

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

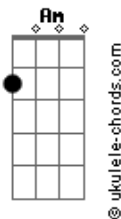
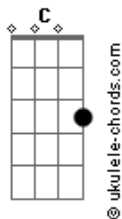
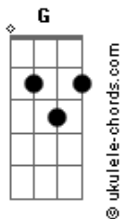
And the locusts sang, yeah, it give me a chill

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

Outside of the gates the trucks were unloading

The weather was hot, a-nearly 90 degrees

The man standing next to me, his head was exploding

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

Yeah, the locusts sang off in the distance

Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody

Oh, the locusts sang off in the distance

And the locusts sang and they were singing for me

I put down my robe, picked up my diploma

Took hold of my sweetheart and away we did drive

Straight for the hills, the black hills of Dakota

Sure was glad to get out of there alive

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

Yeah, the locusts sang such a sweet melody

And the locusts sang with a high whining trill

Yeah, the locusts sang and they was singing for me

Singing for me, well, singing for me