

# 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

