

# Bob Dylan - I Want You

Tipo de gaita: Diatônica

Tom: F

6 6 6 6 6 -6 6 -6 6  
 The guilty undertaker sighs,  
 6 6 6 6 6 -6 6 -5  
 The lonesome organ grinder cries,  
 5 5 5 5 5 5 5 -5 5 -4 -4 -4  
 The silver saxophones say I should refuse you.  
 5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5  
 The cracked bells and washed-out horns  
 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5 -5  
 Blow into- my face with scorn,  
 -3" -3" 5 5 5  
 But it's not that way,  
 5 -5 5 -5 5 4 -3 -3  
 I wasn't born to lose you.  
 5 5 5 5 5 5  
 I want you, I want you,  
 5 5 5 5 -4  
 I want you so bad,  
 5 5 -4 5 5  
 Honey, I want you.

The drunken politician leaps  
 Upon the street where mothers weep  
 And the saviors who are fast asleep,  
 They wait for you.  
 And I wait for them to interrupt  
 Me drinkin' from my broken cup  
 And ask me to  
 Open up the gate for you.

I want you, I want you,  
 I want you so bad,  
 Honey, I want you.

Now all my fathers, they've gone down  
 True love they've been without it.  
 But all their daughters put me down  
 'Cause I don't think about it.

Well, I return to the Queen of Spades  
 And talk with my chambermaid.  
 She knows that I'm not afraid  
 To look at her.  
 She is good to me  
 And there's nothing she doesn't see.  
 She knows where I'd like to be  
 But it doesn't matter.  
 I want you, I want you,  
 I want you so bad,  
 Honey, I want you.

Now your dancing child with his Chinese suit,  
 He spoke to me, I took his flute.  
 No, I wasn't very cute to him,  
 Was I?  
 But I did it, though, because he lied  
 Because he took you for a ride  
 And because time was on his side  
 And because I . . .  
 I want you, I want you,  
 I want you so bad,

## Acordes

