

Bob Dylan - Po Boy

Intro: Base: C ^{Em} Bm ^{E7} Am ^F Fmaj9 C tom:
 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

^{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} Poor boy in a red hot town
^{Em} ^{B7} 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

