

Bob Dylan - Day Of The Locusts

tom: G Oh, the benches were stained with tears and perspiration The birdies were flying from tree to tree There was little to say, there was no conversation C C As I stepped to the stage to pick up my degree And the locusts sang off in the distance Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me I glanced into the chamber where the judges were talking C Darkness was everywhere, it smelled like a tomb I was ready to leave, I was already walking But the next time I looked there was light in the room And the locusts sang, yeah, it give me a chill Oh, the locusts sang such a sweet melody Oh, the locusts sang their high whining trill

Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me Outside of the gates the trucks were unloading The weather was hot, a-nearly 90 degrees The man standing next to me, his head was exploding Well, I was praying the pieces wouldn?t fall on me Yeah, the locusts sang off in the distance Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance And the locusts sang and they were singing for me I put down my robe, picked up my diploma Took hold of my sweetheart and away we did drive Straight for the hills, the black hills of Dakota C Sure was glad to get out of there alive And the locusts sang, well, it give me a chill Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody And the locusts sang with a high whining trill Yeah, the locusts sang and they was singing for me Singing for me, well, singing for me

Acordes





