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# All Along The Watchtower

Bob Dylan

Capo: 2

Dm Cadd9 Bb Gm Am Gm Bb  
Dm Cadd9 Bb Gm Am A/C# Faug  
Dm Cadd9 Bb Gm

There must be some way out of here

Am Gm Bb

Said the joker to the thief

Dm Cadd9 Bb Gm

There's too much confusion

Am A/C# Faug

I can't get no relief

Dm Cadd9 Bb Gm

Businessmen, they drink my wine

Am Gadd9 B7#11

Plowmen dig my earth

Dm Cadd9 Bb Gm

None of them along the line

Am A/C# Faug

Know what any of it is worth

Dm Cadd9 Bb Gm Am Gm Bb  
Dm Cadd9 Bb Gm Am A/C# Faug  
Dm Cadd9 Bb Gm Am Gadd9 B7#11  
Dm Cadd9 Bb Gm Am A/C# Faug

"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

# Blowin' In The Wind

Bob Dylan

Capo: 5

**D    Dsus            D    Dsus**

**D            A13sus            Bm11**

How many roads must a man walk down

**D            D/C#            Em9**

Before you can call him a man?

**D            A13sus            Bm11**

Yes, and how many seas must one dove sail

**D            D/C#            Em9**

Before she can sleep in the sand?

**D            F#m            Bm**

Yes, and how many times must cannonballs fly

**D            D/C#            Em9**

Before they're forever banned?

**G5            A            F#m            G**  
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind

**G            A            D**  
The answer is blowin' in the wind

**Dsus            D    Dsus**

Yes, and how many years can a mountain exist

Before it is washed to the sea?

Yes, and how many years can some people exist

Before they're allowed to be free?

Yes, and how many times can a man turn his head

Pretend that he just doesn't see?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Yes, and how many times must a man look up

Before he can see the sky?

Yes, and how many ears must one man have

Before he can hear people cry?

Yes, and how many deaths will it take 'til he knows

That too many people have died?

The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind  
The answer is blowin' in the wind

# Boots Of Spanish Leather

Bob Dylan

Capo: 4

Em Em7 D7/F# D/F# Em  
Em Em9 C/E G  
I'm sailing away my own true love  
Em Em9 G5  
I'm sailing away in the morning  
Em Em9 C/E G  
Is there something I can bring you from across the sea  
Em Em7 D7/F# D/F# G C/G G  
From the place to where I'm going?  
Em Em9 C/E G  
There's nothing you can send me, my own true love  
Em Em9 G5  
There's nothing I'm wishing to be owning  
Em Em9 C/E G  
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled  
Em Em7 D7/F# Em  
From the place to where you're going

Em7 D7/F# D/F# Em  
Oh, but I thought you might want something fine  
Made of silver or made 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 of deepest ocean  
I'd forsake 'em all for your sweet kiss  
For that's all I'm wishing to be owning

Em Em7 D7/F# D/F# G C/G G  
Em D7/F# G  
Em D7/F# G C/G G  
Em D7/F# G  
Em D7/F# Em Em7 D7sus2/F# D/F# Em

I got a letter on a lonesome day  
It was from her ship a-sailing  
Saying I don't know when I'll be coming home again  
It depends on how I'm a-feeling  
But if you, my love, must think that-a-way  
I'm sure your mind is roaming  
I'm sure your thoughts are not with me  
But with the place to where you're going

So take heed, take heed of western wind  
Take heed of stormy weather  
And yes, there is something you can send back to me  
Spanish boots of Spanish leather

# Don't Think Twice It's Alright

Bob Dylan

Capo: 2

**C G Am F#dim G7 C G G7 G G7**

**C G Am**  
It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

**F C G7**  
If you don't know by now

**C G Am**  
It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

**F#dim G7**  
It'll never do somehow

**C C7**  
When your rooster crows at the break of dawn

**F D7/F#**  
Look out your window, I'll be gone

**C G Am F**  
You're the reason I'm traveling on

**C G7 C G G7 G G7**  
Don't think twice, it's alright

And it ain't no use in turning on your light, babe  
A light I never knowed  
And it ain't no use in turning on your light, babe  
I'm on the dark side of the road  
Still I wish there was something you would do or say  
To try and make me change my mind and stay  
We never did too much talkin' anyway  
Don't think twice, it's alright

And it ain't no use in calling out my name, gal  
As you never done before  
It ain't no use in callin' out my name, gal  
I can't hear you anymore  
I'm a-thinking and a-wondering, walking down the road  
Once loved a woman, a child I been told  
I gave her my heart, she wanted my soul  
Don't think twice, it's alright

And I'm walking down the long and lonsome road, babe  
Where I'm bound, I can't tell  
Goodbye's too good a word, babe  
So I'll just say fare thee well  
I ain't saying you treated me unkind  
You could have done better, I don't mind  
You just kinda wasted my precious time

**C G7 Am F C G C**  
Don't think twice, it's alright

## Bob Dylan

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.



## Bob Dylan

C	C/F	C/G (4x)
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C	C/F	C/G (2x)
---	-----	-------------

<b>C</b>	<b>C/F</b>	<b>C/G</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>C/F</b>	<b>C/G</b>	
<b>G5</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>G5</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>	
<b>D7/F#</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>C</b>	<b>D7/F#</b>	<b>F</b>	<b>G</b>	<b>C</b>

C	C/F	C/G
		(4x)

# It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry

Bob Dylan

**E**  
Well, I'm riding on a mailtrain  
**E7 Eb7 D7 E**  
Can't buy me no thrill  
**E**  
And I've been up all night, babe  
**E7 Eb7 D7 E**  
Leaning out the window sill  
**E E/G#**  
And if I die  
**F#m7 B7 F#m7 B7 F#m7 B7**  
On top of the hill  
**E**  
And if I don't make it  
**E7 Eb7 D7 E E7 Eb7 D7 E**  
I know my ba- by will

Don't the moon look good, mama  
Shining through the trees?  
And don't the brakeman look good, mama  
Flagging down the "Double E"?  
And don't the sun look good  
Setting over the sea?  
Don't my babe look good  
Coming after me?

Now the winter time is coming  
Windows are filled with frost  
And I tried to tell everybody  
But I couldn't get across  
Well, I wanna be your lover  
I don't wanna be your boss  
Don't say I didn't warn you  
When your train gets lost

# Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues

Bob Dylan

C F C F C

When you're lost in the rain, in Juarez, it's Eastertime too

And when gravity fails, and negativity won't pull you through

Don't put on any airs when you're down on Rue Morgue Avenue

They've got some hungry women there and they'll really make a mess out of you

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

Sweet Melinda, they call her the goddess of gloom  
Well, she speaks good English, and invites you up into her room  
But you're so kind and careful not to go too soon  
Oh well, she takes your voice, and leaves you howling at the moon

Well, I started out on burgundy, soon I hit the harder stuff  
And everybody said they'd stand behind me when the game gets rough  
But the joke was one me, there was nobody there to even bluff  
I'm going back to New York City, I do believe I've had enough

When you're lost in the rain, in Juarez, it's Eastertime too

# Knockin' On Heaven's Door

Bob Dylan

Capo: 2

**D**                      **A**                      **Em**  
Mama take this badge off of me  
**D**        **A**                      **G**  
I can't use it anymore  
**D**                      **A**                      **Em**  
It's getting dark, too dark to see  
**D**                      **A**                      **G**  
I feel like I'm knockin on heaven's door

**D**                      **A**                      **Em7**  
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door  
**D**                      **A**                      **G**  
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door  
**D**                      **A**                      **Em7**  
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door  
**D**                      **A**                      **G**  
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

Mama wipe the blood from my face  
I can't see through it anymore  
Got a lone black feeling and it's hard to trace  
I feel like I'm knocking 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

# One Too Many Mornings

Bob Dylan

C      F#sus2                  F      C      F#sus2                  C/E

                C                                  Gadd11/B  
Down the streets the dogs are barking

                Am7b13                  C/G  
And the day is getting dark

                C/G  
As the night comes in a-falling

                F#sus2                  C/E                  G      F#sus2/D  
The dogs they lose their bark

                C                                  Gadd11/B  
And the silent night will shatter

                                Am7b13                  C/G  
From the sounds inside my mind

                C/G                                  F#sus2 C/E  
And I'm one too many mornings

                G                                  C  
And a thousand miles behind

From the crossroads of my doorstep  
My eyes begin to fade

As 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 hungry restless feeling  
That mean no one no good  
When everything I'm a-saying  
You can say it just as good  
And you're right from your side  
I'm right from mine  
And we're both too many mornings  
And a thousand miles behind

Down the streets the dogs are barking  
And the day is getting dark  
As the night comes in a-falling  
The dogs they lose their bark  
And the silent night will shatter  
From the sounds inside my mind  
And I'm one too many mornings  
And a thousand miles behind

# She Belongs To Me

Bob Dylan

Capo: 4

**G5**      **C/G**      **G**      **C/G**      **G**      **C/G**      **Gsus2b6**  
**G**      **D/F#**      **Em**      **Em9**      **A9**      **C5**      **G**      **C/G**      **G**

**G5**  
She's got everything she needs,  
**C/G**      **G**      **C/G**      **G**  
She's an artist, she don't look back

**C/G**  
She's got everything she needs,  
**Gsus2b6**      **G**      **D/F#**      **Em**      **Em9**  
She's an artist, she don't look back

**A9**  
She can take the dark out of the nighttime  
**C5**      **G**      **C/G**      **G**  
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  
Oh you will wind up peeking through her keyhole  
Upon your knees

She never stumbles,  
She's got no place to fall  
Oh she never stumbles,  
She's got no place to fall  
She's nobody's child,  
And the law can't touch her at all

**G**      **C**      **G**      **C/G**      **G**  
**C**      **C**      **G**      **C/G**      **G**  
**A**      **C**      **G**      **C/G**      **G**

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

# The Death Of Emmett Till

Bob Dylan

Capo: 4

Am Am/G Am/F# F  
Was down in Mississippi not so long ago,  
Am G C E E7  
When a boy from Chicago town walked in a Southern door.  
Am Am/G Am/F# F  
This boy's frightful tragedy you should all remember well,  
Am Am/G Am/F# E Am  
The color of his skin was black his name 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 were screaming sounds inside the barn and laughter on the street.

And they rolled his body down a gulf amidst the blood-red rain  
And threw him in the waters wide to cease his screaming pain.  
The reason that they killed him there, I'm sure it ain't no lie,  
The color of his skin was black, so he was born to die.

To stop the United States of yelling for a trial,  
Two brothers they confessed that they had killed poor Emmett Till.  
But in the jury there were men who helped commit this awful crime,  
So the trial it was a mockery, but nobody seemed to mind.

And I saw the morning papers, oh man, I could not bear  
To see the smiling brothers walking down the courthouse stairs.  
For the jury found them innocent, the brothers they went free,  
While Emmett's body floats the foam of Jim Crow southern sea.

This song's just a reminder to remind you fellow man  
This kind of thing still lives today in that ghost-robed Ku Klux Klan.  
But if all we folks who think alike, if we gave all we could give,  
We can make this great land of ours a greater place to live.

# The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll

Bob Dylan

Capo: 2

**G** **Em** **Bm**  
William Zanzinger killed poor Hattie Carroll  
**G** **Em** **Bm**  
With a cane that he twirled around his ring diamond finger  
**G** **Em** **Bm**  
At the Baltimore hotel society gathering.  
**G** **Em** **Bm**  
And the cops was called in, took away his weapon  
**G** **Em** **Bm**  
And rode him in custody down to the station  
**G** **Em** **Bm** **D**  
Booked William Zanzinger for first-degree murder.  
**C** **D/F#** **Em** **G** **C** **D/F#** **Em**  
Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace, criticize all fears,  
**C** **D/F#** **Em** **G**  
Take the rag away from your face.  
**C** **D/F#** **G** **Em** **Bm** **G** **Em** **Bm**  
There ain't no time for your tears.

And William Zanzinger, twenty-four years  
Owns a tobacco farm and a six hundred acres  
With rich wealthy parents who provide and protect him  
High office relations in the government of Maryland,  
Reacted to his deed with a shrug of his shoulders  
In a matter of minutes on bail was out walking.  
Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace, criticize all fears,  
Take the rag away from your face.  
There ain't no time for your tears.

And Hattie Carroll was a maid in the kitchen.  
Fifty-one years old, gave birth to ten children  
Who carried the dishes and took away the garbage  
And never sat once at the head of the table  
And didn't even talk to the people at the table  
Got killed by a blow, layed slain by a cane  
And she never done nothing to William Zanzinger.  
Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace, criticize all fears,  
Take the rag away from your face.  
There ain't no time for your tears.

And in the courtroom of honor, the judge pounded his gavel  
To show that all's equal, the courts are on the level  
And even the rich get properly handled  
Once that the police has 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  
And handed out strongly, for penalty and repentance,  
William Zanzinger with a six-month sentence.  
Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace, criticize all fears,  
Bury the rag deep in your face  
For now is the time for your tears.