

Tangled Up In Blue (Bob Dylan)

INTRO: A A7sus4 A A7sus4

A G6 A G6
Early one mornin' the sun was shinin', I was layin' in bed
A G6 D
Wond'rin' if she'd changed at all If her hair was still red.
A G6 A G6
Her folks they said our lives together Sure was gonna be rough
A G6 D
They never did like Mama's homemade dress Papa's bankbook wasn't big enough.
E F#m A D
And I was standin' on the side of the road Rain fallin' on my shoes
E F#m A D E
Heading out for the East Coast Lord knows I've paid some dues gettin' through,
G D A A7sus4 A A7sus4
Tangled up in blue.

A G6 A G6
She was married when we first met Soon to be divorced
A G6 D
I helped her out of a jam, I guess, But I used a little too much force.
A G6 A G6
We drove that car as far as we could Abandoned it out West
A G6 D
Split up on a dark sad night Both agreeing it was for the best.
E F#m A D
She turned around to look at me As I was walkin' away
E F#m A D E
I heard her say over my shoulder, "We'll meet again someday on the avenue,"
G D A A7sus4 A A7sus4
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A G6 A G6
I had a job in the great north woods Working as a cook for a spell
A G6 D
But I never did like it all that much And one day the ax just fell.
A G6 A G6
So I drifted down to New Orleans Where I happened to be employed
A G6 D
Workin' for a while on a fishin' boat Right outside of Delacroix.
E F#m A D
But all the while I was alone The past was close behind,
E F#m A D E
I seen a lot of women But she never escaped my mind, and I just grew
G D A A7sus4 A A7sus4

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A G6 A G6
She was workin' in a topless place And I stopped in for a beer,
A G6 D
I just kept lookin' at the side of her face In the spotlight so clear.
A G6 A G6
And later on as the crowd thinned out I's just about to do the same,
A G6 D
She was standing there in back of my chair Said to me, "Don't I know your name?"
E F#m A D
I muttered somethin' underneath my breath, She studied the lines on my face.
E F#m A D E
I must admit I felt a little uneasy When she bent down to tie the laces of my shoe,
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A G6 A G6
She lit a burner on the stove and offered me a pipe
A G6 D
"I thought you'd never say hello," she said "You look like the silent type."
A G6 A G6
Then she opened up a book of poems And handed it to me
A G6 D
Written by an Italian poet From the thirteenth century.
E F#m A D
And every one of them words rang true And glowed like burnin' coal
E F#m A D E
Pourin' off of every page Like it was written in my soul from me to you,
G D A A7sus4 A A7sus4
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A G6 A G6
I lived with them on Montague Street In a basement down the stairs,
A G6 D
There was music in the cafes at night And revolution in the air.
A G6 A G6
Then he started into dealing with slaves And something inside of him died.
A G6 D
She had to sell everything she owned And froze up inside.
E F#m A D
And when finally the bottom fell out I became withdrawn,
E F#m A D E
The only thing I knew how to do Was to keep on keepin' on like a bird that flew,
G D A A7sus4 A A7sus4
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