

Bob Dylan - Ballad Of Hollis Brown

Tom: **B**

(acordes na forma do tom **Bb**)

Capostrate na 1ª casa

Double dropped **D** tuning (d-a-d-g-b-d,

Capo 1st fret (sounding key **Eb** minor)

Intro: (same strumming pattern throughout the song):

| . . . | . . .

Dm

Hollis Brown

/c **Dm**

He lived on the outside of town

Hollis Brown

/c **Dm**

He lived on the outside of town

With his wife and five children

And his cabin broken down

. . . |

cabin broken down

You looked for work and money

And you walked a rugged mile

You looked for work and money

And you walked a rugged mile

Your children are so hungry

That they don't know how to smile

Your baby's eyes look crazy

They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve

Your baby's eyes look crazy

They're a-tuggin' at your sleeve

You walk the floor and wonder why

With every breath you breathe

[Additional verse in the Gaslight version:

There's bedbugs on your baby's bed

There's chinchies on your wife

There's bedbugs on your baby's bed

There's chinchies on your wife

Gangerene snuck in your side,

It's a-cuttin' you like a knife.]

The rats have got your flour

Bad blood it got your mare

The rats have got your flour

Bad blood it got your mare

If there's anyone that knows
Is there anyone that cares?

You prayed to the Lord above
Oh please send you a friend
You prayed to the Lord above
Oh please send you a friend
Your empty pockets tell yuh
That you ain't a-got no friend

Your babies are crying louder
It's pounding on your brain
Your babies are crying louder now
It's pounding on your brain
Your wife's screams are stabbin' you
like the dirty drivin' rain

Your grass it is turning black
There's no water in your well
Your grass is turning black
There's no water in your well
You spent your last lone dollar
On seven shotgun shells

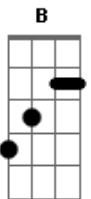
Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Way out in the wilderness
A cold coyote calls
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That's hangin' on the wall
And your legs can't seem to stand

And your legs can't seem to stand
Your eyes fix on the shotgun
That you're holdin' in your hand

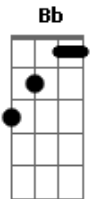
There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
There's seven breezes a-blowin'
All around the cabin door
Seven shots ring out
Like the ocean's pounding roar

There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
There's seven people dead
On a South Dakota farm
Somewhere in the distance
There's seven new people born.

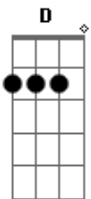
Acordes



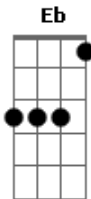
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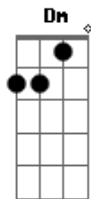
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