gets their hour,
Everybody gets their time,
Little David when he picked up his pebbles,
Even Sampson after he went blind.
Well, everybody gets the chance
To do what they want to do.
When my time arrives you better run for your life
'Cause babe, I'll do it all over you.

Well, I don't need no money, I just need a day that's sunny,
Baby, and my days are gonna come.
And I grab me a pint, you know that I'm a giant
When you hear me yellin', "Fee-fi-fo-fum."
Well, you cut me like a jigsaw puzzle,
You made me to a walkin' wreck,
Then you pushed my heart through my backbone,
Then you knocked off my head from my neck.
Well, if I'm ever standin' steady
A-doin' what I want to do,
```

Well, I tell you little lover that you better run for cover
'Cause babe, I'll do it all over you.

I'm just restin' at your gate so that I won't be late
And, momma, I'm a-just sittin' on the shelf.
Look out your window fair and you'll see me squattin' there
Just a-fumblin' and a-mumblin' to myself.
Well, after my cigarette's been smoked up,
After all my liquor's been drunk,
After my dreams are dreamed out,
After all my thoughts have been thunk,
Well, after I do some of these things,
I'm gonna do what I have to do.
And I tell you on the side, that you better run and hide
'Cause babe, I'll do it all over you.

I'd Hate To Be You On That Dreadful Day

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded early 1963 as a Witmark Demo
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key A♭ major)

This is the G-riff:

```
  G   /e  /d  /b
  :   .   .   .
|---3---3---3---3-|
|---0---0---0---0-|
|---0---0---0---0-|
|-----2---0-------|
|-------------2---|
|-3---------------|
```

```
           G        /e    /d
Well, your clock is gonna stop
/b      G   /e     /d
At Saint  Peter's gate.
   /b    G       /e   /d
Ya gonna ask him what time it is,
     /b    C                     /b
He's gonna say, "It's too late."
G/d  G
Hey, hey!
    C               /b
I'd sure hate to be you           D           /f#   G           /e    /g
        D      /f# G              :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
On that dreadful   day.         |-----2-2-2-2-----|-----3-3-3-3-----|----
                                |-----3-3-3-3-----|-----0-0-0-0-----|----
                                |-----2-2-2-2-----|-----0-0-0-0-----|-0--
You're gonna start to sweat     |-0---------------|-------------2---|----
And you ain't a-gonna stop.     |-----------------|-----------------|----
You're gonna have a nightmare   |-------------2---|-3---------------|----
And never wake up.                Dread - ful       day
Hey, hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day.

You're gonna cry for pills
Your head's gonna be in a knot,
But the pills are gonna cost
More than what you've got.
Hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day.

You're gonna have to walk naked,
You can't ride in no car.
You're gonna let ev'rybody see
```

Just what you are.
Hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day.

Well, the good wine's a-flowin'
For five cents a quart.
You're gonna look in your moneybags
And find you're one cent short.
Hey, hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day.

You're gonna yell and scream,
"Don't anybody care?"
You're gonna hear out a voice say,
"Shoulda listened when you heard them words down there."
Hey, hey!
I'd sure hate to be you
On that dreadful day.

C . /b . D/a . G

["That's my calypso tap number!"]

Bound To Lose, Bound To Win

Written by Bob Dylan (although...)
Recorded early 1963, as a Witmark Demo (only performance)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
[Intro:]

G . . Em   . G . C |
G . . Em/b . G . C |
G . . Em/b . G C . |G ... etc

["Here's one, I can write you out the verses to this later,
I can't really remember this right now,
I'll write you out the verses to it."]

          G              C
     Well I'm bound to lose, bound to win
     G        C           D     G
     bound to walk to the road again
     G             C
     Bound to lose, bound to win
     C                        D     G     /e /g
     bound for a-walkin' to the road again

     [interlude similar to the intro]

      G                   Em
Well, I'm just one of them ramblin' men
C               D          G
Ramblin' since I don't know when.
G                     C
Here I come, and I'm-a gone again
    /b          D/a   G
You might think I got no end.

     G                 Em
     Bound to lose, I'm bound to win
         G           C              D     G
     I'm bound for a-walkin' to the road again
     G                 Em
     Bound to lose, I'm bound to win
     G                          C     G
     bound for a-walkin' to the road again
```

Lonesome River Edge

Trad.
Performed by Bob Dylan on the so-called Banjo tape, recorded in the basement of Gerde's folk city Feb 8, 1963, with Happy Traum
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The guitar is slightly low on this one, perhaps as much as a semitone.
It's hard to tell if the Em on "good-bye" is a mistake or just an intentional short Em like the at "lips".

```
G

           G
I held her hand
     C           G
on a cobblestone corner,
             Em G
I kissed her lips
       C     G
by the river bridge
           (Em) G
I said good-bye
      C            G
with a night train rolling
              C D
on a lonesome day
                C     G
by the lonesome river edge.
```

No, that's not the one I was thinking of.

Farewell

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded as a Witmark demo in march 1963 and during the sessions for *The Times They Are A-Changin'* (Aug 6 1963)
Tabbed by Jeffrey Kokoskinsky and Eyolf Østrem

Version 1 (*Another side* outtake?)

Capo IV Key of E

Guitar action is similar to Hattie Carroll or Restless Farewell

F fill:

```
  F         C
  | . . .   |
----------|----
----------|-1--
--2---0-0-|-0--
--3---2-0-|-2--
----------|-3--
----------|----
```

```
        C                 F       C
Oh it's fare thee well my darlin' true,
                                    G   G6  G7
I'm leavin' in the first hour of the morn.
 C                           F   C
I'm bound off for the bay of Mexico
   C         G            C
Or maybe the coast of Californ.
        C (or G?)         F [fill] C
So it's fare thee well my own true love,
                                 G
We'll meet another day, another time.
             C
It ain't the leavin'
         F        C
That's a-grievin' me
       C               F               C
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.

Oh the weather is against me and the wind blows hard
And the rain she's a-turnin' into hail.
I still might strike it lucky on a highway goin' west,
Though I'm travelin' on a path beaten trail.
So it's fare thee well my own true love,
We'll meet another day, another time.
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.

I will write you a letter from time to time,
As I'm ramblin' you can travel with me too.
```

```
With my head, my heart and my hands, my love,
I will send what I learn back home to you.
So it's fare thee well my own true love,
We'll meet another day, another time.
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.

I will tell you of the laughter and of troubles,
Be them somebody else's or my own.
With my hands in my pockets and my coat collar high,
I will travel unnoticed and unknown.
So it's fare thee well my own true love,
We'll meet another day, another time.
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.

I've heard tell of a town where I might as well be bound,
It's down around the old Mexican plains.
They say that the people are all friendly there
And all they ask of you is your name.
So it's fare thee well my own true love,
We'll meet another day, another time.
It ain't the leavin'
That's a-grievin' me
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.
```

Witmark demo version (March 1963)

Capo 2th fret (sounding key B major)

Chords:

```
A     x02225 (half barre)
D/a   x04230 (half barre)
E     022100
D/f#  200232
```

```
A

        A                D/a     A
Oh it's fare thee well my darlin' true,
    A             D/a               E
I'm leavin' in the first hour of the morn.
    A                        D/a A
I'm bound off for the bay of Mexico
   A         E            A
Or maybe the coast of Californ.
        E                D(/f#)   A
So it's fare thee well my own true love,
      A      D/a   A            E
We'll meet another day, another time.
             A
It ain't the leavin'
```

```
         D/a      A
That's a-grievin' me
       A               E              A
But my true love who's bound to stay behind.
```

Long Time Gone

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded as a Witmark Demo, March 1963
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Drop D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e')
Either there's a capo on the 1st fret, or the guitar is tuned a little high

```
D/c     030030
G'      000000
```

```
   D
My parents raised me tenderly
  C              D
I was their only son.
   D
My mind got mixed with ramblin'
     C            D
When I was all so young.
      D
An' I left my home the first time
     C                D
When I was twelve an' one.
      D
I'm a long time a-comin', Ma
     C              D
I'll be a long time gone.

On the western side of Texas
On the Texas plains
I tried to find a job of work
But they said I's young of age.
My eyes they burned when I heard
"Go home where you belong!"
I'm a long time a-comin'
I'll be a long time gone.

I remember when I's ramblin'
Around with the carnival trains.
Different towns, different people
Somehow they're all the same
I remember children's faces best
I remember travelin' on.
I'm a long time a-comin'
I'll be a long time gone.

I once loved a fair young maid
An' I ain't too big to tell
If she broke my heart a single time
She broke it ten or twelve.
I walked an' talked all by myself
I did not tell no one.
I'm a long time a-comin', babe
I'll be a long time gone.
```

```
D . . ./c | D . . . | G' . . . | D . . . . .

Many times by the highway side
I tried to flag a ride
With bloodshot eyes an' grittin' teeth
I'd watch the cars roll by.
The empty air hung in my head
I's thinkin' all day long.
I'm a long time a-comin'
An' I'll be a long time gone.

You might see me on your crossroads
When I'm passin' thru
Remember me how you wished to
As I'm a-driftin' from your view.
I ain't got the time to think about it
I got too much to get done.
Well, I'm a long time a-comin'
An' I'll be a long time gone.

If I can't help somebody
With a word or song
If I can't show somebody
They are travelin' wrong.
But I know I ain't no prophet
An' I ain't no prophet's son.
I'm just a long time a-comin'
An' I'll be a long time gone.

So you can have your beauty
It's skin deep an' it only lies
An' you can have your youth
It'll rot before your eyes.
Just give to me my gravestone
With it clearly carved upon.
"I's a long time a-comin'
An' I'll be a long time gone."
```

```
  D           /c    D                 /c      G/b       D/c G/b
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .
|-----2---2-2-0---|-2---2-----2-2---|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---|
|-----3---3-3-3---|-3---3-----3-3---|-3---3---3---3---|-3---3---|
|-----2---2-2-0---|-2---2-----2-2---|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---|
|-0-------0---0---|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---|
|-0-------0---3---|-0---0---0---0---|-3---3---2---2---|-3---2---|
|-0-------0-------|-0---0---0---0---|-----------------|---------|
```

```
  D           /c    D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----2---2-2-0---|-2-------2-------||
|-----3---3-3-3---|-3-------3-------||
|-----2---2-2-0---|-2-------2-------||
|-0-------0---0---|-0-------0-------||
|-0-------0---3---|-0-------0-------||
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------||
```

Cuban Missile Crisis

Written by Bob Dylan (melody based on Trail of the Buffalo)
Recorded March 1963 at the Broadside sessions
tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 6th fret (sounding key D♯ minor)

F is usually played as an Fadd9: 133011, or even Fmaj7add9: 133010 (in both cases w/thumb).

```
The Am "thing":      The F "thing"
   :   .   .   .        :   .   .   .
|------0-0-0-0-0---|  |-----1-1-1-1-1---|
|*-----1-1-1-1-1--*|  |-----1-1-1-1-1---|
|------2-2-2-2-0---|  |-----0-0-0-0-0---|
|------2-2-2-2-2---|  |-----3-3-3-3-3---|
|*-0--------------*|  |-----3-3-3-3-3---|
|--------------3---|  |-1---------------|
```

```
     Am               F             Am
Come gather 'round me people, and a story I will tell
                                 F            Am
About a night not long ago, you all remember well.
                                    F            Am
I tell it to you straight and true, I tell it like friend
              F                 Am
All about the fearful night, we thought the world would end.

I was walkin' down the sidewalk not causin' any harm
The radio reported, it sounded with alarm
The Russian ships were sailin' all out across the sea
We all feared by daybreak it would be World War Number Three.

I was worried about an argument I had the day before
Over some small matter, I'm sure it was nothin' more.
But just a day ago, how it wrinkled up my brow
The same thing today seems so unimportant now.
```

Wieviele Straßen

Bob Dylan

German version of "Blowin' in the Wind", apparently in cooperation with H. Bradtke
Submitted by Charles Stoyer
Chord suggestions by Eyolf Østrem, based on the recorded version on *Freewheelin'*

Capo 7th Fret

```
G          C   /b    D/a           G
Wie große Berge von Geld gibt man aus
             C   /b      G
Für Bomben, Raketen und Tod?
           C  /b       D/a           G
Wie große Worte macht heut' mancher Mann
               C  /b    D/f#
Und lindert damit keine Not?
G           C  /b       D/a         G
Wie großes Unheil muß erst noch geschehn
               C     /b   G
Damit sich die Menschkeit besinnt?
    C  /b         D/a           G               C
Die Antwort, mein Freund, weiss ganz allein der Wind.
        /b        D/a             G
Die Antwort weiss ganz allein der Wind.

Wie viele Straßen auf dieser Welt
Sind Straßen voll Tränen und Leid?
Wie viele Meere auf dieser Welt
Sind Meere der Einsamkeit
Wie viele Mütter sind lang schon allein
Und warten und warten noch heut'?
Die Antwort, mein Freund, weiss ganz allein der Wind.
Die Antwort weiss ganz allein der Wind.

Wie viele Menschen sind heut' noch nicht Frei
Und Würden es so gerne sein?
Wie viele Kinder gehn Abends zur Ruh
Und schlafen vor Hunger nicht ein?
Wie viele Tränen erflehen bei Nacht:
Wann wird es für uns anders sein?
Die Antwort, mein Freund, weiss ganz allein der Wind.
Die Antwort weiss ganz allein der Wind.
```

I Rode Out One Morning

Words and music Bob Dylan (I suppose, although the tune is surely based on something)
Recorded Apr 12, 1963 (“Fourth McKenzie Tape”)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The melody is certainly the model to Farewell Angelina. For those who haven’t heard the song: the melody is in the top line, beginning on the last “3” in the first measure.

The tab is mostly based on the version played between the verses, as that is played most clearly. The fingering pattern should not be broken, hence the successive tones on the same string e.g. in bar 3 should be played with different fingers.

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e’), capo 2nd fret

[Dylan: “Here’s a couple of verses of one song, never did get done”]

```
  :       .       .         :       .       .         :       .       .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-----------3-------3-----|---3-------3-------3-----|---0---------------3-----|
|-------2-------2-------2-|-------2-------2-------2-|-------2---2---2-------2-|
|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|

  :       .       .         :       .       .         :       .       .
|-------------------0-----|---2---------------------|-------------------------|
|-------3---3-------------|-------------------3-----|---3-------3-------3-----|
|---0-----------0-------0-|-------2---2---2-------2-|-------2-------2-------2-|
|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|

  :       .       .         :       .       .         :       .       .
|-------------------------|-------------------0-----|-------------------------|
|---0---------------------|-------3---3-------------|---3-------3-------3--/5-|
|-------2---2---2---2---2-|---0-----------0-------0-|-------2-------2-------0--|
|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|

  :       .       .         :       .       .         :       .       .
|-------5---5-------7-----|---5-------2-------------|-------------------0-----|
|---7---------------------|-------------------3-----|---3-------3-------------|
|---------------0-------0-|-------0-------2-------2-|-------0-------0-------0-|
|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|

  :       .       .         :       .       .         :       .       .
|---2---------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------3-----|---3-------3-------3-----|---0---------------3-----|
|-------2---2---2-------2-|-------2-------2-------2-|-------2---2---2-------2-|
|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|
```

```
  :       .       .         :       .       .         :       .       .
|-------------------0-----|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------3---3-------------|---3-------3-------3-----|---3-------3-------3-----|
|---0-----------0-------0-|-------2-------2-------2-|-------2-------2-------2-|
|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|-----0-------0-------0---|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|-0-------0-------0-------|
```

```
  D                               G/d       D
I rode out one morning, tryin' to make me a friend
       D                    G/d
I rode down to the city, no one to refend [to be found?/could I find?]
                                   G/d         D
But my hands they were dirty and my hair it was messed
      D                            G/d        D
And I came from the east and I went out to the west.

It's a hard, it's a hard, it's a hard ground to walk
It's hard as the nail, it's hard as the rock,
It's hard as the sail that stands to the wind
But they're all not as hard as the love that I'm in.
```

Ramblin' Down Through the World

Woodie Guthrie
Performed by Bob Dylan at his Town Hall concert, NYC, NY Apr 12, 1963
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
      G                      Em
Well, I'm just-a one of them ramblin' boys,
C                  D      G
Ramblin' round and makin' noise
G                 Em
Sometimes lonely, sometimes blue,
C              D           G
Noone knows it better than you

     Ramlin' round ramblin' twirl,
     Ramblin' down through the world
     Ramlin' down ramblin' twirl,
     Ramblin' down through the world

[long harp solo over sustained D/f# chord, then some rounds of the verse]
```

Hiding Too Long

Written by Bob Dylan
Performed once, in the Town Hall, NY, 12 April 1963
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

The tune is a close relative to the tune of Oxford Town. The guitar part differs widely: it is rather a slow, triple-time, quite bluesy thing.

Both in the guitar and in the singing, the tone B♭ is prominent, which of course clashes with the B in the G major chord of the guitar – which of course is how it's intended. In the guitar this is accomplished either with the high B♭ (as in the second measure of the intro) or the low B♭ on the fifth string (I've indicated this in the tab by using "bb'' for the high and "B♭'' for the low B♭), which is frequently hammered-on from the open string, as in the third verse:

```
  G
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0---0---|
|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0---0---|
|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-|-----0---0---|
|-1-----------|-1-----------|-1-----------|-0h1---------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
..boy in  prison
```

The same figure recurs in later verses (in verse 4 with one measure less, in verse 5 with hammer-ons on all the Bbs). The chords of verse 3 are used in the subsequent verses.

Intro:

```
  G             /Bb               G7/f
  :   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .
|-----3---3---|-3---3---3-3-3-3-|-------------|-----------------|
|-----0---0---|-0---0---0---0-0-|-----0---0---|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|
|-----0---0---|-3---3---3---3(0)|-----0---0---|-0---0---0---0---|
|-0---0---0---|-----------------|-3-----------|-3---3---3---0---|
|-2-----------|-----------------|-------------|-----------------|
|-3-----------|-----------------|-------------|-----------------|

  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .      x7
|-----0---0---|-----0---0---|-----------------||------3---3----||
|-----1---1---|-----1---1---|-----------------||*-----0---0---*||
|-----0---2---|-----0---0---|-----------------||------0---0----||
|-----2---0---|-----2---2---|-----------------||--0---0---0----||
|-3-----------|-------------|-1b------1-------||*-2-----------*||
|-------------|-3-----------|-----------x-2---||--3------------||

         G
Come you phoney super-patriotic people that say
     C
That hating and fearing is my only way
     G
That this here country has got to be
```

```
       /bb             /g                /d          G
You're thinking of yourselves, you ain't thinking of me.


           G
You're not thinking of any George Washington
           C
You're not thinking of any Thomas Jefferson
         G
But you say that you are and you lie and mislead
                                          D            G
You use their names for your aims, for your selfish greed.


G                 G/bb
Don't speak to me of your patriotism
          C                        G/Bb
When you throw the Southern black boy in prison
         G
And you say the only good niggers are the ones that have died
       /g-bb       /g         /f /d   G
Don't think I'll  ever stand on your side.

 .     :     .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :
-----|-------3---3---|-----3---3---|-----3-------|-------
-----|-------0---0---|-----0---0---|-----0-------|-------
-----|-0h3--(3)--3---|-0---0---0---|-----0-------|-------
-----|---------------|-------------|-3-------0---|-------
-----|---------------|-------------|-------------|-------
-----|---------------|-------------|-------------|-3-----
Don't  think I'll      e - ver stand on      your  side

Though you make it so hard for me to love
My face will never feel the slap of your glove
My hands will never buy the cards that you play
   /g-bb           /g-bb     /g  /f        /d  G
My feet will never walk down the road that you lay.

Get out in the open, stop standing afar
Let the whole world see what a hypocrite you are
I ain't joking and it ain't no gag
You bin hiding too long behind the American flag.
```

Bob Dylan's New Orleans Rag

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded during the *The Times They Are A-changin'* sessions, and performed at the Town Hall (NY) Apr 12, 1963.
The tab is based on the latter version.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key G major)

The entire song is built over the same four-measure pattern, which really isn't more than a succession B7 – E, where the E part is embellished by a descending figure (see tab).

The A could also be played xx0220 – it is in at least one verse.

There are some textual differences from the copyrighted version. These are noted at the end.

```
  B7                                E(iv)             A       E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----4-4-4-4-4---|-0-0-0-------0-0-----0-0-|
|-------0-----0-0-|-------0-----0-0-|-----0-0-0-0-0---|-0-0-0-------0-0-----0-0-|
|-----2-------2-2-|-----2-------2-2-|-----4-4-4-4-4---|-2-2-2------h1-1-----0h1-|
|---1---------1-1-|---1---------1-1-|-----------------|-0-0-0-------2-2-----2-2-|
|-2---------------|-2---------------|-----------------|---------2---2-2-----2-2-|
|---------2-------|---------2-------|-0---------------|---------0---0-0-0---0-0-|
```

```
      B7
I was sittin' on a stump down in New Orleans,
      E                       (A)       E
I was feelin' kinda low down, dirty and mean.

Along came a fella and he didn't even ask.
He says, "I know of a woman who can fix you up fast."
Well, I didn't think twice, I just said like I should,
"Let's go find this lady that can do me some good."
We walked across rampard on a sailin' spree
And we came to a door called one-oh-three.

I was just about ready to give my little knock
When out comes a fella who couldn't even walk.
He's linkin' and a-slinkin', couldn't stand on his feet,
And he moaned and he groaned and he shuffled down the street.
Well, out of the door there come another man.
He couldn't even talk and he couldn't even stand.
He moaned and he groaned and he shuffled his feet
And he slid slidin' backwards down Rampart Street. *)

Well, I peeked through the key hole, and comin' down the hall
Was a long-legged man who could hardly crawl.
He had a terrible mean look in his eye,
like he just fought a bear and he was ready to die.
Well, somebody yells with his hair all messed
Fell out of the window, and he failed the test
well, he slid and he slunk in broken French,
And he looked like he'd been through a monkey wrench.
```

Well, by this time I was a-scared to knock,
I was a-scared to move, I's in a state of shock.
I hummed a little tune and I shuffled my feet
And I started walkin' backwards down that Rampart street.
Well, I got to the corner, I tried my best to smile.
I turned around the corner and I ran a bloody mile.
Man, I wasn't runnin' for to meet my wife
I's a just a-runnin' for to save my life. **)

Well, I's coughing in my ears and wheezin' in my chest ***)
I musta run a mile in a minute or less.
I tripped on a log and I flumped on a stump,
I caught a fast freight with a one-arm jump.

So, if you're travelin' down the Louisiana way,
And you're feelin' kinda lonesome and you need a place to stay,
Man, you're better off in your misery
Than to tackle that lady at one-oh-three.

---

*) Three previous lines:
He wiggled and he wobbled, he couldn't hardly stand.
He had this frightened look in his eyes,
Like he just fought a bear, He was ready to die.

**) Two previous lines:
Man, I wasn't running 'cause I was sick,
I was just a-runnin' to get out of there quick.

***) *I tripped right along and I'm a-wheezin' in my chest.*

Dusty Old Fairgrounds

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded in Town Hall, NY, 12 Apr. 1963 and intended for inclusion on the never-released live album *In Concert*
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
          G                          C           G
Well, it's all up from Florida at the start of the spring
                                  D(sus4)
The trucks and the trailers will be winding
       G                         C        G
Like a bullet we'll shoot for the carnival route.
      G                       D             G         C/g   G
We're following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling.

From the Michigan mud past the Wisconsin sun
'Cross that Minnesota border, keep 'em strambling
Through the clear county lakes and lumberjack lands,
We're following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling.

Hit Fargo on the jump and down to Aberdeen
'Cross them old Black Hills, keep 'em rolling
Through the cow country towns and the sands of old Montana.
We're following them fairgrounds a-calling.

As the white line on the highway sails under your wheels,
I've gazed from the trailer window laughing.
Oh, our clothes they was torn but the colors they was bright.
Following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling.

It's a-many a friend that follows the bend,
The jugglers, the hustlers, the gamblers.
Well, I've spent my time with the fortune-telling kind
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

Oh, it's pound down the rails and it's tie down the tents,
Get that canvas flag a-flying.
Well, let the caterpillars spin, let the ferris wheel wind
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

Well, it's roll into town straight to the fairgrounds
Just behind the posters that are hanging
And it's fill up every space with a different kind of face
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

Get the dancing girls in front, get the gambling show behind
Hear that old music box a-banging.
Hear them kids, faces, smiles, up and down the midway aisles
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.

It's a-drag it down by the deadline in the town,
Hit the old highway by the morning
And it's ride yourself blind for the next town on time
Following them fairgrounds a-calling.
```

As the harmonicas whined in the lonesome nighttime
Drinking red wine as we're rolling,
Many a turnin' I turn, many a lesson I learn
From following them fairgrounds a-calling.

And it's roll back down to St Petersburg
Tie down the trailers and camp 'em
And the money that we made will pay for the space
From following them dusty old fairgrounds a-calling

Ain't A-Gonna Grieve

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded Aug 1963 as a Witmark Demo
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key C♯/D♭ major)

```
            G             /e        /d
     Well, I ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     D                            /f# G
     Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more

     Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
         D             /f#       G
     And ain't a-gonna grieve no more.

Come on brother, join the band,
Come on sisters, clap your hands,
Tell everybody in every land,
I  ain't a-gonna grieve no more.

     You know, I ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     Ain't a-gonna grieve no more.

Brown and blue and white and black,
We're one color on the one-way track,
We got this far and ain't a-goin' back
And ain't a-gonna grieve no more.

     And I ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     I ain't a-gonna grieve no more.

We're gonna notify your next of kin,
You're gonna raise the roof 'til the house falls in.
You can knock us down, we'll get up again,
We ain't a-gonna grieve no more.

     We ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     We ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     We ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     We ain't a-gonna grieve no more.

We'll sing this song all night long,
Sing it to my baby from midnight on.
She'll sing it to you when I'm dead and gone,
Ain't a-gonna grieve no more.

     Well, I ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     Ain't a-gonna grieve no more, no more
     Ain't a-gonna grieve, I ain't a-gonna grieve,
     I ain't a-gonna grieve no more.
```

Gypsy Lou

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded Aug 1963 as a Witmark Demo
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Open E tuning (or open D with capo 2nd fret)

Chords:

```
E    000000
A    020100 (actually A/e)
A/c# x20100
B7   x02100 (or 202100)
```

Although this can't exactly be called a complicated song, the last line is treated differently in almost all the verses. Three common alternatives to the version chosen below, are to make it identical to the penultimate line, to let the A fall on "Lou", or to drop the B7.

```
       E               A          E
If you getcha one girl, better get two
A        E        B7    E
Case you run into Gypsy Lou
        E                      A        E
She's a ramblin' woman with a ramblin' mind
A       E         B7    E
Leavin' some poor boy behind.
A/c#            E    A E
Hey, 'round the bend
A     E     B7    E
Gypsy Lou's gone again
A           (B7)  E
Gypsy Lou's gone again.

Well, I seen this whole country through
Just to followin' Gypsy Lou
Seen it up, seen it down
Followin' Gypsy Lou around.
Hey, 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again.

Well, I gotta stop and take some rest
My poor feet are second best
My poor feet are wearin' thin
Gypsy Lou's gone again.
Hey, gone again
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend.

Well, seen her up in old Cheyenne
Turned my head and away she ran
From Denver Town to Wichita
Last I heard she's in Arkansas.
```

Hey, 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again

Well, I tell you what if you want to do
Tell you if you'll wear out your shoes
If you want to wear out your shoes
Try and follow Gypsy Lou.
Hey, gone again
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's 'round the bend.

Well, Gypsy Lou, I been told
Livin' down on Gallus Road
Gallus Road, Arlington
Moved away to Washington.
Hey, 'round the bend
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again

Well, I went down to Washington
Then she went to Oregon
I skipped the ground and hopped a train
She's back in Gallus Road again.
Hey, I can't win
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again

Well, the last I heard of Gypsy Lou
She's in a Memphis calaboose
She left one too many a boy behind
He committed suicide.
Hey, you can't win
Gypsy Lou's gone again
Gypsy Lou's gone again

Troubled and I don't Know Why

Words and music Bob Dylan
As played on Forest Hills Tennis Stadium, NYC 17 Aug 1963
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key C♯ major)

```
  C
I'm troubled and I don't know why
 F C
I'm troubled and I don't know why
 G F G
the trouble on my mind is driving me blind
  F G C
I'm troubled and I don't know why

Oh, what did the morning say?
Oh, what did the morning say?
Well, it rolled from the night with a dark dreary light
Sayin' another old weary day

What did the newspaper tell?
What did the newspaper tell?
Well, it rolled in the door and it layed on the floor
Sayin' things ain't goin' so well

What did the television squall?
What did the television squall?
Well, it roared and it boomed and it bounced around the room
and it never said nothing at all

What did the moviescreen lecture?
What did the moviescreen lecture?
Well, it heated and it froze and it took off all its clothes
and I left in the middle of the picture
```

Guess I'm Doin' Fine

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded Jan 1964 as a Witmark Demo
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Played with alternating bass strings:

```
|-----0-------0---|
|-----1-------1---|
|-----0-------0---| etc.
|-----2-------2---|
|-3---------------|
|---------3-------|
```

Chords:

```
Dm7(/f) 100211 (w/thumb)
C(iii)  xxx053
F(v)    xxx565
```

In later verses a G is inserted between Dm7 and C here and there.

```
       C              Dm7/f C
Well I ain't a-got my child-hood
   C         Dm7  /f  C
Or friends I once did know
     C              Dm7  C
No I ain't a-got my childhood
   C         Dm7      C
Or friends I once did know
    C(iii)         F(v)  C(iii)
But I still got my voice left
      F(v)       Dm7   G C
I can take it anywhere I go
Dm7          G     /e-/f     C    Dm7 G
Hey hey so I guess I'm doin' fine.

An I've never had much money
But I'm still around somehow
No I've never had much money
But I'm still around somehow
Many times I've bended
But I ain't never yet bowed
Hey hey so I guess I'm doin' fine.

Trouble oh trouble
I've trouble on my mind
Trouble oh trouble
Trouble on my mind
But the trouble in the world, Lord
Is much more bigger than mine
Hey hey so I guess I'm doin' fine.
```

```
An' I never had no armies
To jump at my command
No I ain't a-got no armies
To jump at my command
But I don't need no armies
I got me one good friend
Hey hey so I guess I'm doin' fine.

      C                       Dm7
I been kicked an' whipped an' trampled on
       C       Dm7       C   Dm7 G
I been shot at just like you
       C                       Dm7      C
I been kicked an' whipped an' trampled on
       Dm7     G         C
I been shot at just like you
But as long as the world keeps turnin'
I just keep turnin' too
Hey hey so I guess I'm doin' fine.

Well my road might be rocky
The stones might cut my face
My road might be rocky
The stones might cut my face
But there's some folks ain't got no road at all
They gotta stand in the same old place
Hey hey so I guess I'm doin' fine.
```

```
  :   .   .   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .
|-3-3-3-3-2-2-2-2-1-1-1-1-|-----0-----0-0-0-|-----0----------||
|-5-5-5-5-4-4-4-4-3-3-3-3-|-----1-----1-1-1-|-----1----------||
|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-----0-----0-0-0-|-----0----------||
|-------------------------|-----2-----2-2-2-|-----2----------||
|-------------------------|-3---------------|-3--------------||
|-------------------------|---------3-------|----------------||
```

Love Is Just A Four-Letter Word

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded by Joan Baez
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G

D
Seems like only yesterday
  Em
I left my mind behind
D
Down in the Gypsy Cafe
       Em
With a friend of a friend of mine
    D                            Am
She sat with a baby heavy on her knee
    D                                  Am
Yet spoke of life most free from slavery
     D                                Am
With eyes that showed no trace of misery
  D                                Am
A phrase in connection first with she
C D
I heard
     D7                         G
That love is just a four-letter word

Outside a rambling store-front window
Cats meowed to the break of day
Me, I kept my mouth shut, too
To you I had no words to say
My experience was limited and underfed
You were talking while I hid
To the one who was the father of your kid
You probably didn't think I did, but I heard
You say that love is just a four-letter word

I said goodbye unnoticed
Pushed towards things in my own games
Drifting in and out of lifetimes
Unmentionable by name
Searching for my double, looking for
Complete evaporation to the core
Though I tried and failed at finding any door
I must have thought that there was nothing more
Absurd than that love is just a four-letter word

Though I never knew just what you meant
When you were speaking to your man
I can only think in terms of me
And now I understand
After waking enough times to think I see
The Holy Kiss that's supposed to last eternity
Blow up in smoke, its destiny
Falls on strangers, travels free
```

Yes, I know now, traps are only set by me
And I do not really need to be
Assured that love is just a four-letter word

Lost Highway

(Leon Payne)
Sung by Dylan in the Savoy Hotel, May 3rd or 4th 1965, as shown in *Don't Look Back*
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
E pattern
  :  .  :  .  :  .  :  .
|----0-----0-----0-----0--|
|----0-----0-----0-----0--|
|----1-----0h1---1-----2--|
|----2-----2-----2-----2--|
|-------2-----------2-----|
|-0-----------0-----------|

B7 Fill
  :  .  :  .  :
|----2--------------------
|----0--------------------
|----2--------------------
|----1--------------------
|-2--------0-12-----------
|-------2----------------

E

             E           Esus4  E
I was just a lad, nearly twenty-two,
                                      B7
Neither good nor bad, just a kid like you,
            A                 E
And now I'm lost, too late to pray,
                  E         B7       E
I started rollin' down that lost highway.

Now, boys, don't start to ramble round,
On this road of sin or you're sorrow bound.
And you'll get lost, you'll curse the day
You started rollin' down that lost highway.

I'm a rolling stone, all alone and lost,
For a life of sin, I have paid the cost.
When I pass by, you'll curse the day
You started rollin' down that lost highway.
```

B

(More or less) Electric Bob

Miscellaneous songs from 1965 to 1975

1194 On A Rainy Afternoon/Does She Need Me?/I Can't Leave Her Behind
1199 What Kind of Friend Is This?
1201 I Ain't Got No Home
1203 Dear Mrs. Roosevelt
1205 The Grand Coulee Dam
1206 Telephone Wire
1207 George Jackson
1209 Vomit Express
1212 Rock Me Mama
1214 Climax Tobacco
1215 Rita May
1216 Sign Language

On A Rainy Afternoon/Does She Need Me?/I Can't Leave Her Behind

Written by Bob Dylan (and Robbie Robertson, I assume)
Filmed in an unknown hotel room during the 1966 tour, and saved for posterity on *Eat The Document*
Lyrics transcribed by Tobias Levander and Arild Langseth ("I Can't Leave Her Behind").
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

This is one of the most charming tunes that Dylan has never written – too bad he didn't finish it. It is also a fascinating study in the development of song, and in Dylan's composing technique. I assume that the version called "On a rainy afternoon'' or "Does she need me?'' comes first – the "twice as slow'' version with the duple time rhythm that grows out of this, is what appears in "I can't leave her behind''.

Dylan's guitar is tuned in drop C (C-A-d-g-b-e'), capoed on the fifth fret, Robbie's is in standard tuning.

The main transcription uses Robbie's guitar. B♭maj7 = xx8765

On A Rainy Afternoon/Does She Need Me?

Dylan:

```
C   G/b  F/a   C   F  .  G7  .  C
You must [...] she will  for   you
```

Robbie: "No, E. It's better, it's . . . " [plays:

```
F  C  Dm  F  Bb  Am  Gm  C7  F  .  Bb  .  F
```

Dylan: "OK, we'll do that. I know what I can do and what I can't do. Hey, get somebody with a pipe down here. OK, let's get this one."
Robbie: "My pipe is . . . , somebody has it."
Dylan: "Let's get this one, come on. Ready?"

```
  F
  :     .     .     .       :
|-------1-----------------|---------
|-------1-----------------|---------
|-------2-----------------|---------
|-------3---------------3-|---------
|-----3-----3-----3-3h5---|---------
|-1----------/5-----------|-1-------

C                       F
Now she's walking in the morning              .     .     :
Bb      *)       F                       *) --------------------
Howlin' you come home                       --------------------
Bb       *)            F     C  Dm/a        --------------------
 I'll be on my way, so long, forlorn        -------3-5---3-----
    G          C7                           --/5---------------
You just can't go                           ---------------1---
       **)         F
I will get it if I have to                     :     .     .
Bb                       Bbmaj7        **) --------------------
```

```
 If I have to please come home              -------------------
Am7      Gm7     C          F     C7        -------------------
Try, but I'll be dry, and I crave you       -------------3-----
Dm  F Bb    Am  Gm   C7  F  .  Bb . F       -------3-3h5-------
If  I haunt you back all day                -3h5-----------1---

C        F
Carry my trouble,
Bb                  F
 yes you satisfy my mind
     Bb                    F     C    Dm/a
I'll try to tell you, if I can't come in
      G       C7
And I must stay true
                     F
I'll be happy in the morning
Bb                Bbmaj7 Am7    Gm7
 I try my best, I will   try to help you
     C          F     C  Dm
If I can, and I leave it too
F     Bb   Am         Gm  C7 F
But I just can't find you away
Bb               F
Won't some time away

     |Dm .  . Bb |F Bb F
     [Robbie hums]
```

[Dylan says something about the bridge]
Dylan: "Play the bridge!"
Robbie: "No, I just did that."

```
     |Dm .  Bb . |F Bb F .
     [Dylan hums]
```

Dylan: "Play the bridge again!"

```
     |Dm .  Bb G  |C7  /g  C7 .  |
     [More humming]
```

Dylan: "That's not the bridge."
Robbie: "Well, I know, it's just those three chords."
Dylan: "Oh, it's got to start there, yes."

```
     |Dm .  .  Bb  |Dm . . .
```

Dylan: "Hey, something is wrong with the ending."
Robbie: "[...] stop this?"
Dylan: "No, keep going, we got to get it all. We're gonna play it all anyway. The ending shouldn't be ... The ending should go like this – here's how the melody should go, cause remember the melody now. Everything's alright until the last phrase."

[changes the rhythm, from triple to duple time (6/8 to 2/4, more or less)]

```
C                         F
That's the way I think she told me [?]
```

```
Bb               F
Heart she bent on me [?]
Bb              F  C         Dm/a
 I'll be out all morning, for you
       G          C7
But you can't stop me
                     F
Yes, I try my best to please you
Bb                    Bbmaj7
 Try my best, but if I fail
Am7      Gm7        C7
You must help me to see you
     F
As I go by...
```

[Dylan: "No, it's twice as slow. Twice as slow. It's too fast. Yeah, but it can go in there, man, but it's just gonna be twice as slow as that. I'll fit the words in, same words, but it's gonna be twice as slow. Play every chord about *twice as slow*"]

```
F . C  . |Dm     .  Bb  . |C7 . . . C7 . . .
F . .  . |Bbmaj7 .  .   . |F  . . .
```

Dylan: "OK. let's try it again."

```
     C               F
Now, if you send me a letter
Bb                           F
 I'll be on my way to get it for you
Bb                       F    C
 I'll be with my sister too
  Dm         G7         C7
I can't find me what to do
                               F
Yes, I've been trying to get a message
Bb                        Bmaj7 Am7
 To you, but you have to treat me
  Gm7           C7
I won't let her to
           F   C7 Dm/a
And then I try my best
   G7        C7
to hunt her, you..

[Tape fades out.]
```

Dylan's guitar (capo 5th fret, dropped C tuning)

Fmaj7 = 003210.
Fmaj9 = 003213.
The chords in the end aren't exactly what is being played, but it is what Robbie plays in the beginning, before the song begins.

```
          Fmaj7          C
Now she's walking in the morning
Fmaj7            C
Howlin' you come home
```

```
Fmaj7                  C     G7 Am
 I'll be on my way, so long, forlorn
    D          G7
You just can't go
                   C
I will get it if I have to
Fmaj9                     Fmaj7
 If I have to please come home
Em7      Dm7     G7         C     G7
Try, but I'll be dry, and I crave you
Am  C F     Em  Dm   G7  C  .  Fmaj7 . C
If  I haunt you back all day
```

I Cant Leave Her Behind

```
          Bb                F
Where she leads me I do not know
Bb                          F
Well she leads me where she goes
C Dm    G          C7
I can't find her nowhere
          F
Well, she needs me here
     Bb                           F
All aware, I just can't hear her walk
Bb                     F
 I just can't hear her talk
C     Dm             G        C7
Though sometimes you know you will
                       F
And when she comes my way
Bb                              Bbmaj7
I'll just be left any night or day
Am     Gm       C
I will hear her say
       F           C      Dm         Bb
that I don't wanna try, I tried also cried
      F           C     Bb   Bb  Am   Gm  F
But I can't leave her behind
```

Dylan's guitar:

```
          Fmaj7             C
Where she leads me I do not know
Fmaj7                        C
 Well she leads me where she goes
G Am    D          G7
I can't find her nowhere
          C
Well, she needs me here
     Fmaj7                        C
All aware, I just can't hear her walk
```

```
Fmaj7                  C
 I just can't hear her talk
G     Am             D        G7
Though sometimes you know you will
                       C
And when she comes my way
Fmaj7                           Fmaj7
I'll just be left any night or day
Em     Dm       G7
I will hear her say
       C           G      Am         F
that I don't wanna try, I tried also cried
      C           G7    F    F    Em   Dm  C
But I can't leave her behind
```

What Kind of Friend Is This?

Written by Bob Dylan (with input from Robbie Robertson, I assume)
Recorded in a Glasgow hotel room May 19, 1966, included in the film *Eat the Document*

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dropped C tuning (C-A-d-g-b-e')
Dylan's guitar: Capo 7th fret (sounding key G major)

```
C    032010
F    003211
G7   220001
```

Robbie's guitar is uncapoed. Here's one version of Robbie's little "du du du" figure:

```
R: G(7)                              D7
D: C(7)                              G7
   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .
|-/7---------------|-----------------|----------
|------8-------8---|-----------------|-----3----
|----------9b------|-9b--\5----------|-----5----
|------------------|---------8---5---|-----4---- etc
|------------------|-----------------|-5--------
|------------------|-----------------|----------
```

As for the lyrics – well, at least I tried...

```
C
What kind of friend is this

hm hm hm hm [...]
F
What kind of friend is this
C
Speakin' like an awful man
G7             F
She don't form part of me
G7               F
She don't long to follow me
      C
Well, every kind of thing I was . . .

du du, du du, du du, du du
                           G7
du du, du du, du du, du du, du

[That was the run]

du du, du du, du du, du du

        C
Tell me what kind of friend is this
```

```
What kind of friend is this?
Who loves me behind my back
What kind of friend is this
Shows up every place I've been
She act kind of 'lone
but she don't
She making a loan
But you know she won't
She got a language [in] the morning
And she's making it on my bed
Aw, what kind of friend is this.

What kind of friend is this
makin' [...]
What kind of friend is this
Losing up anything
Back off, [boy]
When she goes down
[Lay down laid]
She's walking around
Well, she ain't got nothin'
but she's teedle toodle tummin' on a
pack of beens
Tell me what kind of friend is this?

          F
     Well she [don't lean if she don't man]
         C
     You know she's gonna be her dog.
     F
     She [done gone], She [no ho]
     C                              G7
     Heat stopped a-beating and she [...]

Well, what kind of friend is this
make me holler to and fro
who wants to go everywhere I wanna go
Back off, she
don't care for me
[...] own lady
if she could only see
I'd give her everything
If she comes back along to this [/hiss?].
Tell me what kind of friend is this?
```

I Ain't Got No Home

Written by Woody Guthrie to the tune "This World is not My Home" (See Manfred Helfert's site for details: http://www.geocities.com/Nashville/3448/iaint.html)
Performed by Bob Dylan and The Band at the Woody Guthrie tribute concert, Carnegie Hall, NY, Jan 20, 1968.

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The chorus is a cappella – the chords indicate which harmonies they sing.

The guitar part is probably played with a capo on the 5th fret (see below).

```
C                   F                          C
I ain't got no home, I'm just a-ramblin' 'round,
C                                  D               G
A hard working ramblin' man, and I go from town to town.
C                   F
police make it hard  wherever I may go
    C                           G        C
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

     [C          F  C            F        C]
     I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I was farmin' on the shares, always I was poor;
My crops I'd lay away into the banker's store.
My wife she took down and died upon the cabin floor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

     I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

I ain't got no home, I'm just a-ramblin' 'round,
A hard working ramblin' man, and I go from town to town.
police make it hard  wherever I may go
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

     I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

Well, as I look around, it's mighty plain to see
This wide open world, she's a funny old place to be;
The gamblin' man is rich, the workin' man is poor,
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

     [                                   B-C]
     I ain't got no home in this world anymore.
```

Additional verse, not sung by Dylan:

```
My brothers and my sisters are stranded on this road,
A hot and dusty road that a million feet have trod;
Rich man took my home and drove me from my door
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.
```

Version with capo 5th fret

```
G                  C                        G
I ain't got no home, I'm just a-ramblin' 'round,
G                                  A              D
A hard working ramblin' man, and I go from town to town.
G                  C
police make it hard  wherever I may go
    G                           D        G
And I ain't got no home in this world anymore.

     [G          C  G            C        G]
     I ain't got no home in this world anymore.
```

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt

Written by Woody Guthrie (See Manfred Helfert's site for details about the song: http://www.geocities.com/Nashville/34

Performed by Bob Dylan and The Band at the Woody Guthrie tribute concert, Carnegie Hall, NY, Jan 20, 1968.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The audible guitar part seems to play with the following set of barre chords throughout, raised a semitone (one fret) for the verses marked with an indent. If you don't feel like using the suggested chords, I indicate the chords for the raised verses:

E	x76454	F	F#	G
A	577655	Bb	B	C
G#m	466444	Am	A#m	Bm
B	799877	C	C#	D

The last verse reverts to the original position.
Verses not sung by Dylan and the Band are written in italics.

```
E                                                  E7
Dear Mrs Roosevelt, don't hang your head and cry.
A                                                        E
His mortal flesh*) is laid away, but his good work fills the sky.
     G#m       B               E
This world was lucky to see him born.
[He's born in a money family on that Hudson's rocky shore.
Outrun every kid a-growin' up 'round Hyde Park just for fun.
This world was lucky to see him born.]

Now he went up to the grade school and he wrote back to his folks.
He drew such funny pictures and was always pulling jokes.
This world was lucky to see him born.

He went on up towards Harvard, to read his books of law.
He loved his trees and horses, he loved everything he saw.
This world was lucky to see him born.

He got struck down by the fever and it settled in his leg.
He loved the folks that wished him well, and everybody did.
This world was lucky to see him born.

He took office on a crippled leg, he said to one and all:
"You money changin' racket boys sure 'nuff got to fall."
This world was lucky to see him born.
[In senate walls and congress halls he used his gift of tongue
To get you thieves and liars told and put you on the run.
This world was lucky to see him born.]

     I voted for him lots of times *), and I'd vote for him again.
     He tried to find an honest job for every idle man.
     This world was lucky to see him born,
```

He helped me to build my union, he learned me how to talk.
I could see he was a cripple but he learned my soul to walk ***).
This world was lucky to see him born.

[You Nazis and you fascists tried to boss this world by hate.
He fought my war the union way and the hate gang all got beat.
This world was lucky to see him born.

I sent him 'cross that ocean to Yalta and to Tehran
He didn't like Churchill very much and told him man to man.
This world was lucky to see him born.

He said he didn't like DeGaulle, nor no Chiang Kai Shek.
Shook hands with Joseph Stalin, says: "There's a man I like!"
This world was lucky to see him born.

I was torpedoed on my merchant ship the day he took command.
He was hated by my captain, but loved by all ships hands.
This world was lucky to see him born.]

I was a GI in the army the day he passed away,
And over my shoulder I could hear some soldier say:
"This world was lucky to see him born."

[instrumental verse]

I know this world was lucky just to see him born.
I know this world was lucky just to see him born.
This world was lucky to see him born.

---

*) Guthrie: "Clay"
**) Guthrie: "for lots o' jobs"
***) Dylan sings "talk" both times.

The Grand Coulee Dam

Written by Woody Guthrie
Performed by Bob Dylan and The Band at the Woody Guthrie tribute concert, Carnegie Hall, NY, Jan 20, 1968.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

```
        G                               C
Well the world owns seven wonders as the travellers always tell.
     D                                          G
Some gardens and some towers, I guess you know them well.
    G                            C
But now the greatest wonder is in Uncle Sam's fair land.
     D                                          G
That King Columbia river and the great Grand Coulee Dam.

She come up the Canadian Rockies where the crystal waters glide,
Comes a-roaring down the canyon to meet that salty tide
From the great Pacific Ocean to where the sun sets in the west,
That big Grand Coulee country in that land I love the best.

In the misty glitter of that wild and windward spray,
Men have fought the pounding waters and met a watery grave.
Once she tore men's boats to splinters but she gave men dreams to dream,
That day that Coulee dam went across that wild and restless stream.

[instrumental verse]

Oh Uncle Sam took up the notion in the year of thirty three,
For the factory and the farmer and for all of you and me.
He said: roll it on Columbia, you can roll out to the sea
But river, while you're rolling you can do some work for me.

Now from Washington and Oregon you can hear them factories a-hum,
Making chrome and making manganese and light aluminum.
Always a flying fortress to blast for Uncle Sam,
That King Columbia river and the great Grand Coulee dam.

[instrumental verse]

Well the world owns seven wonders as the travellers always tell.
Some gardens and some towers, I guess you know them well.
But now the greatest wonder is in Uncle Sam's fair land.
That King Columbia river and the great Grand Coulee Dam.
```

Telephone Wire

Written – I presume – by Bob Dylan
Recorded May 1, 1970 (George Harrison session)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Plain 12-bar blues, with this little riff played a few times as an intro, and wherever there is an A:

```
  Ab
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------5-----3-----------|-------------------------|
|(2)----------------------|-5-----3-----------------|
|(2)----------------------|-----------5-------2-----|
|(2)----------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-----------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
```

Or with this variation:

```
  A
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------5-----3-----------|-5---3-------------------|
|-------------------------|-------5---3-------------|
|-------------------------|-------------5---2-------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-0-----------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
```

That's just about all there is to say.

```
A                                                       [riff]
Wonderin', I'm Wonderin', when will my swamp catch on fire
    D                                                 A  [riff]
I'm wonderin', I'm wonderin: Is my swamp gonna catch on fire
E                           E7                A           [riff] x 2
Sittin' here lookin' at that old bad telephone wire.

Well, I'm goin' to Las Vegas, goin' by the evening sun
I'm goin' to Las Vegas, goin' just as fast as I can run
Gonna win some money, give it to my hon.
```

George Jackson

Words and music Bob Dylan
Released as a single in Nov, 1971
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Solo acoustic version

```
  G                C/g                 G               C/g
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|
|*0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-|-1-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1*|
|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|
|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-|-2-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-2-|
|*2-----------2---|-x-----------x---|-x-2-------------|-x-------------*|
|-3-----------3---|-3-----------3---|-3-3-------------|-3---------------|

G              D
I woke up this mornin',
           C     Em    Am
There were tears in my bed.
     G              D
They killed a man I really loved
C        Em          Am
Shot him through the head.
G     D                              Am
Lord, Lord,                          :   .   .   .
     C          Em      Am          |-0---------------   similar hammer-
They cut George Jackson down.       |-1---------------   on figure for
G     D                             |-2---------0-----   the other Am's
Lord, Lord,                         |-2---0h2---------   at line endings
     C    /b  Am     G              |-0---------------
They laid him in the ground.        |-----------------
                                   ...down

   C        "D"        C       G       D         C       Em         Am
   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|--0-----0---0---0-|-0-----0---3---3-|-2-2---2---0---0-|-0-0---0---0---0--|
|*/5-----5---3---3-|-3\1---1---3---3-|-3-3---3---1---1-|-0-0---0---1---1-*|
|--0-----0---0---0-|-0-----0---0---0-|-2-2---2---0---0-|-0-0---0---2---2--|
|-/5-----5---4---4-|-4\2---2---0---0-|-0-0---0---2---2-|-2-2---2---2---2--|
|*-----------------|-----------2---2-|-0-0---0---3---3-|-2-2---2---0---0-*|
|.-----------------|-----------3---3-|-2-2---2---3---3-|-0-0---0----------|

G

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

He wouldn't take shit from no one
He wouldn't bow down or kneel.
Authorities, they hated him
Because he was just too real.
Lord, Lord,
They cut George Jackson down.
Lord, Lord,
They laid him in the ground.

Prison guards, they cursed him
As they watched him from above
But they were frightened of his power
They were scared of his love.
Lord, Lord,
So they cut George Jackson down.
Lord, Lord,
They laid him in the ground.

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

Vomit Express

Words and music Allen Ginsberg/Bob Dylan-Allen Ginsberg
Recorded Nov 17, 1971, and released (i.a.) on Allen Ginsberg: First Blues (1983) and recently on the four-CD boxed set of Ginsberg's recorded work: *Holy Soul Jelly Roll – ongs and Poems (1949-1993)* on Rhino Records.

Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem (who will be happy to receive corrections to the transcription)

Here's the story, in Allen Ginsberg's own words:

Vomit Express: These 1971 sessions came about because Dylan had come to hear a poetry reading at NYU's Loeb Auditorium, standing in the back of the crowded hall with David Amram. We were on stage with a gang of musician friends, and Peter improvised, singing, "You shouldn't write poetry down but carol it in the air, because to use paper you have to cut down trees." I picked up on that, and we spent a half an hour making up tuneful words on the spot. I didn't know 12-bar blues, it was just a free-form rhyming extravaganza. We packed up, said goodbye to the musicians, thanked them and gave them a little money, went home, and then the phone rang.

It was Dylan asking, "Do you always improvise like that?'' And I said, "Not always, but I can. I used to do that with Kerouac under the Brooklyn Bridge all the time.'' He came to our apartment with Amram and a guitar, we began inventing something about "Vomit Express,'' jamming for quite awhile, but didn't finish it. He said, "Oh, we ought to get together in a studio and do it,'' then showed me the three-chord blues pattern on my pump organ. A week later in the studio Dylan actually did the arrangement, told people when to do choruses and when to take breaks, and suggested the musicians cut a few endings on their own to be spliced in.

"Vomit Express'' was a phrase I got from my friend Lucien Carr, who talked about going to Puerto Rico, went often, and we were planning to take an overnight plane a couple of weeks later, my first trip there. He spoke of it as the "vomit express'' – poor people flying at night for cheap fares, not used to airplanes, throwing up airsick.

```
C . F . G . F .
C . F . G . F .  (same chords throughout)

          C       F      G    F
I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

You can take an ancient vacation
fly over Florida's deep-blue end
rise up out of this mad-house nation
I'm going down with my oldest tender friend

I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

We know each other now twenty years,
seen murders, and we wept tears
```

Now we're gonna take ourselves a little bit of free time
Wandering round the southern poverty clime

I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

Start flyin' with all the poor, old, sick ladies
Everybody [in the plane] [drowded] and drunk, and they're crazy
Flyin' home to die in the wobbly air
All night long, they wanted the cheapest fare.

I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the old midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

When we're down on the air field, I've never been there,
Except once walkin' around the air field in the great, wet heat,
Walk out, smell that old mother-load of shit from the tropics
Stomach growl [love], oh friends, beware.

I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

Me and my friend, no we won't even drink,
And I won't eat meat, I won't fuck around
Gonna walk the streets alone, [cars] will blink and wink
Taxi's, buses and US gas all around.

I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

Start [read] poetry at the university, meet kids,
look at their breasts, touch their hands, kiss their heads
seen from the heart, maybe the four buddhist normal truths
"Existence is suffering", it ends when you're dead --

I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

Go out, walk up on the mountain, see the green rain
imagine that forest, finds, get lost,
sit cross-legged and meditate on old love pain,
watch every old love turn to gold.

I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

See raindrops and the jungle rainbow, dancin' men;
brown legs walk around on the mud road
far from US smog, war, again
Sit down, empty mind, vomit my holy load

I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

Come back to earth, walk the streets in [shark/sharp?]
Smoke some grass and eat me some cock
kiss the mouth of the sweetest boy I can see
who shows me his white teeth and brown skin joy

I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

[this chorus is completely out of rhythm.
Luckily they decided to take an instrumental verse, followed by:]

Go find my old friend, we'll go to the museum,
talk 'bout politics with the cats, and ask for revolution,
get back on the plane and chant high in the sky
Back to earth, to New York garbage streets and fly

I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

I'm gonna come back with frighteneds in the hot
at New York's electrical eternity here
pull the air-conditioner plug from the wall
sit down with my straight spine and pray

I'm going down to Puerto Rico
I'm going down on the midnight plane
I'm going down on the Vomit Express
I'm going down with my suitcase pain.

Rock Me Mama

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded during the sessions for *Pat Garret & Billy The Kid* (Feb 1973)
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

The words are absolutely not clear. Brackets mean that I can't hear what he's singing, and whatever is within them is only an approximation to the sounds I hear, just to have *something* there to sing. Words outside the brackets are slightly more certain, but only slightly.

At least the chords are clear.

```
G   D
[...]
G                       C
Don't go looking at the moon tonight,
   G                      D
ah don't get [...] by the moon tonight
C       G
no way

[Hey my molly won't you say goodbye]
[...] wondring why
I know it's alright but I don't cry
no way

G                   D
Rock me mama to the wind and rain,
G                   C
Rock me mama like a fast bound train
G     D
Hey,
      C         G
mama, rock me.

Rock me mama, like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
Hey,
mama, rock me.

Rock me mama to the wind and rain,
Rock me mama like a fast bound train
Hey,
mama, rock me.

Rock me mama to the wind and rain,
Rock me mama like a fast bound train
Hey,
mama, rock me.

Rock me mama, like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
Hey,
mama, rock me.

Rock me mama like the wind and rain,
```

Rock me mama like a fast bound train
Hey,
mama, rock me.

Rock me mama, like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
Hey,
mama, rock me.

[Old child running on the ...]
[... child trodding ...]
[...]

[...] looking on the road tonight
[...] shinin' on a blue moonlight
[...]

Rock me mama like the wind and rain,
Rock me mama like a fast bound train
Hey,
mama, rock me.

Rock me mama, like a wagon wheel
Rock me mama any way you feel
Hey,
mama, rock me.

Climax Tobacco

Recorded during the sessions for Pat Garrett & Billy The Kid (Feb 1973)

D: "Let's keep that take. Right after that take, put down this wild track, would you? It just consists of:"

Corn
beans
peas
Succotash
guacamole

second coming coffee
and climax tobacco

"End of take"

Rita May

Written by Bob Dylan and Jacques Levy
Recorded during the *Desire* sessions and heard in the film *Renaldo & Clara*
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
              D
Rita May, Rita May,

You got your body in the way.
                     G
You're so damn nonchalant
                           D
But it's your mind that I want.
           A
You got me huffin' and a-puffin',
        G
Next to you I feel like nothin',
     D
Rita May.

Rita May, Rita May,
How'd you ever get that way?
When do you ever see the light?
Don't you ever feel a fright?
You got me burnin' and I'm turnin'
But I know I must be learnin',
Rita May.

     G
     All my friends have told me

     If I hang around with you
                 D
     That I'll go blind
     G
     But I know that when you hold me

     That there really must be somethin'
             A
     On your mind.

Rita May, Rita May,
Laying in a stack of hay,
Do you remember where you been?
What's that crazy place you're in?
I'm gonna have to go to college
'Cause you are the book of knowledge,
Rita May.
```

Sign Language

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded by Eric Clapton and Bob Dylan March 1976, released on Clapton's *Sign Language* (1976)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G

G             D   C        Em
 You speak to me   in sign language
                D                   Em
As I'm eatin' a sandwich in a small cafe
C                G
 At a quarter to three.

But I can't respond to your sign language.
You're taking advantage, bringing me down
Can't you make any sound?

'Twas there by the bakery, surrounded by fakery
Tell her my story, still I'm still there
Does she know I still care?

      [instr. verse, followed by a verse sung by Dylan]

Link Wray was playin' on a jukebox I was payin'
For the words I was sayin' so misunderstood
He didn't do me no good.

You speak to me in sign language
As I'm eatin' a sandwich in a small cafe
At a quarter to three.

But I can't respond to your sign language.
You're taking advantage, bringing me down
Can't you make any sound?
```

C

The Rolling Thunder Revue

Lasting from 1975 to 1976

1218 Dark As A Dungeon
1219 Never Let Me Go
1220 Railroad Boy
1222 Deportee (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)
1224 Vincent Van Gogh
1225 Wild Mountain Thyme
1227 Dink's Song
1230 Answerphone Message

Dark As A Dungeon

Merle Travis
Performed regularly by Bob Dylan and Joan Baez during the first Rolling Thunder Revue tour (1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C            Em          F            G(7)
Gather round fellows, so young and so fine,
    C             Em          F           C
And seek not your fortune way down in the mine.
        C           Em        F            G(7)
It will form like a habit and seep in your soul,
          C              Em          F            C
'Till the stream of your blood is as black as the coal.

          G                          F           C
     It's dark as a dungeon and it's damp as the dew,
               G                          F             C
     Where the dangers are double and the pleasures are few,
               C          Em            F         G
     Where the rain never falls and the sun never shines
                C         Em          F           C      Csus4 C
     Lord, it's dark as a dungeon way down in the mine.

It's many a man I have seen in my day,
Who lived just to labor his whole life away.
Like a fiend with his dope or a drunkard his wine,
A man must have lust for the lure of the mines.

I hope when I'm gone and the ages do roll,
My body will blacken and turn into coal.
Then I'll look from the door of my heavenly home,
And pity the miner a-diggin' my bones.
```

Never Let Me Go

Written by Joseph C. Scott
Performed by Bob Dylan and Joan Baez during the first Rolling Thunder Revue (1975)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

D9 = xx0210 (play straight D if you prefer that)

```
(/d-e-f#) G

            G          Em
Just let me love you tonight
Am(/c) D           G  Em
    Forget about tomorrow
Am(/c) D              G        Em
    My darlin' let me hold you tight
    C G/b Am  D  G       C/g  G
And never let me go

Dry your eyes
No tears and no sorrow
Cling to me with all your might
And never let me go

G7

       C                Cm
     A million times or more dear
         G          D     G        G7
     You said we'd never part
         B7       Em
     But lately I find
       A7             D...C...G/b...D9
     A stranger in my arms

Give me the right
In summer or in spring-time
To tell the world that you are mine
And never let me go.

C  G/b  Am D  G
```

Railroad Boy

Trad.
Performed by Bob Dylan and Joan Baez during the second Rolling Thunder Revue (1976), incl. the *Hard Rain* TV special
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dylan plays uncapoed, with the chords Am and F, whereas Baez plays finger-picking style with a capo on the 5th fret, where she produces the little interlude, that is what makes this song something special (aside from their singing, of course). The rhythms vary a bit, but this is in essence what she plays:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----3-----0-----|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----3-----0-----|-----------0-----|--0--------0-----|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----3---------3-|-------3-------0-| 2x
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
```

```
Em

           Em
She went upstairs to make her bed.
            C                   Em
And not one word to her mother said.

Her mother she went upstairs too,
                    C                          Em
Saying "Daughter oh daughter, what's troubling you?"

Oh mother oh mother I cannot tell.
It's that railroad boy that looks so well.
He's courted me my life away.
And now at home I long to stay.

There is a place in yonder town
where my love goes and he sits there down.
And he takes a strange girl on his knee,
And he tells to her what he won't tell me.

Her father he came home from work,
Saying', "Where's my daughter, she seems so hurt"
He went upstairs to give her hope,
And he found her hanging by the rope.

He took a knife and he cut her down.
And on her boossom these words he found:
"Go dig my grave both wide and deep.
Put a marble stone at my head and feet.

And on my grave put a snowwhite dove
To tell the world that I died of love."
```

Dylan's guitar:

```
           Am
She went upstairs to make her bed.
            F                  Am
And not one word to her mother said.

Her mother she went upstairs too,
                    F                           Am
Saying "Daughter oh daughter, what's troubling you?"
```

Deportee (Plane Wreck at Los Gatos)

Words: Woody Guthrie, Melody: Martin Hoffman
Performed by Bob Dylan and Joan Baez during the second Rolling Thunder Revue (1976)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Bob's guitar is uncapoed, Joan's is capoed on the 5th fret.

```
    C                       F          C
The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting,
    C                         F        C
The oranges are packed in their creosote dumps.
        F                     C
They're flying 'em back to the Mexico border
   C                       F          C     Csus4   C
To take all their money to wade back again.

         F                  C
      Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita,
       G                 C
      Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria.
         F                          C
      You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane,
      C                           F        C
      All they will call you will be "deportees."

My father's own father, he waded that river.
They took all the money he made in his life.
My brothers and sisters came workin' the fruit trees,
They rode the big trucks 'till they laid down and died.

      Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita,
      Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria.
      You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane,
      All they will call you will be "deportees."

The skyplane caught fire over Los Gatos Canyon,
A fireball of lightnin' an' it shook all the hills.
Who are these comrades, they're dying like the dry leaves?
The radio tells me, "They're just deportees."

We died in your hills and we died in your deserts,
We died in your valleys, we died in your plains.
We died 'neath your trees and we died 'neath your bushes,
Both sides of the river we died just the same.

      Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita,
      Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria.
      You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane,
      All they will call you will be "deportees"

Is this the best way we can grow our big orchards?
Is this the best way we can grow our good fruit?
To die like the dry leaves and rot on my topsoil
And be known by no name except "deportee."
```

```
     Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita,
     Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria.
     You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane,
     All they will call you will be "deportees."

All they will call you will be "deportees."
```

Joan's guitar part

Joan plays the uses a C/e chord (xx2013) between the verses, not C/g (3x2013), as Dylan would have done.

```
    G                       C          G
The crops are all in and the peaches are rotting,
    G                         C        G
The oranges are packed in their creosote dumps.
       C                     G
They're flying 'em back to the Mexico border
   G                      C          G  . . C/e . . G . . | . .
To take all their money to wade back again.

        C                  G
     Goodbye to my Juan, goodbye Rosalita,
      D                 G
     Adios mis amigos, Jesus y Maria.
        C                        G
     You won't have a name when you ride the big airplane,
     G                          C        G
     All they will call you will be "deportees."
```

Vincent Van Gogh

Words and music Robert Friemark
Sung with Bob Neuwirth on various dates and places during the second Rolling Thunder II, 1976
Tabbed (if it can be called that...) by Eyolf Østrem

```
    D       G          D
I'd like to tell you a story
     D        G         D
of a man that you might know.
    D           G          D
His parents all called him Vincent,
     D        A       D
his last name was Van Gogh.

He started drinking and painting
and living a life of sin.
He fell in with evil companions,
a man named Paul Gaugin.

They went to the city of Auvers,
pursuing their carnal delights.
They painted all during the afternoon
and they played music all night.

Now the people of that small city
thought he was a little bit queer,
to prove his love for mankind,
he chopped off his outside ear.

So they put him in an institution
but they could not keep him there.
He picked up his paints and his easel
and he went out to take some air.

He picked up his paints and his easel
and he went out to paint some crows.
They found him face down in a cornfield,
shot right between two rows.

    D         A           G    D
Now where did Vincent van Go?
```

Wild Mountain Thyme

Written by Jimmy McPeake
As performed by Bob Dylan and Joan Baez during the Rolling Thunder Revues (1975-6)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Intro and basic strumming pattern:

```
  C        Csus4 C
  >     >   >   >
  :   .   .   .
|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|
|-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-1-|
|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-| repeat
|-2-2-2-2-2-3-3-2-|
|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|
|-----------------|
```

```
       C
Oh the summertime is coming
        F                 C
And the leaves are sweetly blooming
        F            C
And the wild mountain thyme
        Dm              F
Blooms around the purple heather.
         C   F      C
Will you go, lassie, go.

If my true love she won't go,
I will surely find another
To pull wild mountain thyme
From all around the purple heather.
Will you go, lassie, go.

               F        C
     And we'll all go together
             F             C
     To pull wild mountain thyme
               Dm              F
     From all around the purple heather.
              C   F      C
     Will you go, lassie, go.

I will build my love a tower   *)
At the foot of yonder mountain  *)
And then on it I will put
All the flowers of the mountain
Will you go, lassie, go.

     And we'll all go together
     To pull wild mountain thyme
     From all around the purple heather.
     Will you go, lassie, go.
```

*) Several other versions have “bower’’ and “fountain’’ here, but this seems to be what they sing.

Dink's Song

(trad., John/Alan Lomax)
Recorded in Bonnie Beecher's appartment, with Tony Glover at the recording wheels, on what came to be known as the *Minnesota Hotel Tape* (Released on *No direction home* [2005]). Also played once during the second Rolling Thunder Revue (Apr 25, 1976) in a duet with Joan Baez.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

"Minnesota Hotel Tape" version

Dylan told Bonnie Beecher that he learned the song from a woman called Dink. So did Alan Lomax, several years earlier... Read the whole story in The Telegraph, or in Roger McGuinn's Folk Den, where you can also hear his version of the song.

Capo 3rd fret (Original key Eb major)

Played by alternately lowering and raising all the fingers in a steady rhythmical pattern over the chords C and F, later G and Am:

```
  C     F           C     F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-1-----1---0-1-0-|-1-----1---0-1-0-|
|-0-----2---0-2-0-|-0-----2---0-2-0-|
|-2-----3---0-3-0-|-2-----3---0-3-0-|  etc.
|-3-----3---0-3-0-|-3-----3---0-3-0-|
|-----------------|-----------------|
```

This pattern is usually repeated also at the end of each line, so that the first line is:

```
C  F     C    F C F C F
If I had wings
```

Chords (The 1st string should be kept silent, except in the Am chord):

```
C       332010
F(maj)  x33210
Am      002210
G       320003
```

The turn to G at the end is very rudimentary in some verses – occasionally it isn't even there but he goes straight to the C-F-thing instead.

And don't forget the foot, tapping the rhythm a la John Lee Hooker.

```
C  F   C  F

C  F     C    F
If I had wings
C    F      C    F
like Noah's dove,
C   F       Am
I'd fly the river
```

```
             C     F
to the one I love.
C          Am       F       G
Fare thee well, my honey,
           C     F
fare thee well.

I had a man
who was long and tall,
moved his body
like a cannonball.
Fare thee well, my honey,
fare thee well.

'member one evening
was drizzling rain,
and round my heart
I felt an aching pain.
Fare thee well, my honey,
fare thee well.

Once I wore
my apron low,
couldn't keep you
away from my door.
Fare thee well, my honey,
fare thee well.

Now my apron
is up to my chin,
you'll pass my door
but you'll never come in.
Fare thee well, my honey,
fare thee well.

Mighty river
runs muddy and wild,
can't care the bloody
for my unborn child.
Fare thee well, my honey,
fare thee well.

Number nine train
done no harm,
number nine train,
take my poor baby home.
Fare thee well, my honey,
fare thee well.

Fastest man
I ever saw,
was in Missouri
on the way to Arkansas.
Fare thee well, my honey,
fare thee well.
```

Glover: Is that the way the original goes?

Bob: Huh?
Glover: Is that the way the original goes?
Bob: That's the way I heard it. I heard that from a lady named Dink. I don't know who wrote it. Hah!

Rolling Thunder Version with Joan Baez

Capo 2nd fret

```
   G
If I had wings
     C      G
like Noah's dove,
            Em
I'd fly the river
             C
to the one I love.
          G     C/g G
Fare thee well, my  honey,
C         G
fare thee well.
```

Answerphone Message

Written by Bob Dylan, I assume
Recorded from his answerphone in Malibu in 1975, according to Alan Fraser
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The version with a name in the first line and "he" in the second makes most sense, but I can't hear which name he is singing.

```
     G              C
Well [...] ain't at home right now      [Andr?] [/I ain't quite at home...]
   D                 G
He can't come to the phone              [/I ...]
   G                   C
so leave your name and number
         D                  G
when you hear that lonesome tone

G  .  D  .  G

    G              C
I'd gladly talk to you right now
    D             G
I'd like to guarantee
    C                G
but I can't speak on his behalf
     D              G
'cos I'm not really he
```

D

1978 World Tour

Lasting from February to December 1978

1232 Am I Your Stepchild?
1234 She's Love Crazy
1235 Legionnaire's disease

Am I Your Stepchild?

Words and music Bob Dylan
Played during the fall 1978 tour, with constantly changing lyrics.

The "A" is rather a bluesy simultaneous A and Am, with lots of G and C in the bass (not at the same time, I guess...).
An ascent A-B-C-C♯-D in the bass starts at the *).
Corrections or emendations to the lyrics (and other versions) are most welcome.

Oakland, CA Nov 13 1978

```
A
You mistreat me, baby, I can't see no reason why
                                          *)
You know that I'd kill for you, and I'm not afraid to die
                    D7
You treat me like a stepchild
                  A
Oh, Lordy, like a stepchild
        E
I wanna turn my back and run away from you
    D7                          A
but oh, I just can't leave you babe

I get nervous in your company, my knees get weak
both my eyes get misty and my tongue can't speak
You treat me like a stepchild
Oh, Lordy, like a stepchild
I wanna turn my back and run away from you
But you know I can't leave you babe.

Ah, you know that I <gotta> love you honey, like a nervous wreck
this way its gonna be like you hold me like a ... around your neck
You treat me like a stepchild
Oh, Lord, like a stepchild
I wanna turn my back and run away from you
But you know I can't let you be

Stepchild
(stepchild)
You treat me like a stepchild
Oh lordy, like a stepchild
I wanna turn and run away from you,
but you know I just can't let you be
```

Charlotte Coliseum, Dec 10 1978

```
You treat me mean, baby <let me> turn around and you treat me rough
I give you all my loving but it doesn't seem to be quite enough
You treat me like a stepchild
Oh, Lord, like a stepchild
I wanna turn and walk all over you
but my heart says: ''No, you better let her be''.
```

Well, I've had the worst and I've had the best
you sure is different, baby, you ain't like all the rest,
but you treat me like a stepchild,
Oh, Lord, like a stepchild
I wanna turn and walk all over you
but my heart says: "No, you better let her be".

<Was a man there with you baby, had to have no point of view (??)>
I pulled you out of <dope> scenes, orgies and jam sessions too
but you treat me like a stepchild,
Oh, Lord, like a stepchild
I wanna turn and walk all over you
but my heart says: "Wait a minute now, just let her be".

Vancouver, Nov 11 1978

You treat me mean girl, and you treat me rough
I give you all my loving, and it's never quite enough
You treat me like a stepchild
Oh, Lordy, like a stepchild
I wanna turn and run all over you
but my heart says: "No, just let it be!"

What's ... what you want me to do
I pull you out of dope scenes, orgies and jam sessions too
You treat me like a stepchild
Oh, Lordy, like a stepchild
I wanna turn and run all over you
but my heart says: "No, just let it be!"

I'll crawl across the desert for you, girl, and the sea so wide
I'll bring you the diamonds from the mine and I'll find you ...
You treat me like a stepchild
Oh, Lord, like a stepchild
I wanna turn and run all over you
but my heart says: "No, just let it be!"

She's Love Crazy

Written by Sam Cooke
Performed by Bob Dylan during the last part of the 1978 tour
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem based on the version from St Paul, MN, Oct 31, 1978

```
F#m
No doubt about it, that woman's posessed

Big blue eyes and a skin tight dress,
               Bm
You know she's love crazy
F#m
Love crazy
           C#7
Ah, may be love crazy,
                                F#m
but I wouldn't have it no other way. *)

Well, I met that woman 1961
 Told me to do things I never could have done**)
You know she's love crazy
Well, she's love crazy
You know, she's love crazy,
but I wouldn't have it no other way.

Well, she needed lovin' and she needs it bad
If she don't get it, well it makes her mad
she's love crazy
Ah, may be love crazy
Well, she's love crazy,
but I wouldn't want it no other way.

Well, she needs it badly like she needs her food
If she don't get it, well, it just makes her rude
she's love crazy
Well, she's love crazy
She's love crazy,
but I wouldn't have it no other way.

Well, she's love crazy
Well, maybe love crazy
Well, she's love crazy
Well, she's love crazy
Well, she's love crazy
but I wouldn't want it no other way.
```

---

*) Charlotte, Dec 10, 1978: "But it don't bother me too much/a bit"
*) Vancouver, Nov 11 1978: "Made me do things I never dreamed I could have done"

Legionnaire's disease

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded by Billy Cross and the Delta Cross Band and released on their 1981 album *Up Front*
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The riff between the verses is suspiciously similar to the thing in the refrain of "Like a Rolling Stone".

The lyrics differ slightly from the official lyrics at bobdylan.com

---

```
    A                D/a               E(/a)             D/a
    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
||-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
||*---------2-------|-------3---------|---------5-------|-------3--------*||
||-----------------|----(2)----2-----|-----4-----------|-----------2-----||
||------2-------2---|-2h4---------4---|-4/6-6-------6---|-6\4-4-------4---||
||*-0--------------|(0)--------------|(0)--------------|(0)-------------*||
||-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||

|: A . . . | D/a . . . | E . . . | . . . .  :|
```

```
     A                    D           E               A         D  E
Some say it was radiation,  some said: acid on the microphone
    A                           D               E                      A      D  E
And some say it was a combination   of things that turned their hearts to stone
    D                                   E
But whatever it was, it drove them to their knees
E7                    |: A . . .  D . . .  E . . . | . . . .  :|
Oh, that Legionnaire's disease


I wish I had a dollar for everyone that died within that year
Got 'em grabbed by the collar, and plenty a maiden shed a tear
Now beneath my heart, it sure put on a squeeze,
Oh, that Legionnaire's disease
It was Legionnaire's disease

Granddad fought in a revolutionary war, father in the War of 1812
Uncle fought down in Vietnam and then he fought a war all by himself
But whatever it was, it hit him like a tree
Oh, that Legionnaire's disease
It was Legionnaire's disease
It was Legionnaire's disease
It was Legionnaire's disease
```

E

Gospel period

From 1979 to 1981

1238 Trouble In Mind
1240 Blessed is the Name
1243 I Will Love Him
1245 Ain't Gonna Go To Hell For Anybody
1248 Cover Down, Break Through
1250 I Will Sing
1252 City of Gold
1254 Let's Keep It Between Us
1256 Yonder Comes Sin
1259 Fever
1261 We Just Disagree
1262 Till I Get It Right
1264 Walk Around Heaven All Day
1266 Rise Again
1267 Abraham, Martin and John
1268 Mary Of The Wild Moor
1270 Let's Begin
1273 Thief On The Cross

Trouble In Mind

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded April 30, 1979 during the *Slow Train Coming* sessions, released as a B-side, with one verse left out, on the *Gotta serve somebody* single (and *Precious Angel* in some countries)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

All the guitar chords are poewer chords (i.e. chords without the third), but I've indicated the full chords that can be implied from the other instruments.
The bass plays the first three notes in the tab below over and over again, against the chords in the rest of the band.

Intro and recurring riff:

```
(Em    G       Am          C     D       Am          Em    G       Am          C     B       Am)
 :     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
-------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------
-------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------
-------------|-2-----------5-----7-----|-5p2---------------------|-2-----------5-----4-----|-2-----
-2-----5--(2)|-------------5-----7-----|-------------2-----5--(2)|-------------5-----4-----|-2-----
-------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------
-------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------
```

Or with fuller chords and the main line in the bass :

```
(Em    G       Am          C     D       Am          Em    G       Am          C     B       Am)
 :     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
-------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------
-------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-1-----------------------|-------
-------------|-2-----------5-----7-----|-5p2---------------------|-2-----------5-----4-----|-2-----
-------------|-2-----------5-----7-----|-2-----------------------|-2-----------5-----4-----|-2-----
-------------|-0-----------3-----5-----|-0-----------------------|-0-----------3-----2-----|-0------
-0-----3-----|-------------------------|-------------0-----3-----|-------------------------|-------
```

```
Em G     Am                  C         D      Am
I got to know, Lord, when to pull back on the reins,
Em        G        Am               C    B     Am
Death can be the result of the most underrated pain.
Satan whispers to ya, "Well, I don't want to bore ya,
But when ya get tired of that Miss So-and-so I got another woman for ya''

   Trouble in mind, Lord, trouble in mind,
   Lord, take away this trouble in mind.

When the deeds that you do don't add up to zero,
It's what's inside that counts, ask any war hero.
You think you can hide but you're never alone,
Ask Lot what he thought when his wife turned to stone.

   Trouble in mind, Lord, trouble in mind,
   Lord, take away this trouble in mind.
```

Here comes Satan, prince of the power of the air,
He's gonna make you a law unto yourself, build a bird's nest in your hair.
He's gonna deaden your conscience 'til you worship the work of your own hands,
You'll be serving strangers in a strange, forsaken land.

Trouble in mind, Lord, trouble in mind,
Lord, take away this trouble in mind.

Well, your true love has caught you where you don't belong,
You say, "Baby, everybody's doing it so I guess it can't be wrong."
The truth is far from you, so you know you got to lie,
Then you're all the time defending what you can never justify.

Trouble in mind, Lord, trouble in mind,
Lord, take away this trouble in mind.

So many of my brothers, they still want to be the boss,
They can't relate to the Lord's kingdom, they can't relate to the cross.
They self-inflict punishment on their own broken lives,
Put their faith in their possessions, in their jobs or their wives.

Trouble in mind, Lord, trouble in mind,
Lord, take away this trouble in mind.

When my life is over, it'll be like a puff of smoke,
How long must I suffer, how long, Lord, must I be provoked?
Satan will give you a little taste, then he'll move in with rapid speed,
Lord keep my blind side covered and see that I don't bleed.

Trouble in mind, Lord, trouble in mind,
Lord, take away this trouble in mind.

Blessed is the Name

Written by Bob Dylan
Performed during the 1979-80 gospel tours.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (but see alternate lyric transcriptions below)

Ironically, this is probably the song with which Dylan has made the most energetic attempts at a sing-along kind of rapport with the audience, but – it doesn't really work, does it. . . ?
The lyrics for the verses – well, I made an attempt. The transcriptions below are a mixture of phonetic and semantic. I welcome corrections, as always.

```
E
Blessed is the name of the Lord forever
          *)                                              *) Briefly A, or stay on E
Wisdom and might are his               x2 or x3
    A           B
Are his, yes are his
E [or n.c.]
Blessed is the name of the Lord forever
          *)
Wisdom and might are his               x2


18/11 '79

When he move his face upon the water
Sit up high on a throne
Like him there is no other
He's God all by himself alone

Well to the just he will be faithful
[let it rain fire and] brimstone down
But he did not destroy Sodom and Gomorrah
Till Lot was safely out of the town

19/11 '79

When he move his face upon the water
Sit up high on a throne
With him there is no other
He's God all by himself alone

Well to the just he will be faithful
[hittin' on/he won't] drive you out of town
But he did not destroy Sodom and Gomorrah
Till Lot was safely out of the town

20/11 '79

When he move his face upon the water
Sit up high on a throne
Like him there is no other
He's God all by himself alone
```

```
Way back down in the days of Noah
He'd drive you out of the town
But he did not destroy Sodom and Gomorrah
Till Lot was safely out of the town

21/11 '79

Well [...]
Sit up high on a throne
He will not share his glory
He's God all by himself alone

[Well jumpin'] in the days of Noah
[sending] fire and brimstone down
But he did not destroy Sodom and Gomorrah
Till Lot was safely out of the town

[Well in Eden on] the days of power
King on his own time clock
Like him there is no other
And, hey, he will not be mocked

16/1 '80

When he move his face upon the water
Sit up high on a throne
Like him there is no other
He's God all by himself alone

Well, in the time by the days of Noah
[...] the dark
But not one drop of water fell
Till Noah was safely in the ark

23/1 '80

When he move his face upon the water
Sit up high on a throne
Like him there is no other
He's God all by himself alone

Listen, back in the days of Noah
[... faithful of the/after] dark
But not one drop of water fell
Till Noah was safely in the ark
```

Alternate lyrics

The following lyrics have been submitted by Jeff Moore. They are probably taken from Nov 2 and 9 1979, and from Feb 5, 1980.

```
Blessed is the name of the Lord forever
Wisdom and might are His
```

Well He moved His face on the water
He sits up high on the throne
Like Him there is no other
He is God all by Himself alone

...
...
... singing the blues
And He can renew your mind

Well He ... upon the peoples
... He's got His own time clock
He will not share His glory
And He will not be mocked

Way back in the days of Noah
They found Him faithful at the dock
Remember not one drop of water fell
Til Noah was safely in the ark

Well He always will forewarn you
Before He rains fire and brimstone down
He did not destroy Sodom and Gomorrah
Until Lot was safely out of town

He made the mountains
He made the sea
He made the way of salvation
for you and me

I Will Love Him

Written by Bob Dylan
Performed live by Dylan in Toronto, April 19, 1980
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem. Lyric transcription leans heavily on discussions at pool.dylantree.com

---

Capo 1st fret (sounding key D♭ major)

It varies somewhat what is the first bass tone in each bar in the refrain, C or D. In the introduction, it leans more towards C, but after the verses, where it is prepared by the A chord, it is more unequivocally a D, as the root in a Dm7 chord. The second measure of the tab below is a suggestion of how to get both, without loosing too much of any of them.

I welcome corrections additions and suggestions to the lyrics.

```
  C     F           C     F           C    G11          C     F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .
|-0-----1-----1---|-0-----1-----1---|-0-----1-----1---|-0-----1--
|-1-----1-----1---|-1-----1-----1---|-1-----1-----1---|-1-----1-- etc., repeat
|-0-----2-----2---|-0-----2-----2---|-0-----2-----2---|-0-----2--
|-2-2---3-----3---|-0-2---3-----3---|-0-2---3-----3---|-2-2---3--
|-3-----3-----3---|(3)----3-----3---|-3-----x---------|-3-----3--
|-------1-----1---|(0)----1-----1---|-0-----3-----3---|-------1--
  I will love him, I will serve him  I will glorify his name,
                                                        I will love... etc.

     I will love him
     I will serve him
     I will glorify His name        repeat

C
 He came [on East out of] Galilee
    F            G            C
And disappeared [like when he taught]
Dm7             C/e
 He came down onto his own
F                G
His own knew him not
A
 But as for me,

 Dm7 C  F           C     F           C    G11        C     F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .   .
|-1-0---1-----1---|-0-----1-----1---|-0-----1-----1---0-----1-|
|-1-1---1-----1---|-1-----1-----1---|-1-----1-----1---1-----1-|  repeat
|-2-0---2-----2---|-0-----2-----2---|-0-----2-----2---0-----2-|
|-0-2---3-----3---|-0-2---3-----3---|-0-2---3-----3---2-2---3-|
|-------3-----3---|(3)----3-----3---|-3-----x---------3-----3-|
|-------1-----1---|(0)----1-----1---|-0-----3-----3---------1-|
  I will love him, I will serve him  I will glorify his name,
                                                      I will love... etc.

     I will love him
     I will serve him
     I will glorify His name        repeat
```

```
[He said when the fig tree was blooming]
He would be at the gate
He was talking 'bout the state of Israel
From nineteen fourty-eight
And the time is near, and

     I will love him
     I will serve him
     I will glorify His name        repeat

When He was down conceived [here]
His mother didn't know what she carried
Took an angel of the lord
to tell her what she done carry
Carry for all mankind, that

     I will love him
     I will serve him
     I will glorify His name        repeat

     Last time:

                      Eb
     I will glorify His name

                   F                   C
          Did anybody say it was gonna be easy?
          Eb      F                          G
           Nobody said, [but you] couldn't complain
              Eb         F                       C
          The God of the world tried to drive me crazy
          A
          Even Peter denied Him

          Standin' right beside Him

          took Him out and falsely tried Him

          Eventually crucified him
          C                                E
          Who am I to say I wouldn't do the same?

[....] who repaired the roof
[tried to tilt] against the grain
When Herod found out that he was born
He had every boy child slain
Hey, let's all pray

     I will love him
     I will serve him
     I will glorify His name        repeat
```

Ain't Gonna Go To Hell For Anybody

Written by Bob Dylan
As performed in Toronto Apr 20, 1980
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

This is an early incarnation of this tremendous song. A lot of the lyrics found a fixer shape later on (then again, some of them didn't). See "It's not a house it's a home" page for lyric variants.

In the version from Toronto, Apr 20 1980, the song begins with the backing singers singing the first line a number of times, while the band gradually enters. In later versions, it all begins with this guitar riff:

```
  G         D   C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3---------2---0-|-----------------|
|-0---------3---1-|-----------------|
|-0---------2---0-|-----------0-20--| repeat
|-0---------0---2-|-------0-2-----2-|
|-2---------0---3-|-----------------|
|-3---------2---3-|-----------------|
```

Also in the Toronto version there's a continuous bass G in the bridge, which is not there in later renditions.

```
  G           D                 C
I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody (repeat)

        G       (D)                C
I can manipulate people as well as anybody
G               C         G              C
Hold 'em and control 'em, please 'em an' squeeze 'em
      G                  (D)               C
I can make believe I'm in love with almost anybody
G             C         G             C
Burst 'em an' burn 'em, [cram]'em and leave 'em      [or "jam"?]
    Am             Bm         C          Bm
But they're not my purpose as I make the deeds
  Am             Bm      D
I been down that road, I know where it leads.

       G           D(/g)          C(/g)
     I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
     G           D(/g)          C(/g)
     Ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
     G           D(/g)          C(/g)
     Ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
         Am           Bm         C            D         G
     Not today, not tonight, not tomorrow, no never, no way!

I can deceive people as well as anybody
I know all the angles, know how to make the jangles
I can twist the truth as well as anybody
Find 'em an' blind 'em, wine 'em an' dine 'em
But it don't suit my purposes, it ain't my goal
To gain the whole world and give up my soul.
```

```
      I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
      Ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
      Ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
      Not for father, not for mother, not for sister, not for brother, no way!

           Em              Bm
           Smoke arises forever,
                C                 G
           on a one-way ticket to burn
             Em                     Bm
           A place reserved for the devil
                   C                      G
           And for all of those that love evil
             C
           A dark [...] place
                      Bm                  D
           where that is, you can never return.

I can mislead people as well as anybody
I know all the dices, I paid all the prices
I can influence people as well as anybody
I can do it, I can easily see to it
[...] and be gods
I don't miss delusions, I see thru his faades.

      I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
      Ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
      Ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
      Not for father, not for mother, not for sister, not for brother, no way!

      [instr. break]

I can manipulate people as well as anybody
Burst 'em an' burn 'em, twist 'em an' turn 'em
I can make believe I almost love anybody
Haul 'em an' control them, squeeze 'em and tease 'em
But it don't suit my purposes, it ain't my goal
To gain the whole world and give up my soul.

      I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
      Ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
      Ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
      Not for sister, not for father, not for mother, not for brother, no way!
```

The following lyrics, from the fall 1980 tour, are a whole lot clearer (borrowed from "It's not a house it's a home" page):

I can manipulate people as well as anybody
Force 'em and burn 'em, twist 'em and turn 'em
I can make believe I'm in love with almost anybody
Hold 'em and control 'em, squeeze 'em and tease 'em
All that satisfies the fleshy needs
I've been down that road, i know what it needs.

But I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
Not today, not tonight, not tomorrow, no never, no way!

I can persuade people as well as anybody
I got the vision but it caused division
I can twist the truth as well as anybody
I know how to do it, i've been all the way through it
But it don't suit my purpose and it ain't my goal
To gain the whole world, but give up my soul.

But I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
Not for father, not for mother, not for sister, not for father, no way!

I can twist the truth around as well as anybody
Wine 'em and dine 'em, fool 'em and rule 'em
I can rob and steal from people as well as anybody
I know how to do it
But it don't suit my purpose and it ain't my goal
To gain the whole world but give up my soul.

But I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
Not for father, not for mother, not for sister, not for father, no way!

Smoke arises for ever, on a one-way ticket to burn
A place reserved for the devil
And for all those that done evil
A place of darkness and shame, you can never return.

I can influence people as well as anybody
I can cause division, can cause division
I can mislead people as well as anybody
Burn 'em and roll 'em, rob 'em and hold 'em
Won't get my story in tricks or cards
I can see through man's delusions, i can see through his facades.

But I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
Not today, not tonight, not tomorrow, no never, no way!

I can write and steal from people as well as anybody
Know all the devices, paid a lot of prices
I can influence people as well as anybody
Go right up to 'em, i know how to do 'em
Don't need to depend on tricks or on cards
I can see through man's delusions, I can see through his facades

But I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
I ain't gonna go to hell for anybody
Not today, not tonight, not tomorrow, no never, no way!

Cover Down, Break Through

Written by Bob Dylan
Performed during the spring tour 1980
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The entire song is built upon the following riff, repeated throughout the song:

```
  Am                        D
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------3-----0-----|-5-----------3-----------|
|-3---5-5-----------------|-------------------------|
```

The chord indications follow the rhythm guitar, which plays those two chords. The following suggestion indicates a possible way to incorporate more of the full band into one acoustic guitar (for whichever reason):

```
  Am(7)                     D           D11
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-5-----5-----5-----5-----|-5-----------5-----------|
|-5-----5-----5-----5-----|-7-----------5-----------|
|-5-----5-----5-----5-----|-7-----------5-----------|
|-5--h7-7-----------7-----|-7-----------5-----------|
|-5--h7-7-----------------|-5-----------5-----------|
|-5-----5-----------------|-------------------------|
```

```
        Am                    D     (D11)
Well you heard about Pharaoh's army
Trampling through the mud
You heard about the Hebrew children
Redeemed by blood
Same spirit drivin' in ya
That raised Christ from the dead
If you're quick in your mortal body
Then let it under your head.

You got to cover down, cover down, break through
Cover down, cover down, break through.

We need that protection
By the armour of the Lord
The sword of God is sharper
than any double sided sword
He's the hammer of salvation
blade of righteousness
Genesis to revelation
Repent and confess.
```

Cover down, cover down, break through
Cover down, cover down, break through.

Well, you wake up early in the morning
Turning from side to side
Something giving you a warning
You can run, but you can't hide
Demands are laid upon you
And burdens you can't bear
Sins you can't even remember
Are waiting to meet you there.

Cover down, cover down, break through
Cover down, cover down, break through.

You got an image of yourself
You've built by yourself alone
But it will come a-tumbling down
Just like the walls made of stone
You will be separated
From everything you seem to be
You think you'll be liberated, yeah
But the grave won't set you free.

You got to cover down, cover down, break through
Cover down, cover down, break through.
(Cover down, cover down, break through
Cover down, cover down, break through)

I Will Sing

Written by Max Dyer
Performed by Bob Dylan in Akron, Ohio May 18th, 1980 (only performance)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
    C       Em7/b Am           C/g
Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
    F       C/e   Dm7          G
Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
    C       Em7/b Am           C/g
Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
    F     G            C   F/c  C
Alleluia, glory to the Lord

We will sing, We will sing a song unto the Lord.
We will sing, We will sing a song unto the Lord.
We will sing, We will sing a song unto the Lord.
We will sing a song unto the Lord

In his name, in his name we have the victory.
In his name, in his name we have the victory.
In his name, in his name we have the victory.
In his name we have the victory.

Ev'ry knee shall bow, ev'ry tongue confess.
Ev'ry knee shall bow, ev'ry tongue confess.
Ev'ry knee shall bow, ev'ry tongue confess.
That Jesus Christ is Lord.

    Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
    Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
    Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
    Alleluia, glory to the Lord

We will come, we will come as one before the Lord.
We will come, we will come as one before the Lord.
We will come, we will come as one before the Lord.
We will come as one before the Lord.

In his name, in his name we have the victory.
In his name, in his name we have the victory.
In his name, in his name we have the victory.
In his name we have the victory.

    Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
    Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
    Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
    Alleluia, glory to the Lord.

Ev'ry knee shall bow, ev'ry tongue confess.
Ev'ry knee shall bow, ev'ry tongue confess.
Ev'ry knee shall bow, ev'ry tongue confess.
That Jesus Christ is Lord.
```

```
Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
Allelu, Alleluia, glory to the Lord
Alleluia, glory to the Lord.
```

Additional verses, not sung by Dylan:

```
If the Son, if the Son shall make you free
You shall be free indeed.
They that sow in tears shall reap in joy
Alleluia, glory to the Lord.
```

City of Gold

Written by Bob Dylan
Performed during the '80-'81 legs of the gospel tours
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
          C   G   C
There is a city of gold
             C                          F
far from this rat-race with the bars that hold
               C                     F
far from the confusion, eat's at your soul
          C   G   F     C
There is a city of gold.

There is a country of light
Raised up in glory, angels wearing white
Never know sickness, never know night
There is a country of light.

There is a city of love
Way from this world, stuff dreams are made of
Fear of no darkness, stars high above
There is a city of love.

There is a city of hope
There ain't no doctor, don't need no dope
I'm ready and willing, throw down a rope
There is a city of hope.

There is a city of gold
Far from this rat race And these bars that hold
Rest for your spirit, peace for your soul
There is a city of gold

          C   G   F   C/e Dm C
There is a city of gold
```

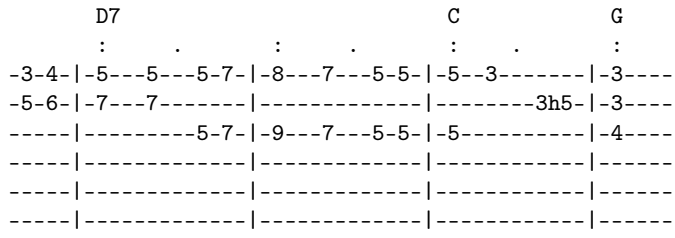
Version from the *Masked and Anonymous* sountrack (2003)

Performed by the Dixie Hummingbirds, with most of Dylan's band playing, together with Levon Helm on drums.
Lyrics submitted by Gerrit Schäfer
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
D6      xx0432
D9      xx0210
D6/f#   200202

          G   D6/f# D7   G
There is a city       of gold
```

```
             G             G/b          C
Far from the rat-race that eats at your soul
             G               Bm        C
Far from the madness and the bars that hold
           G    D6  D9    C  G/b  Am  G
There is a city       of gold.

           G   D   G
There is a city of light
             G                          C
Raised up in heaven, and the streets are bright
         G           Bm          C
Glory to God, not by deeds or by might
           G   D7  C  G/b  Am  G
There is a city of light.
```




```
      D7   G
There is a city of love
Surrounded by stars and the power above
Far from this world and the stuff dreams are made of
There is a city, city of love.

There is a city of grace
You drink holy water in a sanctified's place
one's afraid to show their face
There is a city, a city of grace

[interlude]

There is a city of peace
Where all [foul form of] destruction will cease
When the mighty have fallen and there's no police
There is a city, a city of peace

There is a city of hope
Across the ravines by the green sunlit slope
All I need is an axe and a rope
To get to the city of hope.

[interlude]

I'm headed for the city of gold
Before it's too late, before it gets too cold
Before I'm too tired, before I'm too old
I'm headed for the city of gold

There is a city of gold (ad lib)
```

Let's Keep It Between Us

Written by Bob Dylan
Performed during the gospel tours in 1980
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Played (with Bob at the piano) in Eb major, which isn't very nice of him.
Here are two capoed alternatives, with capo on 1st and 3rd fret respectively.

The most distinctive chord here is the one I've called F6; it's a huge chord, with something of F, something of Dm, quite a lot of D7-10 (x5456x) in it, but F6 is a fair approximation.
The same would have to be said about some of the other "grand'' chords (at "trust'' and the last "keep") – they are approximations. You can't have it all on one single guitar (then again it's amazing how much you *can* have)

Chords:

```
A11  x00000
G11  3x3211
F6   133231 (you'll probably have to play 13x231)
```

```
A

                D         F6
Let's keep it between us.
      A
These people meddlin' in our affairs, they're not our friends.
                D         F6
Let's keep it between us
A
Before the last door closes and the whole thing breaks down and ends.
     Bm      /a#             /a    E/g#
They tell me one thing, tell you another
        G          D/f#   Em [or A11]
'til we don't know who to trust.
           D F6       G(11)     D
Oh, darlin',   can we keep it between us?

Let's keep it between us.
We've been through too much together that they've never shared.
They've had nothing to say to us before,
Now all of a sudden it's as if they've always cared.
All we need is honesty,
just a little humility and trust.
Oh, darlin', can we keep it between us?

     Bm                  /a#
     I know we're not perfect
     /a             G
     But then again, so what?
     Bm                      /a#
     There ain't no reason to treat me like I was a slave
     /a                      G
     Treat you like you was a slut
     D/f#         Em        A(7)
     And it's all makin' me angry.
```

Can we lay back for a moment
'Fore the whole thing breaks down and goes to fire?
If we can't settle it by ourselves,
we must be worse off than they think we are.
Backseat drivers don't know the feel of the wheel,
but they sure know how to make a fuss.
Oh, darlin', can we keep it between us?

Can we lay back for a moment
'fore the whole [...] risin' over your head?
They talked about us both behind our back
so loud I could hear every word they said.
In the company of fools we've falled, honey,
Let's just move to the back of the back of the bus
Oh, darlin', can we keep it between us?

```
G

                C         Eb6
Let's keep it between us.
      G
These people meddlin' in our affairs, they're not our friends.
                c         Eb6
Let's keep it between us
G
Before the last door closes and the whole thing breaks down and ends.
     am      /g#             /g    D/f#
They tell me one thing, tell you another
        F          C/e    Dm [or G11]
'til we don't know who to trust.
           C Eb6      F(11)     C
Oh, darlin',   can we keep it between us?

. . .

     Am                  /g#
     I know we're not perfect
     /g             F
     But then again, so what?
     Am                       /g#
     There ain't no reason to treat me like I was a slave
     /g                       F
     Treat you like you was a slut
     C/e          Dm        G(7)
     And it's all makin' me angry.
```

Yonder Comes Sin

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded in the Rundown studios, October 1980 (*Shot of Love* sessions)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Great song! "You've been seeking them eternal, spiritual things, / but your fifty-dollar smile confirms / You're still tryin' to buy your way into the dreams of them / Whose bodies will be food for worms.'' The born-again equivalent of "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'' ...

Whereas the full band sound of the second last line of the verses is as indicated below (with a G at "grind") one guitar – possibly Dylan's – plays a D throughout the line.

The only known sounding version of the song ends after verse four. The rest of the verses exist only in copyright documents. The copyrighted version also has different punchlines in each of the verses ("can't you take it on the chin'', "Pour me another glass of gin'', "Ain't no room tonight at the inn'', "Sounding like a sweet violin'')

```
A
You wanna talk to me,
       C          G       A
you got many things to say
A
You want the spirit to be speaking through,
        C               G           A
but your lust for comfort get in the way
      A
I can read it in your eyes, oh, what your
C          G         A
Heart will not reveal
         A                        C
And that old evil burden has been draggin' you down,
         G                    D     (Dsus4-D)
bound to grind you 'neath the wheel
/d /c  /a    A
Yonder comes sin.

     A
     (Walkin' like a man, talkin' like an angel)
     D  /c  /a    A
     Yonder comes sin.
     A
     (Proud like a peacock, swift like an eagle)
     D
     Look at your feet, see where they've been to

     Look at your hands, see what they been into
     E
     Can't you take it on the chin?
     D  /c  /a    A
     Yonder comes sin.

You see this woman standin' next to me
She's foreign to your sight
Well, her eyes may be a different colour than mine,
```

but her blood is red and her bones are white.
You've been seeking them eternal, spiritual things,
but your fifty-dollar smile confirms
You're still tryin' to buy your way into the dreams of them
Whose bodies will be food for worms
Yonder comes sin

(Ready and steady, willing and able)
Yonder comes sin
(Standin' on the chair, standin' on the table)
Look at your feet, see where they've been to
Look at your hands, see what they've been into
Can't you take it on the chin?
Yonder comes sin.

I say: See them six wild horses, honey
You say: I don't even see one.
You say: Point them out to me, love,
I say: Honey I got to run
My brother's blood is crying from the grave
but you can't hear the voice
I stand in jeopardy every hour,
Wonderin' what reason you have to rejoice.
Yonder comes sin.

(Down on your knees, down into the ditches)
Yonder comes sin.
(Vomiting up jewels, vomiting up riches)
Look at your feet see where they've been to
Look at your hands, see what they've been into
Enough to put you to tail-spin
Yonder comes sin.

Jeremiah preached repentance
To those that would turn from hell
But the critics all gave him such bad reviews
Put him down at the bottom of a well
kept on talking, anyway
As the people were put into chains
Wasn't nobody there to say "Bon voyage"
or shatter any bottles of champagne.
Yonder comes sin

(Cracking that whip, just like a feather)
Yonder comes sin
(Put a knife in your back while talking about the weather)
Look at your feet see where they've been to
Look at your hands, see what they've been into
Can you take it on the chin
Yonder comes sin

High cost of survival
Gets a little higher than you expect
When you're trying to get along with your enemies

And still maintain your self-respect
As a child you knew all there was to know
It just couldn't get expressed
Now it scares me to see what you accept as good
At one you wouldn't have settled forless than the best
Yonder comes sin

(Way down deep and dirty, not a day under thirty)
Yonder comes sin
(Tasting like peaches, hanging on like leaches)
Look at your feet see where they've been to
Look at your hands, see what they've been into
So masculine, so feminine
Yonder comes sin

You turn your back on the hard truth
Just to fatten up your purse
Sings of an unrighteous world
Dare the same thing as a curse
No kingdom made of human hands can stand
Too bad about MacBeth
In order to possess that corruptible crown
Gotta make a deal with Mr Death
Yonder comes sin.

(Can you comprehend it, can you understand it)
Yonder comes sin
(It rules the airways, it rules the planet)
Look at your feet see where they've been to
Look at your hands, see what they've been into
Take off that sheepish green
Yonder comes sin

There's a place down in your soul
Where the law can never touch
You do most likely what you please
And not think about too much
I'll be down the line when morning comes
And that I pulled the hood up for you
So that you could see real good your uninvited guest
Yonder comes sin

(It's a pleasure to meet ya, nice to have known ya)
Yonder comes sin
(It wants to kill you, it wants to own you)
Look at your feet see where they've been to
Look at your hands, see what they've been into
Being pulled in all directions by the wind
Yonder comes sin

Fever

Written by Johnny Davenport and Eddie Cooley
As played by Bob Dylan in Seattle, Nov 30, 1980
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key C minor)

The bracketed [fever]s are sung by the backup singers.
The D/f♯ can be replaced by D7/f♯ (200212) or D9/f♯ (200210).

```
Am  .  .  .  F    . E    .
Am  .  .  .  D/f# . E    .

E              D/f#   Am
Never know how much I love you
E              D/f#   Am
Never know how much I care
Am                /c    Dm
When you put your arms around me
                  E *)                 Am
You know, I get a fever that's hard to bear

*)E                         Am
  :     .     .     .       :
|-------------------------|----------
|-------------------------|----------
|-------------------------|----------
|-2---2-0-----0-----------|----------
|-----------3-----3-0-----|-0--------
|----------------------3-|----------

                        Am    /c
     You give me fever
     Dm(7)
     When you kiss me
     Am             /g      F
     fever when you hold me tight
     Am  /c  Dm
     [fever]   in the morning
     E *)
     fever all through the night

Captain Smith and Pocahontas
had a very mad affair
When he put his arms all around her
she said, "I get a fever that's so hard to bear"

     You give me fever
     When you kiss me
     fever when you hold me tight
     [fever] in the morning
     fever all through the night
```

Sun lights up the daytime,
moon lights up the night
I light up when you call my name,
cause I know you gonna treat me right

You give me fever
When you kiss me
fever when you hold me tight
[fever] in the morning
fever all through the night

We Just Disagree

Written by Jim Krueger
Performed by Bob Dylan during the 1980-1981 tour
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem from the performance in Portland, OR, Dec 4, 1980

```
Bb/d  x5333x
F/a   x03211 or 587565

F

      F            Bb/d           C
Been away, haven't seen you in a while
          Bb             Dm      C    Dm
How've you been, have you changed your style?
            F              Bb/d              C
What do you think, have we grown up differently?
               Bb                    Dm   C    Dm
Don't feel the same, seems like you lost your feel
    F
for me.

              Bb    C   F
     So let's leave it alone
            Bb        C      F
     Cos we don't see eye to eye
          (/g)      F/a      Bb
     There ain't no good guy
                    F/a     Bb
     There ain't no bad guy
             (/c) Dm             Bb      C   F
     There's only you and me and we just disagree.

     Bb  C   Dm
     Dm  C/e F

I'm goin back to a place that's far away
How 'bout you, have you got a place to stay
Why should I care, I'm just trying to get along
We were friends, now it's the end of our love song.

     So let's leave it alone
     Cos we don't see eye to eye
     There ain't no good guy
     There ain't no bad guy
     There's only you and me and we just disagree.

     Bb  C   Dm
     Dm  C/e F
     Bb  C   Dm
     Dm  C/e F
```

Till I Get It Right

Written by Larry Henley/Red Lane
Sung by Regina McCrary during the 1980-81 gospel tour
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem from the performance in Portland, OR, Dec 4, 1980

```
C
I'll just keep on

falling in love
D/c
till I get it right
F
 Right now I'm like
G
 a wounded bird
C               Gm7  C7
 Hungry for the sky
F
 But if I try my way,
        G    (E7/g#)
and try long enough,
    C7/Bb                 F
I'm bound to learn how to fly
D7/f#
 So I'll just keep fallin',
F           G
 fallin' in love
C       F/c    C
 Till I get it right

My door of love
has opened out
More times than in
And I'm either a fool,
or a wiser woman
To open it again
Cause I'll never know
what's beyond the mountain
till I reach the other side
So I'll just keep on,
falling in love
Till I get it right


     Gm7
      If practice makes perfect,
     C7                    F                 Ab
      then I'm as perfect as I'll ever be
     D
     So I'll just keep on,
     F           G
      falling in love
     C             D/c
     Till I get it right
```

```
     F       G11    C
     [Till I get it right]

C             C
I'll just keep fallin',
           D/c
fallin' in love
                      F     G11
I'm gonna keep fallin',
C
till I, till I, till I get it right
C                     D/c
[I'll keep falling in love,
F                    C
I'll keep falling in love]
```

Walk Around Heaven All Day

written by Rev. James Cleveland, C.George
Sung by Carolyn Dennis during the 1980-81 part of the Gospel tours
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Sung with piano accompaniement only. On a guitar it is most comfortably played with a capo on the 3rd fret.
And don't try the high Eb at the end of the bridge unless you're a (very) high soprano...

Chords:

```
Dm7    xx0111
G11    3x3211
E7+    020110
Bb9    x13111
Fm6    1x0111 (or just xx3111)
Fmaj7  133210
Bb9-5  x10110
```

```
Dm7-5 C/e Fm | C/g . . | G11 . . | C

C                      E7+  Bb9  Am
One of these mornings,
                     Fm6   /d-e-f
and it won't be very long
C/g                  G11              C    G7/d  C7
You will look for me,     And I'll be gone, oh yes
    Fmaj7      Bb9-5                C          Fm6   Dm7-5
I'm going to a place where there is nothing to do
         C/g                       G7         C        G11   G7  /a-b
But just walk around, walk around heaven all day


And when I get to heaven oh, I'm gonna jump, I'm gonna jump an shout
Because nobody, there'll be nobody will be able to put me out
Oh, my mother will be waiting, and my father too
                                                          C   . . | . . . | E7 . . | /e /f# /g# |
And we're going to walk around, walk around heaven all day.

     Am           Em    C7          F        F    C/e     Dm  C   G/b   Am   C#dim
     Oh, Lord up above, Lord please hear me, hear me while I pray
     Dm7-5             G11                       G7       C     E7+/b  Bb9
     And walk right by, I need you to walk right by, by my side
         Am     Em                   F
     And hold my hand, Lord, cause my way down here,
               F    C/e  Dm       C    .  G/b  | Am  . C#dim
            my way down here gets cloudy,
       D7
     I need you Lord, I need you Master,
       G7
     I need you for my guide everyday
```

```
And everyday will be Sunday, yes it will, Oh, the sabbath will have no end,
We're going to do nothing in Heaven,
    We're going to do nothing there, but sing God's praises
And I'm just gonna hear and sing sabbath, sabbath, saying well done
'cause my race down here, my race will be won,
and I'm going to walk around, walk around Heaven
             C7                /d /e  F (/f-g-ab-a)
I'm going to walk around, walk around Heaven
Dm    F   F#dim C/g                      G7
I'm going to    walk around, walk around Heaven
             C7           /d-e-f    F (f-g-ab-a)           Dm
I'm going to walk around, oh, in my Father's Heaven, yes I am,
    F        C/g                      G7         C7 . . | F C/e  Dm  | C
I'm going to walk around, walk around Heaven all day.
```

Rise Again

Written by Dallas Holm
Performed by Bob Dylan (with Clydie King) during the 1980 gospel tours
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chord suggestions for a guitar capoed on the third fret (sounding key B♭ major)

G+ = 321003
D11 = xx0010

```
    G              G+
Go ahead, drive the nails through my hand
C                    G
Laugh at me where you stand.
G               G+
Go ahead, say it isn't me
        C                G
But the day will come and you will see.

                G  /f C/e
     'Cause I'll rise again
     D                D11              G      (D)
     Ain't no power on earth can tie me down
               G  /f C/e
     Yes, I'll rise again
     D                  D11           G
     Death can't keep me buried in the ground.

Go ahead, come on and mock my name
My love for you is still the same
Go ahead and try to bury me
But very soon I will be free.

     'Cause I'll rise again
     Ain't no power on earth can tie me down
     Yes, I'll rise again
     Death can't keep me buried in the ground.

Go ahead, say I'm dead and gone
You will see that you were wrong.
Go ahead, try to hide the sun
And you all will see that I'm the one.

     'Cause I'll rise again
     Ain't no power on earth can tie me down
     Yes, I'll rise again
     Death can't keep me buried in the ground.

     'Cause I'll rise again
     Ain't no power on earth can tie me down
     Yes, I'll rise again
     Death can't keep me buried in the ground.
     Death can't keep me buried in the ground.
```

Abraham, Martin and John

Written by Dick Holler
Performed by Bob Dylan during the 1980 and 1981 gospel tours, in duet with Clydie King.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Played with Bob at the piano, in C♯ major. I'd strongly suggest a capo on the 1st fret.

```
C

C            Em  F                   C
 Has anybody here seen my old friend Abraham?
C        Em                 F           C/e F
 Can you tell me where he's gone?
                  Gsus4   G
He freed a lot of people,
       F                 C
But it seems the good die young,
      F            G              F    C/e  Dm  C
Now I just looked around and he's gone.

F

Has anybody here seen my old friend John?
Can you tell me where he's gone?
He freed a lot of people,
But it seems the good die young,
Now I just looked around and he's gone.

Has anybody here seen my old friend Martin?
Can you tell me where he's gone?
He freed a lot of people,
But it seems the good die young,
Now I just looked around and he's gone.

C

     F          G        F                C
     Didn't you love the things that they stood for?
     F           G      F                  C
     Didn't they try to find some good for you and me?
         Gm       F         C
     An' we'll be free, someday
     G11
     I know, free one day.

Has anybody here seen my old friend Bobby?
Can you tell me where he's gone?
Thought I see them walkin'
Up over the hill
With Abraham, Martin and John
Abraham, Martin and John.
```

Mary Of The Wild Moor

Trad.
Performed by Bob Dylan in duet with Regina McCrary, during the 80/81 part of the gospel tours
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Introductory talk San Diego, Nov 26, 1980:
"People always ask be about old songs and new songs. [crowd cheering]
This is a real old song. I used to sing this before I even wrote any songs.
One of them old southern mountain ballads. I guess everybody used to do them.
Last time we played it – I think it was in Tucson – there was a . . . You know how the. . . There was a review in the newspaper that I'd like to get straight. The man who did the show and reviewed it didn't know where all these songs came from. Anyway, this one here he said was about Jesus being born in the manger, well that's not entirely true about this song, it's just an old southern mountain ballad [little giggle], that's all there is, about someone dying in the snowstorm. But, anyway. . . it's calle *Mary of the wild moor*."

```
       C      G        C
It was on one cold and windy nite,
         C          D              G
When the wind blew across the wild moor.
       C          G         C             F
'T was there Mary wandered alone with her child,
         C           G           C     Csus4 C
Till she came to her own fathers door.

Why did I leave this fair spot,
Where once I was happy and free?
For I'm now left alone in this cold world to roam
And nobody cares about me

Oh father take pity on me,
Come down and open the door.
For the child in my arms he will perish and die
From the winds that blow across the wild moor.

But the old man was deaf to her cries,
Not a sound from her voice did he hear.
And the watchdog did howl, and the village bells tolled,
And the wind blew across the wild moor.

Oh how the old man must have felt,
When he came to the door the next morn,
And he found Mary dead, but the child still alive,
Still wrapped in her [!] dead mothers arms.

In anguish he tore his grey hair.
And his tears down his cheeks they did pour.
When he saw how that nite she had perished and died.
From the wind that blew across the wild moor.

In grief the old man pined away,
And the child to its mother went soon.
And no one they say has [... him this day?].
```

And the cottage to ruin has gone.

But the villagers point out the spot,
Where the willows droop over the door.
Saying there Mary died once a gay village bride,
From the wind that blew across the wild moor.

Let's Begin

Written by Jim Webb
Performed by Bob Dylan during the 1981 tour, tabbed as sung in Drammenshallen, Norway, Jul 10, 1981
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem and Hallvard Østrem (yes, he's my cousin)
Dedicated to flow_r

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key B♭ major)

Chords:

```
B11     x22222 or x22220 or x22200
G/b     x20003
D11     xx0010
G/d     x55433 (best; also possible is xx0003)
A9      x02000
```

The alternatives for B11 are different: x22220 emphasises its "A" character (it's an A chord which happens to have a B in the bass), x22200 makes it more of a B7sus4 chord.
The G/b in the 4th line ("how'') is sometimes mixed with a Bm, which produces the "Bagdad Caf'' chord Bm-6.e" chord Bm-6.

The final solo is from Avignon (Jul 25, 1981)

Intro (piano part in parentheses):

```
  G           A       G         B11
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|(3-3-3-3-3---2-2-|---0-0---0---2)--|-2---------------|-----------------|
|(0-0-0-0-0---2-2-|---0-0---0---2)2-|---------2-------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-------------2---|-----------------|-2---------------|
|-----------------|-------------2---|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  G           A       G               B11
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|(0-0-0-0-0-------|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-------------2-2-|---0-0---0)------|-2---------------|-----------------|
|(0-0-0-0-0-------|-----------------|-2---------------|---------0-2-5-2-|
|-------------4-4-|---2-2---2)------|-2---------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

C    G/b
Oooh
Am7               G     Am7  G/b
when the love was lost
C          Dsus4 D   G
 How did I ever   survive?
G            Am7      G/b    C
Through that dark and lonely midnight
        G/b             D(11)
Tell me how did I stay alive?
```

```
    C   G/b
Oooooh
     Am7              G         Am7 G/b
I'll try to last 'til morning
C                    Dsus4 D  G
 My new found friend, let's begin

             G/b
     Let's begin,
             C          G/d
     there's so much to discover,
     B7/d#   Em G/d
     let's begin
               C                D
     We got to learn about each other
                G
     And in the end
            A9
     we may find that we are lovers
                  C              D
     You know, you got to play to win,
             G
     let's begin

Oh, how to count the cost
How did we ever survive?
What the future has in store
Well, it's time to realize
Oh, we'll try it all again
My new found friend, let's begin

     Let's begin,
     there's so much to discover,
     let's begin
     We got to learn about each other
     And in the end
     we may find that we are lovers
     You know, you got to play to win,

             A/c#
     Let's begin,
             D          A/e
     there's so much to discover,
     C#7/e#   F#m A/e
     let's begin
               D                E
     We got to learn about each other
                A
     And in the end
            B9
     we may find that we are lovers
                  D              E
     You know, you got to play to win,
             A
     let's begin
```

```
  A                                  D                       A/e     C#7/e#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .           :   .   .    .
|-----------------|---------9-------|---------9--10-12-|-12b(14)--------12-10-|
|-------10----10--|-----10----------|------------------|----------------------|
|/11--------------|-----------------|------------------|----------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|----------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|----------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|------------------|----------------------|
 -gin.

  F#m               A/e               D                   E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :    .   .    .     :    .   .    .
|-10--9-----10-9--|-----------------|------9---10---12---|-10---9-------------|
|-----------------|-10----------10---|-12-----------------|----------12---10---|
|-----------------|-----------9----9-|----9---9----9----9-|----9---9----9----9-|
|-----------------|------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
|-----------------|------------------|--------------------|--------------------|
|-----------------|------------------|--------------------|--------------------|

  A                                  B9                B6      B7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----7-------5---|-----4-------2---|
|-9-------10--9---|-----7h9-7---5---|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-8-----8\6-----6-|\4-----4\2-----2-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

  D/f#              E                  A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .      :
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
|------2---4---2--|/6--\4---2-------|-----------------||
|2h4--------------|-------------4\2-|-----------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---------------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------||
```

Thief On The Cross

Written by Bob Dylan
Dylan's last gospel song, performed once, in New Orleans, Nov 10, 1981
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The riff that runs through the song is basically the same as in Cover Down Break Through, and several other gospel period songs. It can be played something like:

```
  A                D     C
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-0---------------|-2-----0---------|
|-2---------------|-3-----1---------|
|-2---------------|-2-----0---------|
|-2---------------|-0-----2---------|
|-0---------------|-------3---------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
```

The C can be replaced by a D11 (xx0010 or x55555), and the order of the chords is frequently reversed:

```
  A                C     D     C
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|-0---------------|-0-----2-----0---|
|-2---------------|-1-----3-----1---|
|-2---------------|-0-----2-----0---|
|-2---------------|-2-----0-----2---|
|-0---------------|-3-----------3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|
```

E11 = 022232

```
      A                 C D C A                 C  D C
     (Thief on the cross,      chances are slim)

     There's a thief on the cross, his chances are slim
     There's thief on the cross, I want to talk to him

    C                 D
Well everybody's been diverted,
     C                         D
Everybody lookin' the other way
c                         D
 Everybody's attention is divided
         C                E11
Well they may not afford to wait, well -

     There's a thief on the cross his chances are slim
     There's a thief on the cross I wanna talk to him

Wanna ask him 'bout his mother
Wanna ask him 'bout his world
Wanna ask him 'bout to talk to himself
If this time it didn't roll too well, well -
```

There's a thief on the cross his chances are slim
There's a thief on the cross I wanna talk to him

Well, everybody know too excited [?]
Don't be too surprised
Head for the dawn and you can see it well
And it's rising in his eyes, well -

There's a thief on the cross his chances are slim
There's a thief on the cross I wanna talk to him

There's a thief on the cross, there's a thief on the cross

Now there's winning, ruling and readin'
Everybody goes [...]
[every scene be] too excited
Whether Iran or Mexico, well -

There's a thief on the cross his chances are slim
There's a thief on the cross I wanna talk to him.

There's a thief on the cross,
thief on the cross
There's a thief on the cross,
There's a thief on the cross,
There's a thief on the cross

F

Studio outtakes, soundtracks etc.

1978 – present

1276 Repossession Blues
1278 Coming From The Heart (The Road Is Long)
1280 If I Don't Be There By Morning
1283 Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground
1284 This Was My Love
1285 Julius and Ethel
1286 Almost Done
1288 Dirty Lies
1289 Freedom for the Stallion
1291 To Fall In Love With You
1293 The Usual
1294 A Couple More Years
1295 Old Five And Dimer
1297 Night After Night
1298 Go 'way Little Boy
1299 Band Of The Hand (It's Hell Time, Man!)
1301 Pretty Boy Floyd
1303 Important Words
1305 Steel Bars
1307 Miss the Mississippi and You
1310 Catskill Serenade
1312 Polly Vaughn
1313 Sloppy Drunk
1314 You Belong To Me
1316 Any Way You Want Me
1317 My Blue Eyed Jane
1319 The Lonesome River
1320 Return To Me
1324 I Can't Get You Off Of My Mind
1325 Red Cadillac and a Black Moustache
1328 Waitin' For You
1330 Cross The Green Mountain
1333 Diamond Joe (M&A)
1335 Dixie

Repossession Blues

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded in a rehearsal version before the 1978 tour
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
A
        A
Well, I  ain't got no money

I'm gonna lose everything I own
          D
Well, I ain't got no money
                                  A
I'm gonna lose everything I own
E
 You know a man was coming out this morning
D                                 A
 they want to reposess my home

Well, they took my television
now they're coming for my radio
Well, they took my television
now they're coming for my radio
They don't like the way I'm doing
they say I pay my bills too slow

I paid twenty dollars down
I bought a new Chevrolet Bel air
I paid twenty dollars down
I bought a new Chevrolet Bel air
Was a man he came out and got it and now I
got to walk everywhere
```

```
A-lick (also used in E and D):    Alternative A-lick:
     :     .     .     .            :     .     .     .
-3-|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-----------|  |-12-------------------------|
-5-|-5-5-5-5-5-5-3-1---------|  |-13-------------13----------|
---|----------------2--------|  |-14---tremolo-----14--12-14-|
---|-------------------------|  |----------------------------|
---|-------------------------|  |----------------------------|
---|-------------------------|  |----------------------------|

D-lick:
   :       .       .     .
|--8------------------------|
|-10-8-6-7--------------------|
|----------7--5-7-------------|
|-----------------------------|
|-----------------------------|
|-----------------------------|
```

Ending:

```
  E                           D
  :     .     .     .         :     .     .     .
|-4-----4---4---------------|---9---9---9---8-----7-----|
|-5-------5---5-------------|---------------------------|
|---------------------/9----|-9---9---9---8---8-7---7---|
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
|---------------------------|---------------------------|
|---------------------------|---------------------------|

  A     A7/c# D        F7        A
  :     .     .        .         :     .     .     .
|-5-(3b)5r3---3---5------------|-------------------------||
|-----------5------(3b)4r3-----|-------------------------||
|-6-------------------------5---|-2---------2-------------||
|-------5-----4--------3-------|-2---2-5-----------------||
|-0-----4-----5--------6-------|-0---------------------||
|------------------------------|-------------------------||
```

Coming From The Heart (The Road Is Long)

Written by Bob Dylan and Helena Springs
Recorded during the *Street Legal* sessions (Apr 1978)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Played with Dylan at the piano, hence in C♯ major. I'd suggest a capo on the 1st fret if you play it on the guitar.
There are some changes in the lyrics compared to the copyrighted lyrics.

```
F       G             C  Am
We have got to come together
F        G           C
How long can we stay apart?
F       G            C  Am
You may get it maybe never
         F      G        C
But it's coming from the heart.

Your mind is filled with indecision
You can't make up your mind.
We must get it in position
And move it on down the line.

Make me up a bed of roses
hang it down on the vine
Of all my loves you've been the closest
That's ever been on my mind.

                    C                      F
     And the road is long, it's a long hard climb
                   G                      C
     I been on that road for too long of a time
                    C                      F
     Yes the road is long, and it winds and winds
                        G                  C
     When I think of the love that I left behind.

Don't talk to me about tomorrow
I really don't care
This home is filled with too much sorrow
That nobody's heart should bear.

     And the road is long, it's a long hard climb
     I been on that road for too long of a time
     Yes the road is long, and it winds and winds
     When I think of the love that I left behind.

Another man has hurt you honey,
why must I pay for that part?
Our love can't be bought with money
'Cause it's coming from the heart.

     And the road is long, it's a long hard climb
```

```
I been on that road for too long of a time
Yes the road is long, and it winds and winds
When I think of the love that I left behind.
```

Additional verse in the copyrighted lyrics:

```
Please, please give me indication
Stop and talk to me
Like a river that is flowing
My love will never cease to be.
```

If I Don't Be There By Morning

Written by Bob Dylan for Eric Clapton
Released by Eric Clapton on his album *Backless* (1978)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

To get that high ringing *b* from the piano, the song has to be played around the 7th fret, with barre chords (or a capo). The guitar that can be heard on the tape probably plays with a capo on the 2nd fret and the chords in the 2nd version below.
Another alternative is to play with a capo on the 4th fret with the chords in the second column below.

Chords:

```
No capo:                Capo 4th fret:

B     799877            G    320003
E/b   779997            C/g  3x2013
E7    076750 or 079797  C7   x32310
D#m7  x68676            Bm7  x24232
G#m   466444            Em   022000
C#m7  x46454            Am7  x02010
F#6   24x342            D6   xx0202
F#7   242322            D7   xx0212
```

Intro and recurring pattern:

```
  B       E/b   B           E/b
      >       (>)       >       (>)
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-7---7---7-7-7-7-|-----7---7-7-7-7-|
|-7---7---9-9-9-7-|-----7---9-9-9-7-|
|-8---8---9-9-9-8-|-----8---9-9-9-8-| repeat
|-9---9---9-9-9-9-|-----9---9-9-9-9-|
|-9---9---7-7-7-9-|-----9---7-7-7-9-|
|-7---7---7-7-7-7-|-----7---7-7-7-7-|

B         E/b   B
Blue sky
E/b        B     E/b  B   E/b
upon the horizon,
B            E/b  B
Private eye
   E/b   B      E/b  B  B7
is on my trail,
       E7
And if I don't be there by morning
                B  E/b   B
She'll know that I
        E/b               B      E/b   B   E/b
must've spent the night in jail.

I been runnin'
from Memphis to LA
```

```
Had an appointment
set sometime for today
And if I don't be there by morning
She'll know that I
must have gone the other way.

     D#m7                    G#m
      Finding my way back to you, girl,
               B                    E
     lonely and blue, and mistreated too,
     D#m7                   G#m
      Sometimes I think of you, girl,
           C#m7                F#6   F#7
     is it true you think of me too?

     [instr. verse]

I got a woman
living in LA
I got a woman
waiting for my pay,
And if I don't be there by morning
Pack my clothes,
get down on your knees and pray.

     Finding my way back to you, girl,
     lonely and blue, and mistreated too,
     Sometimes I think of you, girl,
     is it true you think of me too?

I left my woman
with a twenty-dollar bill,
I left her waiting,
I hope she's waiting for me still.
But if I don't be there by morning
I guess that I,
I never will.

[instr. verses and fade out]
```

Version with capo 2nd fret:

Chords:

```
D/f#    200232
C#m7    x46454
F#m     244222
Bm7     x24232
E6      022120
E7      020100
```

```
A          D/f#   A
Blue sky
D/f#       A     D/f#  A    D/f#
upon the horizon,
A          D/f# A
Private eye
   D/f#       A    D/f#   A    A7
is on my trail,
       D7
And if I don't be there by morning
                 A    D/f#   A
She'll know that I
        D/f#               A    D/f#   A    D/f#
must've spent the night in jail.

. . .

     C#m7                    F#m
      Finding my way back to you, girl,
               A                    D
     lonely and blue, and mistreated too,
     C#m7                   F#m
      Sometimes I think of you, girl,
          B#m7                E6   E7
     is it true you think of me too?
```

Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground

(Willie Nelson)
Recorded by Bob Dylan during the *Infidels* session (1983) and released as a single
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G                   Bm          C                G
If you had not have fallen then I would not have found you
C            D                G
Angel flying too close to the ground
G                 Bm              C         G
I patched up your broken wing and hung around for a while
          A                                   D      D7
trying to keep your spirits up and your fever down

        G               G7
     So leave me if you need to,
     C            A
     I will still remember
     G            D                G
     Angel flying too close to the ground.

  G                               C
I knew someday that you would fly away
A                                   D
for love's the greatest healer to be found

     So leave me if you need to,
     I will still remember
     Angel flying too close to the ground

Fly on fly on past the speed of sound
I'd rather see you up than see you down

     So leave me if you need to,
     I will still remember
     Angel flying too close to the ground.
```

This Was My Love

Jim Harbert
Recorded during The *Infidels* sessions (Apr-May 1983)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
D                    A
 Soft as a rain drop, fresh as the sea
                     D
Warm as the sunshine  shinin' on me
G     A      D     G     A      D
 This was my love,  this was my love.

Light was her laughter, few were her tears
Gentle her beauty, tender her years
This was my love, this was my love.   D7

     G             F#m   Em                D
      So young, so fair,  such soft golden hair
     G             A      D
      Smile always on her face
     G         F#m Em           D
     No other love  can ever compare
        C         A        D
     No other can take her place.

Others may cherish fortune or fame
I will forever cherish her name
This was my love, this was my love.

     So young, so fair, such long golden hair
     Smile always on her face
     No other love can't ever compare
     No other can take her place.

Others may cherish fortune of fame
I will forever cherish her name
This was my love, this was my love
```

Julius and Ethel

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded during the *Infidels* sessions (1983)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Who were Julius and Ethel? See http://www.ncs.pvt.k12.va.us/ryerbury/2ros/2ros.htm or http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki

---

```
E
Now that they are gone you know the truth it can be told
          D
They were sacrificed lambs in the market place sold
A                 E
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel

Now that they are gone you know the truth it can come out
They were never proven guilty beyond a reasonable doubt
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel.

The people thought they were guilty at the time
Some even said there hadn't been any crime
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel.

People look upon this couple with contempt and doubt
But they loved each other right up to the time they checked out
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel.

Eisenhower was president, Senator Joe was King
Long as you didn't say nothing you could say anything
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel.

Now some they blamed the system, some they blamed the man
Now that it is over, no one knows how it began
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel.

Every Kingdom got to fall even the Third Reich
Man can do what he please but not for as long as he like
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel.

Well they say they gave the secrets of the Atom Bomb away
Like no one else could think of it, it wouldn't be here today
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel.

Someone says the fifties was the age of great romance
I say that's just a lie, it was when fear had you in a trance
Julius and Ethel, Julius and Ethel.
```

Almost Done

Words (?) and music Bob Dylan
Played, more or less improvised, on the Verona and Beverly Theatre rehearsals, May 1984
Tabbed and transcribed (sort of) by Eyolf Østrem

It seemed meaningless to try and transcribe the mumbling on the Beverly Theatre version (May 23). Verona was a little less meaningless...

Verona rehearsal tape, May 27 1984, #1

```
E

        C#m
I stood by
           G#m
I stood by you
         C#m
Stood by her
              F#m
Oh don't be untrue
            E
It's already there
               A
for to see the one
           F#m
oh now she rode
             E
She's almost done

Almost done
Almost done
Palestine glow [girl]
You're the one
[Oh not I know]
It might not do
It's already done
for light and blue

Almost done
almost done
but I don't stand missed
but you're the one
oh you're the child
I'm a-trustin' you
to trust me down
just trust me too
```

Take #2

Intro and fill between verses:

(the C♯m is actually a C♯m7 (9-11-9-9-9-9).)

```
|   . . . ; . . . | . . . ; . .   .   |
C#m       B     A         A B C#m C#m   repeat

All the night
fortune don't last
Gonna be lucky,
more than in the past
It's already there,
Already new
Oh, trust in me,
I'll trust in you

So goodbye
[sob me the pros] :-) [or: "save me the prose"?]
goodbye baby
would you hold me close
hold me close
or say goodbye
[moon up by night]
in [the empty] the sky
```

Dirty Lies

Written by Bob Dylan
Recorded on the "Verona Rehearsal Tape", May 1984
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (lyrics from "The Wicked Messenger" #1489 via Olof's files)

```
Bm           Bm/aG   F#
Sometime she said I'm slow
Bm            Bm/a             G           F#
 She said it about me but it's too soon to know
Bm         Bm/a     G         F#
Don't mind leaving, wondering why
Bm [n.c.]
Whosoever told it, told a dirty lie

Well, I'll tell you one more to
Take what is you with you when you go
Now I'll tumble, tumble and die
Whosoever told it, told a dirty lie

     G
     Already seen your dirty mate
     Bm
     Sure find it harder to concentrate
     G
     I'll be beloved, times too slow
     F#                                  G        F#
     But make sure you take her with you when you go

I'll love it and leave it, the sun go down
Pray for the rain for miles around
I'll never leave it to wonder why
Whosoever told you, told a dirty lie

[instrumental verses]

     Oh, they time you and I'm telling you
     I'd be watching, baby no matter what you do
     And I'll leave alone, you're far too slow
     Just make sure you take her with you when you go

I want to leave, my feet's soaking wet
I long to leave but I ain't found you yet
And I know baby, telling you why
Whosoever told me, told a dirty lie
```

Freedom for the Stallion

Written by Allen Toussaint (the man who arranged the horn section on the Band's *Rock of Ages* – great songwriter too!)
Recorded by Bob Dylan June 1985
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key G♭ major)

Great tune, great singing (especially the "Lord-have-mer-cy-what-cha-gon-na-do" lines). Nice little detail: the 0h1 on the 6th string at the beginning and here and there else.

```
C11     x33333 or x33331
G9/f    xx3435
Db/f    xx3121
```

```
F                        Am
Freedom for the stallion
Bb                           F
Freedom for the mare and the colt
Am                   D
Freedom for the baby child
      Am             Bb
Who's not grown old enough to vote
C11
Lord have mercy

     F                  Am
what You gonna do
          Bb                          Gm
About the people that are prayin' to You
         F
They got men makin' laws
       C
that destroy other men
Dm                     G
made money God, it's a dog-gone sin
   F(/c)            C              Bb   /a /g F   (or: Am Gm F)
Oh Lord, You got to help us find a way

Big ships sailin'
Slaves all chained and bound
Heading for another land
that some cat says he's up and found
Lord have mercy
What You gonna do
About the people who been prayin' to You
They got men makin' laws that destroy other men
makin' money God, it's a dog-gone sin
Oh Lord, You got to help us find a way.

|: F . . . :| x3
|: F . . . | G9/f . . . | Dd/f . . . | F . . .  :|
```

```
Freedom for the stallion
Freedom for the mare and the colt
Freedom for the baby child
Who's not grown old enough to vote
Lord have mercy
What You gonna do
About the people that are prayin' to You
Well, when I look Into my mind
It's the truth that I find
Oh Lord, You gotta help us find a way.

Freedom for the stallion
Freedom for the mare and the colt
Freedom for the baby child
Who has not grown old enough to vote
Lord have mercy
What You gonna do
About the people that are prayin' to You
Well, when I look Into my mind
It's the truth that I find
Oh Lord, You gotta help us find a way.
```

"Allright, what do you think of that?"

To Fall In Love With You

words (?!) and music (!) Bob Dylan
Recorded during the *Hearts of Fire* sessions 27-28 aug 1986
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

Your words aren't clear. I turned this song down for a long time, thinking that wasn't worth the effort transcribing it, and that it's a shame that such a beautiful tune has such undecipherable lyrics, probably improvised on the spot. But I couldn't resist it, of course. Most of the lines below are just reasonably close approximations to sounds that could have made sense in a better world. I don't even think there is a word like "deverthisse'' in English, nor can I think of a context that will make the phrase "How can the doors a trust on a nail'' make sense. Oh well ...

At least the music is a delight. The tune is in B major, but for the first eight lines the tune isn't anywhere near a B chord. It would have made a beautiful song had he bothered to finish it–certainly the best song from that soundtrack. It is also quite similar to "Almost done", another discarded gem-to-be.

```
B

  F#      E
A tear go down
   F#     E
my day is real
         F#    G#m
but your dying eye
  F#     E
upon the same
    F#        E/g#
and need just road
    F#      E
for me from you
     F#  G#m
what paradise
     F#    E
what can I do?
             B
That die for my
               F#
and the day is dark
            G#m
I can[’t] believe
         F#     E
[for the end of time]
             B
What I could find
           F#
Oh time is rye-ou-lou
             G#m
’f I fell in love
   F#      E
To fall in love
   F#      G#m
To fall in love
F#   B
with you
```

The day is dark
our time is right
day in the night
deep in the night
I came [dev] be back
I hear-a my-a surprise
I see it in you live
I knew it in your eyes
well I feel your love
and I feel no shame
I can't unleash your horde
I call your name
What were to me
What can I do?
To fall in love
To fall in love
To fall in love
with you

It just rolls
upon the sand
[deverthisse] now
I made the man
can make you feel
what I can find
I know it in my days
Ah in my dreary mind
Oh will ages roll
Will ages fly
I hear your name
where angel lie.
What do I know?
for to come it's true
To fall in love
To fall in love
To fall in love
with you

How can the doors
a trust on a nail
how can I be surprised
of most everything
ah in the distant road
I can['t] be the same
I feel no love
I kill no shame
I can't watch the bay
Out on my an own
we've a destined man
I came atist it all
[I didn't] I could find
Where I could go
To fall in love
To fall in love
To fall in love
with you

The Usual

Words and music John Hiatt
Performed by Bob Dylan in the movie *Hearts of Fire* (1987)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
A

A
I'm trippin over dumb drunks at a party
F                      G                A
My girlfriend just ran off with the DJ
A
I'd give her everything I had, but she refused it
F                        G                         A
It don't matter now, she don't know how to use it
C
My confidence is dwindling
D
Look at the shape I'm in
C
Where's my pearls, where's the swine?
D                                          (n.c.)
I'm not thirsty, but I'm standing in line.
                    A
I'll have the usual

Yeah, I'll have the usual

Fifty silhouettes now tumblin' on the dance floor
Pink elephants fallin' through a trap door
Sixty cigarettes a day because I'm nervous
When will that bitch begin to serve us?
I used to be a good boy, livin' the good life
Fifty thousand kisses later she was a housewife
She was good, I was unkind
I'm not thirsty, but I'm standin' in line
I'll have the usual, yeah
I'll have the usual

Big Jim says that the second comin's comin'
I think he must be seein' double or something
You can hang around here, waiting for the offerings

 I can't win, but I've seen enough, man
A fifth of whisky keep the doctor away
A little more and it's judgment day
I had a future, but she just passed out
I'm gonna drink until I see what am I talkin' about
I'll have the usual, yeah

 I'll have the usual
I'll have the usual
Yeah, the usual
```

A Couple More Years

Written by Shel Silverstein and Dennis Locorriere
Performed by Bob Dylan during the 80-81 tour and for the film soundtrack for *Hearts of Fire* (1986)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The rhythmic pattern of the intro is repeated throughout the song.

***Hearts of Fire* version**

Intro:

```
   B
   |   .   .   .   |   .   .   .
|--------------7---------------7---|
|:-------------7---------------7--:|
|--------------8---------------8---|
|--9-9---9-9---9---9-9---9-9---9---|
|:-9-9---9-9-------9-9---9-9------:|
|--7-7---7-7-------7-7---7-7-------|
```

```
B                                                    F#
I've got a couple more years on you, babe, and that's all.
                                                   B
I've had more chances to fly and more places to fall.
                                                                    E
Ain't that I'm wiser, I've just spent more time with my back to the wall.
        F#                                                    B
And I've picked up a couple more years on you, babe, and that's all.

I've been down more roads than you, babe, and that's all.
I'm tired of runnin' while you're only learning to crawl.
You're headin' somewhere, I've been that somewhere, found it's nowhere at all.
And I've picked up a couple more years on you babe, and that's all.

     ["I wrote that for you, never finished it."
     "You should"]
```

And here's the finish, the last verse, which was not played in the film:

```
Now sayin' goodbye, girl don't ever come easy at all.
But you've got to fly 'cause you're hearin' those young eagles call.
And someday when you're older, you'll smile at a man strong and tall.
And you'll say I've got a couple more years on you, babe, and that's all.
```

Old Five And Dimer

written by Billy Joe Shaver
Recorded by Bob Dylan for the film *Hearts Of Fire* (1986)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
E(4th pos)   076400
A(5th pos)   x07650
```

The little licks at the end of each line are tabbed from the first verse, but they aren't (of course) played the same way each time, regarding the rhythm.

I am *not* going to tab the weird strumming at the end.

Acoustic Take

```
A                                          E    [Lick 1]
I've spent a lifetime, making up my mind to be
E (4th pos)                                        A (5th) [Lick 2]
More than the measure of what I thought others could see
A                                               D/f# [Lick 3]
Good luck and fast bucks are too far and too inbetween
E                                           A  [Lick 4]
Cadillac buyers and old five and dimers like me
```

lick 1:

```
  E
  | . . | . .
|-------------
|-------------
|-1---2-4----- use E = 076400
|-2---4-6----- for the next line
|-------------
|-------------
```

lick 2:

```
  | . . ; . .   | . . ; . .
|-------------|-------------
|---5-5---5-5-|-------2-----
|---6-6---6-6-|-6-4-2-2-----
|---7-7---7-7-|-7-6-4-2-----
|-0-----0-----|-------------
|-------------|-------------
..see
```

lick 3:

```
  | . . ; . .   | . . ; . .
|---2-2---2-2-|---2---------|---2-2---2-2-|
|---3-3---3-3-|---3-3-----3-|---3-3---3-3-|-
|---2-2---2-2-|---2-2-1-2-2-|---2-2---2-2-|
|-------------|-----0-2-4-0-|-------------|
|-------------|-------------|-------------|
|-2-----2-----|-2-----------|-2-----------|
between
```

Lick 4:

```
|-------------|-------------|(0)-
|---2-2---2-2-|---2-2-------|-5--
|---2-2---2-2-|---2-2-1-2-4-|-6-- etc.
|---2-2---2-2-|---2-2-2-4-6-|-7--
|-0-----0-----|-0-----------|-0--
|-------------|-------------|----
```

```
She stood beside me letting me know she would be
Something to lean on when everyone ran out on me
Fenced yards ain't hole cards and, like as not, never will be
Reasons for rhymers and old five and dimers like me

(It's) taken me so long but now that I know I believe
All that I do or say is all that I ever will be
Too far and too high and too deep ain't too much to be
Too much ain't enough for old five and dimers like me.

       E                                      A
Yes, an old five and dimer is all I intented to be.
```

Electric Takes

The first take is a stainghtforward, square 4/4 version, whereas the second take is a bluesy thing in a triplet rhythm.

```
E                                          B
I've spent a lifetime, making up my mind to be
B                                                  E
More than the measure of what I thought others could see
E                                            A
Good luck and fast bucks are too far and too inbetween
B                                          E
Cadillac buyers and old five and dimers like me

B . . . A . . . E . . . E . . .
```

Night After Night

Written and performed by Bob Dylan for the film *Hearts of Fire* (1986)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
E                                              B
Night after night you wander the streets of my mind
                                                        E
Night after night, don't know what you think you will find
E
No place to go, nowhere to turn
A
Everything around you seems to burn, burn, burn
            B
And there's never any mercy in sight,
            E
Night after Night
B     A     E
Night after Night
B     A     E
Night after Night

Night after Night some nuke plant will blow up the world
Night after night another old man is in some young girl
You look for salvation, you find none
just another broken heart, another barrel of a gun
Just another stick of dynamite
Night after Night
Night after Night
Night after Night

Night after Night you drop dead in your bed
Night after Night another bottle finds a head
Night after Night I think about cuttin' you loose
but I just can't do it - what would be the use?
So I'll just keep on holding you tight,
Night after Night
Night after Night [Night after Night after Night after Night after Night]
Night after Night [Night after Night after Night after Night after Night]
Night after Night [Night after Night after Night after Night after Night]
Night after Night [Night after Night after Night after Night after Night]
```

Go 'way Little Boy

(Words and Music by Bob Dylan)
1985 Special Rider Music
Tabbed by Eyolf Östrem

```
D        A  D

               D
Go 'way little boy
A           D
I'm not for you
D  Bm      G
Go back to her
      D         Bm     G
Where you'll be more secure
D                  C            Bm
She knows you much better than I do
               D
Go 'way little boy
A           D
I'm not for you

Go 'way little boy
You're making me sad
I don't wanna see you bleed
She's the one that you need
You'll never miss what you ain't never had
Go 'way little boy
You're making me sad
Go way little boy
It's much too late
Walk back out the door
Dont wanna see you no more
You're making it hard for me to concentrate
Go 'way little boy
It's much too late

     Bm        /a#       /a   /g#
     Can't you hear your mama callin'
               G    A        D
     Don't you recognize her voice
       Bm          /a#    /a       /g#
     I think you'd better heed her warning
           G                  Em
     While you still have the choice

Go way little boy
You're much too late
Your future's bright
Dont throw it away tonight
It's getting hard for me to look you in the eye
Go 'way little boy
you're makin' me cry
```

Band Of The Hand (It's Hell Time, Man!)

Words and music Bob Dylan
Recorded february 1986 for the film *Band of the Hand* Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem
Play with a capo on the 1st fret and the chords C, G, B♭, F instead if you like.

1st guitar:

```
  C#
  :     :     :     :       :
|-------------------------|------
|-------------------------|------
|-------------------------|------ repeat
|---------------4-5-6-5-4-|------
|-------------------------|-7-4--
|-------------------------|------
```

2nd guitar:

```
|-------------------------|------
|-------------------------|-5-----
|---------------4-5-6-5-6-|---6--- repeat
|-------------------------|------
|-------------------------|------
|-------------------------|------
```

```
     C#
It's Hell Time Man
It's Hell Time Man
It's Hell Time Man
It's Hell Time Man

G#
Down these streets the fools rule
           B                F#
There's no freedom or self respect,
  G#
A knife's point or a trip to the joint
         B             F#
Is about all you can expect.
     G#
They kill people here who stand up for their rights,
    B                          F#
The system's just too damned corrupt
     G#
It's always the same, the name of the game
   B                     F#
Is who do you know higher up.

     It's Hell Time Man
     etc

The blacks and the whites, The idiotic, the exotic,
Wealth is a filthy rag
```

So erotic so unpatriotic
So wrapped up in the American flag.
Witchcraft scum exploiting the dumb,
Turning children into punks and slaves
Whose heroes and healers are rich drug dealers
Who should be put in their graves.

Listen to me Mr. Pussyman
This might be your last night in a bed so soft
We're not pimps on the make, politicians on the take,
You can't pay us off.
We're gonna blow up your home of Voodoo
And watch it burn without any regret
We got the power we're the new government,
You just don't know it yet.

For all of my brothers from Vietnam
And my uncles from World War II,
I'd like to say that it's countdown time now
And we're gonna do what the law should do.
And for you pretty baby, I know you've seen it all.
I know your story is too painful to share.
One day though you'll be talking in your sleep
And when you do, I wanna be there.

Pretty Boy Floyd

Written by Woody Guthrie
Recorded by Bob Dylan in his garage studio, spring 1987 for the Guthrie tribute album *Folkways: A Vision Shared*
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

How long the held notes (such as at "'round'' in the first verse) are held, varies between the verses.

Intro, incl. basic "G" pattern:

```
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .     : . . .
|---33--33--33--33|-----------------|-----------------|-------------|-------
|---00--00--00--00|----   etc.  ----|-----------------|-------------|-------
|---00--00--00--00|-----------------|-----------------|-------------|-------
|-----2---0-------|-----h2--0-------|-----0-------h2--|-2---h2--0---|-------
|-------------h2--|-------------h2--|-----------------|-----------20|-------
|-3---------------|-3---------------|-3-------3-------|-------------|-3-----
```

```
          G       .  .  .   .     .
If you'll gather 'round me, people,
  C            G
A story I will tell
      C          /g        D/f#
About Pretty Boy Floyd, an outlaw,
                  G
Oklahoma knew him well.

It was in the town of Shawnee,
On a Saturday afternoon,
His wife beside him in a wagon
And into town they rode.

There a deputy sheriff approached him
In a manner rather rude,
Using vulgar words of language,
An' his wife she overheard.

Pretty Boy grabbed a log chain,
And the deputy grabbed his gun;
And in the fight that followed
He laid that deputy down.

Now he took to the hills and timber
To live the life of shame;
Every crime in Oklahoma
Was added to his name.

He took to the trees and timber
On the Canadian river shore,
And Pretty Boy found a welcome
At every farmer's door.

     [Instrumental verse, replacing the verse:
     But a many a starving farmer
     The same old story told
```

```
      How the outlaw paid their mortgage
      And saved their little homes.]

Others tell you of a stranger
That come to beg a meal,
And underneath the napkin
Left a thousand dollar bill.

T'was in Oklahoma City,
It was on a Christmas Day,
There come a whole car load of groceries
And a letter that did say:

You say that I'm an outlaw,
You say that I'm a thief.
Well, here's a Christmas dinner
For the families on relief.

Well, as through this world I've rambled
I've seen lots of funny men;
Some will rob you with a six-gun,
And some with a fountain pen.

But as through this world you ramble,
As through this world you roam,
You won't never see an outlaw
Drive a family from their home.

[Two instrumental verses, then:]


|---3-------------------------3---||
|---0---0---0---0---0---0---0-0---||
|---0---0---0---0---0---0---0-0---||
|---0---0---2---0---0---0---0-0---||
|-----2---3---5---6---7-------2---||
|-3---------------------------3---||
```

Important Words

Written by Gene Vincent
Recorded by Bob Dylan April 1987, planned for release on*Down in the Groove*

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
  A                                                 D
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|----------/3-5--\3---2---|-3-----------3---3-------|
|-------------------------|----------/4-6--\4---2---|-2---------2h4---2---2---|
|-------------2-----4-2---|-----------------------2-|-4-------------------2---|
|-0--------/4-----------4-|-0-----------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

                            A6          F#m           D           E
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------2-------------|
|-3-----------------------|/7---5-----7-2-----2-----|-------------------------|
|-2---------------------0-|/6---4-----6-2-----2-4-2-|-2-----2-4---2-----1-----|
|-4-----------------2-4---|---------------------4-2-|-2-----------2-----2-----|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

  A           D             A     [n.c.]
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|----------/5-------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-2--------/6-6---------2-|-2-----------------------|-------------------------|
|-2-----------7---2--h4---|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
                                Im - por -  tant    words . . .
```

```
          A                 D
Important words that mean a lot
     A6 F#m D E      A    D   A
They say      I love you.

Important words That's all I've got
They say, say I love you.

         D
     The days, the nights, the hours
        A
     We spent makin' plans
          D
     Have made both of us feel the same
     E7       Eb7        E7
     Since we first held hands.

Important words that say I love you
They say I do.
```

[Instr verse]

[instr. bridge, with "oo-wah, oo-wah, oo-wah" (etc.) and harp]

[Important words] that say I love you
They say I do.

Steel Bars

Written by Bob Dylan (lyrics/music) & Michael Bolton (vocal melody?)
Released on *Michael Boltons Greatest Hits* (1995) released *Time Love & Tenderness* (1991)
Tabbed by Trev Gibb (slightly modified by Eyolf Østrem)

These definitely are classic "Dylan Lyrics" (shows his well hadn't run dry), I knew it when I heard it, that it was Dylan. I wonder though, if the melody and the chords are all his, I sure hope so. Great song. Nice key change too.
Lyrics can be found at bobdylan.com

Capo 1st fret (original key A♭ major)

Chords:

```
Dsus4/g    3x0233 (can be replaced by plain Dsus4 or G)
Bbadd9     x13311
Ab         466544
Eb         x68886 or x65343
Db         x46664 or x43121
Bbm        x13321
```

[Intro:]

```
Dsus4/g  D      Em      C
Dsus4/g  D      Em      C
G        D      Em      .
C        .      .       .
Dsus4/g  .      .       .

Bb(add9)
In the night I hear you speak
                    Dsus4/g
Turn around, you're in my sleep
Bb(add9)
Feel your hands inside your soul
                                Dsus4/g
You're holding on and won't let go

Em                            C
I've tried running but there's no escape
Em                             Am7  C     D
Can't bend them, and (I know) I just can't break these...

     G     D     Em           C
     Steel bars, wrapped all around me
     G               D                  Em      C
      I've been your prisoner since the day you found me
     G             D              Am
      I'm bound forever, till the end of time
     C                                      G
     Steel bars wrapped around this heart of mine

Trying hard to recognize
```

```
See the face behind the eyes
Feel your haunting ways like chains
'Round my heart they still remain

I'm still running, but there's nowhere to hide
My love for you has got me locked up inside these...

     Steel bars, wrapped all around me
     I've been your prisoner since the day you found me
     I'm bound forever, till the end of time
     Steel bars wrapped around this heart of mine

          Bm
          And with every step I take

          Every desperate move I make
               G
          It's clear to me
          Bm
          What can all my living mean
               C
          When time itself is so obscene
               Am
          When time itself don't mean a thing
              D
          I'm still loving you

     [a cappella, choir:]
     Steel bars, wrapped all around me
     I've been your prisoner since the day you found me
     I'm bound forever, till the end of time...
```

(Then the key change.....)

```
     Ab    Eb    Fm           Db
     Steel bars, wrapped all around me
     Ab              Eb                 Fm      Db
      I've been your prisoner since the day you found me
     Ab            Eb             Bbm
      I'm bound forever, till the end of time
     Db
     Steel bars

     [repeat and fade]
```

How did this unlikely collaboration come about? The following is from a posting to rec.music.dylan by Olof Bjorner on 16 May 1991:

Michael Bolton: "We're planning on writing some more songs together. He's kind of hungry to get back out there and wants to work with a few contemporary hit song writers. Someone who works with Dylan called me up and said 'Bob Dylan would like to write with you'. I was awed. I told him, 'I don't even know how I could write a lyric when working with you ... I'm too intimidated'. But then we started messing around with some chords and wrote Steel Bars, a song about obsession. It took us two sessions to write, and when I left, I was told, 'Bob likes you and he wants you to come back'."

Miss the Mississippi and You

Written by Bill Halley, first recorded by Jimmie Rodgers
Recorded by Bob Dylan, Early/Mid June 1992 (according to Olof Björner)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

See below for Jimmie Rodgers's version

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key B♭ major)

```
G           E7             Am
I'm growing tired of these big city nights
D                       G                    *)  G             E
Tired of the glamour and tired of the sights    |-------------|--------
C                      G *)        E(7)         |-------------|--------
In all my dreams, I am roving once more         |-4---3---2---|-1------
A                      D                        |-5---4---3---|-2------
Back to my home on the old river shore          |-------------|--------
                                                |-------------|--------

     G
     I am sad and weary,
     C             Cm
     far away from home
     G               D        G    D
     Miss the Mississippi and you, dear.
     G
     Nights are dark and dreary
     C            Cm
     Everywhere I roam
     G               D        G
     Miss the Mississippi and you.

          C                       G
          Rolling this wide world over
          A                D
          Always alone and blue, blue
          G
          Nothing seems to cheer me
          C              Cm
          Under heaven's dome
          G               D        G
          Miss the Mississippi and you

          C . . | . . . | G . . | . . . |
          G . . | D . . | G . . | . . . |

     Memories are bringing
     happy days of yore
     Missing Mississippi and you
     Mockingbirds are singing
     around the cabin door
     Miss the Mississippi and you

          Rolling this wide world over
```

```
Always alone and blue, so blue
Longing for my homeland
Muddy water shore
Miss the Mississippi and you

G . . | . . . | C . . |Cm . . |
G . . | D . . | G           ||
```

Jimmie Rodgers's version

Capo 3rd fret (sounding key Eb major)
[intro:]

```
C . . | C7 . . | F  .     .   | Fm6 . .
C . . | G7 . . | C  F7/c  G/b | C
```

```
C           A    (Dm/a A)  Dm                 (Dm6 Dmmaj7)
I'm growing tired of   the big city's lights
Dm          G           C                     *)F     C   B
Tired of the glamour and tired of the sights    -----|-------------|----------
F      *)              A            Dm         -----|-------------|----------
In all my dreams, I am roaming once more       -----|-------------|----------
D7                     G                       -3---|-2---1---0---|-2--------
Back to my home on the old river shore         -3---|-3---2---1---|-0--------
                                               -----|-------------|----------
                                                my dreams I   am    roaming . . .
```

```
C/e          C7/e
I am sad and weary,
F             Fm6b                      **)  C    C6   C      G9       G7
far away from home                          |----------------|--------------|
C/e     (/eb)   G7/d     C    G7 **)        |----------------|--------------|
Miss the Mississippi and you, dear.         |------2----0----|------2---0---|
C/e               C7/e                      |----2-----------|----3---------|
Days are dark and dreary                    |-3--------------|-5------------|
F            Fm6                            |----------------|--------------|
Everywhere I roam
C       (/eb)   G7/d     C      C7
Miss the Mississippi and you.

     F                      C
     Rolling this wide world over
     Am      D7       G     G7
     Always alone and blue, blue
     C/e              C7/e
     Nothing seems to cheer me
     F              Fm6
     Under heaven's dome
     C/e     (/eb)   G7/d     C
     Miss the Mississippi and you

     F . . | . . . | C . . | . . . |
     C . . | G . . | C . . | . . . |
     [yodeling interlude]
```

Memories are bringing
happy days of yore
Miss the Mississippi and you
Mockingbirds are singing
'round the cabin door
Miss the Mississippi and you

Rolling the wide world over
Always alone and blue, so blue
Longing for my homeland
Muddy water shore
Miss the Mississippi and you

F . . | . . . | C . . | . . . |

C G7 C
Mississippi and you

Catskill Serenade

Written by David Bromberg
Recorded by Bob Dylan and Bromberg early/mid June 1992 ("The Bromberg Sessions")
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (thanks to Peter Vincent for lyric corrections)

One of the gems from the Bromberg sessions. The main rhythm guitar plays the chords below, but it sounds as if there is one guitar in there somewhere with a capo on the 4th fret, playing with C-chords. See below for a version like that.

Peter Vincent has suggested the spelling Kaatskill, "because it was the spelling used by Washinton Irving in the story of Rip Van Winkle, on which the song is based." I just couldn't bring myself to writing it that way – sorry ...

```
[instr.]

              A
Where are the men
B7               E
 that I used to sport with?
             A
What has become
B7                  E
  of my beautiful town?

Wolf, my own friend
Even you don't know me
This must be the end
My house is tumbled down

     C#m              B    A
      My land it was rich,  but I wouldn't work it
     I guess I made a shrew of my wife
     My duty clear, I could always find some way to shirk it
     I dreamed away the best years of my life

     Seems like only this morning, I went up into the mountain
     No word of warning, just her usual curse
     I hated the house, with all her nagging and shouting
     But to be in this strange world was a thousand times worse

Where are the men
that I used to sport with?
What has become
of my beautiful town?

Wolf, my own friend
Even you don't know me
This must be the end
My house is tumbled down

[instr.]

     He called me by name, he bought me that cheaply
```

```
     He called me by name, I didn't know what to think
     I watched their loud games, and oh, I drink deeply
     Though no-one had ever asked me to drink

     And you know that stolen liquor, it was sweeter than whiskey
     Many times quicker, just to put me to sleep
     That drinking with strangers can be very risky
     My sleep it was long, it was twenty years deep

Where are the men
that I used to sport with?
What has become
of my beautiful town?

Wolf, my own friend
Even you don't know me
This must be the end
My house is tumbled down
```

Version with capo 4th fret

```
              F
Where are the men
G               C
 that I used to sport with?
             F
What has become
G                   C
  of my beautiful town?

. . .

     Am               G    F
      My land it was rich,  but I wouldn't work it
     etc.
```

Polly Vaughn

Trad.
Recorded by Bob Dylan during the Bromberg Sessions, early/mid June 1992
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (thanks to Peter Vincent for lyric corrections)

```
[instr. verse]

Em                     Am
 All ye brave huntsmen   who follow the gun
Em                          B7
 Beware of a-shooting at the setting of the sun
        Em                                Am
For her true love went a-huntin' and he   shot in the dark
    Em                B7             Em
But oh and alas Polly Vaughn was his mark.

                G                                                  B7
     She had her apron wrapped about her and he took her for a swan
     Em                   B7         Em
     Oh and alas - it was she, Polly Vaughn

He ran up beside her when he found it was she
His legs they grew weak and his eyes could not see
He embraced her in his arms when he found she was dead
And a fountain of tears for his true love he shed

     Oh, she had her apron wrapped about her and he took her for a swan
     Oh and alas - it was she, Polly Vaughn

He took her in his arms and home ran he
Crying: "Father, dear father, I've shot fair Polly
I've shot that fair female in the bloom of her life
And I always intended to make her my wife

     She had her apron wrapped about her and I took her for a swan
     Oh and alas - it was she, Polly Vaughn"

Midnight, in his chamber, Polly Vaughn did appear
Crying: "Jimmy oh Jimmy you have nothing to fear
Stay in your country till your trial comes on
you shall not be convicted for what you have done

     For I had my apron wrapped about me and you took me for a swan
     But oh and alas - it was I, Polly Vaughn"

In the midst of his trial Polly Vaughn did appear
Crying: "Uncle dear Uncle Jimmy Randall must be cleared"
The judge and the lawyers stood around in a row
Polly Vaughn in the middle like a fountain of snow

     She had her apron wrapped about her and he took her for a swan
     Oh and alas, it was she, Polly Vaughn
```

Sloppy Drunk

Written by David Bromberg
Recorded by Bob Dylan during the Bromberg Sessions, early/mid June 1992
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (thanks to esmith for corrections and details)

The song is frequently ascribed to Jimmy Rogers (the bluesman, not the country artist Jimmie Rodgers), because of his song of the same title (which again has taken some "inspiration'' (whatever that means in the blues world) from Sonny Boy Williamson I and his "Sloppy Drunk Blues''), but Bromberg is registered as the copyright holder (thanks to Alan Fraser for notifying me), and apart from the title, the two songs have little in common.

The Eb7 in the turnaround could be played xx1323, x6564x, or, simpler, and perhaps even more correctly, xx1003.

```
  G/d     G7/f      Em      Eb7       G/d D7
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3---3---3---3---|-3---3---3---3---|-3---------------|-----------------
|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0--(2---2)--|-0---3---3---3---|-----------------
|-0---0---0---0---|-0---0---3---3---|-0---5---5---5---|-----------------
|-0---0---3---3---|-2---2---1---1---|-0---4---4---4---|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----5---5---5---|-----------------
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------

        G
I don't want no reefer right now, I never touch no junk

Just give me a bottle of Jack Daniels, child, I'll get sloppy drunk
        C                                   G
I don't want no reefer, I never touch no junk
          D7                              C7
Give me a bottle of good bourbon, darling, yes, I'll get sloppy drunk

G/d  .  G7/f  .  Em  .  Eb7 .  G/d D7  .  .  .  .  .  .

Well, I love my whiskey, great god, gotta have my gin
come on, let's do something nasty, gal, watch the walls break in
Well, I love my whiskey, I got to have my gin
come on, let's do something nasty, gal, until the walls break in

Well, look here Firmin,*) god knows, you're a mess
Folks that say they don't drink no more, I know they don't drink no less
Well, my good friend Firmin over there, aah, he's a mess
Well, he says he don't drink no more, I know he don't drink no less

Well, I'm leavin' town, baby, go on pack my trunk
I got no good bourbon, got no, but this blues got me sloppy drunk
[Rose,] I'm leavin' Frisco, come on, pack my trunk
I never touch no whiskey, but the blues, great god! got me sloppy drunk

G  .  G7/f  .  Em  .  Eb  .  G  F  F# G
```

---

*) Firmin: John Firmin, the sax player in Bromberg's band (thanks to esmith for notifying me)

You Belong To Me

Written by Pee Wee King, Redd Stewart & Chilton Price
Recorded by Bob Dylan for Oliver Stone's Natural Born Killers.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem
Thanks to John for a great request!

From Olof's files: "Dylan sings a song from 1952 called You Belong To Me, written by Pee Wee King, Redd Stewart and Chilton Price. It's an acoustic solo recording that could very well have been recorded at the same time as Good As I Been To You or World Gone Wrong."

Some comments on the tab and the song:

- The intro is of course a general outline of the melody, which means that it (or a simpler version of it) can be played along with the verses. The interludes follow the same basic pattern as well. Figure out the variations yourself... :-)
- The dots in the tab always indicate the beats of the measure (quarter notes), the commas the subdivisions of the beats (eighth-notes).
- The indicated hammer-ons are quite tricky if one tries to do them right, but the basic idea (of the whole piece) is of course to strum the chords above the tab, and occasionally getting to a chord a little "too early", if you see what I mean.
- The slide up to the Dm' chord actually begins one half-beat earlier, i.e. on the last half-beat in the previous measure.
- All in all the intro is a great sample of Dylan's inimitable acoustic melody-strumming playing style a la *Good As I Been To You* (just compare with Frankie and Albert, e.g.).
- Just one more thing before I'll let you go on playing: The song – both the tune and the text – reminds quite a lot of Make You Feel My Love.

Capo 4th fret (sounding key E major)

```
Dm'    = xx3230 (i.e. Dmadd9/f)
G/sus4 = 3x301x
```

Intro:

```
      C             Em               F                  C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .    .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|---------------0-|------------1-----|-----0---0-0---0-|
|-----------------|-------0-------0-|-1------1-1-------|---1-1---1-1-1-1-|
|-----------------|---0---0-----0---|h2---2-h2-2---2-0-|---0-0---0-0-0-0-|
|-----2-0-2-0---0-|h2-----2---------|h3--------------3-|-2-----2-----2---|
|-----3-3-3-3-3---|-----2-----------|------------------|-------3---------|
|-----------------|-----0-----------|------------------|-----------------|
```

```
  F       Fm        C     G/b    Am       Dm'       G7sus4   C
  :   .   .   .     :  ,   . ,   .   .    :   . ,   .   .     :  .
|-------1---------|---------------------|---0---------------|----------
|-------1-1-1-----|-1--------------1----|/3-3-------1-----1-|-------1--
|-----2---1-1-----|-0--------0h2-2------|/2-2-------0-0-0---|---0-0---- etc.
|---3-------------|-2--------0h2-2------|-3-3-------3-3-3---|---2-2----
|---------------3-|----0---------0------|-------0-----------|-3--------
|-1-----------1---|-----h3-3------------|--------h3-3-------|----------
```

```
C                  Em
 See the pyramids along the Nile
F                    C
 Watch the sunrise from a tropic isle
F       Fm             C       Am
 Just remember, darling all the while
Dm'            G7sus4
 You belong to me

C                      Em
 See the marketplace in old Algiers
F                       C
 Send me photographs and souvenirs
F       Fm            C     /b Am
 Just remember when a dream appears
Dm'    G7sus4  C
 You belong to me

C           C7       F
I'll be so alone without you
D7                     G
Maybe you'll be lonesome too
    Csus4
And blue

Fly the ocean in a silver plane
See the jungle when it's wet with rain
Just remember 'til you're home again
You belong to me

     [instrumental verse, as intro]

I'll be so alone without you
Maybe you'll be lonesome too
And blue

Fly the ocean in a silver plane
See the jungle when it's wet with rain
Just remember 'til you're home again
You belong to me
```

[more instrumental verses, over the following dialogue (in a southern accent), which you could let some friends take, while you finish off the song:

Juliette Lewis: "I just want to tell you I love you, and I miss you. Don't forget about me. You won't forget about me?"
Woody Harrelson: "I won't forget about you. It's cool. No matter where he takes you, Timbouktou, it don't matter, because it's fate. Know? Nobody can stop fate. Nobody can."]

Any Way You Want Me

Words & music by A. Schroeder and C. Owens
Recorded by Bob Dylan in the Sony Studios, NYC, Sept 30, 1994
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
  A7                A9            D            D#o
  :         .       .     .       :     .      .         .
|-9--9--9--9--9--9--7-7-7-7-7-7-|-5-5-5-5-5-5-8--8--8--8--8--8--|
|-10-10-10-10-10-10-8-8-8-8-8-8-|-7-7-7-7-7-7-10-10-10-10-10-10-|
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|
|-------------------------------|-------------------------------|

A  .  E7  .  | A  .  .  .

A                   F#m
I'll be strong as a mountain,
D                      A
Or weak as a willow tree,
A    A7/c#   D       D#o
 Any way you want me,
A          E      A    Asus4 A
That's how I will be.

I'll be as tame as a baby,
Or wild as the raging sea,
Any way you want me,
Well, that's how I will be.

     D             A
      In your hands my heart is clay,
     D                    A
      Take an hold as you may.
     B
      I'm what you make me, you've only to take me,
                            E
     And in your arms I will stay.

I'll be a fool or a wise man,
My darling you hold the key,
Yes, any way you want me,
That's how I will be.

D         A
I will be.
```

My Blue Eyed Jane

Words and music Jimmie Rodgers
Performed by Bob Dylan on *The Songs of Jimmie Rodgers – A Tribute* (1997)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The key may seem awkward, but he seems to have turned from "C- or G-shape chords with capo'' to "E- and A-shape barr chords'' these days, and so the key doesn't matter that much. What may still be an argument for a capo on the 2nd fret, is that the second chord sounds more like a D-shape chord than an E-shape, with the 3rd on the highest string. Just to be sure, I've appended such a version at the end.e chords" these days, and so the key doesn't matter that much. What may still be an argument for a capo on the 2nd fret, is that the second chord sounds more like a D-shape chord than an E-shape, with the 3rd on the highest string. Just to be sure, I've appended such a version at the end.

```
    B             E             B    F#        B
The sweetest girl in the world is my blue eyed Jane
   F#               G#m          C#                F#
We fell in love like turtle doves while the moon was shining down
  B                 E                 B       F#          B
I asked her then, I asked her when the wedding bells would ring
    C#                                                      F#
She said, "Oh dear, it seems so queer, that this could happen here."

               B
     You are my little pal, and I've never known a sweeter gal
                 F#               B
     My blue eyed Jane, I love you so
                 B
     And when the sun goes down, and the shadows are creeping all over town
                       F#                 B
     Just meet me in the lane, my blue eyed Jane

Janie dear, listen here, I've come to say farewell
The world is drear without you dear, and now I cannot linger here
I'm going away this very day, oh please come go with me
I'll be sad and blue wantin' you, longin' all day through

     My little blue eyed Jane, you'll always be the same sweet thing
     I know you'll never change, I love you so
     And when the sun goes down, and the shadows are creeping over town
     Then I'll come back again, my blue eyed Jane.

     And when the sun goes down, and a shadows are creeping all over town
     Then I'll come back again, my blue eyed Jane.
```

Version with capo 2nd fret:

```
    A             D             A    E         A
The sweetest girl in the world is my blue eyed Jane
   E                F#m          B                 E
We fell in love like turtle doves while the moon was shining down
```

```
  A                D                  A       E           A
I asked her then, I asked her when the wedding bells would ring
    B                                                       E
She said, "Oh dear, it seems so queer, that this could happen here."

            A
     You are my little pal, and I've never known a sweeter gal
                E              A
     My blue eyed Jane, I love you so
                A
     And when the sun goes down, and the shadows are creeping all over town
                       E                 A
     Just meet me in the lane, my blue eyed Jane
```

The Lonesome River

Written by Ralph and Carter Stanley
Sung by Bob Dylan and Ralph Stanley on Ralph Stanley & Friends: *Clinch Mountain Country* (1998)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The intro is played on a mandolin, of course. Below is an approximative adaptation to the guitar (put a half barr on the 2nd fret in the third bar, and slide the whole barre up from the 1st fret on the fourth beat – the 1-2 on the 2nd string).e on the 2nd fret in the third bar, and slide the whole barre up from the 1st fret on the fourth beat – the 1-2 on the 2nd string).

```
  A             E                                       A
  .  ,  .  .    :  .  .  ,  .  .    :  .  .  ,  .  .
--------------|-0-----------------|-0-----5-2----------|-----
--------------|-0-trem.-----------|-0--------5-12------|-----
--2222-----2--|-------------------|----------------2---|-2--- etc
--2222--4-----|-------------------|----------------2-4-|-----
--------------|-------------------|--------------------|-----
--------------|-------------------|--------------------|-----
```

```
            A
I sit here alone on the banks of the river
                  D                         A
The lonseome wind blows and the water runs high
                   D                             A
I can hear a voice call [from] out there in the darkness
                E                    A
But I sit here alone too lonesome to cry

                        A
     Oh the water rolls high on the river at midnight

     I sit on the shore too grievin' to cry

     The woman I love she left me this morning
                    E                   A
     With no-one to love or kiss me goodnight

We met there one night on the banks of the river
sat there holdin' hands and makin' a vow
That we never would part and be happy together
But the new love she's found - she's gone with him now.

     Oh the water rolls high on the river at midnight
     I sit on the shore too grievin' to cry
     The woman I love she left me this morning
     With no-one to love or kiss me goodnight
```

Return To Me

DiMinno/Lombardo
Recorded by Bob Dylan Dec 17 2000 in NYC for the *Sopranos 2* soundtrack (2001)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (thanks to Jamie Lovinger for the complete lyrics)

"Return to me'' is played in the same dense, jazzy style as the new arrangements of Tryin' to get to Heaven and If Dogs Run Free, with a walking bass and several guitars (here even an accordeon) playing snippets of melodies and chord progressions on top of each other, some of which are clear and simple, others doing what they can to blur the simple framework. The chords below should therefore be taken with a pinch of salt.

I present the song in two different versions – first with just the basic chords, then in a fuller tabulature version with the chords of the jazzy guitar (Larry's). The tab doesn't really make sense on its own – it should be played against the indicated chords. And – needless to say – the tab is just a suggestion.

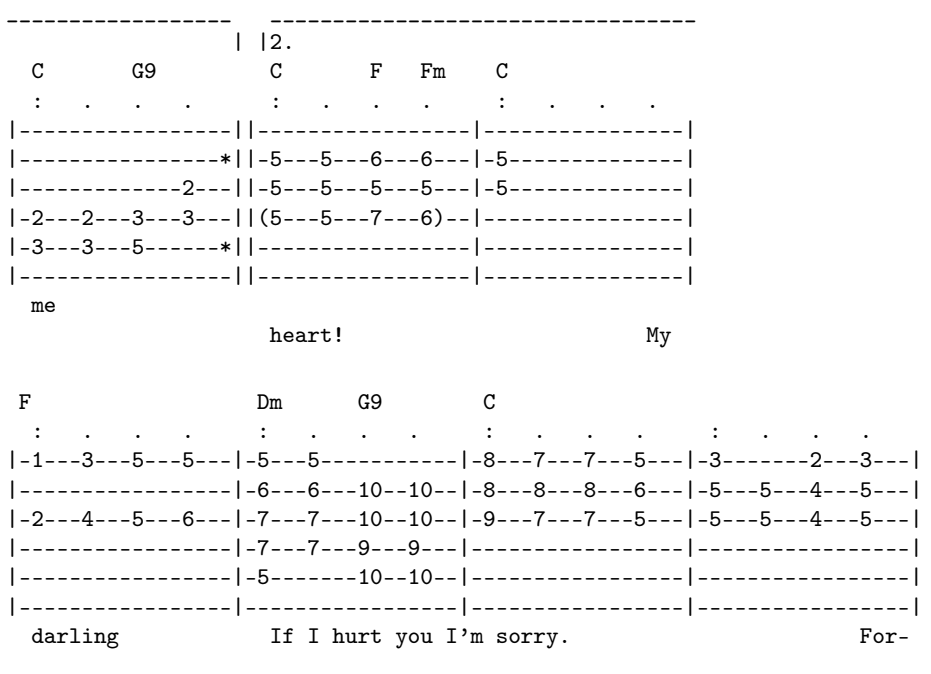
Chords:

```
Cmaj7    332000
C#0      x45353  (could be played C#m7-5 = x42000 or x45450)
G(vii)   xx0787
F(v)     xx0565
Em(iii)  xx0453
Ebm      xx0342
Dm       xx0231
G+       xx5443 or 321003
G9       353435 or xx5465 or x-10-9-10-10-x
```

```
Cmaj7 . Dm Cmaj7 | F . G  F | G . F . | G  (n.c.)

          Cmaj7
Return to me
      C#o          Dm      (G7)
Oh my dear, I'm so lonely
      G(vii)      F(v)
Hurry back, hurry back,
      Em(iii) Ebm    Dm
Oh my love,    hurry back
G+   C  .  F  .  C
I am yours

Return to me
for my heart wants you only
Hurry home, hurry home
won't you please hurry home
G/b   C   .  F Fm C
to my heart

        F        Dm
     My darling
          G9            C
     If I hurt you, I'm sorry
        B
     Forgive me
```

```
                          G
     And please say you are mine!

  G+      C
Return to me
Please come back bella mia
Hurry back, hurry home,
to my arms, to my lips
and my heart.

C . C9 .

Am . Am7sus4 Am | F ~ ~ | F (arp.) G (arp.)

Ritorna me
Cara mia ti amo
Solo tu, solo tu,
solo tu, solo tu
Mio curore *)            *) Or, to sound more Italian
                              and less Dyl-ian: "cuore"
```

```
  Cmaj7   Dm  Cmaj7 F       G   F     G       F         G  (n.c.)
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|(0)--------------|-----1---0-------|-----3-------1/3-|-3---------------|
|-0-----------0---|-2---2---0---2---|-4---4---2---2---|-4---------------|
|-2---2---3---2---|-3-----------3---|-5-------3-------|-----------------|
|-3---3---5-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
                                                        1. Return to

  Cmaj7   G11         Cmaj7   C#o       Dm                G7
  :   .   .   .       :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------||------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------1-------||*-0---------------|-3---3---1---0---|-3---3---1---3---|
|-0---0---2---2---||--0---0---0---0---|-2---2---2---0---|-4---4---2---4---|
|-----2-------0---||--2---2---2---2---|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-----------------||*(3---3---4---4)--|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------||------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
  me                    Oh my love I'm so lonely.                    Hurry
                        for my heart wants you only!                 Hurry

                                      ----------------------------------
                                     |1.
  G       F         Em  Ebm Dm  Em    C       F         C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-7---7---5---5---|-3---2---1---3---|-----------------|-----------------|
|-8---8---6---6---|-5---4---3---5---|-5---3---1-------|-----------------|
|-7---7---5---5---|-4---3---2---4---|-5---4---2---2---|-0---0---0-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------3---|-2---2---2---3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------------5---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
back  ./.     oh my love hurry back, I'm yours.             2. Return to
home  ./. won't you please hurry home
                               to my
```


C G9 C F Fm C
me heart! My
F Dm G9 C
darling If I hurt you I'm sorry. For-
B G G9 G+
give me and please say 3. Return to
you are mine
C Dm C C#o Dm G F G
me please come back, Hurry
bella mia
G F Em Ebm Dm Em C F C C11 C
back, hurry home, and my heart.
to my arms, to my lips

```
  Am7               F                 G9
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|-----------------|---------5-------|-----------------|----
|-5---5---3---5---|-------6---------|---------------8-|----
|-5---5---4---5---|-----5-----------|-------------7---|-10-
|-7---7---5---7---|---7-------------|-----0-3/7-9-----|----
|-0---------------|-8---------------|---2-------------|----
|-----------------|-----------------|-3---------------|----
                            Ritorna a

  C       Co  G7    C       C#o       Dm     /c#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3---3---2---1---|-----3-------3---|-----10--10------|-----------------|
|-5---5---4---3---|-5---5---5---5---|-10--10--10--10--|-8-----------8---|
|-5---5---2---0---|-5---5---3---3---|-10--10--10--10--|-7-----------7---|
|-5---------------|-5---5---5---5---|-12--12--11--10--|-9---9---9---9---|
|-3---------------|-3-------4-------|-----------------|-10--7---10------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
  me                    Cara mia, te  a - mo                        solo

  G       F         Em  Ebm Dm
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .          Freely                hold

|-7---7---5---5---|-3---2---1-------|-------12--8---5---0-------0---1---|
|-8---8---6---6---|-5---4---3-------|-------12--8---5---1---1---1---1---|
|-7---7---5---5---|-4---3---2-------|-------12--9---5---2---2---0---2---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------------2-------3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------------------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-------------------------------(3)--|
  tu, solo tu, solo tu,  solo tu, mio cuore.

  C Freely
        .   .     .     .       .     .     .      .         :
|-----------------------------|--------------------10--8---|--12--------||
|-----------------0-3---------|-------5--6--8/10-8---------|------------||
|---------------0-----5-4-2-4-|-5--7-----------------------|-12---------||
|-----------1h2---------------|----------------------------|------------||
|-------3---------------------|----------------------------|------------||
|-----------------------------|----------------------------|------------||
```

Alternate fingering for the end:

```
        .   .     .     .       .    .    .      .         :
|-------------------------------|------------------10--8---|--12--------||
|-------------------------------|-----------8/10-8---------|------------||
|--------------------7----------|----7-9-10----------------|-12---------||
|------------------9---10p9-7-9-|-10-----------------------|------------||
|-----------6/7-10--------------|--------------------------|------------||
|-------8-----------------------|--------------------------|------------||
```

I Can't Get You Off Of My Mind

Written by Hank Williams
Recorded by Bob Dylan for *Timeless*, Lost Highway Record's tribute album to Hank Williams (2001).
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
       C             G         C
   Oh, I can't get you off of my mind
        C                        G
   When I try, I'm just wasting my time
            C              C7
   Lord, I've tried and I've tried
   F                   D7
   All night long I've cried
       C             G         C
   But I can't get you off of my mind.

Didn't think you would leave me behind
But I guess you're the two-timin' kind
Do you think that it's smart
to jump from heart to heart
When I can't get you off of my mind.

   Oh, I can't get you off of my mind
   When I try, I'm just wasting my time
   Lord, I've tried and I've tried
   All night long I've cried
   But I can't get you off of my mind.

You believe that a true love is blind
So you fool ev'ry new love you find
You've got stars in your eyes
but they can't hide the lies
Oh, I can't get you off my mind.

   Oh, I can't get you off of my mind
   When I try, I'm just wasting my time
   Lord, I've tried and I've tried
   All night long I've cried
   But I can't get you off of my mind.
```

Red Cadillac and a Black Moustache

(Thompson – May)
Played live by Bob Dylan three times summer 1986
A studio version was recorded for the Sun Records tribute album ''Good Rockin' Tonight (The Legacy of Sun Records)", released Oct 30 2001.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The intro contains some of the licks and figures that recur in the rest of the song. I've indicated the different guitars with different brackets.

The live version from 1986 is virtually the same as the studio version, except that it's more rocking, less love-and-theft-ishly swingy.

```
[Intro:]
                            C                           Am
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-----------------------4-|/5---------------------4-|/5-----------------------|
|---------------------(4-|/5)-------------------(4-|/5)---------------------|
|-----------------------4-|/5---------------------6-|/7-----------------------|
|-------------0-----2-----|-3]---------------------|-------------------------|
|----[3-3-----------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

  F                         G                           C
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|----<3-----3-----3>------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|----<3-----5-----3>----4-|/5---------------------4/|
|-------------------------|----------------------(4-|/5)-------------------(4/|
|-------------------------|------------------------4-|/5---------------------6/|
|-----------------3-5---3-|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-----------5-5-----------|-5-----------------------|-------------------------|

  Am                        F                           G
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-----------5-------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|/5---------------5-------|-------------------------|(8)-------(8)-------------|
|/5)----------------------|-----5-7---5-7---5-------|-9---------7--------------|
|/7----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

C                         Am
Who you been lovin' since I been gone?
F                     G
A long tall man with a red coat on
C                                Am
Good-for-nothing-baby you've been doing me wrong
F                         G      C     Am
Who you been lovin' since I been gone
F                         G      C   . . .  C . . .
Who you been lovin' since I been gone

Who's been playin' around with you?
A real cool cat with eyes of blue
```

```
Triflin' baby are you being true?
Who's been fooling around with you?
Who's been fooling around with you?     C7

     F
     Somebody saw you at the break of day         *)  C#9 D9     C#9  D9
     C                                                    :      .      .      .
     Dining and dancing at the cabaret                -4-|/5------4---/5---------------|
            D9                *)                      -4-|/5------4---/5---------------|
     He was long and tall, had plenty of cash         -4-|/5------4---/5---------------|
              G [n.c.]                                -3-|/4------3---/4---------------|
     He had a red cadillac and a black moustache **)  ---|-----------------------------|
                                                      ---|-----------------------------|


He held your hand and he sang you a song
Who you been lovin' since I been gone?
Who you been lovin' since I been gone?

     C                         Am                         F
     :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
---|-------------------------|-----------5-------------|-------------5-----------|
---|-------5-----5-----------|-----5-----------5-------|-------6---------6-----7/|
-4-|/5-----5-----5---5-------|-------5-----------------|-----5-------------------|
---|-------------------------|-----------------------6-|h7---------7-----------8/|
-6-|/7-----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
---|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

  G                         C                          Am
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-----7-------7---10------|-------8-----8---10-8-----|-5---5------/5-----------|
|/8---8-------8---8-------|-------8-----8---8--8-----|-5---5------/5-----------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|/9-----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------0-|

  F                         G                          C    [2nd guitar]
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|----||-------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|----||-----5-------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|----||-----5-------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------0---0-|----||-------------------|
|-----3-----------3-5---3-|-------------------------|-3--||-------------------|
|h1-----1---3/5-----------|-3---3-1---1-0---0-------|----||-------------------|

  Am                        F                          G
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------5---7-------|-------------1-----------|-------------------------|
|-------------5-----------|-------1---------1-----1-|/3---3-1---1-0---0-------|
|-------------5-----------|------2----------------2-|/4---4-2---2-0---0-------|
|-------------------------|-----3-------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
```

```
  C                         C7
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------||
|-------4--/5-----------3-|-----3-----1-------------||
|-------4--/5-----------3-|-----3-----3-------------||
|-------------------------|-------------------------||
|-------------------------|-------------------------||
|-------------------------|-------------------------||
```

```
     Somebody saw you at the break of day
     Dining and dancing at the cabaret
     He was long and tall, had plenty of cash
     He had a red cadillac and a black moustache

He held your hand and he sang you a song
Who you been lovin' since I been gone?
Who you been lovin' since I been gone?
[repeat and fade]
```

**) The bridge in the 1986 version:

```
     F
     Somebody saw you in the cabaret
     C
     Dining and dancing to the break of day
            D
     He had big blue eyes and plenty of cash
       G
     A red cadillac and a black moustache
```

Waitin' For You

Words and music Bob Dylan
Written for the soundtrack for the movie *Divine Secrets of the Ya-Ya Sisterhood*
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

See this list of possible influences on the lyrics of this song (compiled by Tobias Levander): http://www.dylanchord

---

```
C7 . . | C7/g . . | C7 . . | C7/g . . |
C7 . . | C7/g . . | F  . . | D7   . . |

        G
I never dreamed it could be

A someone made just for me.
         D7
When I'm letting her have her way,

I'm here to see what she has to say.
        A7                        D
Aw, the poor girl always wins the day.
             G
I'm stayin' ahead of the game,

And she's a-doin' the same,
        D7
And the whiskey flyin' into my head.

The fiddler's arm has gone dead,
                        G
And talk is beginning to spread

C . . | /a . . | /g . . | /e . . |

     C            F       C
     When did our love go bad?
     C                                          G
     Whatever happened to the best friend that I had?
          G
     It's been so long since I held you tight
                          F        C
     Been so long since we said goodnight.
         C                F     C
     The taste of tears is bittersweet.
     C                                    G
     When you're near me, my heart forgets to beat.

     You're there every night

     Among the good and the true,
         G               F           C
     And I'll be around, waitin' for you.

     F . . C . . G7 . . C . .

     Well, the king of them all
```

Is starting to fall.
I lost my gal at the boatman's ball.
The night has a thousand hearts and eyes.
Hope may vanish, but it never dies.
I'll see you tomorrow when freedom rings.
I'm gonna stay on top of things.
It's the middle of summer,
And the moon is blue.
And I'll be around, waitin' for you.

Another deal gone down,
Another man done gone.
You put up with it all, and you carry on.
Something holding you back,
But you'll come through.
I'd bet the world and everything in it on you.
Happiness is but a state of mind.
Anytime you want, you can cross the state line.
You don't need to be rich
or well-to-do,
I'll be around, waitin' for you.

C . . | /a . . | /g . . | /e . . |

[instr. verse, with the last line:

```
  G7               (/a  /b)   F       C     C
  :   .   .     :   .   .     :   .   .     :
|-3---1---0---|-1---0-------|-1-----1-0---|-0------------||
|-0-----------|---------3---|-1-----1-1---|-1------------||
|-0-----------|-------------|-2-----2-0---|-0------------||
|-0-----------|-------------|-3-----3-2---|-2------------||
|-2-----------|-----0---2)--|-3-----3-3---|-3------------||
|-3-----------|(3-----------|-1-----1-----|--------------||
```

Cross The Green Mountain

Words and music Bob Dylan
Written for the soundtrack of the film "Gods And Generals" (preliminary release date February 21st, 2003)
Lyrics taken from communal efforts at the Pool message board; tab by Eyolf strem

---

Two things are noteworthy from the guitaristic side. One is the continuously sounding ——3 (highest string, third fret), throughout most of the chords (see chord chart). The other is the bitonality of the second chord. Where I've written a G/b chord, some of the instruments play a Bm chord, which clashes with the ——3. There are some ways of approximating that on a single guitar, but none are completely satisfying; see suggestions below.
Apart from that, it's an interesting tune for three reasons: the difference between the two types of verses, which are so similar that it's hard to keep them apart, but still quite distinct; the irregular strophe structure, with the secondary verse form occurring three times, with a different number of "regular" verses in between. The third reason is more elusive, but despite its extreme simplicity, with basically the same chord sequence (Am7-G/b-C-D, reversed in the bridge) for just about every line, it still works wonderfully.

Capo 1st fret (sounding key A♭ major)

Chords:

```
C      x32013
G/b    x20003 or x20033
Am7    x02213 or x02013
Dsus4  xx0233
Dsus2  xx0230
Cadd9  x32033
Bm     x24432 (alternative to G/b)
Bm+G/b x24433 (hard)
       xx4433 (not so hard, but misses the bass note)
       x20002 (easy, but misses the high -----3)
       79978x (easy enough, but the move to the high position isn't ideal)
```

```
C   . . . G/b . . . Am7 . . . G     . . .
Am7 . . . G/b . . . C   . . . Dsus4 . D .

Am7                G/b      C             D
 I cross the green mountain, I sit by the stream
Am7             G/b           C                  D
 Heaven blazing in my head, I dreamt a monstrous dream
C          G/b     Am7        Dsus4 D Dsus2 D
 Something came up out of the sea
Em                C           D            Em
Swept through the land of the rich and the free

C . . . G . . . D . . .

I look into the eyes of my merciful friend
And then i ask myself, is this the end?
Memories linger, sad yet sweet
And I think of the souls in heaven who will meet
```

```
     C . . . G . . . D . . .

     C           G/b          Am7            G
      Altars are burning with flames far and wide
     C                    G/b  Am7             Dsus4  D Dsus2  D
      The foe has crossed over  from the other side
     C               G/b  Am7                 G
      They tip their caps  from the top of the hill
     Am7                G/b        Cadd9          Dsus4 . . . D . . .
      You can feel them come, more brave blood to spill

Along the dim Atlantic line
the ravaged land lies for miles behind
The light's coming forward and the streets are broad
All must yield to the avenging God

C . . . G . . C G . . .

     The world is old, the world is gray
     Lessons of life, can't be learned in a day
     I watch and I wait, and I listen while I stand
     To the music that comes from a far-better land

Close the eyes of our captain, peace may he know
His long night is done, the great leader is laid low
He was ready to fall, he was quick to defend
Killed outright he was, by his own men

C . . . G . C . G . . .

It's the last day's last hour, of the last happy year
I feel that the unknown world is so near
Pride will vanish and glory will rot
But virtue lives and cannot be forgot

C . . . G . . . D . . .

The bells of leavening have rung
There's blasphemy on every tongue
Let 'em say that I walked in fair nature's light
And that I was loyal to truth and to right

C . . . G . C . G . . .

     Serve God and be cheerful, look upward, beyond
     Beyond the darkness of masks, the surprises of dawn
     In the deep green grasses of the blood stained world
     They never dreamed of surrenderin', they fell where they stood

Stars fell over Alabama, I saw each star
You're walkin' in dreams, whoever you are
Chilled are the skies, keen as the frost
The ground's froze hard and the morning is lost

C . . . G . C . G . . .
```

```
A letter to mother came today
Gunshot wound to the breast is what it did say
But he'll be better soon, he's in a hospital bed
But he'll never be better - he's already dead

C . . . G . C . G . . .

I'm ten miles outside the city, and I'm lifted away
In an ancient light, that is not of day
They were calm, they were blunt, we knew 'em all too well
We loved each other more than we ever dared to tell

C . . . G . Cadd9 . G
```

Diamond Joe (M&A)

Trad.
Recorded and filmed by Bob Dylan w/band for *Masked and Anonymous* (2003)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Diamond Jo was the name of a steamboat that ran on the upper Mississippi in the period 1864-83, owned by "Diamond Jo'' Reynolds. (He also built his own railroad from Malvern to Hot Springs (Arkansas, I believe), after a painful carriage trip to cure his rheumatism in the healing waters of Hot Springs). The refrain line "Diamond Jo come and get me'' could be a reference to the boat.
Early versions of the song recorded by the Georgia Crackers (1927) and Charlie Butler (1937), then a prisoner at the Parchman prison.
The song is not related to Diamond Joe on *Good As I Been To You*, neither musically nor thematically.

```
          F
     Diamond Joe come and get me
        C
     My wife done quit me
          C                        G
     Diamond Joe, you better come and get me,
          C
     Diamond Joe


Gonna buy me a jug of rum,
Gonna give my baby some
Diamond Joe, you better come and get me,
Diamond Joe.


     Diamond Joe come and get me
     My wife done quit me
     Diamond Joe, you better come and get me,
     Diamond Joe


[Instrumental verse]

Gonna buy me a jug of whiskey
Gonna make my baby frisky
Diamond Joe, you better come and get me,
Diamond Joe.


     Diamond Joe come and get me
     My wife done quit me
     Diamond Joe, you better come and get me,
     Diamond Joe


[Instrumental verse]

Gonna buy me a sack of flour
Cook hoe-cakes by the hour
Diamond Joe, you better come and get me,
Diamond Joe
```

```
     Diamond Joe come and get me
     My wife done quit me
     Diamond Joe, you better come and get me,
     Diamond Joe

[2 Instrumental verses]

     Diamond Joe come and get me
     My wife done quit me
     Diamond Joe, you better come and get me,
     Diamond Joe

     Diamond Joe come and get me
     My wife done quit me
     Diamond Joe, you better come and get me,
     Diamond Joe
```

References:

The Story of Joseph Reynolds: http://asms.k12.ar.us/armem/crites/djbio.htm
Riverboats (register): http://members.tripod.com/~Write4801/owners/d.html,
Mudcat entry: http://www.mudcat.org/@displaysong.cfm?SongID=1558 (see also the related threads)

Dixie

Trad.
Played by Bob Dylan and band in *Masked and Anonymous* (2003)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Someone, probably Dylan, plays the F (or something like it) in the refrain straight through the following D, and embellishes the following G with a C/g-G figure. The second time, the F is played right through the G as well. Economy of means, I think it's called...
The Csus4 in the last line of the refrain could just as well be played as an F (or for that matter, as a G – works just as well).

```
  C
I wish I was in the land of cotton
F
Old times there are not forgotten
      C
Look away, look away
      G         C
Look away, Dixieland

In Dixieland where I was born,
Early on one frosty morning
Look away, Look away,
Look away, Dixieland

       C             F       D     G
     I wish I was in Dixie, away, away
        C              F
     In Dixieland I'll take my stand
        C               G
     to live and die in Dixie,
      C     G     C        Csus4    C
     Away, away, away down south in Dixie
      C     G     C        Csus4    C
     Away, away, away down south in Dixie

[instr. verse]

In Dixieland where I was born,
Early on one frosty morn
Look away, Look away,
Look away, Dixieland

     I wish I was in Dixie, away, away
     In Dixieland I'll take my stand
     to live and die in Dixie,
     Away, away, away down south in Dixie
     Away, away, away down south in Dixie
```

G

Live covers

1984 – present

1339 Enough is Enough
1343 Why Do I Have To Choose?
1344 We Had It All
1346 I'm Movin' On
1348 That Lucky Old Sun
1350 We Three (My Echo, My Shadow and Me)
1351 Lonesome Town
1352 Thank God
1354 All My Tomorrows
1356 Across the Borderline
1357 Soon
1358 Lakes of Pontchartrain
1359 Eileen Aroon
1361 Hallelujah
1362 I'll Be Around
1363 Barbara Allen
1367 Wagoner's Lad
1368 I'm In The Mood For Love
1370 You Don't Know Me
1372 Hey La La
1373 Peace in the Valley
1375 Pancho and Lefty
1377 Crazy Love
1379 One Irish Rover
1381 Don't Pity Me
1383 The Harder They Come
1385 Willin'
1387 Help Me Make It Through The Night
1389 I've Been All Around This World
1390 Confidential To Me
1392 Key to the Highway
1393 Old Rock 'n' Roller
1396 Stand By Me
1397 Moon River
1398 When First Unto This Country

1399 People Putting People Down
1400 20/20 Vision
1402 Answer Me
1403 Black Muddy River
1405 Lady of Carlisle
1407 Female Rambling Sailor
1409 Golden Vanity
1411 Girl on the Green Briar Shore
1412 Farewell To The Gold
1413 Little Moses
1414 Weeping Willow
1416 The Lady Came From Baltimore
1418 New Minglewood Blues
1419 Shake Sugaree
1421 Cocaine Blues
1424 Viola Lee Blues
1425 Not Fade Away
1430 Stone Walls and Steel Bars
1431 I'll Not Be A Stranger
1433 Roving Gambler
1434 White Dove
1436 Oh, Babe, It Ain't No Lie
1437 Friend of the Devil
1439 I'm Not Supposed To Care
1441 The Times We've Known
1443 You're Too Late
1444 Train of Love
1445 Hallelujah, I'm Ready To Go
1447 Somebody Touched Me
1448 I Am The Man, Thomas
1450 Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior
1451 Rock of Ages
1453 Duncan And Brady
1455 Things Have Changed
1457 This World Can't Stand Long
1458 Roving Blade (Newry Highwayman)
1460 Long Black Veil
1461 Searching For A Soldier's Grave
1462 Blue Bonnet Girl
1464 Humming Bird
1467 Wait For The Light To Shine
1469 Voice From On High/I Hear A Voice Calling
1472 Accidentally Like A Martyr
1475 Boom Boom Mancini
1478 Mutineer
1480 Lawyers, Guns and Money
1481 Carrying a Torch
1483 Old Man
1486 The End Of The Innocence
1489 A Change Is Gonna Come
1491 No More One More Time

Enough is Enough

Written by Bob Dylan
Performed occasionally during the European 1984 tour, always with a different set of lyrics
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

I present attempts at transcriptions of three different performances. The lyrics changed from night to night, so perhaps one shouldn't expect to be able to make a perfect transcription. Still, if you have additions/corrections to the lyrics below, please send them in.

The prominent descent in the verses can be played like this:

```
  G7   Gdim  Cm6/g   G
|--7--|--6--|--5--|--3--|
|--6--|--5--|--4--|--3--|
|--7--|--6--|--5--|--4--|
|--5--|--5--|--5--|--5--|
|-----|-----|-----|-----|
|-----|-----|-----|-----|
```

Since the whole sequence is simply a dragged-out turnaround over a sustained bass, any turnaround figure will do.

Barcelona, June 28, 1984

```
G7
Hands off your feet, baby,
Gdim
listen to this
Cm6/g                G
This is what I can't be
G7
Often it hurt me honey, I'm
Gdim
looking at you but
Cm6/g                G
You're looking at me too.

               C
     Because a dollar is a dollar
                                 G
     And the downtown boys play rough
        D
     Go all the way back, baby
               C         G     D
     Tell 'em enough is enough.

Face on the gutter baby,
which is which but I'd
rather be lucky than be rich
Off with the money honey
that is true, but I'm
Satisfied with you.
```

'cause a dollar is a dollar
And the downtown boys play rough
Go all the way back, baby
Tell 'em enough is enough.

All cities, honey, hard, is
soakin' wet, but there's
no more gold you can get
[...] I'm
facin' the wall, but
baby you took it all.

Because a dollar is a dollar
And the downtown boys play rough
You tell 'em baby,
That enough is enough.

Got a gold mining fever, baby, but, ah
which is which, but I'd
Rather be lucky than be rich
[...]
that is true, but I'm
satisfied with you

Because a dollar is a dollar
And the downtown boys play rough
Go all the way back, baby
Tell 'em enough is enough.

Got a gold mining fever baby, which is which but
I'd rather be lucky than be rich
Go off with the money honey, that is true, but I'm
Satisfied with you.

Paris, Jul 1 1984

Well, I don't mind eating funny honey,
sleep down in the ditch, but I'd
rather be lucky than be rich
[well, all the time I'm]
soakin' wet, but
you got all the gold that you gonna get

Because a dollar is a dollar
And the downtown boys play rough
Go all the way back, baby
Tell 'em enough is enough.

[Fall through the sugar, I
Fall through the glue], but I'm
Satisfied with you
[oh, Moneypenny, I
should let it go, so I
just wanna know our show]

Because a dollar is a dollar
And the downtown boys play rough
Go all the way back, baby
Tell 'em enough is enough.

[...
...show]
Go back as far as you can go
I don't mind honey, 'bout
Sleepin' in the ditch, tell 'em you'd
rather be lucky than be rich

Because a dollar is a dollar
And the downtown boys play rough
Go all the way back, baby
Tell 'em enough is enough.

Wembley, Jul 7, 1984

Hold your seat, honey,
back in the ditch, cause I'd
rather be lucky than be rich
Oh, yeah, [...
...]
I love you, and that is all.

Because a dollar is a dollar
And the downtown boys play rough
Go all the way back, baby,
tell 'em enough is enough.

[...] motor, honey,
up and down the line,
you tell them that you are mine
[if they heard of you I
must obey,]
you tell them you belong to me

Because a dollar is a dollar
And the downtown boys play rough
Go all the way back, baby,
tell 'em enough is enough.

She's from love, honey,
back against the wall, but
you all had it done, got it all.
Oh, pretty honey, I
tell her you're sick but I
wish you'd do it mighty quick

Because a dollar is a dollar
And the downtown boys sure play rough
Go all the way back, baby,
tell 'em enough is enough.

```
Oh let me see if the
face is soaking wet,
you already got what you gonna get
If they ever ask you to
sleep in the ditch, you tell 'em
you'd rather be lucky than be rich.

     Because a dollar is a dollar
     And the downtown boys sure play rough
     Now, go all the way back, baby,
     tell 'em enough is enough.
```

Why Do I Have To Choose?

Written by Willie Nelson
As performed by Bob Dylan in Gothenburg, June 9, 1984
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
C   F   C    F    C

                C      F    C
Why do I have to choose
       F        C      F    C
and see everybody lose?
                         G
Walk around and sing the blues,
                  C
Well, darling, I refuse.

Love is hard to find
Love of any kind
And love like yours and mine
Creates its own design.

Why do I have to choose
and see everybody lose?
Walk around and sing the blues,
Oh, darling, I refuse.

When I think of her,
then I think of you,
The love is not the same,
but either love is true.

Why do I have to choose
see everybody lose
Walk around and sing the blues,
Well, darling, I refuse.
```

We Had It All

Written by Troy Seals and Donny Fritts
Performed by Bob dylan (with Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers) during the 1986 tour
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem

Dylan is mostly true to the original lyrics, with two noteworthy exceptions. The most substantial changes are in the bridge, where he keeps playing around with a different set of lyrics. Unfortunately, the words aren't clear on the versions that I have (and I present the transcription well aware that it is wrong), but I get the impression that the original's nostalgic sentiment is upset: the "remember when" has become double-edged, and when he sings "And still I try to go back there as much as I can", it sounds as a curse just as much as a blessing. (This is based not so much on the widely circulating version from Mountain View, Aug 5, 1986, as on the alternate version from another 1986 show that is transcribed below). This shift is enhanced also by the subtle change in the line "you were the best thing in my life, I can recall" to " ... *as* I recall", thereby introducing the notion that the past may be a nice place to stay, but that there may be more important places to be.

```
C . Am . G(11) . . .  repeat

      C             G/b              Am       C/g
I can hear that wind   blowin' in my mind
F               G       F      G       C    Csus4
Just the way it sounded in the Georgia pine
C                            G/b             Am   C/g
 But you were always there to answer when I'd call
F        G             C      F
 You and me, we had it all


Remember how I use to touch your hair
Reaching for the feeling that was always there
You were the best thing in my life, as I recall [I remember]
You and me, we had it all

     C   C7       F/c               C
     Yeah, for to live those times again.
     C  C7    F/c             C
     Oh, [...] I remember when
     C               C7                   F/c           C
         And still I try to go back there, as much as I can
     F              C     F             C
      Yes it was so good, yes it was so good
     F                   C     G              C
      You know it was so good, when I was your man.

[instrumental verse]

Never will stop believing in your smile [I remember]
Even though you didn't stay, it was all worth while
You were the best thing in my life, as I recall [I remember]
You and me, we had it all
[You and me, we had it all]
```

```
F           G           C                    Am
[You and me, we had it, we had it, we had it, we had it all
You and me, we had it, we had it, we had it, we had it all
You and me, we had it, we had it, we had it, we had it all
You and me, we had it, we had it, we had it, we had it all
You and me, we had it, we had it, we had it, we had it all]
F       G             C
You and me, we had it all
```

Alternate bridge:

```
Oh, good old times, relive those days again
They will come on and judge one time, "remember when?"
Other times I'll relive all the joy again
```

I'm Movin' On

Written by Hank Snow
Performed regularly by Bob Dylan during the Far-East leg of the 1986 tour
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (as played in Tokyo, JP, March 10, 1986)

```
     G                          /b
That big eight-wheeler, rollin' down the track
          /d                      /f
Means your true-lovin' daddy ain't comin' back
          C              G
'Cause I'm movin' on, I'll soon be gone
         D7                      C
You were flyin' too high, for my little old sky
       G
So I'm movin' on.

     G     /b   /d   /f
     Oooh, ooh, ooh, ooh
     C          G
     Movin' on, movin' on
     D7    C
     Oooh, ooh,
         G
     I'm movin' on

But someday baby, when you've had your way
You'll want your daddy, but your daddy will say
I'm movin' on, I'm rollin' on.
You were flyin' too high, for my little old sky
I'm movin' on.

     Oooh ...

Mister fireman, better listen to me
I got a pretty mama in Tennessee
I'm movin' on, I'm a-rollin' on
I'm through with you, too bad you're blue
I'm movin' on.

     Oooh...

See that big eight-wheeler, rollin' down the track
Means your true-lovin' daddy ain't comin' back
'Cause I'm movin' on, I'll soon be gone
I'm through with you, too bad you're blue
I'm movin' on.

     Oooh...

That big loud whistle, as it blew and blew
Said hello to the southland, We're comin' to you
And we're movin' on, oh, hear my song
You had the laugh on me, so I set you free
And I'm movin' on.
```

```
     Oooh...

  G                 /b               /d                /f     G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------3----------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------0----------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------0----------||
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---0-0---0-0---|-3-4---0----------||
|-----------------|-2---2-2---2-2---|-----------------|-------2----------||
|-3---3-3---3-3---|-----------------|-----------------|-------3----------||
```

Different version, with verses not sung by Dylan

That big eight-wheeler, rollin' down the track
Means your true-lovin' daddy ain't comin' back
'Cause I'm movin' on, I'll soon be gone
You were flyin' too high, for my little old sky
So I'm movin' on.

That big loud whistle, as it blew and blew
Said hello to the southland, We're comin' to you
And we're movin' on, oh, hear my song
You had the laugh on me, so I set you free
And I'm movin' on.

Mister fireman, won't you please listen to me
'Cause I got a pretty mama in Tennessee
Keep movin' me on, keep rollin' on
So shovel the coal, let this rattler roll
And keep movin' me on.

Mister Engineer, take that throttle in hand
This rattler's the fastest in the southern land
To deep movin' me on, keep rollin' on
You gonna ease my mind, put me there on time
And keep rollin' on.

I've told you baby, from time to time
But you just wouldn't listen or pay me no mind
Now I'm movin' on, I'm rollin' on
You've broken your vow, and it's all over now
So I'm movin' on.

You've swtched your engine, now I ain't got time
For a triflin' woman on my main line
Cause I'm movin on, you done your daddy wrong
I warned you twice, now you can settle the price
'Cause I'm movin on.

But someday baby, when you've had your play
You're gonna want your daddy, but your daddy will say
Keep movin' on, you stayed away too long
I'm through with you, too bad you're blue
Keep movin' on.

That Lucky Old Sun

Haven Gillespie & Beasley Smith
Played by Bob Dylan on various occasions during the Never Ending Tour.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The lyrics are the original; Dylan sings his own version from time to time... Even the tune itself has gone through some transformations.

Irvine, CA, June 29, 2000

```
C                  Em
 Up in the mornin', out on the job
F                    G      C
 Work like the devil for my pay.
         F                 C            F
But that lucky old sun has nothin' to do
    C/g          G           C       Csus4
But roll around heaven all day.

Had a fuss with my woman, an' I toil for my kids,
An' I sweat 'til I'm wrinkled and gray,
While that lucky old sun got nothin' to do
But roll around heaven all day.

     Am        Em              F       C
     Oh, Lord above, don't you hear me cryin'
     F         G               C
     Tears are rollin' down my eyes.
     Am        Em    F             C
     Send in a cloud with a silver linin',
     D7             G   (Gsus4 G)
     Take me to paradise.

Show me that river, Take me across,
wash all my troubles away
Like that lucky old sun give me nothing to do
But roll around heaven all day.
```

Early Never Ending Tour version

I'd suggest G7sus4 = 3x3011

```
C                  Em
 Up in the mornin', out on the job
F              (G)*)          C                   *) In later verses
 Work like the devil for my pay.
         F           Fm    C            F
But that lucky old sun got nothin' to do
    C           F           C       F
But roll around heaven all day.

. . .
```

```
     C         Em   F                 C
     Oh, Lord above, don't you hear me cryin'
     C         G               C
     Tears are rollin' down my eyes.
     C         Em           F      C
     Send in a cloud with a silver linin',
     D7             G   G7sus4 G
     Take me to paradise.
```

Sydney, Aus. 24 Feb. 1986 (w/Tom Petty)

```
C                  Em
 Up in the mornin', out on the job
Dm                          C      F/c-C
 Work like the devil for my pay.
         F         Dm7     Em         Am   (F/c)
But that lucky old sun got nothin' to do
    C           F/c        C    F/c  |: C   F/c :|
But roll around heaven all day.

. . .

     C         Em              F       C
     Oh, Lord above, don't you hear me cryin'
     C         G               C
     Tears are rollin' down my eyes.
     C         Em           F      C
     Send in a cloud with a silver linin',
     Dm7            G
     Take me to paradise.
```

We Three (My Echo, My Shadow and Me)

D. Robertson, N. Cogane, S. Mysels
As performed by Bob Dylan Mar 10, 1986
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords (only suggestions, of course):

```
G       355433
Eb7     x6564x
F#      244322
G#o     456464
D9      x00210
D7-9    x5454x or xx0542
```

```
   G               Eb7
We three, we're all alone,
G          (F# F) E
Living in a memory,
   Am       D(9)        G   G#o  Am   D(7-9)
My echo, my shadow, and me.
   G                 Eb      7
We three, we're not a crowd,
G             (F# F) E
We're not even company,
   Am       D           G     C/g   G   G7
My echo, my shadow, and me.

G7
What good is the moon,

The silvery moon,
     C(maj7)
That shines above?
  A7
I walk with my shadow,

I talk with my echo
    D9                D7
But where is the one I love?

   G                     Eb7
We three, we'll wait for you
G          F# F E
Even 'til eternity,
   Am       D7          G
My echo, my shadow, and me.
```

Lonesome Town

Written by Baker Knight, recorded by Ricky Nelson
Played live by Bob Dylan during the 1986 tour with Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The "(Dm)" in the third line could be played both as an Fm or as a Dm, or as a combination of the two: both xx3130 and xx0111 ar possible alternatives.

```
G11      3x3211
```

The lyrics differ somewhat from Ricky Nelson's, on minor points (such as the change of "In the town of broken dreams'' to "There's a town . . . '').

```
C              E
There's a place where lovers go
F            G(11)     C     (/d-e)
To cry their troubles away,
F         (Dm)    C        Am
And they call it lonesome town,
Dm         G(11)         C     G(11)
Where the broken hearts stay.

You can buy a dream or two
To last you all through the years,
And the only price you pay
Is a heart full of tears.

     F             Em
     Goin' down to lonesome town
     Dm                      C   (/d-e)
     Where the broken hearts stay,
     F             Em
     Maybe down in lonesome town
          D7              G(11)
     I'll cry my troubles away.

There's a place of broken dreams
Every streets is filled with regret.
Maybe down in lonesome town
I can learn to forget.
```

Thank God

Words and music by Fred Rose, recorded by Hank Williams
Recorded by Bob Dylan (w/Tom Petty) June 1986 for the Chabad anti-drugs show Sept 14 1986.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
         G
There's a road that straight and narrow

That the saints have travelled on

filled with all the tribulations
       A7               D
of the martyrs that have gone
         G
If you're grateful for their victory

and for showing us the way

Give thanks for all your blessing,
    D                G
get on your knees and pray

           G             C                 G
     Thank God for every mountain and each sea
           G             A7              D
     Thank God for every flower and each tree
           G              C               G
     Thank God for giving life to you and me
         G               D     G
     Wherever you may be, thank God.

There's a world of pain and sorrow
filled with selfishness and greed.
There remains that Glory Fountain
To supply our every need
You can find it in the temple
With a welcome on the door
But be sure to count your blessings
Before you ask for more.

     Thank God for every flower and each tree
     Thank God for every mountain and the sea
     Thank God for giving life to you and me
     Wherever you may be, thank God.
```

"This is Bob Dylan. I'm in England right now, working, so I can't be there tonight, but I'd like to say that Chabad is a worthy organization helping people in need, helping to set them free from the misconceptions and devastation which is destroying their lives from within.
Of course this is a fierce battle, for those responsible for poisoning the minds and bodies of America's youth are reaping great profits. If you can help Chabad to help others who have fallen victims to the lies and deceits of those who are much more powerful – do so."

Last verse, not sung by Dylan:

```
Be forgivin to the wayward
Like the Master told us to
When He said forgive them Father
For they know not what they do
They would change their way of livin'
If they could but understand
So remember they're your brothers
They need a helpin' hand.
```

All My Tomorrows

Written by Cahn/Van Heusen (sung among others by Frank Sinatra)
As sung by Bob Dylan July 1, 1986 (Clarkston, Michigan)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
Cm6/eb   xx1213 (the Bagdad Cafe chord...)
Cm6      x31211 (looks deceptively like F7)
Ddim     xx0101
G6       320000
```

Intro:

```
  E     E6    E     E6      E     E6    E     A   D     Dsus4 D
|-------------------------|----------------------2-|--------
|-------------------------|--------------------2---3-|--------
|-------------------------|--------------------2---2-|--------
|-------------------------|--------------------2---0-|--------
|-2---2-4---4-2---2-4---4-|-2---2-4---4-2---2-0-----|--------
|-0---0-0---0-0---0-0---0-|-0---0-0---0-0---0-------|--------
```

```
C                 E              Am           Cm6/eb
 Right now it may not seem like spring at all
      G                D            G
We're drifting and the laughs are few
    C                    Bm
But I've got plans for tomorrow
    Ddim     C         Cm6     G6   E7
And all my tomorrows belong to you

Am7                       D7      G
All my bright tomorrows belong to you!
```

"Alright, alright! I want to tell you right now why we did that song. There's a very special person around tonight. And it's her birthday today, she wanted to hear that song."

Additional verses, not sung by Dylan:

```
1. Today I may not have a thing at all
Except for just a dream or two
But I've got lots of plans for tomorrow
And all my tomorrows belong to you

3. No one knows better than I
That luck keeps passing me by ... that's fate
But with you there at my side
I'll soon be turning the tide ... just wait

4. As long as I've got arms that cling at all
It's you that I'll be clinging to
```

And all the dreams I dream, beg, or borrow
On some bright tomorrow they'll all come true

Across the Borderline

(Ry Cooder/John Hiatt/Jim Dickinson)
Lyrics transcribed by Manfred Helfert, as performed by Bob Dylan (with Tom Petty and the Heartbreakers), Shoreline Amphitheatre, Mounatin View, CA, Aug 5, 1986 Chords tabbed by Eyolf strem

---

```
 E (E7)
There's a place, so I been told,
A B E
Every street is paved with gold,
 E C#m B(sus4 - B)
And it's just across the borderline.
E
When it's time to take your turn,
 A B E
There's a lesson you must learn:
  B E
You could lose more than you ever hope to find.

      (E7)
     And when you reach that broken-promise land,
      A B E
     All your dreams flow through your hands.
       C#m B
     You will know it's too late to change your mind.
      A E
     You paid the price to come so far,
      A /b /c C#m A
     Just you wind up where you are,
      E B E
     And you're still just across that borderline.

Up and down the Rio Grande,
A thousand footprints in the sand
Reveal a secret no one can define.
That river rolls on like a breath
In between my life and death.
Tell me, who is next to cross that borderline.

     And when you reach that broken-promise land,
     And all your dreams flow through your hand.
     You know it's too late to change your mind.
     'Cause you paid the price to come so far,
     Just you wind up where you are,
     And you're still just across that borderline.

     Yeah, you're still just just across that borderline,
     Well, you're still just across that borderline,
     Well, yeah, you're still just across that borderline.
```

Soon

Written by George Gershwin
Performed by Bob Dylan during the concert held on the 50th anniversary of Gershwin's death, Mar 11, 1987
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The lyrics differ slightly from those found elsewhere, e.g. at "It's not a house it's a home" page (http://homepage.mac.com/danielmartin/Dylan/html/songs/S/Soon.html)

Chords:

```
Bm7     224432
C#7     x4342x
F#m     244222
Amaj7   x06650
G#      466544
Am6     x04555
```

```
E              Bm                  C#7
Soon [all the] nights they will be ended,
F#m            Am              Amaj7 B
Soon, all true love will be so splen-did.
E               E7             A
 I've found the happiness I've waited for.
F#m       G#              C#m          A   B
 The only girl that I was waiting for.

    E             Bm               C#7
Oh, soon a little cabin there will find us,
F#m          Am             Amaj7 B
Safe all our cares so far behind  us
E             E7                   A           Am6
 When you are mine this world will be in tune
E               B        G#m     C#7
Let's make that day come soon.
F#m             B        E
Let's make that day come soon.

Soon the lonely nights will be ended,
Soon, two hearts as one will be blended.
I've found the happiness I've waited for.
The only girl that I was fated for.

Oh, soon a little cottage will find us
Safe with all our cares far behind us
The day your mine this world will be in tune
Let's make that day come soon.
```

Lakes of Pontchartrain

(trad.)
As sung by Bob Dylan in St Louis, MO, june 17th 1988
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The F chords should not be played as a barr chord, but rather using the thumb on the 6th string, so that the 3rd finger can be raised to produce the chord 133011 where marked *).e chord, but rather using the thumb on the 6th string, so that the 3rd finger can be raised to produce the chord 133011 where marked *).

```
      C    Em           F  C      C         G       C
'Twas on a bright March morning I bid New Orleans adieu.
  C        Em         F   C       C            F *)
I took the train from Jackson, my fortune to renew,
  C          Em      F         C              F *)
I cursed all foreign money, no credit could I gain,
      C       Em      F               C        G       C
Which sent my heart a-longing for the lakes of Pontchartrain.

C . . Em . . F . . C . . C . . G . . C . . |. . .

I hopped on board of a railway car, beneath the morning sun,
I rode the roads till the evening, then I laid me down again,
All strangers there, no friends to me, till a dark girl towards me came,
And I fell in love with a Creole girl, on the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I said, "My pretty Creole girl, my money here's no good,
if it weren't for the alligators, I'd sleep out in the wood".
"You're welcome here kind stranger, our home is very plain.
But we never turn a stranger out, on the lakes of Pontchartrain."

She took me into her mammy's house, and treated me quite well,
The hair upon her shoulders in jet black ringlets fell.
To try and paint her beauty, I'm sure 'twould be in vain,
So handsome was my Creole girl, on the lakes of Pontchartrain.

I asked her if she would marry me, she said that never can be,
For she had got a lover, and he was far at sea.
She swore that she'd be true to him and true she would remain.
Till he returned to his Creole girl, on the banks of Pontchartrain.

So fare thee well my pretty young girl, I never will see you no more,
But I'll ne'er forget your kindness in the cottage by the shore.
And at each social gathering a flowing glass I'll drain,
And I'll drink a health to my Creole girl, on the banks of Pontchartrain.
```

Eileen Aroon

Gerald Griffin (1803-1840), from the Gaelic of Carrol O'Daly (1300's) [gaelic version: http://ingeb.org/songs/whenlike.htm
As played by Bob Dylan in St Louis, MO, June 17th 1988
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
E        022100
Esus4    022200
A        002220
F#m7'    202200 (w/thumb on 6th string)
E/G#     422100 or 476454 or some other variant with
                the two lowest strings open; the only essential
                tone is the G# on the 6th string
A'       577600
B'       799800
C#m      x46654 or x46650
```

```
E   Esus4  E  Esus4

E          Esus4  E
There is a valley fair
  A   F#m7' E
Eileen Aroon
E          Esus4   E
There is a cottage there
  A   F#m' E
Eileen Aroon
E/g#       A'           E/g#     B'
Far in the valley shade I know a tender maid
E/g#          A     C#m      A   F#m7' E
Flow'r of the hazel glade, Eileen Aroon.

Were she no longer true
Eileen Aroon
What would her lover do
Eileen Aroon
Fly with a broken chain
far cross the sounding main
Never to love again, Eileen Aroon.

Who in the time so fleet
Eileen Aroon
Who in the song so sweet
Eileen Aroon
Dearer her charms to me
dearer her laughter free
Dearer her constancy
Eileen Aroon.

Youth will in time decay
Eileen Aroon
```

```
Beauty must fade away
Eileen Aroon
Castles are sacked in war
chieftains are scattered far
Truth is a fixed star
Eileen Aroon.
```

Additional first verses, not sung by Dylan

Posted at the dylanpool by esmith

```
1. When, like the early rose,
Eileen aroon!
Beauty in childhood blows;
Eileen aroon!
When, like a diadem,
Buds blush around the stem,
Which is the fairest gem?
Eileen aroon!

2. Is it the laughing eye?
Eileen aroon!
Is it the timid sigh?
Eileen aroon!
Is it the tender tone,
Soft as the string'd harp's moan?
Oh, it is the truth alone.
Eileen aroon!

3. When, like the rising [/dawning] day,
Eileen aroon!
Love sends his early ray,
Eileen aroon!
What makes his dawning glow
Changeless through joy or woe?
Only the constant know -
Eileen aroon!
```

Hallelujah

Written by Leonard Cohen [Cohen's version: http://www.netsonic.fi/~ja/cohen/hallelujah.html]
As performed by Bob Dylan in 1988 (Montreal, Hollywood et al.) – another gem from that year.
Tabbed by Eben Hensby and Eyolf Østrem

Capo 2nd fret (sounding key A major)

D#o = xx1212

```
G - Em - G - Em (x2 for intro)

G                    Em
They say there was a secret chord
G                    Em
that David played to please the Lord,
    C                D               G        D
but you don't really care for music, do ya?
   G                   C           D
It goes like this: the fourth, the fifth,
Em                  C
the minor fall, the major lift,
    D               D#o         Em
the baffled king composing Hallelujah
     C           Em          C           G  D G
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelu - jah.

Em - G - Em

You saw her bathing on the roof,
your faith was strong but you needed proof.
Her beauty and the moonlight overthrew ya.
She tied you in her kitchen chair,
she broke your faith, she cut your hair,
and from your lips, she drew the Hallelujah.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

They say I took the name in vain,
I didn't even know the name.
And if I did, well really, what's it to ya?
There's a blaze of light in every word,
it doesn't matter which are heard,
the broken or the holy Hallelujah.
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

I did my best, it wasn't much.
I couldn't feel so I tried to touch.
I've told the truth, I didn't come to fool you.
And even though it all went wrong,
I'll stand before the Lord of Song
with nothing on my tongue but Hallelujah
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Hallelujah

[instrumental verse, minus the last line]
```

I'll Be Around

Written by Hank Snow
Performed once by Bob Dylan, in Hollywood, CA (of all places) August 4, 1988
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
    C               F           C
I'm glad I've got to see you once again
               G                  C
although we're through, I still love you
  C              F              C
I guess I have to call you just a friend
        G                   C
Someone new has just stepped in

  G                               C
I try to tell my heart that I don't need you
G                           C
But I know that it is just a lie
    C             F                  C
And if someday his love should prove untrue
        G                           C
I'll be around when he has said goodbye.
```

---

frequent fill-in figure at the end of the first and third lines in the instrumental verse:

```
|------------------------3----------
|-111---3---5------------0------3---
|-000---2---4--going to--0--or--2--- and then to G
|-222---3---5------------0------3---
|-333--------------------2----------
|------------------------3----------
```

Barbara Allen

traditional
Performed by Bob Dylan in his early years, found on the third Gaslight tape (late 1962), and in the early years of the Never-Ending Tour. See also Mike Elliott's analysis of this song: http://www.mikeelliott.citymax.com/pa
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Gaslight III version

Dropped D tuning (D-A-d-g-b-e')

Chords:

```
D    000232
G    5x000x
A/e  2x2220
```

The following figure appears here and there, between verses and where there is a long held D chord.

```
  D                    Dsus4         D
  :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .
|---------------0-|h2-----3-------2-|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------2-----|---2-------2-----|-----------2-----| repeat
|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---|-----0-------0---| ad lib
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
```

```
            D
In Charlotte town, not far from here,
      G     A         D
There was a fair maid dwellin.'
      G        A          D
Had a name was known both far and near,
                A/e     D
An' her name was Barb'ry Allen.

'Twas in the merry month of May,
Green buds they were swellin',
Poor William on his death-bed lay,
For the love of Barb'ry Allen.

He sent his man down to town
To the place that she was dwellin'
Sayin', "Master bids your company,
If your name is Barb'ry Allen."

Oh slowly, slowly she got up
To the place where he was lyin',
And when she pulled the curtain back,
Said, "Young man, I b'lieve you're dying!"

"Oh yes, oh yes, I'm very sick
And I shall never get better
```

```
Unless I have the love of one,
The love of Bar'bry Allen."

"Don't you remember not long ago,
The day down in the tavern?
You toasted all the ladies there,
But you slighted Barb'ry Allen."

"Oh yes, oh yes, I remember well
That day down in the tavern.
I toasted all the ladies there,
But I gave my heart to Barb'ry Allen."

She looked to the East, she looked to the West,
She saw his pale corpse a-comin',
Cryin', "Put him down and leave him there
So I might gaze upon him."

The more she gazed, the more she mourned,
Until she burst out cryin';
Sayin', "I beg you come and take him away,
For my heart now too is dyin'!"

"Oh, father, father, come dig my grave,
Dig it wide an' narrow.
Poor William died for me today;
I'll die for him tomorrow."

They buried him in the old churchyard,
They buried her beside him,
And from his heart grew a red, red rose,
And from her heart a briar.

They grew, they grew so awful high
Till they could grow no higher,
An' 'twas there they tied a lover's knot,
The red rose and the briar.

In Charlotte town, not far from here,
There was a maid a-dwellin.'
Had a name was known both far and near,
An' her name was Barb'ry Allen.
```

1988 Version

This version has a very different feel to it, an emotional drama, as opposed to the tender lyricism of the Gaslight version.
Keep the high g′ (1st string, 3rd fret) fingered as much as possible, with the following chords in use:

```
C    x32013
G    320003
F    xx3211 or 133211
F9   xx3213
C/e  xx2013
```

The C/e could be a Fsus2 133011 (w/thumb) too; it sounds like that in some verses.

```
C

C
In Scarlet Town where I was born
                      G            C/g G
there was a fair maid dwelling,
        F(9) C/e F(9)       C   G   Am
and her name was known both far and near,
         C          F    F9 C
and they called her Barbara Allen.

T'was in the merry month of may
the green buds they were swelling,
sweet William on his death bed lay
for the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man down to town
to the place where she was dwelling,
saying: master bids your company
if your name be Barbara Allen.

Slowly slowly she got up
to the place where he was lying,
and when she pulled the curtain back,
said: young man, I believe you're dying.

Oh yes oh yes I'm very sick
and I shall not be better
unless I have the love of one,
the love of Barbara Allen.

Don't you remember that night ago
that night down in the tavern,
you gave a toast to all the ladies there
but you slighted Barbara Allen.

Oh yes oh yes I remember it well
that night down in the tavern.
I gave a toast to the ladies there
but I gave my heart to Barbara Allen.

As she was walking in yonder field
She could hear them death-bells knellin'
And every toll seemed to say:
Hard-hearted Barbara Allen

The more they tolled the more she wept
til her heart was filled with sorrow
She said: "sweet William died for me today,
I will die for him tomorrow."
```

The death bells (very free rhythm):

```
|-000--1--0--|-000--1--0--3--3--3-|-111-3--3--|-000--3--1--3-----3----
|*111--1--1-*|-111--1--1--0--1--0-|-111-1--1--|-111--0--1--0-----1----
|-000--2--0--|-000--2--0--0--0--0-|-222-2--2--|-000--0--2--0-----0----
|-222--3--2--|-222--3--2--0--2--0-|-333-3--3--|-222--0--3--0-----2----
|*333--3--3-*|-333--3--3--2-----2-|-333-3--3--|-333--2--3--2-----3----
|-333--1--3--|-333--1--3--3--3--3-|-111-1--1--|-333--3--1--3-----3----
```

```
They buried her in the old churchyard,
they buried him beside her.
And from her heart grew a red red rose
and from his heart a brier.

They grew they grew so awfully high
till they could grow no higher,
and there they tied a lover's knot,
the red rose and the brier.
```

G E Smith's tremolo strumming to the last verse:

```
|-3-/8------------7--8--9--10----
|-1-/5------------8--10-11-12----
|-0-------------------------------
|-2-------------------------------
|-3-------------------------------
|-------------------------------
    they grew...  higher
```

Let the death bells finish off the song.

Wagoner's Lad

Trad.
As performed by Bob Dylan, Oct 19 1988
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The version from Oct 19 1988 sounds one half step lower, but it is definitely played with the chords below. Either the tape is slow, or the guitars are tuned down (not likely).

Cadd2 = x32030 or x32033

The last line of each verse is played (more or less):

```
  Cadd2               G     C/g    G
  :     .     .       :     .      .
|-------------------|-3-----3------3-----|-
|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-|-0-----1------0-----|-
|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-0-----0------0-----|-
|-2-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-|-0-----2------0-----|-
|-3-2-0-3-2-0-3-2-0-|-2-----------2-----|-
|-------------------|-3-----3------3-----|-
  slave...    rest..  life

   G                      C/g      G     C/g G
Oh hard is the fortune of all womankind
     G                       G /b   /c D    Dsus4 D
It's always controlled, it's always confined
   D              G             /b   /c D
Controlled by her parents until she's a wife
     Cadd2 /b /a  /c /b   /a      /c   /b /a  G
Then slave to her husband for the rest of her life

She is a poor girl, and her fortune is sad
always been courted by the wagoner's lad
He courted her truly both night and by day
But now he is a-loaded and a-going away

Your parents don't like me they say I'm too poor
They say I'm not worthy to enter your door
But I work for a living, my money's my own
And them that don't like it can leave me alone

My horses ain't hungry, and they don't need your hay
Come sit down beside me for as long as you stay
I'd go to Montana if the moon showed any light,
But my pony can't travel this dark road tonight.

I once had a sweetheart and her age was sixteen
She's the flower of Belton and the rose of Seline.
But her parents was against me, now she is the same,
If I'd writ on your book, love, you just blot out my name.

Hard is the fortune of all womankind
It's always controlled, and it's always confined
Controlled by her parents until she's a wife
Then slave to her husband for the rest of her life.
```

I'm In The Mood For Love

Sung by Bob Dylan four times during 1988 and 1989
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (thanks to Jamie for supplies)

The D7 in the bridge can very well be played (and I think that's what Dylan does) x54530

Intro (and basic melody, as well as chords for the verses. The swift upward sweep in line 2 can be replaced with a sustained G)

```
  C       Dm' g    Dm EmF G  F  G  C       Em7       D#m7Dm7
  :   .   .   .     .     .     .    .    :       .     .   .
|-----------------|-----1-3--5--7--8-----|-10-7-10-7--6--5-8-----|
|-1-------3-------|---5-1-3--6--8--8-----|-8-------8--7--6-------|
|-0-------2-----0-|---4-2-4--5--7--9-----|-7-------7--6--5-------|
|-2-------3----0--|-3-5------------------|-9-------9--8--7-------|
|-3---------------|----------------------|-7---------------------|
|-------------3---|----------------------|-0---------------------|

  Dm7   G C
  :   .   .   .
|-55555-3-0--------|
|-66666-3-1--------|
|-55555-4-0--------|
|-77777-5-2--------|
|-55555-5-3--------|
|-------3----------|

C                   Dm
I'm In The Mood For Love
G                     C
Simply because you're near me
Em7             D#m7   Dm7
Funny, but when you're near me
G/f                 C
I'm in the mood for love.

  |   ,    .   ,   .    ,   .    ,
|-----7-10-8-7-------------------------|-
|-----8--------8----------------------|-
|-----9----------9-7------------------|-
|--------------------10-9-7-----------|-
|---------------------------10-8-7----|-
|-----------------------------------10-|-8
..love

Heaven is in your eyes
True as the stars we're under
Is it any wonder
I'm in the mood for love?

     Dm                  C
     Why stop to think of whether
     Dm                     C
     This little dream might fade?
```

```
     Em                    Am
     We've put our hearts together
     D7'
     Now we are one,
     G(sus4)  G
     I'm not afraid!

If there's a cloud above
If it should rain we'll let it
But for tonight, forget it!
I'm in the mood for love.
```

You Don't Know Me

Written by Cindy Walker & Eddy Arnold
Performed live by Bob Dylan 11 times in 1989 and 1991
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem, based on the version from Nov 5, 1991

The following tab of the intro is a conflation of the bass and what the guitar does in the intro. In some of the verses the break between the lines is drawn out so that even the A and the A#dim last for 4 bars.

Chords

```
A#dim     x12020 or xx2323
C#m       x46654
F#m       244222
G#m       466444
F#        244322
```

```
    E                          A
    :     .     .     .      x4 :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
||--------------------------||-------------------------|-------------------------|
||o------------------------o||-------------------------|-------------------------|
||--------------------------||-------------------------|-------------------------|
||--------------------------||-------------2-----4-2---|-------------2-----------|
||o-------------2-----4-2---o||-0---------4-----------4-|-0---------4-------------|
||--0---------4-----------4--||-------------------------|-------------------------|
```

```
  A#dim                                                E           C#m
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------3-----------3-----|-------3-----3-----3-----|-------------------------|
|-----2---2-------2---2---|-----2---2-----2---2-----|-------------------------|
|---3-------3---3-------3-|---3-------3-----3-3-----|-------------------------|
|-2-----------2-----------|-2-----------------2-----|-2-----------------------|
|(1)----------------------|-------------------------|---------2-3-4-------2---|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----------------------4-|
```

```
  F#m         B             E           A             E           B
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----
|---------4---------------|-----------------------2-|-------------------------|-----
|-----------4-2-----------|-------------0-------4---|-----------0-2-----4-2---|-----
|-2-------------------4-2-|-0-------2-4-------------|-0-------4-------------4-|-0---
                                                                  You give your . . .
```

```
             E
You give your hand to me

and then you say hello
                 A          (D/a   A)
And I can hardly speak
                    A#dim
my heart is beating so
```

```
                E      C#m
That anyone can tell:
              F#m               B
You think you know me well,
              E           A     E    B
but you don't know me                              Original lyrics:

No you don't know the one
(that) lay awake at night                          Who dreams of you at night;
Dreams to hold you close                           And longs to kiss your lips
And longs to hold you tight
To you I'm just a friend
That's all I ever been
No, you don't know me

E      /f# /g#  A         /g# /f# E    /d    /c#   /b

     A                G#m                  /g
     I never knew the art of making love
     F#m         B         E
     My heart it burns for you                     Though my heart aches with love for you.
     C#m             G#m
     Alone and shy I let my chance go by           Afraid and shy, I let my chance go by.
     F#                      B      Bsus4
     Hoping that you love me too                   A chance that you might love me too.

You give your hand to me
and then you say goodbye
I watch you walk away
Beside the lucky guy
anyone can tell:                                   Oh, you'll never ever know
You think you know me well,                        The one who loved you so.
But you don't know me                              Well, you don't know me
```

Hey La La

Words and music by Ray Price and Leonard McRight (Recorded by Ernest Tubb)
Also known as “My true La-La‘‘, “La La La‘‘ and “My La La”
Performed by Bob Dylan three times, spring/summer 1989
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
   E                                  B
Oh, come hear my story, I'll tell it to you
                                      E
My heart is all broken, I'm sad and I'm blue
                                      B
I just lost my darling, her name was La La
                                   E
As pretty as a picture and twice as fair.

         E                            B
     Hey! La La, Oh! La La, my true La La
                                      E
     Oh La La, La La La, my true La La.

A grave on the hillside way up in the snow
A heart broken lover with head bending low
With tears in his eyes, he placed a red rose
On the grave of his darling all covered with snow.

         E                            B
     Hey! La La, Oh! La La, my true La La
                                      E
     Oh La La, La La La, my true La La.

Oh! God up in heaven, please tell her for me
My hopes are all shattered, oh! say can't you see
Just tell her I'm waiting to meet her up there
I'll look at her picture and send her a prayer.
```

Peace in the Valley

Written by Thomas A. Dorsey
Performed once by Bob Dylan (Les Ar Performed once by Bob Dylan (Les Arenes, Frejus, France 13 June 1989)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dylan's performance is a tremendous one, but one where – as often is the case with his one-offs – the words aren't always clear. I've noted some deviations from the "standard" version, but not all of them. The end of the chorus is sung differently, but I can't hear what he's singing there. Thus, the version below is a hybrid: neither exactly what Dylan sings, nor what he should have sung.

Either the tape is a little fast, or he has a capo on the 1st fret.

```
            C                  (Csus4-C)
Oh well, I'm tired and so weary,
      F           C
But I must travel on
         C              D7        G       C/g  G
Till the lord comes and takes me away,
         C
Well the morning's so bright
        F        C
And the lamp is alight
        C                  G            C       Csus4 C
And the night, night is as black as the sea *)

                  F
     There will be peace in the valley
         C
     for me, one of these days
                  C                   D7
     There will be peace, peace in the valley
         G   Gsus4     G
     for me, oh Lord I pray
                   C           C/e
     There'll be no sadness, no sorrow
        F                  D7/f#
     No trouble, trouble I see               **)
                  C                   G7
     There will be peace, peace in the valley
           C
     for me, one of these days

Well the bear will be gentle
And the wolves will be tame
And the lion shall lie down by the lamb, oh yes ***)
And the beasts from on wild
they will be lit by a child
And I'll be changed from this creature that I am

     There will be peace in the valley for me, some day
     There will be peace in the valley for me, oh Lord I pray
     There'll be no sadness, no sorrow
```

```
No trouble, trouble I see
There will be peace in the valley for me, for me
```

Dylan sings:

*) “But I never [...] night / And the night’s so bright / With the night as bright as the day.”

**) “there’ll be no trouble / no trouble [at day?] / up over the [...] / of a harder day”

***) “Well the beasts will be gentle / And the lion it’ll be tame / And the lion will lie down with the lamb”

Pancho and Lefty

Words and music Townes van Zandt
As performed by Bob Dylan 21 Jun 1989
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The transcription is mostly true to what Dylan sings. The words within brackets are either approximations to the sounds that he produces, whether or not they are meaningful, or, where indicated, Townes van Zandt's original lyrics.
If anyone with better ears than mine can make out any more of these brackets, please pass me a note.

You should check out Townes van Zandt's original lyrics too.

```
C                            G
Livin' on the edge my friend is bound to make you [rock a few]
F                                      C                  G
Now your [breath] is hard as iron, your breath is sweet as kerosene
F                               C               F
You was your momma's only boy, favorite one it seems
C                     F           G       F               Am
Began to cry when you said, "good-bye",*) sank into your dreams.

Pancho was a bandit, boys, [his horse fast] and his hands were free
He wore his gun outside his pants for all the honest world to feel
Pancho met his match, ya know, on the desert down in Mexico
No one heard the dyin' words, but that's the way it goes.

     F                     C                     F
     All the Federales say, they could'a had him any day
          C            F     G            F             Am
     They only let him go so long, out of kindness I suppose.

Lefty he can't sing the blues, all night like he used to
The dust that Poncho bit down south, ended up in Lefty's mouth
They ['d have sent] for another [jour], all the time, and I'll pace you floor
Only let him go so far, so the story goes.**)

     All the Federales say, they could'a had him any day
     They only let him slip away, out of kindness I suppose.

The poets tell how Pancho fell, Lefty's livin' in a big hotel***)
[The desert's quiet, Cleveland's cold]****) it never mattered anyway.
The day that Pancho drift down low Lefty split for Ohio
Where he got the bread to go, ain't nobody knows

     All the Federales say, they could'a had him any day
     They only let him slip away, out of kindness I suppose.
     out of kindness I suppose.

     All the Federales say, they could'a had him any day
     They only let him slip away, out of kindness I suppose.
```

*) Dylan sings "Say goodbye when you say goodbye". I personally think van Zandt's original is better...

**) Original: “The day they laid poor Pancho low, Lefty split for O-hio / Where he got the bread to go, ain’t nobody knows.” Dylan sings that later.

***) van Zandt’s hotel is cheap.

****) These are the original lyrics; Dylan’s new words are too low to hear.

Too bad Dylan left out the final couplet, which is worth inclusion:

```
Pancho needs your prayers it’s true, but save a few for Lefty too
He only did what he had to do but now he’s growin’ old.
```

Version from Willie Nelson’s 60th birthday party (Bob/Willie duet)

(Thanks to Daniel for the lyrics)

Living on the road my friend, is gonna keep you free and clean.
Now you wear your skin like iron, and your breath is hard as kerosene.
You weren’t your mamas only boy, but her favorite one it seems.
She began to cry when you said goodbye, and sank unto your dreams.

Pancho was a bandit boy, his horse was fast as polished steel.
He wore his gun outside his pants for all the honest world to feel.
Pancho met his match you know on the desert down in Mexico.
And noone heard his dying word, ah but that’s the way it goes.

Lefty he can sing the blues, all night long like he used to,
The dust that’s Pancho’s bed down south, ended up in Lefty’s mouth
The day they let poor Pancho low, Lefty split for Ohio
And where he got the bread to go, there ain’t nobody knows.

The poets tell how Pancho fell, Lefty’s livin in a cheap hotel.
The desert’s quiet and Clevelend’s cold, and so the story ends we’re told.
Pancho needs your prayers it’s true, save a few for Lefty too.
He only did what he had to do, and now he’s growing old.

And all the federales say, They could of had him any day.
They only let him go so long out of kindness I suppose.

Crazy Love

Written by Van Morrison
Performed by Bob Dylan and Van Morrison June 27, 1989 on the Philopappos (The Hill Of The Muses), Athens, broadcast in the programme *Arena: One Irish Rover – Van Morrison in Performance*

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The tab for the intro is also the pattern for the chorus. The figure in the first measure is repeated after every line of singing. The third chord (Em in the tab) is played as a C by one of them, probably Dylan.

Intro:

```
                   G       Bm        Em      G         C           D
 :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
-----------------|-0-------3-------|---------0-------|-1-----------3---|
---------0h2-0~~~|-0-------4-------|-0-------0-------|-0-----------2---|
-----0h2---------|-0-------4-------|-2-------0-------|-2-----------0---|
-----------------|---------2-------|-2---------------|-3---------------|
-----------------|-3---------------|-0-------3-------|-------------2---|

                    G       Bm        Em      G         C  /b  /a   G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-0-------3-------|---------0-------|-1---1---0---0---|
|---------0h2-0---|-0-------4-------|-0-------0-------|-0---0---0---0---|
|-----0h2---------|-0-------4-------|-2-------0-------|-2-----------0---|
|-----------------|---------2-------|-2---------------|-3---2---0-------|
|-----------------|-3---------------|-0-------3-------|-------------3---|
```

```
G               Bm               C        G
 I can hear her heartbeat from a thousand miles
G                Bm         C        G
 And the heavens open every time she smiles
G                Bm                  C   G
 And when I come to her that's where I belong
G                  Bm            C       G
 Yeah, I'm running to her like a river's song

                   G    Bm   Em   G     C     D
     She gives me love love love love, crazy love
                   G    Bm   Em   G     C     G
     She gives me love love love love, crazy love

[She's got a] fine sense of humor when I'm feeling low down
Yeah, when I come to her when the sun goes down
take away my trouble, take away my grief
Take away my heartache, in the night like the thief

     She gives me love love love love, crazy love
     She gives me love love love love, crazy love
```

```
          D      C               G
           Yes I need her in the daytime
          D      C               G
           Yes I need her in the night
          D              C              G
           Yes I want to throw my arms around her
          Am7                D7              G  .  D  .  G
           Kiss her hug her, kiss her hug her tight

And when I'm returning from so far away
gives me some sweet lovin', brightens up my day
Yes it makes me righteous, yes it makes me whole
Yes it makes me mellow down into my soul

     She gives me love love love love, crazy love
     She gives me love love love love, crazy love

     She gives me love love love love, crazy love
     She gives me love love love love, crazy love
```

One Irish Rover

Written by Van Morrison
Performed by Bob Dylan and Van Morrison on June 27, 1989 on the Philopappos (The Hill Of The Muses), Athens, broadcast in the programme *Arena: One Irish Rover – Van Morrison in Performance*

Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The snippets of tab below indicate the standard patterns for the D stretches (usually just a plain D when it accompanies the singing) and the Bm stretches, and for the A-Asus4-A turn at the end of the bridge.

```
  D                        Dadd9          Bm                       Bmadd11
  :     .     .       :     .     .        :     .     .       :     .     .
|-------2-----2-----|-2---0(0)----0-----||-2-----2-----2-----|-2---0(0)----0-----|
|-3-----3-----3-----|-3-----3-----3-----||-3-----3-----3-----|-3-----3-----3-----|
|-2-----2-----2-----|-2-----2-----2-----||-4-----4-----4-----|-4-----4-----4-----|
|-0-----------------|-0-----------------||-4-----------------|-4-----------------|
|-------------------|-------------------||-------------------|-------------------|
|-------------------|-------------------||-------------------|-------------------|
```

```
  A                   A     Asus4 A
  :     .     .       :     .     .
|-------------------|-------------0------|
|-2-----------------|-2-----3-----2------|
|-2-----------------|-2-----2-----2------|
|-2-----------------|-2-----------------|
|-0-----------------|-0-----------------|
|-------------------|-------------------|
```

```
D              Bm
 Tell me the   story now
 Now that it's over
 Wrap it in    glory
 For one Irish Rover


Tell me you're wiser now
Tell me you're older
Wrap it in glory
For one Irish Rover

                G(add9)                A
     I can tell   by the light in your eye, That you're
                 D
     so far away
     G                           A
      Just like a ship out on the sea without a sail,
                         D         A     Asus4  A
     Baby, you've gone astray

Tell me the facts real straight
```

```
Don't make me over
Wrap it in glory
For one Irish Rover

Tell me you see the light
Tell me you know me
Make it come out alright
And wrap it in glory

For one Irish Rover
For one Irish Rover
One Irish Rover
One Irish Rover
```

Don't Pity Me

Performed by Bob Dylan in Joliette, Quebec, July 31 1989 (a one-off).
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem and Jamie Lovinger

On my tape (thanks, Jamie), it sounds as if he actually plays it in F♯ major. On the other hand, the final chord sounds very much like a G shape chord, which is also much easier to play. I append a version in G major at the end.

The lyrics are full of blanks – the word within brackets are not really meaningful suggestions, just words that sound like what he's singing, mainly to have something to place the chords on...

```
F#       A#m B       F#
Pity the man got one arm
F#       A#m          B        (F#  first verse only)
pity the woman that's lost her charm
F#    /a# C# D#m B             (first verse: ...D#m C#...)
Don't you pi-ty  me
F# /a# C# D#m  B   F#
Don't     pity me

Pity the child out in the cold
Pity the woman <that back one time let go>
Don't pity me
Don't pity me

     B
     You got a <little better>

     <playin' with me> or <it's plain to see>
     G#               C#
     So don't you pity me.

Pity the angel, got no way to stay
Pity the <stranger or dancers> getting old and grey
Don't pity me
Don't pity me

You got a <little better>
<If you're playin' with me> or <it's plain to see>
So don't you pity me.

Pity the man got one arm
pity the woman that's lost her charm
Don't pity me
Don't pity me
```

```
G        Bm  C       G
Pity the man got one arm
G        Bm           C        (G    first verse only)
pity the woman that's lost her charm
G     /b  D  Em  C
Don't you pi-ty  me
```

```
G   /b D Em   C  G
Don't    pity me
```

The Harder They Come

Written by Jimmy Cliff
Played four times by Bob Dylan in 1989
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem, based on the version from Bonner Springs, 22 Aug, 1989

Played with barre chords higher up on the neck, but perfectly playable in C, with a capo on the 1st fret. (Interesting song, btw., it is in C, but this chord is nowhere to be seen until the end of the chorus.)
The F chord could be played as an Fadd9 (103213 or xx3213)

```
           G
[Well they] tell you of a pie in the sky
F
 Waiting for me when I die
G
 Soon as you're born they put you down
F
 Twenty foot down underground

     Em
      Sure as the sun will shine
     Am
      I'm gonna get what's mine
         G
     The harder they come
         F
     the harder they'll fall,
             C
     One and all
     G
      harder they come
     F
      harder they'll fall,
             C
     One and all

Well the oppressors are trying to keep me down
Trying to drive me underground
Soon as you're born, they'll try to do
put your head and foot all over you

     Sure as the sun will shine
     I'm gonna get myself what's mine
     The harder they come
     the harder they'll fall,
     One and all
     harder they come
     harder they'll fall,
     One and all

From [...] they put you there
Trying to get you anywhere
```

I'd rather be a free man in my grave
Than to live as a puppet or a slave

As sure as the sun will shine
I'm gonna get myself what's mine
The harder they come
the harder they'll fall,
One and all
Yeah, harder they come
harder they'll fall,
One and all

The original lyrics

Well, they tell me of a pie up in the sky
Waiting for me when I die
But between the day you're born and when you die
You know, they never seem to hear even your cry

And the oppressors are trying to track me down
They're trying to drive me underground
And they think that they have got the battle won
I say, forgive them Lord, they know not what they've done

And I keep on fighting for the things I want
Though I know that when you're dead you can't
But I'd rather be a free man in my grave
Than living as a puppet or a slave

Willin'

Written by Lowell George of Little Feat (whom Dylan went out to watch one of the September nights in 1974 during the recording of Blood on the Tracks)[Read the story about Little Feat's version.
Performed by Bob Dylan, six times in 1990 and once in each of the years 1991, 1992, 1995 and 2000
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
G6    xx5430
D/f#  xx4030 (full name: Dadd4add9/f#)
```

The "willin' " figure:

```
  G       C  D  C   G              G       C  D  C   G
  :   .   .   .     :              :   .   .   .     :
|-3-------0--2--0-|-3--          |-3-------0--0--0---3------
|-0-------1--3--1-|-0--          |-0-------1--3--1---0------
|-0-------0--2--0-|-0--          |-0-------0--0--0---0------
|-0-------2--0--2-|-0--    or    |-0-------2--4--2---0------
|-2-------3-----3-|-2--          |-2-------3--5--3---2------
|-3---------------|-3--          |-3-----------------3------
 still              willin'       still              willin'
```

Dylan's lyrics differs somewhat from the official lyrics, which are given below.

```
       G6                  D/f#
I been warped by the rain, driven by the snow
    Em            /d C
I'm drunk and dirty, don't ya know,
        G       C D  C  G
And I'm still           willin'.

Out on the road late at night,
I seen my pretty Alice in every head light
Alice, Dallas Alice

                    C              D
     I've been from Tucson to Tucumcari
       D              G
     Tehachapi to Tonapah
                 G             /a         /b        C
     I've driven every kind of rig that's ever been made
     C                                       D
     Driven the back roads so I wouldn't get weighed
     [n.c.]              C     /b      /a  G
     And if you give me weed, whites, and wine
                         D
     And you show me a sign
             G       C  D    C   G         C/g G
     I'll be willin',     to be movin'.

I've been kicked by the wind, robbed by the sleet
```

```
Had my head stoved in, but I'm still on my feet
And I'm still
Willin
Smuggled some smokes and folks from Mexico
Baked by the sun, every time I go to Mexico
And I'm still

     I've been from Tucson to Tucumcari
     Tehachapi to Tonapah
     Driven every kind of rig that's ever been made
     Driven the back roads so I wouldn't get weighed
     And if you give me weed, whites, and wine
     and you show me a sign
     I'll be willin', to be movin'
```

Help Me Make It Through The Night

Kris Kristofferson
Played by Bob Dylan in Toad's Place, Jan 12 1990
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
(G) |C . . . |. . . . |F . . . |. . . . |
    |G . . . |. . . . |C . . . |G . . . |

(2nd time last measure:   C+
                           :   .   .   .
                         |---------4-------|
                         |-------5---------|
                         |-----5-----------|
                         |---6-------------|
                         |(3)--------------|
                         |-----------------|
                                     Take the...
```

(C+ can also be played x32110)

```
                           C
Take the ribbons from your hair
                          F
Shake it lose and let it fall
                          G
Lay it soft against your skin
                         C
Like the shadows on the wall

Come and lay down by my side
Till the early morning bright
All I'm taking is your time
Help me make it through the night

                                  F
     I don't care what's right or wrong
                          C
     I don't try to understand
                           D
     Let the devil take tomorrow
                           G    (/f /e /d  or   F Em Dm)
     For tonight I need a friend

Yesterday is dead and gone
And tomorrow's out of sight
I don't care what's right or wrong
Help me make it through the night

[instrumental verses]

     I don't care what's right or wrong
```

```
      I don't try to understand
      Let the devil take tomorrow
      For tonight I need a friend

I don't care what's right or wrong
I don't try to understand
And today is also dead and gone
Help me make it through the night.
```

I've Been All Around This World

Trad. (other versions at www.bobdylanroots.com or clearlight.com
As performed by Bob Dylan at Toad's Place, Jan 12, 1990
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
    C                          F                 C
Was on the Blue Ridge Mountain, there I'll take my stand
                               F                 C
Was on the Blue Ridge Mountain, there I'll take my stand
F                        C
Rifle on my shoulder, six-shooter in my hand
                 C         G          C
Lord, Lord, I've been all around this world.

Hattie, oh Hattie, come out and by the door
Hattie, oh Hattie, come out, come out and by the door
'Fore I have to step in with my .44.
God knows, I been all around this world

Hang me, oh hang me, I'll be dead and gone
Hang me, oh hang me, I'll be dead and gone
wouldn't mind your hanging boy, but your jailing takes too long  [/wait in jail so long]
Lord, Lord, I've been all around this world

Was on the Blue Ridge Mountain, there I'll take my stand
Was on the Blue Ridge Mountain, there I'll take my stand
Rifle on my shoulder, six-shooter in my hand
Lord, Lord, I've been all around this world
```

Confidential To Me

Written by Dolinda Morgan and recorded by Sonny Knight in 1956
Recorded summer 1967 during the Basement sessions with the Band, in a version that was *not* rehearsed, and played occasionally in the early 90s.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Toad's Place, New Haven, CT, Jan 12, 1990

Dm7-5 = xx0111

```
C    Am     Dm           G
Confidential as a baby's cry
C    Am    Dm         G
Sentimental as a lullaby
C             C7             F    Fm/Ab
Your love for me will always be
C    G          C      G
Confidential to me

Confidential as a baby's kiss
Sentimental as a lover care (?)
My love for you will always be
Confidential to me


     F6
     Our love is a precious secret
     C               C7
     Too beautiful to share
     Dm
     what need have I

     for crying eyes
     Dm7-5             G
     To look into your heart?

Confidential as a church in twilight
Sacred and moving as a rose in moonlight
My love for you will always be
Confidential to me

     Our love is a precious secret
     Too beautiful to share
     what need have I
     for crying eyes
     To look into my heart?

Confidential as a rose in moonlight
Sacred and moving as a church in twilight
My love for you will always be
Confidential to me
```

Dayton, OH, Nov 9, 1991

The Dm is frequently played with an open e-string (xx0230 or xx3230)

```
F     Dm     Gm              C
 Confidential as a church in twilight
F          Dm    Gm            C
Simple and moving as a rose in moonlight
F           F7              Bb  Bbm
My love for you will always be
F    Gm
Confidential to me

F     Dm    Gm             C
Confidential as a mother's prayer
F          Dm    Gm             C
Sacred and moving to us to share
F           F7              Bb  Bbm
My love for you will always be
F     C          F
 Confidential to me

     Gm
     Our love is a precious secret
     Fmaj7
     Too beautiful to part
     Gm
     what need is there

     for crying eyes
     (G)             C
     To look into my heart?

Confidential as a baby's cry
Sacred an moving as a lullaby
My love for you will always be
Confidential to me

     Our love is a precious secret
     Too beautiful to part
     what need is there
     for crying eyes
     To look into my heart?

Confidential as a baby's cry
Sacred an moving as a lullaby
My love for you will always be
Confidential to me.
```

Key to the Highway

by Charles Segar and Willie Broonzy
As played by Bob Dylan at Toad's Place (New Haven, CT), Jan 12, 1990)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

These three verses (plus a fourth that I couldn't make out) were played over and over again, in no particular order.

```
          E          B
I got the key to the highway,
E                A
 I feel bound to go.
          E
I'm gonna leave here running;
B                  E
Walking is most too slow.

I'm going down to the border
Woman, where I'm better known.
Well you ain't done nothing but
drive a good man from his home.

Kiss me one, one time more mama
One time before I go,
When I leave this time I
won't be back no more.
```

Old Rock 'n' Roller

Written by Charlie Daniels, from his album "Simple Man", released in 1989 (thanks to Martina Henze).
Played by Dylan in Hamburg, 3 July 1990, and introduced with the words: "In case you're wondering what happens to people like me, here's a song to tell about it".
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
            C                           G                     C
He's just an old rock 'n' roller playing music in a backstreet bar.
   Am                        Em                            G
He sings a little flat and he never learned to play the guitar.
       Am                        Em
But he keeps on belting out them rhythm and blues
F                     C
"Long Tall Sally" and "Blue Suede Shoes"
   Am                            Em               F
He never faced the fact that he's never gonna be a star.
            C                           G                     C
He's just an old rock 'n' roller playing music in a backstreet bar.

He had a record in the sixties, it was big enough to go Top Ten.
And though he tried and he tried he never could make it happen again.
He's been living twenty years on bourbon and pride.
Jerry Lee went crazy and Elvis died.
Then his third wife left him but he never really thought it would last.
And now she ain't nothing but another little blast from the past.

        Em                          F
     But sometimes at night when the music [...]
           Em              F
     and the crowd is having fun,
        Em                          F
     He steps up on the mike with a gleam in his eye
              Em               F
     and once again he's twenty-one.
                   Am                        Em
     And then it's "Be-Bop-A-Lula" and "Heartbreak Hotel"

        Am              Em *)
     and "That'll Be The Day"
             **)   G       C          Am     F/G
     Then the Sweet Bird of Youth just flies away.

He's an earthbound eagle that never did learn how to fly.
He ain't never gonna make it but he sure did give it a try.
So go dye your hair and turn the music up loud,
And when it's time to go at least you'll go down proud.
You ain't never gonna be nothing but what you are --
Just an old rock 'n' roller playing music in a backstreet bar,

Just an old rock 'n' roller playing music in a backstreet bar.
```

---

*) One guitar plays an F here.

) No specific chord is discernible here; several alternatives are played simultaneously… **Am is a good guess, which makes sense musically.

Charlie Daniels' version

```
Intro/lick *)        lick **)

  A       D/a        D     Dadd9
  :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .
|-----------------||-------0h2---0---|
|-------2h2-------||-----3-----3---3-|
|-----2-------2---||---2-------------|
|---2-------4---4-||-0---------------|
|-0---------------||-----------------|
|-----------------||-----------------|
  x4 for intro

             A                           E                      A   D/a  A   *)
He's just an old rock 'n' roller playing music in a backstreet bar.
       F#m                          D                        E7
And he sings a little flat and he never learned to play the guitar.
       F#m                    C#m7
But he keeps on beltin' out them rhythm and blues
D                       A
"Long Tall Sally" and "Blue Suede Shoes"
        A                      E                     F#m     D(add9 - D)   **)
He just can't accept the fact he's never gonna be a star.
             A                           E                      A      *)
He's just an old rock 'n' roller playing music in a backstreet bar.

He had a record in the sixties, it was big enough to go Top Ten.
And though he tried and he tried he never could make it happen again.
He's been living twenty years on bourbon and pride.
Jerry Lee went country and Elvis died.
And then his third wife left him but he never really thought it would last.
And now she ain't nothing but another little blast from the past.

         C#m7
     But sometimes late on a saturday night
              D
     when the crowd's out having fun,
        C#m7
     He steps to the mike with a gleam in his eye
               D
     and once again he's twenty-one.
                   F#m
     And then it's "Be-Bop-A-Lulu" and "Heartbreak Hotel"
         C#m7
     and "That'll Be The Day"
                 D     C#m7    Bm         A      D     E
     But then the Sweet Bird of Youth just flies away.

He's an earthbound eagle that never did learn how to fly.
```

He ain't ever gonna make it but he sure did give it a try.
So go dye your hair and turn the music up loud,
When it's time to go, at least you'll go down proud.
You ain't never gonna be nothing but what you are --
Just an old rock 'n' roller playing music in a backstreet bar,

Just an old rock 'n' roller playing music in a backstreet bar.

Stand By Me

Words and music Charles A. Tindley
Played by Bob Dylan Aug 28, 1990 (Merrillville, Indiana)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The Gs marked with *) are played as a mixture of G and C: 320010.

The lyrics differ slightly from the original ones: http://www.cyberhymnal.org/htm/s/t/standbym.htm

---

```
         C                  G *)
When the storms of life are raging,
         C   Csus4 C
Stand by me
         C                  Em
When the storms of life are raging,
         G    C/g  G
Stand by me
         C
When the world is tossing me
                    F
Like a ship upon the sea
         C
Thou who rulest wind and water,
G *)     C
Stand by me.

In the midst of tribulation,
Stand by me
In the midst of tribulation,
Stand by me
When the hosts of hell prevail,
And the faith going to fail,
Thou Who knowest all about me,
Stand by me (stand by me).

When I'm growing old and feeble,
Stand by me
When I'm growing old and feeble,
Stand by me
When I do the best I can
And my friends misunderstand
O Thou "Lily of the Valley,"
Stand by me.
```

Moon River

Written by Henry Mancini and Johnny Mercer
Performed by Bob Dylan in Merriville, Indiana, Aug 27, 1990 (only performance)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

"Everybody here knows about Stevie, so ...
This is for Stevie, wherever you are, Stevie"

```
C    Am    F            Em
Moon River wider than a mile
    F               Em        Dm7    G
I'm crossing you in style someday
        Am    C          F     Em
All the dream makers, you heartbreaker
    C           B7        Em         Dm7   G  (G11)
Wherever you're going I'm going your way
C   Am       F              Em
Two drifters off to see the world
       F          Em   Dm7   G
Such a lovely world to see
      Am        /g#  C/g Dm
We're after the same rainbows
Em  F                 Em
And waiting round the bend
   F           Em
My huckleberry friend,
Am   Dm7
Moon River
G    C
 And me

   C           G7             C
   :   .   .   :   .   .
|-------------------------||-0----||
|*------------------------*||-1----||
|----------0---------------||-0----||
|------2-------3---2---0---||-2----||
|*-3----------------------*||-3----||
|-------------(3)----------||------||
```

When First Unto This Country

Trad.
As played by Bob Dylan June 12, 1991 (Budapest)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
     G               D         C          G
When first unto this country a stranger I came
  C         D          C             G
I courted a fair maid, Nancy was her name
  G               D         C               G
I courted her for love, her love I didn't obtain
       C              D         C           G
Do you think I've any reason or right to complain


I rode to see my Nancy, I rode both day and night
I rode to see my Nancy, my own heart's true delight
I rode to see my Nancy, I rode both night and day
Till I spied a fine grey horse, belonged to captain Grey


But the sheriff's men they followed there, they overtaken me
Then they carted me away to the penitentiary
They beat me and they banged me, and they fed me on dry beans
'Til I wished to my own soul that I'd never been a thief.

They opened up the door and then they threw me in
They shaved off my hair and they cleared off my chin.
With my hands all in my pockets and my cap set on so bold
My coat of many colors Like Jacob's of old.

When first unto this country a stranger I came
I courted a fair maid, Nancy was her name
```

People Putting People Down

Written by John Prine
Performed once by Bob Dylan, in Rome, June 6, 1991
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Some of the Cs are played as Cadd9 (x35533)

```
G                                  C               (C  D)
People that are sad, sometimes they wear a frown
G                                        C
People that are kings, sometimes they wear a crown
        G
But the people that don't fit
        D
Get the only fun they get
                      G              C/g
[from] People putting people down
               G
People putting people down

You may lose your life, you may lose your family
You may lose your mind, just to keep your sanity
But the people that don't fit,
the only fun they get:
People puttin' people down
People putting people down

     C  G
     So cold,
         D               G       (C/g G)
     sometimes it gets so cold

[Instr. verse]

People that are glad, sometimes they wear a smile
People without dreams will walk an extra mile
But the people that don't fit,
the only fun they get:
People puttin' people down
People puttin' people down

     So cold,
     sometimes it gets so cold
```

Second verse, not sung by Dylan:

```
People without love, sometimes build a fence around
The garden up above that makes the whole world go 'round
But all the people that don't fit
Get the only fun they get
From people puttin' people down
People puttin' people down.
```

20/20 Vision

(Lyrics and music Joe Allison/Milton Estes)
As performed by Bob Dylan Austin TX 25 Oct. 1991
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem (many thanks to Jamie for supplies)

The basic rhythm (with numerous variations) is:

```
  G                C         G           C      G
  :   .   .   .    :   .     :   .   .   .      :   .   .   .
|-----------------|---------|-------------0-00-|-3---------------|
|-----------------|---------|-------------1-11-|-0---------------|
|-----------------|-0-0---0-|-------------0-00-|-0---------------|
|-0-0---0-0---0---|-2-2---2-|-0-0---0-0---2-22-|-0-0---0-0---0---|
|-2-2---2-2---2---|-3-3---3-|-2-2---2-2---3-33-|-2-2---2-2---2---|
|-3-3---3-3---3---|---------|-3-3---3-3--------|-3-3---3-3---3---|
```

The line endings are some times embellished with a G/f♯, something like this:

```
  :   .   .   .
|-------------3-33-|-
|-------------0-00-|-
|-------------0-00-|-
|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-00-|-
|-2-2-2-2-3-2-2-22-|-
|-2h3-3-2h3-3-3-33-|-
```

```
  G                     C          G      C G
I went to the doctor, he says I'm alright.
  C                               G      C G
I knew he was lyin', I'm losing my sight.
C                                    G   C G
He should have examined the eyes of my mind
G               D             G          C G
20/20 vision and walkin' 'round blind.

She's gone and left, I feel so alone.
I carry a heart as heavy as stone.
I knew she was cheatin', I knew all the time
20/20 vision and walkin' 'round blind.

With my eyes wide open I lay in my bed.
If it wasn't for dyin' I wish I was dead. *)
But this is my punishment, death is too kind
20/20 vision and walkin' 'round blind.

You just didn't know her the way that I do.
You say that she's wicked, and maybe it's true.
one thing I know, she's no longer mine
20/20 vision and walkin' 'round blind.

She's gone, she's gone, oh what shall I do?
you can't be happy if she's there with you.
```

```
Some day the heart will trouble your mind
20/20 vision and walkin' 'round blind.
```

---

*) Cf. the end of the story of Dink's Song, as told by John Lomax:

A few months ago I inquired about Dink at Yazoo City, Mississippi, her home, she had told me. "Done planted up there,'' said a Negro woman, pointing to a nearby tree-clad hill. I could see a few slabs of marble shining through the low green foliage. Dink had sung me a spiritual about a lonesome graveyard, with the refrain: "I wouldn't mind dyin' if dyin' was all!"

Answer Me

Written by Gerhard Winkler/Fred Rauch/Carl Sigmann
Performed by Bob Dylan during the fall part of the 1991 tour
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The fast chord progression in the third line of the verses is played:

```
  G C F     G   C
  .   .   .     :
|-3-0-1-5-1-3-|-0----
|-0-1-1-6-1-0-|-1----
|-0-0-2-5-2-0-|-0----
|-0-2-3(0)3-0-|-2----
|-2-3-3---3-2-|-3----
|-3-3-1---1-3-|------
```

The first chord in the last line of the verses is usually played as a Dm7, but occasionally a Fmaj7 (133210) sneaks in, with a G11 (3x3211) or a Dm7 on "sweet-":

```
Fmaj7      G11  C
Answer me, sweetheart.
```

```
C          G
Answer me, oh my love
F                         C
Just what sin have I been guilty of
G     C   F   F(v) F   G C
Won't you tell me  how I lost your love
Dm7             C
Answer me, sweetheart.

You were mine yesterday
I thought love was here tot stay
Won't you tell where I've gone astray,
Answer me my love

     Em                Am
     If you can do without me
     Em         B7       Em
     I'll try not to care
                            Am
     But if you ever think about me
     D7                     G11
     Won't you listen to my prayers?

You must know I been true
won't you say we can start anew
In my sorrow now I turn to you
Answer me my love
```

Black Muddy River

Words by Robert Hunter; music by Jerry Garcia
As performed by Bob Dylan in Melbourne, Australia, Apr 6 1992
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

A truly remarkable example of Dylan's ability to get through a text that he only has a faint recollection of, *and still giving the impression that something meaningful is going on.* He gets the refrain fairly right, and a line or two from the original lyrics flash by, but apart from that there is no relation at all between what he sings and what Hunter wrote (or, for that matter between what he sings and what makes sense – in any language), but still, it's a very arresting performance of a very charming tune.

For these reasons I will – for once – completely disregard what Dylan sings, and use Hunter's lyrics for the tab. BTW, this was the last song that Jerry Garcia sang.

```
         A            Bm               D  A
When the last rose of summer pricks my finger
        A       Bm               D
And the hot sun chills me to the bone
       A             Bm           D   A
When I can't hear the song for the singer
      F#m           E             D
And I can't tell my pillow from a stone

     E            A           D           A
     I will walk alone by the black muddy river
         F#m       E          D
     And sing me a song of my own
     E            A           D           A
     I will walk alone by the black muddy river
         F#m        E           D
     And dream me a dream of my own

When the last bolt of sunshine hits the mountain
And the stars start to splatter in the sky
When the moon splits the southwest horizon
With the scream of an eagle on the fly

     I will walk alone by the black muddy river
     And listen to the ripples as they moan
     I will walk alone by the black muddy river
     And sing me a song of my own

         Bm           E
          Black muddy river
         A          F#m
         Roll on forever
               E               A
         Don't care how deep or wide
         E                  A
         If you got another side
         D          C#m (or A/c#)
         Roll muddy river
```

```
          Bm(7)      A
          Roll muddy river
          D           E      A
          Black muddy  river roll

When it seems like the night will last forever
And there's nothing left to do but count the years
When the strings of my heart start to sever
And stones fall from my eyes instead of tears

     I will walk alone by the black muddy river
     And dream me a dream of my own
     I will walk alone by the black muddy river
     And sing me a song of my own
     And sing me a song of my own

     |: F#m . E . D .  :| A
```

Lady of Carlisle

Trad. (but Dylan's version seems to be based on Robert Hunter's of the Grateful Dead)
Performed once, in Sydney, Apr 14, 1992
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Figure at the end of the lines:

```
  G         C/g       G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-3---------333333|-3-3-------------|
|-0---------111111|-1-0-------------|
|-0---------000000|-0-0-------------|
|-0---------222222|-2-0-------------|
|-2---------------|---2-------------|
|-3---------333333|-3-3-------------|
```

```
            G           C       G        C/g G
Down in Carlisle, there lived a lady
           C/g *)        G               C/g G      *) Not played in the
Being most beautiful and gay                            first verse
          G
She was determined to live a lady
          C           D     G            C/g G
No man on earth could she betray

Unless it were a man of honor
A man of honor, and high degree
And down the road came two loved soldiers
This fair lady for to see

The first one being a brave lieutenant
A brave lieutenant and a man of war
The other being a brave sea captain
Captain on the ship that came from far

Then up spoke this fair young lady
Said: "I can't be but one man's bride
If you'll come back tomorrow morning
On this case we will decide"

She ordered her a span of horses
Span of horses at her command
And down the road these three did travel
'til they came to the lions' den

There they stopped and there they halted
These three young soldiers lay gazing round
And for the space of half an hour
This young lady lay speechless on the ground

When at last she did recover
She threw her light fan in the lions' den
```

```
Saying "Which of you to gain a lady
Will retrieve that fan again?"

Then up spoke the brave lieutentant
In a voice both loud and clear
Sayin': "Oh, I am a dear lover of women
But I will never give my life for them"

Then up spoke this brave sea captain
In a voice both clear and high
Sayin': "Oh, I am a true lover of women
I will return her fan or die"

Down in the lions' den he boldy entered
The lions being both loud and fierce
He marched around in and among them
safely returned her fan again

And when she saw her true lover coming
Seeing no harm had been done to him
She threw herself unto his bosom
Saying "Here's the prize that you have won"
```

Female Rambling Sailor

Trad.
Played by Bob Dylan six times in 1992
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem, based on the version from April 3, 1992
Lyrics revised from the version given at the mudcat cafe

The first half-verse is slightly irregular, but all subsequent verses follow the pattern of the second half-verse ("Her true love…").
An outline of the melody is picked out on the bass strings, in the very loose rhythm in which the song is played. The third line of the verses, e.g., could be played something like:

```
  C/g  /a    C                              F       C         G
  :    .     .    .     :   .   .        .     :   .   .   .     :
|---------------------|----------------------|-1---------------|-3-------
|-1----------1--------|----------------------|-1-------1-------|-0-------
|-0----------0--------|-----0---0--------0-2-|-2---2---0-------|-0-------
|-2----------2----0---|-2--------------------|-3-------2---2---|-0-------
|-3----0-----3--------|----------------------|-3-------3-------|-2-------
|-3-------------------|----------------------|-1---------------|-3-------
..near Gravesend there lived a maid      she   was so neat and   pretty
```

Dmadd9/f = xx3230

```
     G                           Dmadd9/f
Come all you maids, both near and far,
           G     F
and listen to my ditty
      C/g   /a   C
'Twas near Gravesend there lived a maid
    F   C           G       C/g  G
She was so neat and pretty.

    Dmadd9/f         G        C
Her true love he was pressed away
    Csus4    C       G       F
And drownded in some foreign sea
      C/g    /a   C
Which caused this fair maid to say
                   G       C/g  G
'I'll be a rambling sailor.'

With trousers blue and jacket white
Just like a sailor neat and tight
The sea it was the heart's delight
Of the female rambling sailor.
From stem to stern she freely goes
She braves all dangers, fears no foes
But soon you shall hear of the overthrow
Of the female rambling sailor

Never did her courage fail
Through stormy seas and wintery gale
```

```
Always did this fair maid prevail
This female rambling sailor.
From stem to stern she freely went
Where oft-times she'd been many
Her hand did slip and down she fell
She calmly bade this world farewell.

When her lily-white breast in sight it came
It appeared to be a female's frame
Rebecca Young it was the name
Of the female rambling sailor.
May the willows wave around her grave
And round the laurels planted *)
May the roses sweet grow at her feet
Of the one who was undaunted.

So, come all you maids, both near and far
And listen to my story
Her body is anchored in the ground
Let's hope her soul's in glory. **)
From the river Thames she's known quite well
No sailor there could her excel
Let one tear fall as a last farewell
To the female rambling sailor.
```

---

*) Dylan sings: "May the laurels wave around her grave / and laurels a-planted"
*) Dylan omits this half-verse.

Golden Vanity

Trad.
As performed by Bob Dylan 04/24/92 Waikiki Shell, Waikiki, HI
Lyrics transcribed by Michael Pucci
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

First of all: note the similarity with *Under The Red Sky*, both in the way the chords go, and the first phrase.

Then there's the little "thing" that occurs here and there, particularly in the verse where marked with a *) and at the beginning of the verses:

```
  C
  :   .     :
|---------|-------
|---------|-------
|---------|-------
|-------0-|-------
|---0-3---|-3-----
|-3-------|-------
```

"This one's got all that stuff in it. You'll see. It's got all that and more."

```
C

                   C     Csus4 C
There was a little ship
       Csus4            C    Csus4 C
and it sailed along the sea
        C                       F          C
and the name of the ship was the golden vanity
        *)            C  Csus4 C     Csus4      C   Csus4 C
and she sailed in the low        and lonesome ocean
        C             G        C
and she sailed in the lonesome sea.

There was another ship sailing along the sea
and the name of that ship was the Turkish Revelry*
and sailing down that low and lonesome ocean
saling in the lonesome sea

There was a cabin boy he said what would you give to me
if I swim alongside of the Turkish Revelry*
and sink her in the low and lonesome ocean
if I sink her in the lonesome sea

Well, I will give you gold and I will give you land
and my own lovely daughter she'll be at your command
if you sink her in the low and lonesome ocean
if you sink her in the lonesome sea

He bowed his breath, overboard jumped he
and he swum 'til he came to the Turkish Revelry
sailing in the low and lonesome ocean
sailing in the lonesome sea
```

```
He had a little tool and all good men could bore
and drilled nine holes in that ship's floor
then he sunk it the low and lonesome ocean
he sunk it in the lonesome sea

And he bowed his breath, back swam he
and he swum 'til he came to the Golden Vanity
sailing in the low and lonesome ocean
sailing in the lonesome sea

O' captain will you be as good as your word
and throw down a line and take me up on board
I'm sinking in that low and lonesome ocean
sinking in that lonesome sea

No, I'll not be as good as my word
I'll not throw down a line or to take you back on board
You'll gonna sink in that low and lonesome ocean
Sink in that lonesome sea

If it wasn't for the love that I have onto your men
I would do onto you like I done onto them
I'd sink you in the low and lonesome ocean
Sink you in that lonesome sea

So he bowed his breath and down went he
He swam til he came to pass down with [...]**
and he sunk in that low and lonesome ocean
He sunk in that lonesome sea
```

---

* Bob, if you listen to the whole show, is obviously drunk and he stumbles on the name of the other ship. Traditionally the ship is the Turkish Revelry.

** I have no idea what he is saying here. Another version has "... to the bottom of the sea" here, which fits nicely.

Lyric variants: http://www.sarcon.demon.co.uk/lyrics/ro865.txt — Some more variants: http://home.iae.nl/user

Girl on the Green Briar Shore

Trad.
As played by Bob Dylan June 28, 1992 (Gothenburg)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
  G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-------------------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----0-0-----0-0---------|-----0-0---0-0---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----0-0-----0-0---------|-----0-0---0-0---|-----------------|
|-----------0h2---|-5-------4-------2p0-----|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----0h2---------|---------------------2---|-----------------|-----0h2---------|
|-3---------------|-------------------------|-3---------------|-3-----------3---|

                    C                         G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :
|-----------------|-------------------------|-----3-3---3-3---|-----------
|-----0-0---------|-----1-1-----1-1---1-----|-----0-0---0-0---|-----------
|-----0-0---------|-----0-0-----0-0---0-----|-----0-0---0-0---|-----------
|---------5---4---|-2-------------------0---|-----------------|-----------
|/5---------------|---------3---------------|-----------------|-----------
|-----------------|-------------------------|-3---------------|-3---------
                                                                  'Twas in the...
```

```
           G       C      G
Twas in the year of eighty-two
       C                 G
In the springtime of the year
          G            C       G
I left my mother and a home so dear
             D                       G
All for that girl on the green briar shore.

My mother she says, "Son, don't go
Don't leave me home alone
Don't leave your mother and a home so dear
Never trust a girl on the green briar shore."

But I was young and reckless too
And I craved a reckless life.
I left my mother and a home so dear
And I took that girl to be my wife.

Her hair was dark and curly too
And her lovin' eyes were blue
Her cheeks were like the red red rose
That girl I loved from the green briar shore.

The years rolled on and the months rolled by
She left me all alone.
Now I remember what my mama said,
"Never trust a girl on the green briar shore."
```

Farewell To The Gold

Written by the New Zealand folk musician Paul Metzers
Played live by Dylan in Youngstown, OH Nov 2, 1992
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords used:

```
Em7   xx2033
Cadd9 x32030  most often this seems to be played as a straight C
```

```
D        Em7   C                D
Shotover River, your gold it is waning
         C(add9)         D          G       D
And it's years since the color I've seen.
D           Em7      C         D
No use just sitting, Lady Luck blaming
     C(add9)     D            G       C/g  G
I'll pack up and make a break clean.

     D               Dsus4 D      G       D
     Farewell to the gold    that never I found,
         D          Dsus4 D      G          D
     Goodbye to the nuggets that somewhere abound;
              G         C             G         D
     For it's only when dreaming that I see you gleaming
          C           D         G
     Down in the dark deep underground.

It's nearly three years since I left my old mother
For adventure and gold by the pound.
With Jimmy the prospector, he was another,
For the hills of Otago we were bound.

     Farewell . . .

We worked the Cardrona's dry valley all over
Old Jimmy Williams and me.
They were panning good dust on the winding shotover
So we headed down there just to see.

     Farewell . . .

We sluiced and we cradled for day after day
Barely making enough to get by;
Then a terrible flood swept poor Jimmy away
During six stormy days in July.

     Farewell . . .
```

Little Moses

Trad/A. P. Carter
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Lyrics transcribed by Manfred Helfert, who also says:

Covered by Dylan during 5 Mar 1970 "Self Portrait'' sessions (credited to Bert A. Williams/Earle C. Jones), during 1975 Rolling Thunder Revue tour (a fragment with Dylan on piano, probably dating from Nov 1975 is part of the "Renaldo and Clara'' soundtrack), performed live in 1992 and 1993. Dylan's most likely source is The Carter Family's recording (RCA Studios, Camden, NJ, 14 Feb 1929, included in Harry Smith's Anthology of American Folk Music (track 53) on Folkways. (Roots, Routes and Ramblings)

```
C           G        C
Away by the river so clear,
    C           G             C
The ladies were winding their way,
    G
And Pharaoh's little daughter stepped down in the water
   C            F           C
To bathe in the cool of the day.
  C       F/C C        C      F/C C
Before it was dark she opened the ark
                     G          C
And found the sweet infant was there.


And away by the waters so blue,
The infant was lonely and sad.
She took him in pity and thought him so pretty
And it made little Moses so glad.
She called him her own, her beautiful son
And sent for a nurse that was near.

And away by the river so clear,
They carried the beautiful child,
To his own tender mother, his sister and brother,
Little Moses looked happy and smiled.
His mother so good done all that she could
To rear him and teach him with care.

And away by the sea that was red,
Little Moses the servant of God,
While in him confided, the sea was divided,
As upward he lifted his rod.
The Jews safely crossed while Pharaoh's host
Was drownded in the waters and lost.

And away on the mountain so high,
The last one that ever might see,
While in his victorious, his hope was most glorious
He'd soon o'er the Jordan be free.
When his labor did cease, he departed in peace
And rested in the Heavens above.
```

Weeping Willow

Blind Boy Fuller (see Fuller's version: http://www.dylanchords.com/oo_misc/weeping_willow_fuller.htm)
Recorded by Bob Dylan during the fourth Supper Club show (Nov 17, 1993)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The last part is the tricky one (you probably knew that already...). The following tab is John Jackson's guitar part. Dylan plays a mixture of simple chords and weird licks, as usual.

```
  A                         Dm                        A
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|(1)----1-----0-----------|-------------------------|
|(2)---h2-----0-----------|(3)--------3---3-------0-|h2----h2-----0-----------|
|(2)--------2---2---------|(2)--------------------0-|h2---------2---2---------|
|(2)----------------------|-0--------------------0-|h2----------------------|
|-0-----------------------|-------------------------|-0-----------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

                          Dm
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-1-----1-----0---------1-|-------1-----0-----------|
|------h2-----0-----------|-3---------3---3---------|-----------3---3-------0h|
|-----------2---2---------|-2-----------------------|-----------------------0h|
|-------------------------|-0-----------------------|-----------------------0h|
|-0-----------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

  A                                                   E7
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------0-------0---------|
|-2-----2-----0-----------|-2-----2-----0-----------|-------------3-----------|
|-2---------2---2---------|-2---------2---2---------|-1-----------------------|
|-2-----------------------|-2-----------------------|-2-----------------------|
|-0-----------------------|-0-----------------------|-2-----------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-0-----------------------|

  D#o         E7            A     D#o         E7      A         A6
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-0---------------0-------|-------2---4-5p4-0-------|-------------------------|
|-----1-------------3---2-|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|-------2---1-------------|-2-----------------------|-------------------------|
|-------------2-----------|-------------------1p0---|-------------------------|
|-------------------------|-----------------------3-|-0-----------------------|
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

Last line, bass:
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------
|-1-----1-----2-----------|-------4-----1-----------|-------------
|-------------------2-----|-0-----------------3-----|-0-----------
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------------
```

```
          A               Dm             A
Man, that weeping willow, moaning like a dove
Dm                            A
Weeping willow moaning like a dove
               E7               D#o E7     A     D#o    E7 |A   (A6)
Man, there's a gal up the country I sure do love

If you see my baby tell her to hurry home
You see my baby, tell her hurry home
I ain't had no lovin' since my little girl been gone

Where it ain't no love, ain't no gettin' along, (aaaww, shucks!)
ain't no love, mama, ain't no love and gettin' along.
My baby treats me so mean and dirty, can't tell right from wrong

Gonna buy me a bulldog, watch you while you sleep
Buy me a bulldog, watch you while you sleep
I have to stop them men from makin' early mornin' creep.

You gonna want my love, mama, some old lonesome day,
You gonna want my love, mama, some old lonesome day,
But it'll be too late, I'll be gone too far away.

Oh, that weeping willow, mourning like a dove
Weeping willow mourning like a dove
Well, there's a gal in the country man I sure do love.
```

The Lady Came From Baltimore

Written by Tim Hardin (1967)
Performed by Bob Dylan in 1992 (once) and 1994 (three times)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (based on the version from Apr 13 1994)

Capo 1st fret (sounding key C♯ major), or a fast tape.

The G at the beginning of the chorus is tinted with a c, i.e. it could basically be played as a Gsus4 (e.g. 320013), although it may also be the outcome of two different chords (C and G) being played on two different guitars.

```
C             G
Lady came from Baltimore,
F               C
All she wore was lace.
F                    C
 She never knew that I was poor,
G(sus4       G)
never saw my face.

     Am            G
     I was there to take her money,
     F                  C
     Steal her rings and run.
     F             C
     Then I fell in love
              G                  C
     with the lady, got away with none.

     [1 verse/refrain interlude]

The lady's name was Susan Moore,
Her daddy read the law.
She never knew that I was poor,
And lived outside the law.

     Her daddy said, I was a thief
     Never married her for love.
     It was Susan's true belief
     I married her for love.

     I was there to take her money,
     Steal her rings and run.
     Then I fell in love
     with the lady,  got away with none.

     [1 verse/refrain interlude]

Outside her house there was a wall
To keep the robbers out.
She'd never stop to think at all
If that's what I'm about.
```

I was there to take her money,
Steal her rings and run.
Then I fell in love
with the lady, got away with none.

New Minglewood Blues

Written by Noah Lewis
Peformed by Bob Dylan twice in 1996 (Århus, Denmark, 15 June 1996 and Differdange, Luxembourg, 24 June 1996)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem from the performance in Århus, June 15 1996

```
A

      A
I was born in a desert, Raised in a lion's den
      D7                A
I was born in a desert, Raised in a lion's den
       E                                                    A
And my number one occupation is stealing women from their other men

D7                   C7                          A
Busted down in Texas, busted jail, I'm gone for good
D7                   C7                            A
Busted down in Texas, busted jail and I'm gone for good
         E                                                              A
Well the sheriff couldn't catch me but his little girl sure wished they could

[instr. verse]

Doc says I'm crazy, some says I am some says I ain't
Doctor says I'm crazy, some says I am some says I ain't
The little girl says I'm [a sinner]**), but the preacherman calls me a saint

[instr. verse]

Got lots of whiskey, [...] start lookin' good  *)
Got lots of whiskey, [...] start lookin' good
Couple more shots of whiskey, I'm goin' back to Minglewood

Doc says I'm crazy, some says I am some says I ain't
Doctor says I'm crazy, some says I am some says I ain't
The preacher calls me a sinner, but the little girl she calls me a saint
```

---

*) Dylan's lyrics are inaudible (to me anyway). The Grateful Dead's version goes:

```
''Well, a couple shots of whiskey, women round here start looking good

 Well, a couple shots of whiskey, women round here start looking good

 A couple more shots of whiskey, I'm going down to Minglewood''
```

**) Dylan sings something else – probably intending to sing the same as in the last verse.

Shake Sugaree

Written by Elizabeth Cotten
Performed live by Bob Dylan 7 times in 1996 and 1997
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
E                                E7
I got a secret, and I ain't gonna tell
A                                 E
I'm going to Heaven in a split pea shell

     A                      E         A
     Oh Lordy me, didn't we shake sugaree
     E            B       A       E
     Everything I have is down in pawn.

I pawned my watch, and I pawned my chain
I even tried to sell myself, but I got down so ashamed

I've got a song to sing, and it's not very long
I'm gonna sing it right, if it takes me all night long.

I got a secret, and I ain't gonna tell
I'm going to Heaven in a split pea shell.
```

Different version (Cotten's own?) with additional verses not sung by Dylan

I have a little song, won't take long
Sing it right, once or twice
Oh lord oh me, didn't I shake sugaree
Everythiny I got is done in pawn (2x)

I pawned my watch, pawned my chain
Pawned everything that was in my name

I pawned my buggy, house and cot
Pawned everything that was on my lot

I pawned my chair, I pawned my bed
Don't have nowhere to lay my head

I have a little secret I ain't gonna tell
I'm goin' to heaven in a ground pea shell

I pawned my house, I've pawned my home
Pawned everything that I own

I pawned my tobacco, I pawned my pipe
Pawned everything that was in my sight

I know something, I ain't gonna tell
I'm goin' to heaven and I ain't goin' to . . .

I pawned my hat, I pawned my shoes
Pawned everything that I could use

I chew my tobacco, spit my juice
I would raise cain but it ain't no use

Cocaine Blues

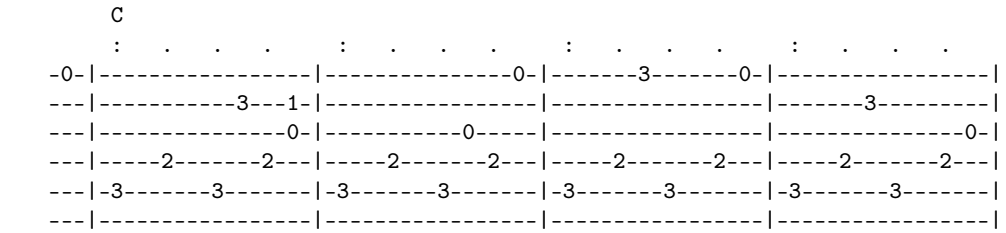
traditional/Revd. Gary Davis
Performed by Bob Dylan occasionally in his early days (at the *Gaslight*, e.g.), and frequently in 1997-1999
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Version from Gaslight Tapes 2

Capo 5th fret (sounding key F major)
Standard fingerpicking. The F chord is fingered with an open 5th string (A) in the bass (103211). This, and the hammer-ons, requires the chord to be played using the thumb on the 6th string.

The intro is in principle what is played for the verses (beginning from measure 3), whereas the interlude is also the refrain. And, yes, he does sing the two 10th street verses in a row, without a refrain between them. The last "refrain" is really just mumbling over the final interlude (which then isn't an interlude anymore, but a postlude).

Intro:




```
                                  Yonder . . .

C
Yonder come my baby all dressed in red.
F/a
Hey baby, I'm better off dead.
C      G*)            C                      *) In subsequent verses:
Cocaine all around my brain.                     F/a G (as in the intro)
```

```
     E(7)
      Hey baby, won't you come here quick.
     F
     This old cocaine is making me sick.
     C       F/a  G        C
     Cocaine all around my brain.
```

```
  E7                                  F
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------0---------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---------------3-|-------0---------|---1-------------|---1-----------0-|
|---1-------1-----|---1-------1---0-|h2-------------0-|h2---------2-----|
|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|-----3-------3---|-----3-------3---|
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---------------|-0---------------|
|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|---------1-------|---------1-------|

  C                 F       G         C
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------0---------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|---1-------------|---1-----------0-|h1-------------1-|---------------1-|
|-----------0---0-|h2---------0-----|-----------0-----|-----------0-----|
|-----2-------2---|-----3-------0---|-----2-------2---|-----2-------2---|
|-3---------------|-0---------------|-3---------------|-3---------------|
|---------3-------|---------3-------|---------3-------|---------3-------|
```

```
Yonder come a baby all dressed in white,
hey baby won't you stay all night.
Cocaine all around my brain.
```

```
     Hey mama, won't you come here quick.
     This old cocaine is making me sick.
     Cocaine all around my brain.
```

```
Yonder come a baby all dressed in blue.
Hey baby, what you're gonna do?
Cocaine all around my brain.
```

```
     Hey baby, won't you come here quick.
     This old cocaine is making me sick.
     Cocaine all around my brain.
```

```
Well up and down 10th street, turned down main,
looking for a guy they call Cocaine.
Cocaine all around my brain.

Then I walked down 10th street, turned down Beale,
looking for a guy they call Lucille.
Cocaine all around my brain.

[instrumental verse + refrain]

Yonder come a baby all dressed in white,
hey baby won't you stay all night.
Cocaine all around my brain.
```

```
     Hey baby, won't you come here quick.
     This old cocaine is making me sick.
     Cocaine all around my brain.

     Lord, cocaine been on my head,
     goddamn, cocaine my head,
     cocaine all around my brain.
```

Version from The Wolftrap, Aug 24, 1997

```
C                        C7
Everytime my baby and me go up town
F                    F#dim
police come and they knock me down
C       G             C
Cocaine all around my brain

     E
     Hey baby, better come here quick.
     F
     This old cocaine is making me sick.
     C      G              C
     Cocaine all around my brain.

Yonder comes by baby, she's dressed in red
She's got a shot-gun, says she's gonna kill me dead.
Cocaine all around my brain

     Hey baby, better come here quick.
     This old cocaine is making me sick.
     Cocaine all around my brain.

Early one morning, half past four
cocaine came knockin' on my door.
Cocaine all around my brain

     Hey baby, you better come here quick.
     This old cocaine is making me sick.
     Cocaine all around my brain.

Cocaine's for horses and it's not for men
Doctor said it kill you, but he don't say when.
Cocaine all around my brain.

     Hey baby, you better come here quick.
     This old cocaine is making me sick.
     Cocaine all around my brain.
```

Viola Lee Blues

As performed by Bob Dylan in Sapporo, Japan, Feb 24 1997
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem
Thanks to James Louis Pirman for corrections.

```
G
The judge decreed it, the clerk he wrote it

The clerk he wrote it down indeedy *)
 C G
The judge decreed it, the clerk he wrote it down
 D C G
Give you this jail sentence, you'll be Nashville bound

Some got six months, some got one solid
Some got one solid year, indeedy
Some got six months, some got one solid year
But me and my buddy both got lifetime here

Fix my supper mama, I wanna go to
I wanna go to bed indeed Lord
Fix my supper, I wanna go to bed
I've been drinking White Lightning, And it's gone to my head
```

---

*) Dylan actually sings "The judge decreed it down indeedy" here.

Not Fade Away

Written by Norman Petty, Charles Hardin and Buddy Holly
Performed by Bob Dylan regularly in 1999-2000 and a few times before and after that
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Buddy Holly played this song with the basic rhythm:

```
E           A         E   E
:   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
    ba      ba        ba  ba
```

When The Rolling Stones covered the song, they changed the rhythm into the "Bo Diddley Beat" and moved the chord changes:

```
E                     A   E
v     v     v         v   v
:   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
```

This has become the standard version of the song, which Dylan follows. Early on he played it rather straightforwardly in the "Stones Tradition" (see 1997 version below), but since 1999 he and the band have worked out their own distinctive version, to which they have remained faithful.
The transcription below follows the version from Oslo, May 19, 2000, with a side-glance at Vienna, April 30, 1999.

Capo 1st fret (sounding key G major)
(this may seem awkward, but it is necessary to get the oh2 hammer-on on the sixth string)

Intro:

```
  F#                                                    B   F#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|------(3-----3---|---------2-------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------4-----4---|---2---------4---|-------4-----2---|---4---------4---|
|-------4-----4---|-----4-----------|-------4-------4-|-2---0-----------|
|-0h2-------------|-----------------|-0h2-------------|---------2-------|

  F#                                  F#7                   B   F#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---0-0-0-0-0-0-|-0---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-5---5-5-5-5-5-5-|-5---------------|
|-----------------|---------2-------|-4h6-6-6-6-6-6-6-|-6-4-2-----------|
|-------4-----4---|---2---------4---|-----------------|---------4-------|
|-------4-----4---|-----4-----------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0h2-------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

   F#      B            B11  F#        F#      B
   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .  x3 :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|--2-------2-------|--(2)2---2-------|-2-------2-------|-----------------|
|*-2-------4-------|--(4)2---2------*|-2-------4-------|-----------------|
|--3-------4-------|--(4)2---3-------|-3-------4-------|-----------------|
|--4-------4-------|--(4)2---4-------|-4-------4-------|-----------------|
|*-4-------2-------|---------4------*|-4-------2-------|-----------------|
|--2---------------|---------2-------|-2---------------|-----------------|
```

```
  F#                                                    B   F#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|------(3-----3---|---------2-------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------4-----4---|---2---------4---|-------4-----2---|---4-------------|
|-------4-----4---|-----4-----------|-------4-------4-|-2---0-----------|
|-0h2-------------|-----------------|-0h2-------------|---------2-------|

  F#                                F#7                 B   F#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|/5-5-5-5-5-5-5---|-----------------|
|-------------2---|---2-----2-------|-4h6-6-6-6-6-6---|---4-2-----------|
|-------4---------|-------------4---|-----------------|---------4-------|
|-------4---------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0h2------(2)----|(2)---(2)--------|-----------------|-----------------|


                                                  v   v  v     v v
F#                                    B   1)= | B  . . . | . E B  . |
I'm gonna tell you how it's gonna be
F#                          (B  F#)             v   v  v     v v
You're gonna give your love to me         2)= | F# . . . | . B F# . |
F#                                  B
I'm gonna love you night and day          1)
    F#                       B F#
you know my love not fade away            2)
F#
Love and love and not fade away           2)

[Interlude:]

        v   v  v              v   v  v     v v
     |: B  . . . | E . B .  | B  . . . | . E B  . |

       v   v  v              v   v  v     v v
     | F# . . . | B . F# . | F# . . . | . B F# . :|

       v   v  v              v   v  v     v v
     | F# . . . | . . .  . | F# . . . | . B F# . | (= first line of intro)

My love's bigger than a Cadillac
I try to show you but you drive me back
My love for you has gotta be real
Want you to know just how I feel
Love and love and not fade away
Love to love and not fade away

[interlude]

I'm gonna tell you how it's gonna be
You're gonna give your love to me
I'm gonna love you night and day
you know my love not fade away
Love and love and not fade away

[got] my love and not fade away
```

```
Love and love and not fade away
```

An alternative way of playing the intro:

```
  F#                                                    B   F#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|------(3-----3---|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-------4-----4---|---------7---4---|-------4---------|---4-------------|
|-------4-----4---|---7-4-----------|-------4-----7-4-|-----------------|
|-0h2-------------|-----------------|-0h2-------------|-7---5---2-------|

  F#                                  F#7                   B   F#
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---0-0-0-0-0-0-|-0---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-5---5-5-5-5-5-5-|-5---------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-4h6-6-6-6-6-6-6-|-6-4-------------|
|-------4-----4---|-----7-4-7---4---|-----------------|-----7---4-------|
|-------4-----4---|-----7---7-------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0h2-------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

Alternatives for the B-E-B riff (lick 1):

In the verses:

```
  B           E/b     B E   B
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-4-----4----h5---|---4-5---4-------|
|-4-----4-----4---|---4-4---4-------|
|-4-----4----h6---|---4-6---4-------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
```

In the interludes:

```
  B                       E           B               B    E     B   E (acutally
  :     .     .     .     :     .     .   .                         Bsus4)
|-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-|-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-------|    ||-11---12-||-2---2--||
|-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-7-|-9-9-9-9-9-9-7-------|    ||-12---12-||-4---5--||
|-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-8-|-9-9-9-9-9-9-8-------|    ||-11---13-||-4---4--||
|-------------------------|---------------------| or ||---------||-4---4--||
|-------------------------|---------------------|    ||---------||-2------||
|-------------------------|---------------------|    ||---------||--------||
```

Alternatives for the F♯-B riff (lick 2):

```
   F#  B    F#  B     F#6  B
||-6---7-||-2---2--||-11---11--||
||-7---7-||-2---4--||-11---12--||
||-6---8-||-3---4--||-11---11--||
||-------||-4---4--||----------||
||-------||-4---2--||----------||
||-------||-2------||----------||
```

Version from Hartford CT, Apr 19, 1997 (found on the bootleg *[Bathed in a stream of] Pure Heat*)

```
[Intro: repeat ad lib]
   E                     A   E         E                         A
   :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|--0-----0-----0---|---0-0---0-------|-0-----0-----0---|-----0---0-------|
|*-0-----0-----0---|---0-2---0------*|-0-----0-----0---|-----0---2-------|
|--1-----1-----1---|---1-2---1-------|-1-----1-----1---|-----1---2-------|
|--2-----2-----2---|---2-2---2-------|-2-----2-----2---|-----2---2-------|
|*-2-----2-----2---|---2-0---2------*|-2-----2-----2---|-----2---0-------|
|--0-----0-----0---|---0-----0-------|-0-----0-----0---|-----0-----------|
                                      I'm gonna tell you
                                                  how it's gonna be . . .

[Lick 1]
  A           D/a     A D   A        A                     D   A
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----2-----------|
|-2-----2-----3---|---2-3---2------|-2-----2-----2---|-----3---2------*|
|-2-----2-----2---|---2-2---2------|-2-----2-----2---|-----2---2-------| same basic
|-2-----2-----4---|---2-4---2------|-2-----2-----2---|-----0---2-------| rhythm
|-0-----0-----0---|---------0------|-0-----0-----0---|---------0------*| throughout
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

E                                   A   1)
I'm gonna tell you how it's gonna be
E                           A  E              v  v  v     v v
You're gonna give your love to me       2)= | E . . . | . A E .  | (twice)
E                            A
I'm gonna love you night and day        1)
    E                     A E
you know my love not fade away          2) once
    E                     A E
you know my love not fade away          2) once


|: Lick 2 :|

My love's bigger than a Cadillac
I try to show you but you drive me back
My love for you has gotta be real
Want you to know the way I feel
Love and love and not fade away
Love and love and not fade away

| Lick 2 |
```

```
                      x4
|: lick 1 :| |: lick 2 :|

I'm gonna tell you how it's gonna be
You're gonna give your love to me
I'm gonna love you night and day
you know my love not fade away
know my love and not fade away

| Lick 2 |
| lick 1 | |: lick 2 :|            x4
| lick 1 | |: lick 2 :| |: lick 2 :|

My love's bigger than a Cadillac
I try to show you but you drive me back
Love and and love, and it will pass one day
Know my love and not fade away
Love and love and not fade away
not fade away
not fade away
not fade away
not fade away
You know my love and not fade away
```

Stone Walls and Steel Bars

As performed by Bob Dylan in Beverly Hills, CA, USA, May 21 1997
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G C G
Stone walls, steel bars, a love on my mind.
 C G
I'm a three time loser, I'm long gone this time.
D C G
Jealousy has took my young life,
D C G
all for the love of another man's wife.
 G7 C
But I've had it comin', I've known all the time.
 G D G
No more stone walls, steel bars or you on my mind.

Stone walls, steel bars, a love on my mind.
I'm a three time loser, I'm long gone this time.

Old, gray warden, dark Frisco Bay.
Guards all around me, leadin' my way.
I've had it comin, I tend o'er the line.
No more stone walls, steel bars nor you on my mind.

Stone walls, steel bars, a love on my mind.
I'm a three time loser, I'm long gone this time.
I'm a three time loser, I'm long gone this time.
```

I'll Not Be A Stranger

Probably trad.
As played by Bob Dylan late 1997
Lyrics borrowed from Manfred Helfert's transcription
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
     C                       F
I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city;
      C                       G
I'm acquainted with folks over there.
           C
There'll be friends there to greet me,
           F
There'll be loved ones to meet me
       C            G        C
At the gates of that city four square.

                G
     Through the years, through the tears,
             C
     They've gone one by one.
                G
     But they'll wait at the gate
       C
     Until my race is run.
          C                       F
     I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city
           C            G          C
     I'm acquainted with folks over there.

     c . . G . . C . . | . . .

I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city;
I've a home on the streets paved with gold.
I'll feel right at home there
In that beautiful somewhere
With the loved ones whose memory I hold.

     Through the years, through the tears,
     They've gone one by one.
     But they'll wait at the gate
     Until my race is run.
     I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city
     I'm acquainted with folks over there.

I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city;
There'll be no lonely days over there.
There'll be no stormy weather
But a great time together
On the streets of that city four square.

     Through the years, through the tears,
     They've gone one by one.
```

```
But they'll wait at the gate
Until my race is run.
I'll not be a stranger when I get to that city
I'm acquainted with folks over there.
```

Roving Gambler

As performed by Bob Dylan on the Love Sick single (El Rey Theatre, LA, USA, Dec 17 1997)
Recorded and arranged by Hank Thompson
Submitted by Amelia Cruz with corrections by Eyolf Østrem

```
G
 I am a rovin' gambler, I've gambled all around

Wherever I meet with a deck of cards
  C            G
I lay my money down
                              (C)   G
(I Lay my money down; Lay my money down.)

I gambled up in Washington, gambled over in Spain
I'm on my way to Frisco town
to knock down my last game
(knock down my last game; knock down my last game)

I had not been in 'Frisco, many more days than three
I fell in love with a pretty little girl
And she fell in love with me
(Fell in love with me; Fell in love with me.)

She took me in her parlor, she cooled me with a fan
She whispered low in her mama's ear
"I love this gamblin' man."
("Love this gamelin' man."; "Love this gamblin' man.")

"Daughter, Oh! dear daughter, how could you treat me so?
And leave your dear old mother
And with a gambler go?"
("With a gambler go?"; "With a gambler go?")

"Mother, Oh dear mother, I'll tell you if I can
If you ever see my face again,
I'll be with the gamblin' man"
("be with the gamblin' man"; "be with the gamblin' man")

I left her in 'Frisco, I went up to Maine
then I met with a gamblin' man
and then we got into a poker game
(Got into a poker game; We got into a poker game.)

He put some money in the pot, passed the cards around
I saw him deal from the bottom of the deck
So I shot the gambler down
(Shot the gambler down; Shot the gambler down.)

Now I'm down in prison, I got a number for a name
The warden said as he closed the door
You've gambled your last game
(Gambled your last game; Gambled your last game.)
```

White Dove

Written by Carter Stanley
Performed live by Bob Dylan a handful of times in 1997-2000
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
          G                                   C
   .      :     .     .      :     .     .      :     .     .      :     .     .
---------|-----7-------7-----|-------------------|-------------3-----|-------3-----------|
---------|-8-----8-----8-----|-------------0-----|-----1-------1-----|-------1-----------|
-------0-|-7-----7-----7-----|-7-----7-----0-----|-----0-------0-----|-------0---2-0-----|
-0-2-----|-------------------|-7h9---7---------0-|-0h2---2-----------|-----------------2-|
---------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-3-----------------|
---------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|

  G                   D                   G
  :     .     .       :     .     .       :     .     .       :     .     .
|-------3-----------|-------2-----------|-------3-----------|-------------------|
|-------0-----------|-------3-----------|-------0-----------|-------------------|
|-------0-----------|-------2-----------|-------0-----------|-0-----------------|
|-0-----------------|-0---------2-0-----|---------------0-2-|-------------------|
|-------------2-3-4-|-----------------2-|-------------2-----|-------------------|
|-------------------|-------------------|-3---------3-------|-------------------|
                                                          In the . . .
```

```
      G                             C
In the deep rollinghills of West Virginia
  G               D
A place I love so well
       G                          C
Where I spent the happy hour of my childhood
      G              D       G
In the cabin where we used to dwell

          G                  C
     White dove will mourn in sorrow
         G           D          G
     The willow will hang their head
          G               C
     I'll live my life in sorrow
             G          D         G
     Now that mother and daddy are dead

Well, We're all so happy there together
In our little mountain home
But the Saviour needs angels in heaven
To sing by that great white throne

     White dove will mourn in sorrow
     The willow will hang their head
     I'll live my life in sorrow
     Now that mother and daddy are dead

As the years go by I often wonder
```

Will we all be together some day
And I've lost every hour in the graveyard
Darkness finds me on my knees to pray

White dove will mourn in sorrow
The willow will hang their head
I'll live my life in sorrow
Now that mother and daddy are dead

Oh, Babe, It Ain't No Lie

Written by Elizabeth Cotten
As played by Bob Dylan in Durham, NH, April 11 1997
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G             C
Some old lady, in this town.
      G               D       G
Keeps telling all them lies on me.
G          G7           C
Wish to my soul that old lady would die.
     G               D       G
Stop telling all them lies on me.

D                   G
Oh babe, it ain't no lie.
B7                  C
Oh babe, it ain't no lie.
                    G
Oh babe, it ain't no lie.
           D             G
this life I lead is mighty high.

Been all around this whole wide world
Honey babe I just got back today
I've been saving all of my love for you
Honey baby what more can I do

Oh babe, it ain't no lie (etc.)
```

Friend of the Devil

Garcia/Hunter/Dawson
Played frequently by Dylan during the late 1990s
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords (and intro):

```
G’   xx5430
G/f# xx4030
C/e  xx2010
G/d  xx000(0)
C    x32010
C/b  x20010 (at least this is how he plays it, with the index finger
            left on the second string)
Am   x02210
```

```
G’    G/f#     C/e  G/d    C          C/b    Am
I lit out from Reno, I was trailed by twenty hounds
G’     G/f#   C/e        G/d         C           C/b   Am
Didn’t get to sleep last night ’till the morning came around.

     D
      Set out runnin’ but I take my time
        Am
     A friend of the devil is a friend of mine
        D
     If I get home before daylight,
       Am                  C       D
     I just might get some sleep tonight.

Ran into the devil, babe, he loaned me twenty bills
I spent the night in Utah in a cave up in the hills.

     Set out runnin’ but I take my time,
     A friend of the devil is a friend of mine,
     If I get home before daylight,
     I just might get some sleep tonight.

I ran down to the levee but the devil caught me there
He took my twenty dollar bill and vanished in the air.

     Set out runnin’ but I take my time
     A friend of the devil is a friend of mine
     If I get home before daylight,
     I just might get some sleep tonight.

D
Got two reasons why I cry away each lonely night,
    Am
The first one’s named Sweet Anne Marie, and she’s my hearts delight.
```

```
D
The second one is prison, babe, the sheriff's on my trail,
    Am                              C               D
And if he catches up with me, I'll spend my life in jail.

Got a wife in Chino, babe, and one in Cherokee
The first one says she's got my child, but it don't look like me.

     Set out runnin' but I take my time,
     A friend of the devil is a friend of mine,
     If I get home before daylight,
     I just might get some sleep tonight.
```

I'm Not Supposed To Care

Words and music Gordon Lightfoot
Performed by Bob Dylan three times in May 1998
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

A beautiful tune! Much of the effect lies in the hypnotically ever-descending bass line, with subtly changing chords above it. Also, the ornaments in the band turn a quite simple country(ish) ballad into something quite complex.

Chords:

```
D       xx0232 or xx0775
D+      xx0332 or xx0776
D6      xx0432 or xx0777
D7      xx0532 or xx0778
Gm/bb   x10333
A11     x05433
A6      x02222
```

Intro:

```
D . . |D /c# /b |A11 . . |A6 . A7 |
D . . |(d f# a) |A11 . . |A  . .  |

  D                              D+
I think you have somebody waiting
                    D6
outside in the rain
                 D7
to take you away
         G
You got places to go, you got people to see
                 A
still I'm gonna miss you
(D/a)   A
Ah, but anyway

  D              /c#
I wish you good spaces
       Bm       /a         G . . /f# . . C/e . . G/d . .
in the far away places you go
A(7)   /g          /f# *)                    *) or F#m
 If it rains or it snows
/e          D            /c#
 may you be safe and warm
    Bm         A
and never grow old
    G                    A
And if you need somebody sometime              **) G/a-D/a (x05433 x04232)
    D           C         G      Gm/bb
you know I will always be there                      A11   A6  A7   D
     D/a     **)        A ***)          D      ***)|-3---3-2---0--|-----
I'll do it although I'm not supposed to care       |(3---3-2---2)-|-3---
```

```
                                                    |-4---4-2---0--|(2)--
A11 . . A                                           |(5-----2---2)-|-4---
                                                    |-0-----0------|-5---
I'll give you the keys for my flying machine        |--------------|-----
if you'd like
I will show you the light
and when you call I'm gonna come a-running to you
And if you need somebody sometime
I know you would treat me the same
Just lie there, you're not supposed to care

[instrumental verse]

     I think you got somebody waiting outside in the rain
     to take you away.
     It's some kind of a game
     but I'm glad that it came down
     to the final round
     Ah, but anyway

If you need somebody sometime
you know I will always be there         D  . .
I'll do it although I'm not supposed to care

C . . G(/b) . . Gm/bb . .

     D/a     **)        A ***)          D
I'll do it although I'm not supposed to care

/c  G/b  Gm/bb   D
```

The Times We've Known

Words and music Charles Aznavour
Performed by Bob Dylan in the Madison Square Garden, November 1, 1998
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Chords:

```
D#dim   x01212
E6      022120
E7      020100
```

```
               A
The times we've known are slipping by
           F#m
Iike vapour trails across the sky
           E
The best of times, the worst of times
             A     (Asus4 A)
Have come and gone

The years of debt, the years of doubt
the years of 'what's it all about?'
Of holding fast, and holding out
And holding on

             D                C#7
When life was hard and chances few
           F#m
Still I was rich in having you
             B7
Though people said we wouldn't go far
         E
We went ahead and here we are

         A              /c#
Together still remember me
         D
Together still through everything
    A     E     A
The times we've known

Sometimes the years were lush and green
Sometimes we lived on hope alone
A little bit of both have been
The times we've known

Some lucky flings, some rotten breaks
Some funny things, a few mistakes
The dreams that every dreamer takes
And makes his own

The time to laugh, a time to cry
A time to let the world go by
```

```
And if there were some tears to pay
No one can take those years away

On fragile wings our days have flown
             D                  D#dim
Still we have things to call our own
    A     E     C#    F#
The times we've known
    D     E6 E7 A
The times we've known
```

You're Too Late

Written by Lefty Frizzell and Herman P. Willis
Played live by Bob Dylan once, Daytona Beach, FL, Jan 29, 1999
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
     G       C          G
If I had someone that's true
         C                        G
It would thrill me through and through
       G                            D
I'd be happy, oh so happy, night and day
           G         C       G
Seems each one got a perfect mate
        C              G
But for me it's always late
       G                       D          G
And it kills my soul to hear my sweetheart say:

         D
     Too late, to late
               C     G
     You're too late
          D
     I've waited oh so long,
            C              G
     But you never did come home.
            G       C/g  G
     Now you just go on alone,
     D          G
     You're too late

I'll build my castles high
Just to watch them fade and die
Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever find a mate
But I came looking o'er the hill
for someone, and I always will
But it just might be my fate to be too late

     Too late, to late
     You're too late
     I've waited oh so long,
     But you never did come home.
     Now you just go on alone,
     You're too late
```

Train of Love

Words and music Johnny Cash
Performed by Bob Dylan April 6, 1999 for the All Star Tribute to Johnny Cash
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

[Hey, Johnny, I wanna say "Hi!" and sorry we can't be there, but that's just the way it is. I wanna sing you one of your songs about trains. I used to sing this song before I ever wrote a song, and I also want to thank you for standing up for me, way back when.]

```
C
Train of love's a-comin'

Big black wheels a-hummin'
F
People waitin' at the station

Happy hearts are drummin'
C
Trainman tell me maybe

Ain't you got my baby
G
Every so often everybody's baby gets the urge to roam
                                      C
But everybody's baby but mine's comin' home.

Now stop your whistle blowin'
'Cause I got ways of knowin'
Your bringin' other people's lovers
But my own keeps goin'
Train of love's deceivin'
When she's not gone she's leavin'
Every so often everybody's baby gets the urge to roam
But everybody's baby but mine's comin' home

Train of love's now hastin'
Sweethearts standin' waitin'
Here and there and everywhere
There's going to be embracin'
Trainman tell me maybe
Ain't you got my baby
Every so often everybody's baby gets the urge to roam
But everybody's baby but mine's comin' home

Train of love's a-leavin'
Leavin' my heart grievin'
Bur early or late, I sit and wait
Because I'm still believin'
We'll walk away together
Though I may wait forever
Every so often everybody's baby gets the urge to roam
But everybody's baby but mine's comin' home
```

Hallelujah, I'm Ready To Go

Trad. (or some W. York) Listen to the Hilltop News' version
Performed by Bob Dylan during 1999
Tabbed by Jeffrey Kokosinski

```
        C
     I'm ready [hallelujah]
          G
     Hallelujah [I'm ready]
           G                              D
     I can hear the voices singin' soft and low
          C
     Hallelujah [I'm ready]
         G
     I'm ready [hallelujah]
          G          D        G
     Hallelujah, I'm ready to go.

G
Dark was the night
      C
Not a star was in sight
G                          D
On the highway headin' down below
  G
I let my Saviour in
       C
And He saved my soul from sin
     G          D        G
Hallelujah, I'm ready to go.

     Hallelujah [I'm ready]
     I'm ready [hallelujah]
     I can hear the voices singin' soft and low
     I'm ready [hallelujah]
     Hallelujah [I'm ready]
     Hallelujah, I'm ready to go.

     Hallelujah [I'm ready]
     I'm ready [hallelujah]
     I can hear the voices singin' soft and low
     I'm ready [hallelujah]
     Hallelujah [I'm ready]
     Hallelujah, I'm ready to go.

Sinner don't wait
Before it's too late
He's a wonderful Saviour to know.
I fell on my knees
He answered my pleas
Hallelujah, I'm ready to go.

     Hallelujah [I'm ready]
```

```
I'm ready [hallelujah]
I can hear the voices singin' soft and low
I'm ready [hallelujah]
Hallelujah [I'm ready]
Hallelujah, I'm ready to go.

Hallelujah [I'm ready]
I'm ready [hallelujah]
I can hear the voices singin' soft and low
I'm ready [hallelujah]
Hallelujah [I'm ready]
Hallelujah, I'm ready to go.
```

Somebody Touched Me

Trad. Listen to the 1971 version by the Sullivan family
Played by Bob Dylan during the 1999 fall tour
Tabbed by Jeffrey Kokosinski

```
Intro: G

G
Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
C
Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
G                    C        D
Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
G                  D           G
Must have been the hand of the Lord.

While I was praying, somebody touched me,
While I was praying, somebody touched me,
While I was praying, somebody touched me,
Must have been the hand of the Lord.

Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
Must have been the hand of the Lord.

It was on a Sunday, somebody touched me,
It was on a Sunday, somebody touched me,
It was on a Sunday, somebody touched me,
Must have been the hand of the Lord.

Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
Must have been the hand of the Lord.

"Thank you, ladies and gentlemen!"
```

Larry plays along (rhythm and fills) by playing in the key of D with a capo on the fifth fret, which of course is the key of G:

```
D
Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
G
Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
D                    G        A
Glory, glory, glory, somebody touched me,
D                  A           D
Must have been the hand of the Lord.
```

I Am The Man, Thomas

Written by Ralph Stanley and Larry Sparks
Performed by Bob Dylan during 1999 (various locations)
Lyrics transcribed by seabreez (based on Ralph Stanley's own version)
The two chords discovered by Eyolf Østrem
Thanks to Michael for supplies.

```
     G
     I am the Man, Thomas

     I am the Man

     Look at these nail scars
     D          G
     Here in my hand

G
They drove me up the hill, Thomas

I am the Man

They made me carry the cross, Thomas
D        G
I am the Man

     I am the Man, Thomas
     I am the Man
     Look at these nail scars
     Here in my hand

They crowned my head with thorns, Thomas
I am the Man
They nailed me to the cross, Thomas
I am the Man

     I am the Man, Thomas
     I am the Man
     Look at these nail scars
     Here in my hand

They pierced me in the side
I am the Man
I died on the cross, Thomas
I am the Man

     I am the Man, Thomas
     I am the Man
     Look at these nails scars
     Here in my hand

They buried me in the tomb, Thomas
I am the Man
In three days I rose, Thomas
I am the Man
```

```
I am the Man, Thomas
I am the Man
Look at these nails scars
Here in my hand
```

Dylan seems to have combined verse two and three into the following:

> They pierced my side with thorns, Thomas I am the Man They made me carry the cross, Thomas I am the Man

It's hard to work out exactly, though (Bob apparently thought so too). Suggestions for words instead of thorns are: forks, pork and, more plausible, swords. At one show the third line was, I believe, sung:

> They drove me off a cliff, Thomas

Pass Me Not, O Gentle Savior

Written by Frances J. Crosby and William H. Doane
Performed live by Bob Dylan 5 times in 1999 and 2000
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

D7 = x5453x

```
G       C             G
Pass me not, O gentle Savior,
D              G
Hear my humble cry
G        C               G
While on others Thou art calling,
D              G
Do not pass me by

     G       C
     Savior, Savior,
     G              D
     Hear my humble cry
     G        C               G
     While on others Thou art calling,
     D              G
     Do not pass me by

Place me at Thy throne of mercy
Find my sweet relief.
While I kneel in deep contrition
Help my unbelief

     Savior, Savior,
     Hear my humble cry
     While on others Thou art calling,
     Do not pass me by

[instr. verse]

     Savior, Savior,
     Hear my humble cry
     While on others Thou art calling,
     D              C   D7  G
     Do not pass me by
```

Additional verses not sung by Dylan:

```
Trusting only in Thy merit,
Would I seek Thy face;
Heal my wounded, broken spirit,
Save me by Thy grace.

Thou the Spring of all my comfort,
More than life to me,
Whom have I on earth beside Thee?
Whom in heav'n but Thee?
```

Rock of Ages

Words: Augustus Montague Toplady (written 1775 in a Shelter from the Storm on a playing card)
Music: Thomas Hastings
Played by Bob Dylan in concert on a number of occasions since 1999
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
G             C         G
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
              D       G       C/g G
let me hide myself in thee;
       D             G
Oh,the water and the blood
          D                  G
from this wounded side which flowed,
G            C         G
Rock of ages cleft for me
              D       G
let me hide myself in thee.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
when mine eyelids close in death,
and I rush through worlds unknown
and behold thee on that throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee

Rock of ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee
 G C/g     G
[myself in thee]
```

Original lyrics

```
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee;
let the water and the blood
from thy wounded side which flowed,
be of sin the double cure,
cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labor of my hands
can fulfill thy law's demands;
could my zeal no respite know,
could my tears forever flow,
all for sin could not atone;
thou must save, and thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
simply to the cross I cling;
naked, come to thee for dress;
helpless look to thee for grace;
```

```
foul, I to the fountain fly;
wash me, Savior, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
when mine eyelids close in death,
when I soar through tracts unknown
see thee on thy judgment throne,
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
let me hide myself in thee.
```

Duncan And Brady

Trad.
As performed by Bob Dylan in Durham, New Hampshire, Nov 17, 1999 (first live performance), with emendations from other performances.
The song was recorded in 1992 for *Good As I Been To You*, but it was never released. Performed live during late 1999/early 2000. Dylan's source is probably Tom Rush's version, with virtually exactly identical lyrics (thanks to Peter J. Curry for the info). Other possible influences are Jerry Garcia or David Bromberg, with whom he played around that time.
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem (Thanks to Mike Miller and to Antonio for corrections)

Take it for what it is – it's not that easy to hear what he's actually singing. If you have better ears (or a better recording) than me, I welcome suggestions.

```
C
Twinkle, twinkle, little star
G
'Long comes Brady in his 'lectric car

Got a mean look right   in his eye
      C
Gonna shoot somebody jus' to watch him die
   F                   C
He been on the job too long

Duncan, Duncan was tending the bar
'Long came Brady with his shiny star
"Duncan," said Brady, "you are under arrest"
Duncan shot a hole right in Brady's chest
He been on the job too long.

Old King Brady was a big, fat man
Doctor looked down, and took hold of his hand
reached for his pulse, the doctor said
"I believe to my soul, king Brady, you're dead"
He been on the job too long

Up upon the hillside, eight hundred at hand,
vases of roses standing around
[...] horses and a rubber-tired hack
bring him down to the graveyard, it won't bring him back.
He been on the job too long

When the women all heard King Brady was dead,
They went home and they'd be re-ragged in red        *)
Slippin' and a-slidin', shuffelin' down the street,
In their big mother hubbards and their stockin' feet.
He been on the job too long

"Brady, Brady, Brady, you know you done wrong
breakin' in here when this game's  goin' on
Bustin' down the window, tearin' down the door
Now you lyin' dead on the barroom floor
You been on the job too long."
```

```
Twinkle, twinkle, little star
'Long comes Brady in his 'lectric car
Got a mean look in his eye
Gonna shoot somebody jus' to watch him die
He been on the job too long.

   G                   C
He been on the job too long.
```

*) Tom Rush: "[They] all went home, [and they] re-ragged in red".

Leadbelly's version

Twinkle, twinkle, twinkle, little star
Up comes Brady in a 'lectric car
Got a mean look all 'round his eye
Gonna shoot somebody jus' to see them die

Duncan, Duncan was tending the bar
In walked Brady with a shining star
And Brady says, "Duncan you are under arrest"
And Duncan shot a hole in Brady's breast

Brady, Brady carried a .45,
Said it would shoot half a mile
Duncan had a .44
That what laid Mr. Brady so low

Brady fell down on the barroom floor,
"Please Mr. Duncan don' shoot me no more"
Women all cryin', ain't it a shame,
Shot King Brady, goin' shoot him again

"Brady, Brady, Brady, you know you done wrong
Walkin' in the room when the game was goin' on
Knockin' down windows, breakin' down the door
Now you lyin' dead on the grocery [barroom] floor

Women all heard that Brady was dead,
Goes back home and they dresses in red
Come a sniffin' and a sighin' down the street,
In their big mother hubbards and their stockin' feet

'Cause he been on the job too long

Things Have Changed

Words and music Bob Dylan
From the soundtrack for the movie *Wonder Boys*
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (Thanks to Lily for supplies)

Intro:

```
  Amsus2  Em
    .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
--0-0-0-|-----0-----0-0-0-|-----0-----0-0-0-|
--0-0-0-|-----0-----0-0-0-|-----0-----3-3-3-|
--2-2-0-|-----0-----0-0-0-|-----0-----0-0-0-|  etc.
--2-2-0-|-----2-----2-2-2-|-----2-----2-2-2-|
--0-0-0-|-----2-----2-2-2-|-----2-----2-2-2-|
--------|-0-------0-------|-0-------0-------|
```

```
Em
A worried man with a worried mind
Am
No one in front of me and nothing behind
Em                                              B7
There's a woman on my lap and she's drinking champagne
Em
Got white skin, got assassin's eyes
Am
I'm looking up into the sapphire tempered skies
    Em                            B7   Em
I'm well dressed, waiting on the last train
C                                 B7          Em
Standin' on the gallows with my head in the noose
C                                               B7
Any minute now I'm expectin' all hell to break loose

     Em
     People are crazy and times are strange
         Am
     I'm locked in tight, I'm out of range
     Em                   B7          Em
     I used to care but - things have changed.

This place ain't doin' me any good
I'm in the wrong town, I should've been in Hollywood
Just for a second there I thought I saw something move
Gonna take dancin' lessons, do the jitterbug rag
Ain't no shortcuts, gonna dress in drag
Only a fool in here would think he got anythin' to prove
Lotta water under the bridge, lotta other stuff too
Don't get up gentlemen, I'm only passing through

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

```
I've been walkin' forty miles of bad road
If the Bible is right the world will explode
I'm tryin' 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
Puttin' her in a wheelbarrow and wheelin' her down the street

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

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 lowdown, gonna fly high
All the truth in the world adds up to one big lie
I'm in love with a woman that don't even appeal to me
Mr. Jinx and miss Lucy they jumped in a lake
I'm not that eager to make a mistake

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

The song can of course be played without the capo:

```
Gm
A worried man with a worried mind
Cm
No one in front of me and nothing behind
Gm                                              D7
There's a woman on my lap and she's drinking champagne
Gm
Got white skin, got assassin's eyes
Cm
I'm looking up into the sapphire tinted skies
    Gm                           D7   Gm
I'm well dressed, waiting on the last train
Eb                              D7          Gm
Standin' on the gallows with my head in the noose
Eb                                             D7
Any minute now I'm expectin' all hell to break loose

     Gm
     People are crazy and times are strange
         Cm
     I'm locked in tight, I'm out of range
     Gm                   D7          Gm
     I used to care but - things have changed.
```

This World Can't Stand Long

Written by Jim Anglin (copyrights bought by Roy Acuff)(info from Alan Fraser)
As played by Bob Dylan in Anaheim, CA, March 10 2000, Early Show
Tabbed by Jake Zittlow and Eyolf Østrem

```
     C
     This world can't stand that long
     F             C
     Be ready don't wait too late
     G
     You should know it can't stand long
                          C
     For it is too full of hate

For a long time this world has stood
Gets more wicked every day
the maker who created it
Surely won't let it stand this way

     This world can't stand too long
     Be ready don't wait too late
     You should know it can't stand long
     For it is too full of hate

This world's been destroyed before
Cause it is too full of sin
For that very reason
It will be destroyed again

     This world it can't stand long
     Be ready don't wait too late
     You should know it can't stand long
     For it is too full of hate

If we only give our hearts to God
Let him lead us by the hand
Nothing in this world to fear
He'll lead you across the golden sand

     This world it can't stand long
     Be ready don't wait too late
     You should know it can't stand long
     For it is too full of hate
```

Roving Blade (Newry Highwayman)

Trad.
As performed by Bob Dylan in Reno, NV on March 17, 2000 (late show)
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem (based on lyrics from the mudcat cafe)

```
C
G  G7  F G
C  Csus4  C  Csus4 F/c C

         G                F             C
In Newry town, where I was bred and born,
G                     F          G
Stephen's Green now I lie in scorn.
           C                F         C
I served my time there to the saddlers' trade,
             G     F      C
And I always was a roving blade.

At seventeen I took a wife,
And I loved her dearer than I loved my life;
And for to keep her both neat and gay,
I went a-robbing on the King's highway.

I never robbed any poor man yet,
Nor any tradesman did I beset;*)
But I robbed lords and their ladies fair,
And brought their jewels to my heart's delight.

To Covent Garden I made my way,
With my dear wife for to see the play;
Lord Fielding's men did me pursue,
And taken was I by the cursed crew.

My father cried, "My darling son."
My wife she cried, "I am undone."
My mother tore her white locks and cried
that in the cradle I should have died.

When I am dead and in my grave
A flashy funeral pray let me have;
Six highwaymen for to carry me.
Give them broadswords and sweet liberty.

Six pretty fair maids to bear my Pall,
Give them white garlands and ribbons all.*)
And when I'm dead they will speak the truth,
He was a wild and a wicked youth.
```

---

*) Dylan sings something else here

Additional fourth verse:

I robbed Lord Golding I do declare,
And Lady Mansel, in Grosvenor Square;

I shut the shutters and bad them good night.
And home I went then to my heart's delight.

Long Black Veil

Written by M.J.Wilkin and D.Dil
Performed twice by Bob Dylan, in Wheeling, West Virginia, 28 April 1997 (electric) and in George, Washington, June 17, 2000 (acoustic)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Below is the acoustic version from 2000. The electric version is played in E (chords: E, B and A), and it's much slower. Otherwise it's basically the same arrangement.

```
C . . Csus4 | C . . .

C               (Csus4 C)
Ten years ago on a     cold dark night
G                           F            C
Someone was shot 'neath the town hall light
    C           Csus4         C           Csus4 C
The people who saw, well they all agreed
         G                        F          C   Csus4 C
That the slayer that ran looked a lot like me

The judge said "Son, what is your alibi?
If you were somewhere else you won't have to die"
I spoke not a word though it meant my life
I had been in the arms of my best friend's wife

         F           C          F          C
     She walks these hills in a long black veil
     F         C              F           C
     Visits my grave when the night winds wail
     C                F      C
     Nobody knows and nobody sees
     F      G         C     Csus4 C
     Nobody knows but me

     C . . . | C . . . |
     G . . . | F . C . |

The scaffold was high, eternity near
She stood in the crowd and shed not a tear
But sometimes at night when the cold wind moans
In a long black veil she shivers over my bones

     She walks these hills in a long black veil
     Visits my grave when the night winds wail
     Nobody knows, nobody sees
     Nobody knows but me
```

Searching For A Soldier's Grave

Written by Jim Anglin (1913-1987), who sold the copyrights to Roy Acuff (this was the case even with This World Can't Stand Long; it's been recorded by The Blue Sky Boys, Hank Williams, et al., and by Ralph Stanley(on *Pray For The Boys*), which is probably the source of Dylan's version.

Performed by Bob Dylan on various occasions since the first performance in Portland, OR, Jun 15 2000
Tabbed and transcribed by Eyolf Østrem (who personally thinks it's a rather silly song...) (although Hank Williams considered it "one of the purdyest songs I reckon anybody ever wrote'' – "all for poppa during WWII'')

```
C . . |. /b /a | G . . .| C . . | . . . | . . . | . . .

    C                                F
You ask me, stranger, why I make this journey
C                                        G
Why I cross three thousand miles of rolling waves.
     C                                  F
Like so many others my love was killed in action.
C           G                C
So I'm here searching for his grave.

     Somewhere among the many thousand
     Of all the Americans who died, true and brave,
     That's where I know I'll find him resting
     So I'm here searching for his grave.

Beside each crossmark there all around me
I'll kneel down and gladly say a prayer
For all the dear loved ones home across the ocean
Whose hearts like mine lie buried over here.

     Somewhere among the many dozens
     Of all the Americans who died true and brave
     That's where I know I'll find him resting
     So I'm here searching for his grave.
```

Blue Bonnet Girl

The tune was written by Glenn Spencer (copyright 1936), who was the brother of Tim Spencer of the Sons of the Pioneers, who recorded the best known version of the song (info confirmed by Glenn Spencer's daughter-in-law). Other recordings by Roy Rogers and Jimmie Davis.
Performed by Bob Dylan Nov 1, 2000 in Bloomington, Indiana.
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The chords can be played as indicated in the tab of the intro, but it will only "work" if you have a bass player (the same goes for the a♯ in the bass at F#7; that chord is played xx4656). Otherwise, play the full 9th chords somewhere else. These are just suggestions:

```
F#m6    244242
B9       (2)24222
E        x79997 (in meas. 3 of the intro)
D#      x68886
G#9     xx6876
C#9     x46444
F#9     xx4654
```

The "B♭" chord in the bridge is shorthand for some kind of chromatic descent within the overall chord of B, such as

```
"Bb"    223332   (the 6th string should be sounding!)
```

Intro:

```
      E           C#m          F#m6        B9            E           D#
      :     .     .     .      :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|---|-------4-----------4----|-----9-11----------9-----|-------12----------11----|
|---|-------5-----------5----|---10--------------10----|-----12----------11------|
|---|-----4-----------6------|-11----------11----------|-13-------13-12-------12-|
|-0-|-6---------------------|-----------9-------------|-------------------------|
|---|---------(0)-4----------|-------------------------|-------------------------|
|---|------------------------|-------------------------|-------------------------|

  G#9         C#9           F#9         B9            B9
  :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .       :     .     .     .
|-------11----------11----|-------9-----------9-----|-------------2----------
|-----11----------12------|-----9-----------10------|-----------2------------
|-11-------11-10-------10-|-9---------9-8-----------|---------2--------------
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-------4----------------
|-------------------------|-------------------------|-----2------------------
|-------------------------|----------------------0-|-2----------------------

E
Blue Bonnet Girl,
  A     B      A  B    E
a Texas moon caressing you,
            G#m
leaving her light
F#m         F#7(/a#)
```

```
soft as the night
B            E  B
deep in your eyes.

E
Blue Bonnet Girl,
    A        B        A   B   E
I'm sure the southern breezes too
           G#m
call for a kiss
F#m       F#7(/a#)
you never miss
B          E
as they go by.

     G#m
     Soft as the springtime
     D#7
     gentle and sweet
     G#m
     True as the Alamo.
     B                            F#
     You'll have the world at your feet
                  B   "Bb" B9
     wherever you go.

           E
And if the clouds
       A       B       A  B     E
should fail to let the sunshine through
           G#m
leavin' me blue
F#m          F#7(/a#)
I'll come to you
B           E
Blue Bonnet Girl.

[Intro from 3rd to 5th measure, then E  B  E]
```

Humming Bird

John and Jack Anglin
Played by Bob Dylan during the summer tour 2001 (as sung in Anzio, Jul 24)
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

I've indicated the length of the phrases, as they are somewhat irregular.
I've only partly been able to decipher the lyrics of Dylan's version, which differ considerably from Jim & Jack's. His second verse is some of the most unintelligible singing I've ever heard from Dylan. Any clues, anyone?

```
/g-a-b | C . . . |. . . . | G . . . |. . . . |
       | D . . . |. . . . | G . . . |. . .

     .       C . . . |. . .
     Humming bird
     .    G . . . |. . .
     Keep hummin'
       .       D . . . |. . . . |
     I love to hear
          .        .       G . . . |. . .
     Your lonesome whistle whine
     .       C . . . |. . .
     Hummin' bird
     .    G . . . |. . . .
     Keep hummin'
         D      .      .   .      G       C/g  G
     I'm ridin' to the end of the line

G
Leavin' Cincinnati
C                  G
Way down bluegrass state

I believe she's coming,
           D                 G
though I've seen that I'm too late
     G
Now, I've been east and I've been west
C                    G
I've been [p]laying around

[...]
 D              G
[If it can't be found]

     Hummin' bird
     Keep hummin'
     I love to hear
     Your lonesome whistle whine
     Hummin' bird
     Keep hummin'
     I'm ridin' to
     The end of the line
```

```
[... that I believe in]
[some ...]
[...]
[...]
I've been east, I've been west
I've been every [track]
[...], Humming bird
One more time

     Hummin' bird
     Keep hummin'
     I love to hear
     Your lonesome whistle whine
     Hummin' bird
     Keep hummin'
     I'm ridin' to
     The end of the line
```

Jim and Jack Anglin's version:

```
     E

     Humming bird
          B
     Keep hummin'
               F#
     I love to hear
                          B
     Your lonesome whistle whine
             E
     Hummin' bird
          B
     Keep hummin'
         F#                       B
     I'm ridin' to the end of the line

B
Leavin' Cincinnati,
E               B
Headin' for the South

The bluegrass of old Kentucky
           F#            B
Brought my heart into my mouth
B
I've been east I've been west
    E             B
But now I'm goin' home

As the rollin' wheels beat polished steel
  F#              B
I sing this happy song

     Hummin' bird
```

```
Keep hummin'
I love to hear your
Lonesome whistle whine
Hummin' bird
Keep hummin'
I'm ridin' to
The end of the line
```

If you're into cheap tricks, you can imitate the humming-bird-imitating harmony singing like this:
Dylan's version:

```
  G    F# G    F#   G
|-----------------|---------
|-3-----2-3-----2-|-3-------
|-4-----3-4-----3-|-4---4---
|-----------------|-----5---
|-----------------|---------
|-----------------|---------
```

Jim & Jack's version:

```
  E    D# E     D#  E
  :   .   .   .     :   .
|-4-----3-4-----3-|-4---0---
|-5-----4-5-----4-|-5---0---
|-4-----3-4-----3-|-4---1---   etc.
|-----------------|---------
|-----------------|---------
|-----------------|---------
```

Wait For The Light To Shine

Written by Fred Rose and popularized by Hank Williams
Performed by Bob Dylan during the fall 2001 tour
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dylan's lyrics differ slightly from Williams' (i.e. Rose's), which is the basis for the version below. I have included some additional verses not sung by Dylan at the end of the file.

The chords at the end are the outcome of a clash between the C chords of the guitars and the D in the bass.

```
G . . . C . G . | G . D . G . . . |

   G            C        G
   Wait for the light to shine
                         D
   Wait for the light to shine
   G                               C               G
   Pull yourself together and keep looking for the sign
   G            D        G
   Wait for the light to shine

G                                 C          G
When the road is rocky and you're carrying a load
G                     D
Wait for the light to shine
G                                      C               G
If you find you're friendless on that weary, lonesome road
G            D        G
Wait for the light to shine

   Wait for the light to shine
   Wait for the light to shine
   Pull yourself together, keep looking for the sign
   Wait for the light to shine

[instr. verse]

   Wait for the light to shine
   Wait for the light to shine
   Pull yourself together, keep looking for the sign
   Wait for the light to shine

Don't forget your brother as you travel through the land
Wait for the light to shine
He may be in trouble, he may need a helping hand
Wait for the light to shine

   Wait for the light to shine
   Wait for the light to shine
   Pull yourself together and keep looking for the sign *)
   Wait for the light to shine

[instr. verse]
```

```
   Wait for the light to shine
   Wait for the light to shine
   Pull yourself together and keep looking for the sign
   G            C/d
   Wait for the light to
   G            C/d
   Wait for the light to
   G            D        C    (/d)   G
   Wait for the light to shine
```

---

*) Hank Williams has: "Never give up hope or cast your pearls before the swine"

Additional verses, not sung by Bob Dylan

```
If your life is empty and you're on your last go-round
Wait for the light to shine
If you hear the chime-knells on the highway you have found
Wait for the light to shine

   Wait for the light to shine
   Wait for the light to shine
   When your friends forsake you and you haven't got a dime
   Wait for the light to shine

Don't let trouble fool you and your sins will all be gone
Wait for the light to shine
Don't forget it's darkest just before the break of dawn
Wait for the light to shine

   Wait for the light to shine
   Wait for the light to shine
   Keep these words before you as you walk that narrow line
   Wait for the light to shine
```

Voice From On High/I Hear A Voice Calling

Words and music Bill Monroe and Bessie Lee Mauldin
Performed by Bob Dylan as an opener in Hamburg, NY, Aug 15, 2002
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem (thanks to zepat for supplies)

Dylan's version

Dylan is closer to Bill Monroe's version than to the Stanley Brothers', both in the lyrics and in the turn to A7 (D7 in Monroe's version) in the verse.
If anyone can make out what he is (or should be) singing in the first verse, I'd be happy to receive a note. The only radical difference from the older versions is the end of the lines in the chorus: *they* hold them and weave a little something between the voices – Dylan & Co cut it short.

```
     G

                  G           C           G
     I hear a voice calling, it must be our Lord
                               D      D7
     He's calling from heaven on high
                  G             C            G    C/g  G
     I hear a voice calling, I've gained the reward
                          D          G       C/g   G
     In the land where we never shall die

                   G      C               G
[The Saviour has] paid a great price for me
                            A7                  D       D7
He died on the hill so [my friends?] should go free
                      G               C      G
Well, I'll follow his footsteps up the narrow way
       G                          D             G
And be ready to meet him when he calls on that day

       [n.c.]       G
     I hear a voice calling, it must be our Lord
     He's calling from heaven on high
     I hear a voice calling, I've gained the reward
     In the land where we never shall die.

He died on the cross, that old rugged cross
So we should be saved in our sins and our loss
So I'll follow his footsteps up the narrow way
And be ready to meet him when he calls on that day

     I hear a voice calling, it must be our Lord
     He's calling from heaven on high
     I hear a voice calling, I've gained the reward
     In the land where we never shall die.
     In the land where we never shall die.
                                     C/g    G
     In the land where we never shall die.
```

Bill Monroe's version

Capo 3rd fret

Intro and interlude(sounding one octave higher on the mandolin):

```
          C                   G                   C
   .      :     .     .       :     .     .       :     .     .       :     .     .
---0---3-|-0-----------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
-1-------|-----------1-------|-------------------|-------------------|-1-----------------|
---------|-------------0-----|-------------------|-----------------0-|-------------------|
---------|-----------------2-|-3---------2-----0-|-------------2-----|-------------------|
---------|-------------------|-------------2-----|-3---------3-------|-------------------|
---------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|-------------------|
```

```
     C                          F           C
      I hear a voice calling, it must be our Lord [it must be, it must be our lord]
                               G
     It's coming from heaven on high
       C                         F            C
     I hear a voice calling, I've gained the reward [I've gained, I've gained the reward]
                           G           C
     For the land where we never shall die

    C                 F              C
The Saviour has paid a great price for me
                    D7   G       (G7)
He gave his life on Calvary
        C                           F      C
So I'll follow his footsteps up the narrow way
       C                          G            C
And be ready to meet him when he calls on that day

     I hear a voice calling, it must be our Lord
     It's coming from heaven on high
     I hear a voice calling, I've gained the reward
     For the land where we never shall die.

He died on the cross, the old rugged cross
                             D7          G         G7
That we would be saved from sin and our loss
So I'll follow his footsteps up the narrow way
And we'll pay our debts on that great judgement day *)

     I hear a voice calling, it must be our Lord
     It's coming from heaven on high
     I hear a voice calling, I've gained the reward
     For the land where we never shall die.
```

*) More theologically correct would, I suppose, be: "And *he'll* pay our debts ...", but they clearly sing "we'll ..."

The Stanley Brothers' version

Capo 1st fret

```
     C                           F           C
      I hear a voice calling, it must be our Lord [it must be, it must be our lord]
                                G
     It's coming from heaven on high
                   C             F            C
     I hear a voice calling, I've gained the reward [I've gained, I've gained the reward]
                           G           C
     For the land where we never shall die


                C    F/c              C
The Saviour who di - ed on cruel Calvary
   C                                                 G
He shared his life's blood, that the world might be free
              C      F/c              C
So follow his footsteps up the narrow way
       C                          G             C
And be ready to meet him when he calls on that day

     I hear a voice calling, it must be our Lord
     It's coming from heaven on high
     I hear a voice calling, I've gained the reward
     For the land where we never shall die.

The Saviour has paid a great price for me
He gave his life on Calvary
So follow his footsteps up the narrow way
that'll pay my debt on that great judgement day

     I hear a voice calling, it must be our Lord
     It's coming from heaven on high
     I hear a voice calling, I've gained the reward
     For the land where we never shall die.
```

Accidentally Like A Martyr

Written by Warren Zevon
Performed by Bob Dylan during the fall tour 2002
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Dylan is mostly faithful to Zevon's version, with the exception of the first chord in the third line of the verses, which is rather played something like this:

```
      Bb          C       Dm  C  Bb  F/a
Never thought I'd have to pay so dearly
```

It sounds as if the most pronounced guitar in Dylan's version plays with D-chords and a capo on the third fret. I've included such a version below, as well as a version capoed on the 5th fret.

The long chord sequence in the middle of the song is virtually impossible to play satisfactorily on one guitar: The chords themselves are simple enough, but you simply can't get both the bass line and the "dut-dut-dut" figure right at the same time. I've tabbed out a suggestion in the version with the 5th fret capo. Perhaps surprisingly, the uncapoed and the 3rd fret capo version sound best, overall, in this respect.

Uncapoed version

Chord suggestions:

```
F/a   x03211
C/Bb  x12010
F/Bb  x13211
Eb/Bb 66504x (or 668886, but that doesn't sound as good)
Db/f  xx3121
Ab/db x46544
```

```
F    C/e             Dm    F/c
 The phone don't ring         No, no
Gm7      F/a            Bb                     F/Bb Bb F/Bb Bb   Dm7
 And the sun refused to shine                    :   .   .   .     :
      C/Bb               Dm  C  Bb  F/a      |-----------------|-1---
Never thought I'd have to pay so dearly       |-1---3---1---3---|-1---
Gm            F       Bb     F/Bb-Bb F/Bb-B   |-2---3---2---3---|-2---
 For what was already mine                    |-3-------3-------|-0---
Dm7   G7/b              C                     |-1-------1-------|-----
  For such a long, long time                  |-----------------|-----

             F         C
     We made mad love, shadow love
     Bb               F
     Random love and abandoned love
     F                    C
      Accidentally like a martyr
     Eb/Bb           Bb                      F
       The hurt gets worse and the heart gets harder
```

```
     [repeat chorus]

          Dm   F     C   F
          F/a  F     C
          Dm   F     C   F
          F/a  F     C
          Db/f Ab/Db Eb  Ab
          Db/f Ab/Db Eb
          Db/f Ab/Db Eb  Ab
          Db/f Ab/Db Eb  F

The days slide by
Should have done, should have done, we all sigh
Never thought I'd ever be so lonely
After such a long, long time
Time out of mind

     We made mad love
     Shadow love
     Random love
     And abandoned love
     Accidentally like a martyr
     The hurt gets worse and the heart gets harder
```

Version with capo 5th fret

```
C    G/b             Am    C/g
 The phone don't ring         No, no
Dm7      C/e            F                                C/f F   C/f F    Am7
 And the sun refused to shine                             :   .   .   .     :
      G/f             /g  Am  G  F   C/e          -(1)-|-----------------|-0---
Never thought I'd have to pay so dearly           -(1)-|-----------------|-1---
Dm            C       F     C/f-F C/f-F Am7       -(2)-|-0---2---0---2---|-0---
 For what was already mine                        -(3)-|-2---3---2---3---|-2---
    D7/f#             G                           -(3)-|-----------------|-0---
For such a long, long time                        -(1)-|-----------------|-----

              C         G
     We made mad love, shadow love
     F                 C
     Random love and abandoned love
     C                    G
      Accidentally like a martyr
     Bb/F            F                        C
       The hurt gets worse and the heart gets harder

           Am      C         G       C         C/e     C       G
     .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .
||-------|-----0-0-0-------|-----3-3-3-------|-----0-0-0------------||
||*--1-1-|-1-----------3-3-|-3---1-1-1---1-1-|-1---1-1-1---3-3-3---*||
||---2-2-|-2---0-0-0---0-0-|-0-----------0-0-|-0-----------0-0-0----||
||-------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------||
||*------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------*||
||-------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------||
```

```
          Ab/c    Eb/Ab     Bb      Eb        Ab/c    Eb/Ab   Bb           C
    .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .   .       .    :   .   .   .
||------|-----3-3-3---1-1-|-1---6-6-6-------|-----3-3-3---1-1-1----||-3-3-|-3---------------
||*-4-4-|-4---------------|-----4-4-4---4-4-|-4------------------*||-1-1-|-1---------------
||--1-1-|-1---3-3-3---3-3-|-3---3-3-3---1-1-|-1---3-3-3---3-3-3----||-----|-----------------
||------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------||-----|-----------------
||*-----|-3---------------|-----------------|----------------------*||-----|-----------------
||------|-----------------|-----------------|----------------------||-----|-----------------
                                                                                      The...
```

Version with capo 3rd fret

Chords:

```
A/c#   x42220
A/g    34222x
Bb/d   xx0331
F/Bb   x13211
```

```
D    A/c#            Bm    D/a
 The phone don't ring         No, no
Em7      D/f#           G                                  D/g G   D/g G     Bm7
 And the sun refused to shine                               :   .   .   .     :
      A/g            (/a) Bm  A  G   D/f#          -(3)-|-----------------|-----
Never thought I'd have to pay so dearly             -(0)-|-----0-------0---|-3---
Em            D       G     (D/g-G D/g-G) Bm7      -(0)-|-2---0---2---0---|-2---
 For what was already mine                          -(0)-|-4-------4-------|-4---
    E7/g#             A                             -(2)-|-----------------|-2---
For such a long, long time                          -(3)-|-----------------|-----
```

```
          D         A
     We made mad love, shadow love
     G               D
     Random love and abandoned love
     D                   A
      Accidentally like a martyr
     C/g             G                       D
       The hurt gets worse and the heart gets harder
```

```
        Bm   D    A   D
        D/f# D    A
        Bm   D    A   D
        D/f# D    A
        Bb/d F/Bb C   F
        Bb/d F/Bb C
        Bb/d F/Bb C   F
        Bb/d F/Bb C   D
```

Boom Boom Mancini

Written by Warren Zevon
Performed by Bob Dylan during the fall tour 2002
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Warren Zevon's version

Capo 1st fret

```
G5    355xxx or xx00xx  (or play a straight Em with a G in the
E5    022xxx             bass for the first beats in the riff)
D9    xx0210 or x54530
```

```
  G5    E5                          G5    E5
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0---------------|---------0-2-----|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-0-----2-----2---|-----2---0-2-----|-0-----2-----2---|-----------------|
|-------2-----2---|-----2-----------|-------2-----2---|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
     G5    E5         G5    E5
     Hurry home early hurry on home
     C            G              F#m      E5
     Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon
     Hurry home early hurry on home
     Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon
```

```
     G5    E5               G5   E5
From Youngstown, Ohio, Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini
  G              D            G      D    E5
A lightweight contender, like father like son
He fought for the title with Frias in Vegas
And he put him away in round number one
```

```
     Hurry home early hurry on home
     Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon x2
```

```
When Alexis Arguello gave Boom Boom a beating
Seven weeks later he was back in the ring
Some have the speed and the right combinations
If you can't take the punches, it don't mean a thing
```

```
     Hurry home early hurry on home
     Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon x2
```

```
                G
          When they asked him who was responsible
                 D
          For the death of Du Koo Kim
```

```
                C
          He said, "Some one should have stopped the fight
              D9             E
          And told me it was him."

They made hypocrite judgements after the fact
But the name of the game is be hit and hit back

     Hurry home early hurry on home
     Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon
     Hurry home early hurry on home
     Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon
```

Dylan's version

Some of the harmonic finesses lack – this is a more straightforward Em blues of some kind. Some minor lyric changes, some of which may even be conscious.

Capo 3rd fret

```
  G     Em
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-0---------------|---------0-2-----|  rep.
|-------2-----2---|-----2-----------|
|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|

     G     Em         G     Em
     Hurry home early hurry on home
     C            G               D        Em
     Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon
     Hurry home early hurry on home
     Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon

     G     Em               G    Em
From Youngstown, Ohio, Ray "Boom Boom" Mancini
  G              D            G      D    Em
A lightweight contender, like father like son
He fought for the title with Frias in Vegas
And he put him away in round number one

     Hurry home early hurry on home
     Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon x2

When Alexis Arguello gave Boom Boom a beating
Seven months later he was back in the ring
Some have the speed and the right combinations
If you can't take the punches, it don't mean a thing
```

Hurry home early hurry on home
Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon x2

```
          Em                  G
When they asked him who was responsible
        D
For the death of Du Koo Kim
          C
He said, "Some one should have stopped the fight
                       Em
And told me it was him."
```

They made hypocrite judgements after the fact
But the name of the game is be hit and hit back

Hurry home early hurry on home
Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon
Hurry home early hurry on home
Boom Boom Mancini's fighting Bobby Chacon

Mutineer

Written by Warren Zevon
Performed by Bob Dylan during the fall tour 2002
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Below are two versions, with different capo positions. Since Zevon plays the song with a keyboard arrangement, the chords are only suggestions.

Dylan is generally faithful to Zevon's version, with two small exceptions: he drops the C♯m/g♯ in the second line, and he simplifies the bass run in the refrain lines to:

```
E/g# - A - B - E
```

Capo 1st fret

Chords:

```
C#m/g#   446654
Asus2    x02200 or 577600
E/g#     422100 or 476x00
```

```
Esus4    E

E                          A
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
E                    C#m/g#
Hoist the mainsail - here I come
A                Asus2              E/g#  /f# /e
Ain't no room on board for the insincere
E/f#      /g#
You're my witness
A        B   E
I'm your mutineer

I was born to rock the boat
Some may sink but we will float
Grab your coat - let's get out of here
You're my witness
I'm your mutineer

     B/f#        C#m7/g#
     Long ago we laughed at shadows
     A                    E                 C#m
     Lightning flashed and thunder followed us
              A             Esus4   E
     It could never find us here
     E/f#      /g#
     You're my witness
     A        B   E
     I'm your mutineer
```

```
     Long ago we laughed at shadows
     Lightning flashed and thunder followed us
     It could never find us here
     You're my witness
     I'm your mutineer

I was born to rock the boat
Some may sink but we will float
Grab your coat - let's get out of here
You're my witness
I'm your mutineer
You're my witness
I'm your mutineer
```

Version with capo 5th fret

Chords:

```
F/c    x33211 (or x33210)
Am/e   032210
Fsus2  133011
C/e    xx2010
C/d    xx0010
```

```
C                          F/c
Yo ho ho and a bottle of rum
C                    Am/e
Hoist the mainsail - here I come
F               Fsus2             C/e  /d /c
Ain't no room on board for the insincere
C/d       /e
You're my witness
F        G   C
I'm your mutineer

I was born to rock the boat
Some may sink but we will float
Grab your coat - let's get out of here
You're my witness
I'm your mutineer

     G/d        Am/e
     Long ago we laughed at shadows
     F                     C                  Am
     Lightning flashed and thunder followed us
              F             Csus4 C
     It could never find us here
     C/d       /e
     You're my witness
     F        G   C
     I'm your mutineer
```

Lawyers, Guns and Money

Written by Warren Zevon
Played live by Bob Dylan on the fall 2002 tour
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

```
  A D         A     D         A       A D         A     E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-0-------0-------|
|-2h3---3-3---2---|-3---3---3-2-----|-2h3---3-3---2---|-0-------0-------|
|-2-----2-2---2---|-2---2---2-2-----|-2-----2-2---2---|-1-------1-------|  x2
|-2h4---4-4---2---|-4---4---4-2-----|-2h4---4-4---2---|-2-------2-------|
|-0---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
```

```
        D                   A              E . . .
Well, I went home with the waitress
     D              A         D . A .
Just like I always do
D                 A     E . . .
How was I to know
D                           A  .  [opening riff x2]
She was with the Russians, too

I was gambling in Havana
I took a little risk
Send lawyers, guns and money
Dad, get me out of this

I'm the innocent bystander
Somehow I got stuck
Between the rock and the hard place
        [riff x2]
And I'm down on my luck

    [riff x1]
I'm down on my luck

Now I'm hiding in Honduras
I'm a desperate man
Send lawyers, guns and money
The shit has hit the fan

Send lawyers, guns and money...
```

Carrying a Torch

Written by Van Morrison
Performed live by Bob Dylan in San Diego, CA, Oct 19, 2002
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The lyrics vary somewhat from Van Morrison's.
I can't quite make out what he's singing in the last verse. Send me a note if you can hear it.

```
[instr. verse]

C               G/b            Am   F
 I'm carryin' a torch for you
C         G     F
 I'm carryin' a torch
C              G/b         Am             F
 You don't know, you don't know what it's worth
C        G               C
 To keep carryin' a torch

Flame of love it burns so bright
That is my desire
Keep on liftin' me, liftin' me up
Higher and higher

     G7
     You're the keeper of the flame
     F                      C
      And you burn so bright
     G7
      why don't we, why don't we re-connect
     F                         G7
      And move up into the light

I've been going to and fro on this and that
cause I'm still carryin' a torch
You must know, You must know what it's worth
To keep carryin' a torch

     Baby you're the keeper of the flame
     And you burn so bright
      why don't we, why don't we re-connect
     And move all up into the light

I've been calling you on the phone
Cause I'm carryin' a torch
I can do it all on my own
Keep carryin' a torch

I'm carryin' a torch for you, baby
I'm carryin' a torch
You don't know, you don't know what it's worth
To keep carryin' a torch

I've been carryin', I've been carryin' a torch for you, baby
```

```
I keep carryin' a torch
[You don't know, you don't know what it's worth]
                        F        G   C
Cause I, I'm carryin' a torch.
```

Old Man

Written by Neil Young
Played live by Bob Dylan during the fall tour 2002
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The Fs are generally embellished by Fmaj7s (133210). the whole think could/should also be played xx0560 – that's how Young does it.
There are some lyric variations from Neil Young's version.

```
[intro]

  F (mixed with Fmaj7)                                D                Dsus4-D Dsus2-D
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-1---------------|-----------------|-----------------|-2-------2-------|-3-2-----0-2-----|
|-1-------1-------|-----------------|-----------------|-3-------3-------|-3-3-----3-3-----|
|-2---0h2----- etc in a similar ----|-----------------|-2-------2-------|-2-2-----2-2-----|
|-3----------- fashion          ----|-----------------|-0---------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

[repeat]

F
 Old man, take a look at my life,
               D
I'm a lot like you were.
F
 Old man take a look at my life,
               D . . .  |
I'm a lot like you were.

     F . . . | C . . . | G/d . .     . | D . . . |
     F . . . | C . . . | F   . Fmaj7 F | D

         D          F
     Old man take a look at my life,
     C                       G
      Twenty four and there's so much more
     D              F
      Live alone in paradise
     C                     F  . C/e . |
      makes me think of two.

     D           F
      Love lost, such a cost,
     C                      G
     Give me something that don't get lost.
     D                C
     Like a coin that won't get tossed
     F               D G/d . .
     Rolling home to you.

          D . . . | Dsus4-D Dsus2-D | Am . . Em | . . . .
```

```
          D . . . | Dsus4-D Dsus2-D | Am . . Em | . . . .

          D
           Old man take a look at my life
                Am       Em
          I'm a lot like you
          D
           I need someone to love me
              Am        Em         G
          the whole day through
          D
           Just one look in my eyes
              Am                  Em
          and you can tell that's true.

      D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | G . .   . |
      D . . . | F . . . | C . . . | F . C/e . |

      D           F
       Lullabies, look in your eyes,
      C                   G
       Hang around in the same old town.
      D                  F
       Doesn't mean that much to me
             C                 F    C
      Does it mean that much to you?     [or: Doesn't mean . . . ]

      D                    F
       I've been first and I've been last
      C               G
      Look at how the time goes past.
      D            C
      Now I'm all alone at last.
      F               Gsus4 G
      Rolling home to you.

          D . . . | Dsus4-D Dsus2-D | Am . . Em | . . . .
          D . . . | Dsus4-D Dsus2-D | Am . . Em | . . . .

          Old man take a look at my life
          I'm a lot like you
          I need someone to love me
          the whole day through
          Ah, one look in my eyes
          and you can tell that's true.

  [intro] x2

  F/Fmaj7
  Old man take a look at my life,
                D
  I'm a lot like you were.
  F/Fmaj7
  Old man take a look at my life,
                D
  I'm a lot like you were.
```

F C G D

The End Of The Innocence

Written by Bruce Hornsby and Don Henley
Performed regularly by Bob Dylan during the fall 2002 tour
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

The intro is playable in G, but the two highest strings that seem to be sounding throughout made me think they might be open strings, hence capo 3rd fret and key of E. I don't think that's what they're playing, but it sounds better that way, so I added a tab like that (see below).
I should also say that my copy of this song isn't the best-sounding ever, so there are probably mistakes.

```
  G                                C       G         D       C    D7sus4
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .    :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------3-3-------|-------3-3-------|-3-----3-3-----3-|-3-----3-3-----3-|
|-------3-3-----3-|-3-----3-3-----3-|-3h5---3-3-----3-|-3-----1-1-----1-|
|-------2-2-----4-|-4-----2-2-----5-|-5-----4-4-----2-|-2-----0-0-----0-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-------2-2-----0-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

          C                          G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .    :   .   .
|-3-----3-3-------|-----------------|-3---------
|-1-----1-1-------|-----------------|-3---------
|-0-----0-0-------|-----------------|-0---------
|-0-----2-2-------|-----------------|-0---------
|-----------------|-----------------|-2---------
|-----------------|-----------------|-3---------

G
 Remember when the days were long
    C
and rolled beneath a deep blue sky
G
 Didn't have a care in the world
C                             D    Dsus4 D
 With mommy and daddy standing by
G
 But happily ever after fails
C
 and we've been poisoned by these fairy tales
G
 The lawyers dwell on small details
Em          C      D
Since daddy had to fly

     Em              Bm          Am      C
     Ah but I know a place where we can go
     Em  C         D
      untouched by man
     Em         Bm                Am   C
      watch the clouds go rollin' by
```

```
     Em                    C                D
      watch the tall grass waving in the wind
     G           D C
     lay your head  down on the ground
     Em         Bm            Am            C
      let your hair fall all around me
     G      D       C
     Offer up  your best defense
     Em          Bm    Am
     this is the end,
     C              D
     This is the end
            G
     Of the Innocence
```

Oh beautiful for spacious skies
But now those skies are threatening
They're beating plowshares into swords
For this tired old man that we elected king
Armchair warriors often fail
And we've been poisoned by these fairytales
The lawyers clean up all details
Since daddy had to lie

```
     But I know a place where we can go
     And wash away the sin
     We'll sit and watch the clouds go by
     And the tall grass wave in the wind
     You can lay your head back on the ground
     Let your hair fall all around me
     Offer up your best defense
     But this is the end, This is the end
     Of the Innocence
```

Who knows how long this will last
Or how we've come so far so fast
But somewhere back there in the dust
That same small town in each of us
I need to remember this
Darling, give me one more kiss
And let me take a long last look
Before we say goodbye

```
     Just lay your head back on the ground
     And let your hair fall all around me
     Offer up your best defense
     But this is the end
     This is the end
     of the Innocence
```

Version in E (capo 3rd fret)

```
  E                                 A       E         B       A     Bsus4
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|-------0-0-----0-|-0-----0-0-----0-|-0-----0-0-----0-|-0-----0-0-----0-|
|-------0-0-----0-|-0-----0-0-----0-|-0h2---0-0-----0-|-0-----0-0-----0-|
|-------4-4-----1-|-1-----4-4-----2-|-2-----1-1-----4-|-4-----2-2-----2-|
|-------4-4----(2-|-2)----4-4-----2-|-2-----2-2-----4-|-4-----2-2-----2-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---------------2-|
|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|

          A                           E
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .
|-0-----0-0-------|-----------------|-0---------
|-0-----0-0-------|-----------------|-0---------
|-2-----2-2-------|-----------------|-1---------
|-2-----2-2-------|-----------------|-2---------
|-2-----4-4-------|-----------------|-2---------
|-----------------|-----------------|-0---------
```

```
E
 Remember when the days were long
    A
and rolled beneath a deep blue sky
E
 Didn't have a care in the world
A                             B
 With mommy and daddy standing by
E
 But happily ever after fails
A
 we've been poisoned by these fairy tales
E
 The lawyers dwell on small details
C#m         A      B
Since daddy had to fly

     C#m       G#m    F#m               A
      I know a place   where we can go
     C#m A         B
      untouched by man
     C#m        G#m               F#m   A
      watch the clouds go rollin' by
     C#m              A                  B
      watch the tall grass waving in the wind
     E           B A
     lay your head  down on the ground
     C#m            G#m            F#m           A
      let your long hair fall all around me
     E      B       A
     Offer up  your best defense
     C#m         G#m    F#m
     this is the end,
     A              B
     This is the end
            E
     Of the Innocence
```

A Change Is Gonna Come

Written by Sam Cooke
Performed live by Bob Dylan at the 70th anniversary celebration show at the Apollo Theatre, NY
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Capo 1st fret (sounding key C♯ major)

See tab for chord shapes

The song is played higher up on the neck, and instead of the first-position version below, you can use a capo on the 6th fret and the alternative chords further down on the page. The intro can actually be played fairly comfortably on a single guitar an octave lower than played, as notated:

```
             C       /b        Am      /g        F Em/b Dm7 Am7   Bb9-5   Ab11+5
  :   .      :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
-h5---3---|------------------|-----------------|-----------------|-0-------0-------|
----------|3h5---3---1---0---|-3---1-----------|-------------1---|-0---1-----------|
--5-------|----------0-------|-2-------2---0---|-----0---2---2---|-1-------3-------|
----------|--5-------2-------|-2-------2-------|-3---2---0---2---|-0-------4-------|
----------|--3-------2-------|-0---------------|-0---2---3---3---|-1-------3-------|
----------|------------------|---------3-------|-1---------------|---------4-------|

G7 .

      C
I was born by the river, in a little tent,
Dm                                  Am
 just like the river I've been running   ever since
(G/b)            C                 Dm            F   E7
     It's been a long, a long time coming, but I know
  Am                              C    .   Csus4  C
A change is gonna come, oh yes it will


It's been too hard living, but I'm afraid to die
I don't know what's up there beyond the sky,
It's been a long time coming, but I know
A change is gonna come, oh yes it will

I go to the movie and I go downtown
Somebody always tellin' me: don't hang around
It's been a long, a long time coming, but I know
A change is gonna come, oh yes it will

     Dm
       Now I go
              Am
     to see my brother
           Dm
     I say brother,
                Am
     help me please
```

```
       Dm
But he wind up
           Am
a-knocking me
D7              G11   G7
back down on my knees


There been times that I thought I couldn't last for long
Now I think I'm able to carry on
It's been a long, a long time coming, but I know
A change is gonna come, oh yes it will
```

Version with capo on the 6th fret:

```
      G
I was born by the river, in a little tent,
Am                                    Em
 just like the river I've been running   ever since
            G                 Am            C   B7
It's been a long, a long time coming, but I know
  Em                               G
A change is gonna come, oh yes it will

. . .

          Am
Now I go
             Em
to see my brother
          Am
I say brother,
            Em
help me please
           Am
But he wind up
              Em
a-knocking me
A7              D11   D7
back down on my knees
```

No More One More Time

Written by Troy Seal and Dave Kirby
Played live by Bob Dylan five times in 1990-1 and again in 2004
Tabbed by Eyolf Østrem

Version from 2004 (Oct 13)

Capo 1st fret (sounding key A♭ major)

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  Dadd9             Cadd9 G/b   G     Cadd9   D         Cadd9 G/b         G
  :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .     :   .   .   .
|---------0-------|-----------------|-----------------|-----------------|---
|-----3-----3-----|-----3---3-------|-------3-----3---|-----3-----3-----|---
|---2---2-----2---|---0-----------0-|-----0-----2---2-|---0-------------|---
|-0-------------0-|-----------------|---0-----0-------|-----------------|---
|-----------------|-3-----2---------|-3---------------|-3-----2-----2-0-|---
|-----------------|-------------3---|-----------------|-----------------|-3-

G . . . C . D .
G . . . C . D D7

                                                                  *) :   .   .   .
G                                     C            G/b  *)          |-3-------2-------|
I should have done what I'm gonna do a long time ago                |-----------------|
D                                     C/g      G                    |-4-------2-------|
Given you up, as you got me down to an all time low                 |-----------------|
G                     G7              C                             |-----------------|
I've been a fool, but beeing a fool, I fell in love with your kind  |-----------------|
          D                                       G
I'm gonna try something new to get over you this time

                G       B7       C        /c  /b
     There'll be no more one more time
            /a       G
     Baby I might be crazy
              D                     D7
     but I'll never call you baby anymore
     G                 G7/b
     You had your last second chance
     C                   Am
     at this old heart of mine
                     G       D        G
     And there'll be no more one more time

C . . . Am . . .
G . . . D  . . .
G . . . C  . D .

I'd like to say, but I can't say that it's been fun
You had my heart locked away in the dark and it could use some sun
I'm gonna miss you a lot, honey I got to let you go
So go ahead and try, you might even cry, you never know
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There'll be no more one more time
Baby I might be crazy
and I'll never call you baby anymore
You had your last second chance
at this old heart of mine
And there'll be no more one more time

You had your last second chance
at this old heart of mine
And there'll be no more one more

C . . . G/b . . . Bbdim . Am7 .  G
time
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