

## barrett syd - Bob Dylan Blues [corrected]

PROPS GO TO: light of white

here's the corrected version.. once again, you will see these special bits in the chord part of the song.. i find that this song sounds better if you use a thin pick.. so knock yourself out..

..ed. C\*: e|--0-000-0-----| B|--1-111-1-----| G|--0-000-0-0-0-0-000-0-----| D|--2-222-2--2p0--| A|--3-333-3-----| E|-----| G\*: e|--3-333-----333-3-333-3-333-3-----| B|--0-000-----000-0-000-0-000-0-----| G|--0-000-----000-0-000-0-000-0-----| D|--0-000-0-000-0-000-0-000-0-----| A|--2-222--2-2p0--222-2-222-2-222-2--2h3--| E|--3-333-3-----3-333-3-333-3-333-3-3-----| G\*\* e|--3-333-3-----| B|--0-000-0-----| G|--0-000-0-----| D|--0-000-0-----| A|--2-222-2--2h3--| E|--3-333-3-3-----| When transferring from the chorus to the intro, simply do this: e|-----| B|-----| G|-----| D|--3-----| A|---2---| E|---2--| Intro: e|---333-----222-----|---333-----222-----| B|---000-----333-----|---000-----333-----| G|---000-----222----2p0h2-|---000-----222----2p0h2-| D|---000----0----000----0-----|---000----0----000----0-----| A|---222---2-2-0-000--0-----|---222---2-2-0-000--0-----| E|---3-333--3-----000-----|---3-333--3-----000-----| e|---000-----333-----|---000----222----333-3-| B|---111-----000-----|---222----333----000-0-| G|---000----0----000-----|---222--2-222----000-0-| D|---222---2-2-0-000----0---|---222--0-000--0-000-0-| A|---3-333--3-----222---2-2-0-|-----0-----2-222-2-| E|-----333--3-----|-----3-333-3-| G C F -Got

the Bob Dylan Blues, and the Bob Dylan shoes C\*  
 G\* And my clothes' and my hair's in a mess  
 C But you know i just couldn't care less  
 C F Gonna write me a song, bout what's right  
 and what's wrong C G\* Bout' God and my  
 girl and all that C Quiet while I make like  
 a cat -Chorus I: C F C Cos' I'm a poet,  
 Don't ya know it? F And the wind.. ..You can  
 blow it, C G\* Cos' I'm Mr. Dylan the King  
 C And I'm free as a bird on the wing -Roam from  
 town to town, guess I get people down, But I don't care too much  
 about that.. Cos' my gut and my wallet are fat Make a whole lotta  
 dough, but i deserve it though, I got soul and a good heart of  
 gold, So I'll sing about war and the cold -Chorus II: C  
 G\*\* Cos' I'm a poet, Don't ya know it? C  
 F And the wind.. ..You can blow it, C\* G\* Cos'  
 I'm Mr. Dylan the King C And I'm free  
 as a bird on the wing -Intro -Well I sings about dreams, and I rhymes  
 it with seems, Cos' it seems that my dream always means.. That I can  
 prophesy all kinds of things Well the guy that digs me, should try  
 hard to see, That he buys all my disks in a hat.. And when I'm in  
 town go see that [strum C a few more times] -Chorus II [strum  
 lightly] -Intro [fade to a light strum] (oh, and sorry timmy, for  
 doing a half-assed job the first time) (..i made it up to you,  
 no?) love and peace.