

# 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 C G  
'bout an East Coast city that you all know well.

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

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

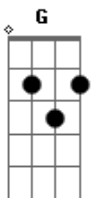
D G C G  
And it's hard times in the country, livin' down in New York town.

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,

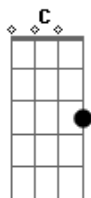
D G C G  
when I leave New York, I'll be standin' on my feet.

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

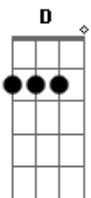
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