

Bob Dylan - Hard Times In New York Town

Tom: G

G C G
Come you ladies and you gentlemen, a-listen to my song,
G C G
sing it to you right, but you might think it's wrong,
G C G
just a little glimpse of a story I'll tell,

D
'bout an East Coast city that you all know well.

D G
It's hard times in the country, livin' down in New York town.

G C G
Old New York City is a friendly old town,
G C G
from Washington Heights to Harlem on down,
G C G
there's a-mighty many people all millin' all around,

C D
they'll kick you when you're up, and knock you when you're down.

D G C G
It's hard times in the country, livin' down in New York town.

G C
Well, the weak and the strong and the rich and the poor,
G C G
gather together there, ain't room for no more,
G C G
crowded up above and crowded down below,

D
if someone disappears, you never even know.

D G C G
And it's hard times in the country, livin' down in New York town.

G C G
It's a mighty long ways from the Golden Gate
G C G
to Rockefeller Plaza n' the Empire State,
G C G
Mister Empire sets up as high as a bird,

D
and old Mister Rockefeller never says a word.

D G
It's hard times from the country, livin' down in New York town.

G C G
Well, it's up in the mornin' tryin' to find a job of work,
G C G
stand in one place till your feet begin to hurt,
G C G
if you got a lot o' money you can make yourself merry,

D
if you only got a nickel, it's the Staten Island Ferry.

D G
And it's hard times in the country, livin' down in New York town.

G C G
Mister Hudson come a-sailin' down the stream,
G C G
and old Mister Minuet paid for his dream',
G C G
bought your city on a one-way track,
G C D
if I had my way, I'd sell it right back.

D G C G
And it's hard times from the country, livin' down in New York town.

G C G
'n' every bit of dust in the Oklahoma plains,
G C G
'n' the dirt in the caves of the Rocky Mountain mines,

D
it's all much cleaner than the New York kind.

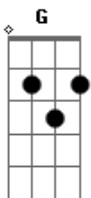
D G C G
And it's hard times in the country, livin' down in New York town.

G C G
So all you newsy people, spread the news around,
G C G
you c'n listen to m' story, listen to m' song,
G C G
you c'n step on my name, you c'n try 'n' get me beat,

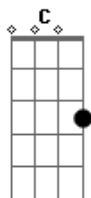
D
when I leave New York, I'll be standin' on my feet.

D G C G
And it's hard times in the country, livin' down in New York town.

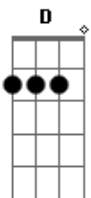
Acordes



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