

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.