

# Bob Dylan - Stuck Inside Of Mobile With The Memphis Blues Again

Tom: E

E Dbm  
Oh the rag-man draws circles  
E Dbm  
Up and down the block.  
E Dbm  
I'd ask him what the matter was  
A B7  
But I know that he don't talk.  
A E  
And the ladies treat me kindly  
Dbm E  
And furnish me with tape  
Dbm E  
But deep inside my heart  
A E  
I know I can't escape  
Abm  
Oh Mama,  
Abm  
Can this really be the end  
E B Dbm  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
E B/sus4 E  
with the Memphis blues again  
E B Dbm E B/sus4 E

Well, Shakespeare, he's in the alley  
With his pointed shoes and his bells.  
Speaking to a French girl,  
Who says she knows me well.  
And I would send a message  
To find out if she's talked,  
Post the post office has been stolen  
And the mail box is locked.  
Oh Mama  
Can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Mona tried to tell me  
To stay far away from the railroad line.  
She said that all the railroad men  
Drink your blood like wine.  
An' I said "Oh, I didn't know that  
But then again there's only one I've me  
An' he just smoked my eyelids  
An' punched my cigarette"  
Oh Mama  
Can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Grandpa died last week  
And now he's buried in the rock  
But everybody talk about  
How badly they were shocked.  
But me I expected it to happen  
I knew he'd lost control  
When he built a fire on main street  
And shot it full of holes.  
Oh Mama

Can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the senator came down here  
Showing everyone his gun.  
Handing out free tickets  
To the wedding of his son.  
An' me I nearly got busted  
An wouldn't it be my luck  
To get caught without a ticket  
And be discovered beneath a truck  
Oh Mama  
Can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the preacher looked so baffled  
When I asked him why he dressed  
With twenty pounds of headlines  
Stapled to his chest  
But he cursed when I proved to him  
Then I whispered not even you can hide.  
You see you're just like me  
I hope your satisfied  
Oh Mama  
Can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the rainman gave me two cures  
Then he said "Jump right in"  
The one was Texas medicine  
The other railroad gin.  
An like a fool I mixed them  
An' it strangled up my mind  
An' now people just get uglier  
An' I have no sense of time.  
Oh Mama  
Can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

When Ruthie says come see her  
In her honkey-tonk lagoon,  
Where I can watch her waltz for free  
'Neath her Panamanian moon.  
An' I say, "Aw come on now  
You must know about my debutante."  
An' she says, "Your debutante knows just what you  
need  
But I know what you want."  
Oh Mama  
Can this really be the end  
To be stuck inside of Mobile  
With the Memphis blues again.

Now the bricks lay on Grand Street  
Where the neon madmen climb  
They all fall there so perfectly.  
It all seems so well timed.  
An' here I sit so patiently  
Waiting to find out what price  
You have to pay to get out of  
Going through all these things twice

## Acordes

