



Table of Contents

All Along The Watchtower	1
Blowin' In The Wind	2
Boots Of Spanish Leather	3
Don't Think Twice It's Alright	4
Girl From The North Country	5
It's All Over Now, Baby Blue	6
It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry	7
Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues	8
Knockin' On Heaven's Door	9
One Too Many Mornings	10
She Belongs To Me	11
The Death Of Emmett Till	12
The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll	13

Contents by Title

All Along The Watchtower	1
Blowin' In The Wind	2
Boots Of Spanish Leather	3
Don't Think Twice It's Alright	4
Girl From The North Country	5
It Takes A Lot To Laugh, It Takes A Train To Cry	7
It's All Over Now, Baby Blue	6
Just Like Tom Thumb's Blues	8
Knockin' On Heaven's Door	9
One Too Many Mornings	10
She Belongs To Me	11
The Death Of Emmett Till	12
The Lonesome Death Of Hattie Carroll	13

All Along The Watchtower

Bob Dylan

Em Dadd9 C Am Bm Am C
Em Dadd9 C Am Bm B/D# Gaug
Em Dadd9 C Am

There must be some way out of here

Bm Am C

Said the joker to the thief

Em Dadd9 C Am

There's too much confusion

Bm B/D# Gaug

I can't get no relief

Em Dadd9 C Am

Businessmen, they drink my wine

Bm Aadd9 Db7#11

Plowmen dig my earth

Em Dadd9 C Am

None of them along the line

Bm B/D# Gaug

Know what any of it is worth

Em Dadd9 C Am Bm Am C
Em Dadd9 C Am Bm B/D# Gaug
Em Dadd9 C Am Bm Aadd9 Db7#11
Em Dadd9 C Am Bm B/D# Gaug

"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

A Asus A Asus

A E13sus Gbm11

How many roads must a man walk down

A A/G# Bm9

Before you can call him a man?

A E13sus Gbm11

Yes, and how many seas must one dove sail

A A/G# Bm9

Before she can sleep in the sand?

A C#m F#m

Yes, and how many times must cannonballs fly

A A/G# Bm9

Before they're forever banned?

D5 E C#m D
The answer, my friend, is blowin' in the wind

D E A
The answer is blowin' in the wind

Asus A Asus

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

G#m G#m7 Gb7/A# Gb/A# G#m

G#m Abm9 E/G# B
I'm sailing away my own true love

G#m Abm9 B5
I'm sailing away in the morning

G#m Abm9 E/G# B
Is there something I can bring you from across the sea

G#m G#m7 Gb7/A# Gb/A# B E/B B
From the place to where I'm going?

G#m Abm9 E/G# B
There's nothing you can send me, my own true love

G#m Abm9 B5
There's nothing I'm wishing to be owning

G#m Abm9 E/G# B
Just carry yourself back to me unspoiled

G#m G#m7 Gb7/A# G#m
From the place to where you're going

G#m7 Gb7/A# Gb/A# G#m

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

G#m G#m7 Gb7/A# Gb/A# B E/B B
G#m Gb7/A# B
G#m Gb7/A# B E/B B
G#m Gb7/A# B
G#m Gb7/A# G#m G#m7 Gb7sus2/A# Gb/A# G#m

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

D A Bm G#dim A7 D A A7 A A7

D A Bm
It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

G D A7
If you don't know by now

D A Bm
It ain't no use to sit and wonder why, babe

G#dim A7
It'll never do somehow

D D7
When your rooster crows at the break of dawn

G E7/G#
Look out your window, I'll be gone

D A Bm G
You're the reason I'm traveling on

D A7 D A A7 A A7
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

D A7 Bm G D A D
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.

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

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

E **B** **F#m7**
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
E **B** **A**
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
E **B** **F#m7**
Knock, knock, knockin' on heaven's door
E **B** **A**
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

B5 E/B B E/B B E/B Bsus2b6
B Gb/A# G#m Abm9 Db9 E5 B E/B B

B5
She's got everything she needs,
E/B B E/B B
She's an artist, she don't look back

E/B
She's got everything she needs,
Bsus2b6 B Gb/A# G#m Abm9
She's an artist, she don't look back

Db9
She can take the dark out of the nighttime
E5 B E/B B
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

B E B E/B B
E B E/B B
C# E B E/B B

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

C#m **Dbm/B** **Dbm/A#** **A**
Was down in Mississippi not so long ago,
C#m **B** **E** **G#** **G#7**
When a boy from Chicago town walked in a Southern door.
C#m **Dbm/B** **Dbm/A#** **A**
This boy's frightful tragedy you should all remember well,
C#m **Dbm/B** **Dbm/A#** **G#** **C#m**
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

A F#m C#m
William Zanzinger killed poor Hattie Carroll
A F#m C#m
With a cane that he twirled around his ring diamond finger
A F#m C#m
At the Baltimore hotel society gathering.
A F#m C#m
And the cops was called in, took away his weapon
A F#m C#m
And rode him in custody down to the station
A F#m C#m E
Booked William Zanzinger for first-degree murder.
D E/G# F#m A D E/G# F#m
Oh, but you who philosophize disgrace, criticize all fears,
D E/G# F#m A
Take the rag away from your face.
D E/G# A F#m C#m A F#m C#m
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.