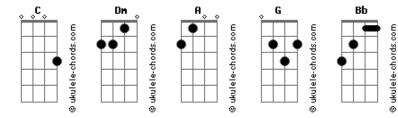
Bob Dylan - Blind Willie Mctell

Tom: C

Dm Dm Α Seen the arrow on the doorpost Dm Α Dm Saying this land is condemned Bb C Dm Α C G All the way from New Orleans to Jeruselem Dm Α Dm I travelled to East Texas Dm A Dm Where many martyrs fell A C G And I know no one can sing the blues С Dm Bb Like Blind Willie McTell

Well I heard that hooter singing As they were taking down the tents The stars above the barren trees Were his only audience Them charcoal gypsy maidens Can strut their feathers well

Acordes



But nobody can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell

See them big plantations burning Hear the cracking of the whips Smell that sweet magnolia blooming See the ghosts of slavery ships I can hear them tribes a moaning Hear that undertaker's bell Nobody can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell

There's a woman by the river With some fine young handsome man He's dressed up like a squire Bootleg whiskey in his hand There's a chain gang on a highway I can hear them rebels yell But I know no one can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell

Well God is up in Heaven And we are what was his But power,greed and corruptable seed Seem to be all that there is I'm gazing out the window of the St. James Hotel And I know no one can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell