

# Bob Dylan - Sweetheart Like You

Tom: E

**E** **Dbm**  
Well the pressures down, the boss aint here.  
**B** **A**  
gone north for a while.

**E** **Dbm**  
They say that vanity got the best of him,  
**B** **A**  
But he sure left here in style.

**Dbm7** **Gbm7** **Dbm7** **Gbm7**  
By the way, thats a cute hat, and a smile so hard to resist.

**E** **B** **Dbm** **B** **A**  
What a sweetheart like you.....doin in a dump like this?

**E** **Dbm**  
You know I once knew a woman who looked like you,  
**B** **A**  
She wanted a whole man, not just a half.

**E** **Dbm**  
She used to call me sweet daddy when I was only a child,  
**B** **A**  
You kind of remind me of her when you smile.

**Dbm7** **Gbm7**  
You know to deal in this game you gotta make the queen disappear,

**Dbm7** **Gbm7**  
Its done with a flick of the wrist.

**E** **B** **Dbm** **B** **A**  
What a sweetheart like you.....doin in a dump like this?  
You know a woman like you should be at home.  
Thats where you belong.

Taking care of somebody nice  
Who dont know how to do you wrong.  
Just how much abuse will you be able to take?  
Well theres no way to tell by that first kiss.  
Whats a sweetheart like you doin in a dump like this?

Bridge:

**B**  
You know, you could make a name for yourself.  
**Dbm**  
You could here those tires squeal.  
**B** **A**  
You could be known as the most beautiful woman  
**Gbm7**  
Who ever crawled across cut glass to make a deal

(volta sequencia E Dbm B A )

You know news of you has come down line.

Even before you came in the door.

They say you fathers house has many mansions.

Each one of em got a fireproof floor.

Snap out of it baby, people are jealous of you.

They smile at your face but behind your back they hiss.

What a sweetheart like you doing in a dump like this?

(Bridge)

Got to be an important person to be in here honey

Got to have done some evil deeds.

Got to have your own harem when you come in the door.

Got to play your harp until your lips bleed.

(Volta normal)

They say that patriotism is the last refuge.

To which a scoundrel clings.

Steal a little and they throw you in jail,

Steal alot and they make you king.

Theres only one step down from here baby.

It called the land of permanent bliss.

Whats a sweetheart like you doing in a dump like this?

## Acordes

