

4th Time Around
Bob Dylan

Intro.: (E A)3x B7 F#m

E A

When she said,

E A E

Don t waste your words, they re just lies,

A E A

I cried she was deaf.

E A E A E

And she worked on my face until breaking my eyes,

A E A

Then said, What else you got left?

B7

It was then that I got up to leave

F#m

But she said, Don t forget,

E A E

Everybody must give something back

A E A

For something they get.

I stood there and hummed,
I tapped on her drum and asked her how come.
And she buttoned her boot,
And straightened her suit,
Then she said, Don t get cute.
So I forced my hands in my pockets
And felt with my thumbs,
And gallantly handed her
My very last piece of gum.

She threw me outside,
I stood in the dirt where ev ryone walked.
And after finding I d
Forgotten my shirt,
I went back and knocked.
I waited in the hallway, she went to get it,
And I tried to make sense
Out of that picture of you in your wheelchair
That leaned up against . . .

Her Jamaican rum
And when she did come, I asked her for some.
She said, No, dear.
I said, Your words aren t clear,
You d better spit out your gum.
She screamed till her face got so red

Then she fell on the floor,
And I covered her up and then
Thought I'd go look through her drawer.

And, when I was through
I filled up my shoe
And brought it to you.
And you, you took me in,
You loved me then
You didn't waste time.
And I, I never took much,
I never asked for your crutch.
Now don't ask for mine.