

Bob Dylan - Shelter From The Storm

Tom: F

F C Bb F (UNTIL THE END OF THE SONG)

I was in another lifetime;
One of toil and blood
When blackness was a virtue
And the road was full of mud.
I come in from the wilderness,
A creature void of form.
"Come in" she said, "I'll give you
Shelter from the storm".

And if I pass this way again
You can rest assured
I'll always do my best for her,
On that I give my word.
In a world of steel-eyed death
And men who are fighting to be warm,
"Come in" she said, "I'll give you
Shelter from the storm".

Not a word was spoke between us.
There was little risk involved.
Everything up to that point
Had been left unresolved.
Try imagining a place where
It's always safe and warm.
"Come in" she said, "I'll give you
Shelter from the storm".

I was burned out from exhaustion.
Buried in the hail.
Poisoned in the bushes
And blown out on the trail.
Hunted like a crocodile
Ravaged in the corn.
"Come in" she said, "I'll give you
Shelter from the storm".

Suddenly I turned around
And she was standing there
With silver bracelets on her wrists
And flowers in her hair.
She walked up to me so gracefully
And took my crown of thorns.

"Come in" she said, "I'll give you
Shelter from the storm".

Now there's a wall between us.
Something there's been lost.
I took too much for granted;
Got my signals crossed.
Just to think that it all began
On a non-eventfull morn.
"Come in" she said, "I'll give you
Shelter from the storm".

Well, the deputy walks on hard nails
And the preacher rides a mount,
But nothing really matters much.
It's doom alone that counts
And the one-eyed undertaker;
He blows a futile horn.
"Come in" she said, "I'll give you
Shelter from the storm".

I've heard newborn babies
Wailing like a mourning dove
And old men with broken teeth
Stranded without love.
Do I understand your question, man?
Is it hopeless and forlorn?
"Come in" she said, "I'll give you
Shelter from the storm".

In a little hilltop village
They gambled for my clothes.
I bargained for salvation
And she gave me a lethal dose.
I offered up my innocence
And got repaid with scorn.
"Come in" she said, "I'll give you
Shelter from the storm".

Well, I'm living in a foreign country,
But I'm bound to cross the line.
Beauty walks a razor's edge.
Someday I'll make it mine.
If I could only turn back the clock
To when God and her were born.
"Come in" she said, "I'll give you
Shelter from the storm".

Acordes

