

Cry Awhile

Bob Dylan

Capo 3rd fret

Intro:

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      E7               A7
      :   .   .   .   .   :   .   .   .
|-0-0-0-0-0-0-0-0---0-----| -0-----|
|-3-3-3-3-3-3-3-3---3-----| -3-----|
|-4-4-4-4-4-4-4-4---4-----| -4-----2-----|
|-2-----| -----2-----5---2-|
|-2-----2-----| -----2-3-4-----|
|-----| -----|
      E       E7      A       C7      E7
      :   .   .   .   .   :   .   .   .
|-----| -----0---0-----| |
|-----| -----3---3-----| |
|-----1---1-2---2-3---3-| -4---4---4-----| |
|-----0---0(2---2-2---2)| -2---2---2-----| |
|-----2---4---4-3---3-| -2-----| |
|-0-----| -----| |

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Verse:

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      E7       D       C#       B
      :   .   .   .   :   .   .   .
|-----| -----|
|-3---3---3---3---| -3---3---3---3---|
|-4---4---4---4---| -4---4---4---4---|
|-2---2-----| -2---2---2---2---| x4
|-----5---5---| -4---4---2---2---|
|-----| -----|

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                E7             F#       G  G#  E7       F# G  G#
Well, I haD to Go Down and see a Guy named      Mr Goldsmith
E7       F#             G             G#
Nasty, Dirty, Double-crossinG, backstabbinG phony
                E7             F#             G             G#
                I DiDn t have to wanna have to Deal with
      A7
But I DiD it for you, and all you Gave me was a smile.
                A7             E  E7  A  C7  E
Well, I cried for you, now it s your turn to cry awhile
I Don t carry Dead weight, I m no flash in the pan
All riGht, I ll set you straiGht, can t you see I m a union man
I m lettinG the cat out of the caGe, I m keepinG a low profile
Well, I cried for you, now it s your turn, and you can cry awhile

Feel like a fightinG rooster, feel better than I ever felt
But the Pennsylvania Line s in an awful mess
                and the Denver road is about to melt

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I went to the Church house, every Day I Go an extra mile
Well, I cried for you, now your turn, you can cry awhile

Last night, cross the alley, there was a poundinG on the wall
It must have been Don Pasquale makinG a 2 a.m. booty call
To break a trustinG heart like mine was just your style
Well, I cried for you, now it s your turn to cry awhile

I m on the frinGes of the niGht, fiGhtinG back tears that I can t control
Some people they ain t human, they Got no heart or soul
But I m cryinG to the LorD, tryinG to be meek anD mild
Yes, I m cryinG for you, now it s your turn, you can cry awhile
[instr. verse]

Well the preacher s in the pulpit anD the babies in their cribs
I m lonGinG for that sweet fat that sticks to your ribs
I Gonn buy me a barrel of whisky, I ll Die before I turn senile
Yes, I cried for you, now it s your turn, you can cry awhile

Well, you bet on the horse, anD it ran the wronG way
I always said you D be sorry anD toDay could be the Day
I miGht need a Good lawyer, could be your funeral, my trial
Well, I cried for you, now it s your turn, you can cry awhile