

Bob Dylan - Positively 4th Street

Tom: **Gb**

Gb **Abm**
 You got a lotta nerve
B **Gb**
 To say you are my friend
Db
 When I was down
B **Ebm** **Db**
 You just stood there grinning

You got a lotta nerve
 To say you got a helping hand to lend
 You just want to be on
 The side that's winning

You say I let you down
 You know it's not like that
 If you're so hurt
 Why then don't you show it

You say you lost your faith
 But that's not where it's at
 You had no faith to lose
 And you know it

I know the reason
 That you talk behind my back
 I used to be among the crowd
 You're in with

Do you take me for such a fool

To think I'd make contact
 With the one who tries to hide
 What he don't know to begin with

You see me on the street
 You always act surprised
 You say, "How are you?" "Good luck"
 But you don't mean it

When you know as well as me
 You'd rather see me paralyzed
 Why don't you just come out once
 And scream it

No, I do not feel that good
 When I see the heartbreaks you embrace
 If I was a master thief
 Perhaps I'd rob them

And now I know you're dissatisfied
 With your position and your place
 Don't you understand
 It's not my problem

I wish that for just one time
 You could stand inside my shoes
 And just for that one moment
 I could be you

Yes, I wish that for just one time
 You could stand inside my shoes
 You'd know what a drag it is
 To see you

Acordes

