

Bob Dylan - Day Of The Locusts

tom:

G

G

C

C

Am
Oh, the benches were stained with tears and perspiration

The birdies were flying from tree to tree

There was little to say, there was no conversation

As I stepped to the stage to pick up my degree

And the locusts sang off in the distance

Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody

Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance

Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me

I glanced into the chamber where the judges were talking

Darkness was everywhere, it smelled like a tomb

I was ready to leave, I was already walking

But the next time I looked there was light in the room

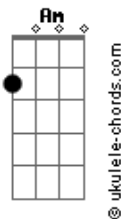
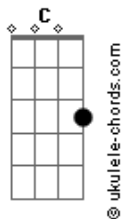
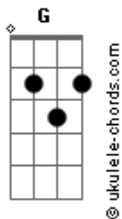
And the locusts sang, yeah, it give me a chill

Oh, the locusts sang such a sweet melody

Oh, the locusts sang their high whining trill

G C Am

Acordes



Yeah, the locusts sang and they were singing for me

G C Am
Outside of the gates the trucks were unloading

G C Am
The weather was hot, a-nearly 90 degrees

G C Am
The man standing next to me, his head was exploding

G C Am
Well, I was praying the pieces wouldn't fall on me

G C Am
Yeah, the locusts sang off in the distance

G C Am
Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody

G C Am
Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance

G C Am
And the locusts sang and they were singing for me

G C Am
I put down my robe, picked up my diploma

G C Am
Took hold of my sweetheart and away we did drive

G C Am
Straight for the hills, the black hills of Dakota

G C Am
Sure was glad to get out of there alive

G C Am
And the locusts sang, well, it give me a chill

G C Am
Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody

G C Am
And the locusts sang with a high whining trill

G C Am
Yeah, the locusts sang and they was singing for me

G C Am
Singing for me, well, singing for me