

Bob Dylan - Ballad Of Hollis Brown

Tom: **B**

(acordes na forma do tom **Bb**)

Capostrate na 1ª casa

Double dropped **D** tuning (d-a-d-g-b-d,

Capo 1st fret (sounding key **Eb** minor)

Intro: (same strumming pattern throughout the song):

| . . . | . . .

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

. . |

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 chinchies on your wife

There's bedbugs on your baby's bed

There's chinchies 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

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

And your legs can't seem to stand

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.

Acordes

