

# Bob Dylan - Slow Train Coming

Tom: C

(intro 2x) Am Dm Am

Am  
Sometimes I feel so low-down and disgusted,  
Dm  
can't help but wonder what's happenin' to my companions.  
Am  
Are they lost or are they found,  
Dm  
have they counted the cost it'll take to bring down,  
Am  
all their earthly principles they're gonna have to  
abandon?  
F Dm  
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.  
Am  
I had a woman down in Alabama,  
Dm  
she was a backwoods girl, but she sure was realistic.  
Am  
She said, "Boy, without a doubt,  
Dm  
you have to quit your mess and straighten out,  
Am  
you could die down here and be just another accident  
statistic."  
F Dm  
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.  
Am  
All that foreign oil controlling American soil,  
Dm  
look around you, it's just bound to make you embarrassed.  
Am  
Sheiks walkin' around like kings,  
Dm  
wearing fancy jewels and nose rings,  
Am  
deciding America's future from Amsterdam into Paris.  
F Dm  
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.  
Am  
Man's ego is inflated, his laws are outdated,  
Dm  
they don't apply no more,  
Am  
you can't rely no more to be standin' around waitin'.

Am  
In the home of the brave, Jefferson turnin' over in his  
grave,  
Dm  
fools glorifying themselves, trying to manipulate Satan.  
Am  
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.  
Am  
Big-time negotiators, false healers and woman haters,  
Dm  
masters of the bluff and masters of the proposition.  
Am  
But the enemy I see wears a cloak of decency,  
Dm  
all non-believers and men stealers talkin' in the name of  
religion.  
F Dm  
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.  
Am  
People starving and thirsting, grain elevators are  
bursting,  
Dm  
you know it costs more to store the food than it does to  
give it.  
Am  
They say lose your inhibitions, follow your own ambitions,  
Dm  
they talk about a life of brotherly love,  
Am  
show me someone who knows how to live it.  
F Dm  
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.  
Am  
Well, my baby went to Illinois  
Am  
with some bad-talkin' boy she could destroy,  
Dm  
a real suicide case, but there was nothin' I could do to  
stop it.  
Am  
I don't care about economy, I don't care about astronomy,  
Dm  
but it sure bothers me to see my loved ones turning into  
puppets.  
F Dm  
And there's a slow, slow train comin' up around the bend.

## Acordes

