

Blind Willie Mctell

Bob Dylan

 Dm A Dm
Seen the arrow on the doorpost
 Dm A Dm
Saying this land is condemned
 A C G Bb C Dm
All the way from New Orleans to Jeruselem
 Dm A Dm
I travelled to East Texas
 Dm A Dm
Where many martyrs fell
 A C G
And I know no one can sing the blues
Bb C Dm
Like Blind Willie McTell

Well I heard that hooter singing
As they were taking down the tents
The stars above the barren trees
Were his only audience
Them charcoal gypsy maidens
Can strut their feathers well
But nobody can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell

See them big plantations burning
Hear the cracking of the whips
Smell that sweet magnolia blooming
See the ghosts of slavery ships
I can hear them tribes a moaning
Hear that undertaker s bell
Nobody can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell

There s a woman by the river
With some fine young handsome man
He s dressed up like a squire
Bootleg whiskey in his hand
There s a chain gang on a highway
I can hear them rebels yell
But I know no one can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell

Well God is up in Heaven
And we are what was his
But power,greed and corruptable seed
Seem to be all that there is
I m gazing out the window
of the St. James Hotel
And I know no one can sing the blues like Blind Willie McTell