

# Bob Dylan - Blind Willie Mctell

Tom: C

**Dm** **A** **Dm**  
 Seen the arrow on the doorpost  
**Dm** **A** **Dm**  
 Saying this land is condemned  
**A** **C** **G** **Bb** **C** **Dm**  
 All the way from New Orleans to Jeruselem  
**Dm** **A** **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  
**Bb** **C** **Dm**  
 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

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

## Acordes

