

Bob Dylan - Born In Time

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It's too revealing.
                           (piano part, main melody):
Intro: (guitar part):
                                                                           G
                                                               You came, you saw, just like the law
   .
                            : . . . : .
                                                               You married young, just like your ma,
Or taken together:
                                                               You tried and tried, you made me slide
 : . . . . . . . . . . . .
                                                               You left me reelin'
                                                               with this feelin'.
In the lonely night
                                                              On the rising curve
                            Fm
In the blinking stardust of a pale blue light
                                                              Where the ways of nature will test every nerve,
                           Am7
                                                               You won't get anything you don't deserve
You're comin' thru to me in black and white
                                                              Where we were born in time.
   C Cm G
When we were made of dreams.
                                                               You pressed me once, you pressed me twice,
                                                               You hang the flame, you'll pay the price.
                                                              Oh babe, that fire Is still smokin'.
You're blowing down the shaky street,
You're hearing my heart beat
In the record breaking heat
                                                              You were snow, you were rain
Where we were born in time.
                                                              You were striped, you were plain,
                                                               Oh babe, truer words
                                                              Have not been spoken
Not one more night, not one more kiss,
                                                              or broken.
Not this time baby, no more of this.
                                                              In the hills of mystery,
                                                               In the foggy web of destiny,
Takes too much skill, takes too much will.
                                                               You can have what's left of me,
                                                              Where we were born in time.
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Acordes

