

Bob Dylan - Ballad Of a Thin Man

Tom: D

Bm
You walk into the room
Bm
With your pencil in your hand
Bm7
You see somebody naked
E7
And you say, "Who is that man?"
G
You try so hard
Em
But you don't understand
D
Just what you'll say
Bm
When you get home
D
Because something is happening here
Bm
But you don't know what it is
G
Do you, Mister Jones?

Bm
You raise up your head
Bm
And you ask, "Is this where it is?"
Bm7
And somebody points to you and says "It's his"
G
And you say, "What's mine?"
Em
And somebody else says, "Well, what is?"
D
And you say, "Oh my God
Bm
I here all alone?"
D
But something is happening here
Bm
And you don't know what it is
G
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
And something is happening here
But you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Bm
You have many contacts

Bm7
Among the lumberjacks
G
To get you facts
Bm
When someone attacks your imagination

But nobody has any respect
Bm7
Anyway they already expect you
G
To just give a check

A
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
But something is happening here
And 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"
And you know 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
And you don't know what it is
Do you, Mister Jones?

Acordes

