

Bob Dylan - Desolation Row

Tom: **D**

The special thing about this version is the rhythm, with a 3-3-2 division of the bar.

They're selling postcards of the hanging

They're painting the passports brown

The beauty parlor is filled with sailors

The circus is in town

Here comes the blind commissioner

They've got him in a trance

One hand is tied to the tight-rope walker

The other is in his pants

And the riot squad they're restless

They need somewhere to go

As Lady and I look out tonight

From Desolation Row

Cinderella, she seems so easy
 "It takes one to know one," she smiles
 And puts her hands in her back pockets
 Bette Davis style
 And in comes Romeo, he's moaning
 "You Belong to Me I Believe"
 And someone says, "You're in the wrong place, my friend
 You better leave"
 And the only sound that's left
 After the ambulances go
 Is Cinderella sweeping up
 On Desolation Row

Now the moon is almost hidden
 The stars are beginning to hide
 The fortunetelling lady
 Has even taken all her things inside
 All except for Cain and Abel
 And the hunchback of Notre Dame
 Everybody is making love
 Or else expecting rain
 And the Good Samaritan, he's dressing
 He's getting ready for the show
 He's going to the carnival tonight
 On Desolation Row

Now Ophelia, she's 'neath the window
 For her I feel so afraid
 On her twenty-second birthday
 She already is an old maid

To her, death is quite romantic
 She wears an iron vest
 Her profession's her religion
 Her sin is her lifelessness
 And though her eyes are fixed upon
 Noah's great rainbow
 She spends her time peeking
 Into Desolation Row

Einstein, disguised as Robin Hood
 With his memories in a trunk
 Passed this way an hour ago

With his friend, a jealous monk
 He looked so immaculately frightful
 As he bummed a cigarette
 Then he went off sniffing drainpipes
 And reciting the alphabet
 Now you would not think to look at him
 But he was famous long ago
 For playing the electric violin
 On Desolation Row

Dr. Filth, he keeps his world
 Inside of a leather cup
 But all his sexless patients
 They're trying to blow it up
 Now his nurse, some local loser
 She's in charge of the cyanide hole
 And she also keeps the cards that read
 "Have Mercy on His Soul"
 They all play on penny whistles
 You can hear them blow
 If you lean your head out far enough
 From Desolation Row

Across the street they've nailed the curtains
 They're getting ready for the feast
 The Phantom of the Opera
 A perfect image of a priest
 They're spoonfeeding Casanova
 To get him to feel more assured

After poisoning him with words

And the Phantom's shouting to skinny girls
 "Get Outa Here If You Don't Know
 Casanova is just being punished for going
 To Desolation Row"

Now at midnight all the agents
 And the superhuman crew
 Come out and round up everyone
 That knows more than they do
 Then they bring them to the factory
 Where the heart-attack machine
 Is strapped across their shoulders
 And then the kerosene
 Is brought down from the castles
 By insurance men who go
 Check to see that nobody is escaping
 To Desolation Row

Praise be to Nero's Neptune
 The Titanic sails at dawn
 And everybody's shouting
 "Which Side Are You On?"
 And Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot
 Fighting in the captain's tower
 While calypso singers laugh at them
 And fishermen hold flowers
 Between the windows of the sea
 Where lovely mermaids flow
 And nobody has to think too much
 About Desolation Row

Yes, I received your letter yesterday
 (About the time the door knob broke)
 When you asked how I was doing
 Was that some kind of joke?
 All these people that you mention
 Yes, I know them, they're quite lame
 I had to rearrange their faces
 And give them all another name
 Right now I can't read too good
 Don't send me no more letters no
 Not unless you mail them
 From Desolation Row

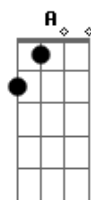
Acordes



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