

# Bob Dylan - Po Boy

Intro: Base: C <sup>Em</sup> Bm7 E7 Am F7M Fmaj9 C

Man came to the door I say, "For whom are you looking?"  
 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

I say, "How much you want for that?", I go into the store  
 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

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

Poor boy in a red hot town  
 Out beyond the twinklin' stars  
 Ridin' first class trains - making the rounds  
 Tryin' to keep from fallin' between the cars

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

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

Time and love has branded me with its claws  
 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"

My mother was a daughter of a wealthy farmer  
 My father was a traveling salesman, I never met him  
 When my mother died, my uncle took me in - he ran a funeral parlor  
 He did a lot of nice things for me and I won't forget him

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

Knockin' on the door, I say, "Who is it and where are you from?"  
 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

