

Bob Dylan - Ballad Of Hollis Brown

Tom: **B**

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

