

Bob Dylan - Blind Willie McTell

Tom: C

Dm **A** **Dm**
 Seen the arrow on the doorpost
Dm **A** **Dm**
 Saying this land is condemned
 A **C** **G** **Bb** **C** **Dm**
 All the way from New Orleans to Jeruselem
 Dm **A** **Dm**
 I travelled to East Texas
 Dm **A** **Dm**
 Where many martyrs fell
 A **C** **G**
 And I know no one can sing the blues
Bb **C** **Dm**
 Like Blind Willie McTell

Well I heard that hooter singing
 As they were taking down the tents
 The stars above the barren trees
 Were his only audience
 Them charcoal gypsy maidens
 Can strut their feathers well

But nobody can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell

See them big plantations burning
 Hear the cracking of the whips
 Smell that sweet magnolia blooming
 See the ghosts of slavery ships
 I can hear them tribes a moaning
 Hear that undertaker's bell
 Nobody can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell

There's a woman by the river
 With some fine young handsome man
 He's dressed up like a squire
 Bootleg whiskey in his hand
 There's a chain gang on a highway
 I can hear them rebels yell
 But I know no one can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell

Well God is up in Heaven
 And we are what was his
 But power,greed and corruptable seed
 Seem to be all that there is
 I'm gazing out the window
 of the St. James Hotel
 And I know no one can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell

Acordes

