

Bob Dylan - Shelter From The Storm

Tom: F

F C Bb F (UNTIL THE END OF THE SONG)

I was in another lifetime;
 One of toil and blood
 When blackness was a virtue
 And the road was full of mud.
 I come in from the wilderness,
 A creature void of form.
 "Come in" she said, "I'll give you
 Shelter from the storm".

And if I pass this way again
 You can rest assured
 I'll always do my best for her,
 On that I give my word.
 In a world of steel-eyed death
 And men who are fighting to be warm,
 "Come in" she said, "I'll give you
 Shelter from the storm".

Not a word was spoke between us.
 There was little risk involved.
 Everything up to that point
 Had been left unresolved.
 Try imagining a place where
 It's always safe and warm.
 "Come in" she said, "I'll give you
 Shelter from the storm".

I was burned out from exhaustion.
 Buried in the hail.
 Poisoned in the bushes
 And blown out on the trail.
 Hunted like a crocodile
 Ravaged in the corn.
 "Come in" she said, "I'll give you
 Shelter from the storm".

Suddenly I turned around
 And she was standing there
 With silver bracelets on her wrists
 And flowers in her hair.
 She walked up to me so gracefully
 And took my crown of thorns.

"Come in" she said, "I'll give you
 Shelter from the storm".

Now there's a wall between us.
 Something there's been lost.
 I took too much for granted;
 Got my signals crossed.
 Just to think that it all began
 On a non-eventfull morn.
 "Come in" she said, "I'll give you
 Shelter from the storm".

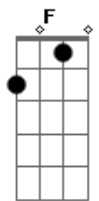
Well, the deputy walks on hard nails
 And the preacher rides a mount,
 But nothing really matters much.
 It's doom alone that counts
 And the one-eyed undertaker;
 He blows a futile horn.
 "Come in" she said, "I'll give you
 Shelter from the storm".

I've heard newborn babies
 Wailing like a mourning dove
 And old men with broken teeth
 Stranded without love.
 Do I understand your question, man?
 Is it hopeless and forlorn?
 "Come in" she said, "I'll give you
 Shelter from the storm".

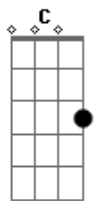
In a little hilltop village
 They gambled for my clothes.
 I bargained for salvation
 And she gave me a lethal dose.
 I offered up my innocence
 And got repaid with scorn.
 "Come in" she said, "I'll give you
 Shelter from the storm".

Well, I'm living in a foreign country,
 But I'm bound to cross the line.
 Beauty walks a razor's edge.
 Someday I'll make it mine.
 If I could only turn back the clock
 To when God and her were born.
 "Come in" she said, "I'll give you
 Shelter from the storm".

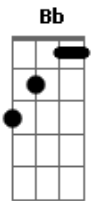
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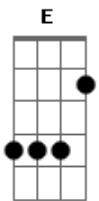
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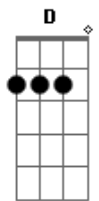
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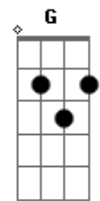
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