

Bob Dylan - Cry Awhile

Tom: C

(acordes na forma do tom A)

Capo 3ª casa

Capo 3ª fret

Intro: E7 A7

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: . . . . : . . . .
E   E7  A   C7  E7
: . . . . : . . . .
    
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Verse:

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E7  D      Db  B
: . . . . : . . . .
    
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Ab E7 Gb G Ab E7 Gb G

Well, I haD to Go Down anD see a Guy nameD Mr Goldsmith

G Ab E7 Gb

Deal with I DiDn't have to wanna have to

But I DiD it for you, anD all you Gave me was a smile.

C7 E A7 E E7 A

Well, I crieD for you, now it's your turn to cry awhile
 I Don't carry DeaD weiGht, I'm no flash in the pan
 All riGht, I'll set you straiGht, can't you see I'm a union
 man
 I'm lettinG the cat out of the caGe, I'm keepinG a low profile

Well, I crieD for you, now it's your turn, anD you can cry awhile

Feel like a fightinG rooster, feel better than I ever felt
 But the Pennsylvania Line's in an awful mess
 anD the Denver road is about

to melt
 I went to the Church house, every Day I Go an extra mile
 Well, I crieD for you, now your turn, you can cry awhile

Last night, 'cross the alley, there was a pounDinG on the wall
 It must have been Don Pasquale makinG a 2 a.m. booty call
 To break a trustinG heart like mine was just your style
 Well, I crieD for you, now it's your turn to cry awhile

I'm on the frinGes of the niGht, fightinG back tears that I can't control

Some people they ain't human, they Got no heart or soul
 But I'm cryinG to the LorD, tryinG to be meek anD milD
 Yes, I'm cryinG for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

[instr. verse]
 Well the preacher's in the pulpit anD the babies in their cribs

I'm lonGinG for that sweet fat that sticks to your ribs
 I Gonn' buy me a barrel of whisky, I'll Die before I turn senile

Yes, I crieD for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Well, you bet on the horse, anD it ran the wronG way
 I always saiD you'D be sorry anD toDay couLD be the Day
 I miGht neeD a Good lawyer, couLD be your funeral, my trial
 Well, I crieD for you, now it's your turn, you can cry awhile

Acordes

