

# Bob Dylan - She's Your Lover Now

Tom: Db

(forma dos acordes no tom de C )

Capostrate na 1ª casa

The pawnbroker he just roared

And it was good for the landlord

To see me so crazy, Wasn't it?

Both were so glad

To see me lose everything I had

Pain sure brings out the best in people, now, doesn't it?

Why didn't you just leave me If you didn't want to stay?

Why'd you have to treat me so bad? Did it have to be that way?

Now you stand here asking me

If something happened, I got to say

And you, I see you're still with her, well

That's fine 'cause she's comin' on so strange, can't you tell?

I think you better explain

What she should really do with her iron chain

I'd do it before, but I just can't remember how

Talk to her

You're her lover now

Yes I, I've already assumed

That we weren't in the felony room

But I ain't the judge, you don't have to be nice to me

Will you please tell that

To your friend with the cowboy hat

He keeps on sayin' everything twice to me

You know I was straight with you

You know I never tried to change you in any way

You know if you didn't want to be with me

That you didn't have to stay.

Now you stand here sayin' you forgive me, well

What can I say?

G

And you, you just sit around and ask for ashtrays, well, can't you reach?

I see you kiss her on the cheek everytime she gives a speech

With her picture books of the pyramid

And snapshots of billy the kid

They're all nice but I refuse to stand here and bow

Explain it to her

You're her lover now

And everybody that cares

I see them goin' up the castle stairs

But I'm not up in your castle, honey

Can't recall

San Francisco at all

I can't even remember El Paso, uh , honey

You know you never had to be faithful

I never expect you to grieve

Oh, why was it so hard to you

If you didn't want to be there, just to leave?

Now you stand here

With you finger's goin' up my sleeve

And you, just what you do, anyway?

What are you, some kind of moose, Ain't there nothing you can say?

She'll be standin' on the bar soon

With a fish head and a harpoon

An' a fake beard plastered on her brow

You'd better do something

You're her lover now

Why must I fall for this madness?

Do I look like Charles Atlas?

Do you think I still got what you still got, honey?

Her voice is really warm

(Oh, right)

## Acordes

