

Bob Dylan - Po Boy

tom:
Intro: Base: C ^{Em} Bm7 E7 Am F7M Fmaj9 C

^{E7} Man came to the door I say, "For whom are you looking?"
^{Am} He says, "Your wife", I say, "She's busy in the kitchen cookin'"
[Riff 1]
Poor boy where you been?
I already tol' you won't tell you again

^{E7} I say, "How much you want for that?", I go into the store
^{Am} The man says, "Three dollars", "All right", I say, "Will you take four?"
[Riff 1]
Poor boy - never say die
Things will be all right by and by

^{E7} Workin' like on the mainline, workin' like the devil
^{Am} The game is the same it's just up on a different level
[Riff 1]
Poor boy, dressed in black
Police at your back

^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em} ^{B7}
Poor boy in a red hot town
^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em}
Out beyond the twinklin' stars
^{E7} ^{Am} ^{E7} ^{Am}
Ridin' first class trains - making the rounds
^{E7} ^{Am} ^{Dadd9} C (Riff 2)
Tryin' to keep from fallin' between the cars

^{B7} ^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em}
Othello told Desdemona, "I'm cold, cover me with a blanket
^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em}
By the way, what happened to that poison wine?"

^{E7} ^{Am} ^{E7} ^{Am}
She says, "I gave it to you, you drank it."
[Riff 3]
Poor boy, layin' 'em straight - pickin' up the cherries
fallin' off the plate

^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em} ^{B7}
Time and love has branded me with its claws
^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em}
Had to go to Florida, dodgin' them Georgia laws
[Riff 3]
Poor boy, in the hotel called the Palace of Gloom
Calls down to room service, says, "Send up a room"

^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em} ^{B7}
My mother was a daughter of a wealthy farmer
^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em}
My father was a traveling salesman, I never met him
^{E7} ^{Am} ^{E7}
^{Am}
When my mother died, my uncle took me in - he ran a funeral parlor
^{E7} ^{Am} ^{Dadd9} C
(Riff 2)
He did a lot of nice things for me and I won't forget him

^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em} ^{B7}
All I know is that I'm thrilled by your kiss
^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em}
I don't know any more than this
[Riff 3]
Poor boy, pickin' up sticks
Build ya a house out of mortar and bricks

^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em} ^{B7}
Knockin' on the door, I say, "Who is it and where are you from?"
^{Em} ^{B7} ^{Em}
Man says, "Freddy!" I say, "Freddy who?" He says, "Freddy or not here I come."
[Riff 3]
Poor boy 'neath the stars that shine
Washin' them dishes, feedin' them swine

E|---3-----|

Acordes

