

Bob Dylan - North Country Blues

Tom: C

Dm
Come gather 'round friends
G C
 And I'll tell you a tale
Dm A7
 Of when the red iron pits ran plenty.
Dm
 But the cardboard filled windows
G C
 And old men on the benches
Dm G Dm
 Tell you now that the whole town is empty.

In the north end of town,
 My own children are grown
 But I was raised on the other.
 In the wee hours of youth,
 My mother took sick
 And I was brought up by my brother.

The iron ore poured
 As the years passed the door,

'Til one day my brother
 Failed to come home
 The same as my father before him.

Well a long winter's wait,
 From the window I watched.
 My friends they couldn't have been kinder.
 And my schooling was cut
 As I quit in the spring
 To marry John Thomas, a miner.

Oh the years passed again
 And the givin' was good,

With the lunch bucket filled every season.
 What with three babies born,
 The work was cut down
 To a half a day's shift with no reason.

Then the shaft was soon shut
 And more work was cut,
 And the fire in the air, it felt frozen.
 'Til a man come to speak
 And he said in one week
 That number eleven was closin'.

They complained in the East,
 They are paying too high.
 They say that your ore ain't worth digging.
 That it's much cheaper down
 In the South American towns
 Where the miners work almost for nothing.

So the mining gates locked
 And the red iron rotted
 And the room smelled heavy from drinking.
 Where the sad, silent song
 Made the hour twice as long
 As I waited for the sun to go sinking.

I lived by the window
 As he talked to himself,
 This silence of tongues it was building.
 Then one morning's wake,
 The bed it was bare,
 And I's left alone with three children.

The summer is gone,
 The ground's turning cold,

My children will go
 As soon as they grow.
 Well, there ain't nothing here now to hold them.

Acordes

