

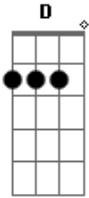
Bob Dylan - Cold Irons Bound

Tom: **D**

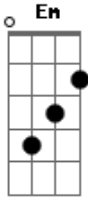
Em
 I'm beginning to hear voices and there's no one around
 now I'm all used up and the fields have turned brown

I went to church on Sunday and she passed by
 and my love for her is taking such a long time to die
 Lord I'm waist deep, waist deep in the mist
 It's almost like, almost like I don't exist
 I'm 20 miles out of town, Cold Irons bound

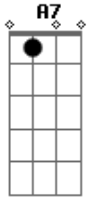
Acordes



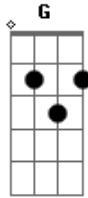
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