Bob Dylan - Dirge

Tom: Bb

('Planet waves' album)

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Gm    Cm    Gm    Cm

Dm                          Gm    Dm
Gm
I hate myself for lovin' you  And the weakness that I showed
...
Dm          Gm                    Dm          Am
You were just a painted face  On a trip down Suicide Road.
Bb                  Dm                      Gm
The stage was set, the lights went out  All around the old
hotel
Bb                      Eb          Bb      Cm      Gm
I hate myself for lovin' you  And I'm glad the curtain fell.

Dm              Gm        Dm                  Gm
I hate that foolish game we played  And the need that was
expressed
Dm                  Gm        Dm              Am
And the mercy that you showed to me Whoever would have guessed
Bb              Dm              Gm
I went out on Lower Broadway  And I felt that place within
    Bb          Eb          Bb      Cm      Gm
That hollow place where martyrs weep  And angels play with sin

Dm              Gm        Dm              Gm
Heard your songs of freedom  And man forever stripped
Dm          Gm              Dm          Am
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Acting out his folly  While his back is being whipped
Bb              Dm              Gm
Like a slave in orbit  He's beaten 'til he's tame
Bb              Eb          Bb      Cm      Gm
All for a moment's glory  And it's dirty, rotten shame

Dm                      Gm        Dm              Gm
There are those who worship loneliness  I'm not one of them
Dm          Gm          Dm              Am
In this age of fiberglass  I'm searching for a gem
Bb                  Dm          Gm
The crystal ball up on the wall  Hasn't shown me nothing yet
Bb              Eb          Bb      Cm      Gm
I've paid the price of solitude  But at least I'm out of debt

Dm          Gm          Dm              Gm
Can't recall a useful thing  You ever did for me
Dm          Gm          Dm              Am
'Cept pat me on the back one time  When I was on my knees
Bb                  Dm          Gm
We stared into each other's eyes  'Til one of us would break
Bb          Eb          Bb      Cm      Gm
No use to apologize  What diff'rence would it make

Dm              Gm          Dm          Gm
So sing your praise of progress  And of the Doom Machine
Dm              Gm      Dm              Gm
The naked truth is still tabu  Whenever it can be seen
Bb              Dm              Gm
Lady Luck who shines on me  Will tell you where I'm at
Bb              Eb          Bb      Cm      Gm
I hate myself for lovin' you  But I should get over that
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Acordes

Bb   Gm   Cm   Dm   Am   Eb